



# NINETEENTH CENTURY

*AND AFTER*



*A MONTHLY REVIEW*

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

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NINETEENTH  
CENTURY  
AND AFTER



No. CCCXXII—DECEMBER 1903

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*THE RIVAL EMPIRES*

THE rule never to prophesy until you know is confirmed by experience. The danger, however, of predicting the unknown future is reduced to a minimum when the prediction is not likely to be justified, or falsified, till long after the prophet and the generation to whom the prophecy is addressed are dead and gone. Relying on this conviction, I do not hesitate to predict that when the history of the Victorian era is recorded in times to come by narrators exempt from the passions and the controversies of to-day, the students of the nineteenth century will judge the magnitude of the events which illustrated this chapter of our island story at a different value from that assigned to them by the writers who lived in our own times. Almost all historians who have treated the period in question, from what I may call the Victorian point of view, will be found to agree that the most noteworthy events they had to

record were the creation of the Second Empire; the unification of Italy under the House of Savoy; the Secession War in the United States, which led to the abolition of slavery throughout the civilised world; the Indian Mutiny, whose suppression made India part and parcel of the British Empire; the construction of the Suez Canal, which altered the whole conditions of trade between East and West, and led indirectly to our occupation of Egypt; the Franco-German campaign, which eventuated in the fall of Napoleon the Third, and the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine; the transformation of Germany from a loose confederation of heterogeneous states into a powerful and united empire under the sovereignty of Prussia; and, finally, the war between Great Britain and the Boer Republics, which not only established British supremacy in South Africa, but which seemed—whether truly or falsely the future alone can prove—to open up the prospect of an early union between Great Britain and the Greater Britain beyond the Seas. The list thus given takes account only of events in which force was the prime motive power, and its accuracy may therefore be disputed by various schools of thinkers who may hold that the social, commercial, political, and theological movements which have occurred during the Victorian era are events of far higher importance than defeats or victories. But I think the mass of mankind will agree with me in holding that the events I have enumerated, their causes and their consequences, should form, and must form, the main subject matter of any valuable record of the world's history during the period under consideration, if written at the present time. My contention is that, when our times have passed into the domain of philosophic investigation, the events enumerated above will be studied, not so much for their intrinsic importance, as for the bearing they may be supposed to have had on the growth of the colossal Empire of the North.

It may make my meaning clearer if I first explain my own attitude towards the relations between England and Russia. I am no Russophobe; I am no follower of the late Mr. Urquhart; I am no believer in the possibility of any European coalition to check by force of arms the further aggrandisement of Russia. The same instinct which led the Goths and Huns to pour over Europe, after its power of resistance was impaired by the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, prompts the Slavs of the North to move onwards to the South. Russia has as much right in my opinion to pursue her manifest destiny as England or the United States. If, however, the two destinies are likely to come into conflict, it is the duty of England to be prepared for the fray. This is all for which I contend. I bear no personal ill-will towards Russia's advance in Europe, Persia, and China. But the absence of any personal animosity towards Russia is perfectly compatible with a conviction that in the coming years this advance may constitute a grave peril to our own country and our own

people. To show how that peril can best be averted, or minimised, is the object I have in view. The experience of the Moscow campaign proves the almost impossibility of any invasion of northern Russia. The Crimean War demonstrates the unreliability of any anti-Russian coalition between England and Continental Powers. I do not indeed share the general condemnation which it is the fashion of modern politicians, irrespective of party, to pass upon the policy which led to the invasion of the Crimea. In as far as this country was concerned, it was an honest effort to avert the danger which our fathers then believed would threaten Europe in general and England in particular, if Russia became the mistress of Constantinople. The Anglo-French armies succeeded in their main object, the capture of Sevastopol; and the Crimea lay at the mercy of the Western Powers. If they had annexed it, as they could well have done, Russia would have been deprived of the command of the Black Sea. The French nation, however, was hostile to the prosecution of the war. Napoleon the Third was not unnaturally satisfied with the military prestige of the taking of Sevastopol, the major portion of which prestige was appropriated by France. A peace was patched up which left Russia as she was before the war, and the only advantage England derived from the campaign was the acquisition of the knowledge that she could not rely on any effective assistance from her Continental neighbours in order to resist the aggrandisement of Russia. Ever since the termination of the Crimean War, the stars in their courses have fought in favour of Russia. She was the only Continental Power which passed unscathed through the revolutionary outburst of 1848, while Austria, Prussia, and France were left for the time hopelessly crippled. It was at Olmutz in 1850 that the Czar Nicholas imposed his will on the two first-named Powers in respect of the Hesse-Cassel constitutional controversy, and thereby vindicated his claim to be regarded as the supreme arbiter of Europe. The discontent with Turkish domination in the Balkan Peninsula caused the Slav population of Serbia and Bulgaria to seek the support of Russia, as the head of their nationality and of their religion, in their efforts to liberate themselves from Turkish rule. The appeal was not made to deaf ears; and both Serbs and Bulgars and even Roumans must, if they speak the truth, confess that they owe their deliverance from Turkey to the direct, and still more to the indirect, support of Russia. The price of this support has been the acceptance of a sort of Russian suzerainty on the part of the Balkan States. All idea of a Balkan Confederacy has been abandoned, and at Sofia, Belgrade, and even Bucharest, the suzerainty of Russia in fact, if not in name, has been acknowledged as a necessity, unwelcome if you like, but still a necessity. The few opponents of Russian domination, such as King Milan, Prince Alexander of Battenberg and Stambouloff,

who, at one time or another, stood in the way of the Russification of the Balkan Peninsula, have been deposed or removed, and at the present moment the Balkan States are, in fact, outlying provinces of the Russian Empire, administered by rulers and ministers under the control of St. Petersburg. It is true that the refusal of Lord Beaconsfield to sanction the Treaty of San Stefano has prolonged the nominal independence of Turkey; but, owing to the indifference of Europe, and to the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire under a ruler of supreme incapacity, Russia has made herself the virtual ruler of Turkey in Europe. The Sultan and the Porte are well aware that any morning the Russian fleet may appear in the Bosphorus and demand the occupation of Constantinople by Russian troops; they are equally well aware that in such a contingency no effective assistance can be expected from any European Power; and, knowing this, they have no motive for organising a resistance foredoomed to failure. Meanwhile the position of Russia in Western Europe has been strengthened by two causes for which Russia is not directly responsible. The first of these causes is the intense, though unavowed, desire of France to recover her lost provinces, which has rendered her foreign policy absolutely subordinate to that of Russia; the second is the desire of Hungary for a purely personal union between herself and Austria. The Home Rule movement in Hungary has already well nigh reduced the Hapsburg monarchy to the level of a second-class Power and has compelled her to enter into a condominium with Russia in Macedonia under which she is likely to experience the same fate as that which attended her in her condominium with Prussia in the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies.

During the period which dates from the close of the Crimean War to the death of Queen Victoria, the population of Russia is calculated to have increased from sixty-two millions in 1841 to 130 millions at the date of the last census in 1897; this calculation takes no account of territories forming Muscovite protectorates, such as Khiva and Bokhara, which already have been or must in the course of nature be ultimately incorporated with the protecting Power. The area of the Empire already occupies one-sixth of the land surface of the globe. It may be said, and indeed often is said, that these huge figures mean little or nothing; that Russia is a mere mass of heterogeneous peoples scattered over an immense, thinly populated area; and that before long the Empire must collapse by virtue of its magnitude. Similar assertions have been made ever since the aggrandisement of Russia first excited alarm amidst thoughtful observers. But so far these forebodings have shown no sign of fulfilment. The reason of their failure is that these assertions are based upon a superficial view of the Slav character. Nowhere in the world, except possibly in China, is there

a more homogeneous nationality than that of the Slavs, who form the one dominant race throughout Russia proper. The same language, the same creed, the same institutions, the same ideals are common, with slight modifications, to all Slavs both within and without Russia. It is also only justice to admit that the Slav Empire has exhibited a remarkable power of assimilating the half-civilised nations, alien to herself in race, language, and religion, which she has subdued one after another. She has been wise enough, at the outset, to allow these conquered races to enjoy their own institutions, their own laws and customs, and to some extent their own rulers, on condition of their accepting the sovereignty of Russia, and serving in her armies. So long as no attempt is made to repudiate Russia's supremacy, it is not her policy to force on the Russification of her non-Slav subjects; but whenever any such attempt is made, it is crushed with relentless severity. I can see therefore no reason to suppose that the Russian Empire is likely to fall to pieces owing to internal insurrection, or to be overthrown by any popular desire to substitute constitutional government for absolute autocracy. We may therefore take it for granted that Russia has not yet reached the limits of advance, and that the danger, if danger there is, caused by this advance, is not likely to prove of brief duration.

If the question at issue was simply a matter of territorial aggrandisement I, for one, should see no object in opposing it by force, even supposing we had the power to do so, and, what is more, had any adequate motive for so doing. What inspires me with alarm is the character of the new polity, if that be the correct word, which Russia, intentionally or unintentionally, is seeking to establish over the whole surface of her Empire. Implicit obedience to the absolute will of an autocratic ruler; the subjugation, directly or indirectly, of every independent state with which she comes into contact; the gradual suppression at all costs of any nationality under her rule which desires to preserve its own individuality; the creation of a vast military power; the extension of the orthodox Greek faith throughout the dominions of the Czar; the conversion of all her subjects—no matter what their language, creed, or race—to the acceptance of Slav institutions, Slav religion, and Slav obedience to the rule of an all-powerful lord and master; these are the ideals of Holy Russia, as propounded by her rulers and accepted by her population. In plain words, the polity of the great Slav Power is the negation of all the principles espoused by the Anglo-Saxon race both in the Old World and the New. Sooner or later these conflicting polities must, I hold, come into collision, and this fact, if fact it is, ought by rights to dominate the statesmanship of all nations which value self-government, individual, religious, and political freedom, and the reign of law and order throughout the civilised

world. These apprehensions may be exaggerated, but no one who has studied the march of events can, I think, dispute the necessity for grave consideration. A quarter of a century has passed since the Congress of Berlin, the last united effort made by Europe to set limits to the advance of Russia. During this period every one of these limitations has been set aside. The Black Sea has been made a Russian lake; the Balkan States have been converted into outlying provinces of the Russian Empire; Turkey in Europe has been brought to the verge of dissolution, and Constantinople lies within the grasp of Russia whenever she chooses to stretch out her hand. Russian influence is supreme both on the Bosphorus and at Teheran. Khiva, Bokhara, and all the independent Khanates lying between the Volga and the Pacific coast have been annexed one after the other. Railway communication, running exclusively over Russian territory, has been established between Russia proper and the Far East. Already the rich Chinese province of Manchuria is held by Russia, who hardly conceals her intention of making herself the paramount Power at Peking, and has intimated to Japan that any attempt on her part to assist in the reorganisation of the Celestial Empire will be resisted as an infringement of Russia's supremacy. The Russian frontier has been made practically contiguous with that of Afghanistan, and the Muscovite outposts are now within a short distance from Herat. Surely, therefore, one need not be suspected of crying wolf when there is no wolf, for saying that the progress Russia has made since the Crimean War gives cause for anxiety, if not for alarm.

I fully sympathise with the view that there is room enough for both England and Russia to establish—if I may use a modern phrase—spheres of influence in the East, whether Far or Near. If Russia attempted to introduce a higher civilisation, a better morality, a superior condition of human existence in the regions she has brought, and is bringing, within her sway, I, as an Englishman, should wish her God speed in a task similar to that undertaken and carried out not unsuccessfully by our own country. But common sense precludes my regarding Russia as a civilising and progressive Power. All I can see in her is an absolute despotism based upon the support of an ignorant poverty-stricken and bigoted peasant population. There are wealthy landowners in Russia, holding titles conferred by the Czar, but they have no political authority. There is a priesthood who discharge ceremonial functions, but have absolutely no social position or influence. There is an enormous army of bureaucrats, mostly of German extraction, who are paid meagre salaries, which they eke out by peculation. The professional classes, lawyers, doctors, journalists, and professors, are, in most cases, Jews by birth, if not by creed, and in spite of the intense animosity with which they are regarded in the

country of their adoption, they fill all learned professions by virtue of their intellectual superiority to their Slav fellow-citizens. A middle class, in our English sense of the term, does not exist in Russia. There are traders and merchants, who buy and sell goods, but they have no political status; and the few firms which carry on business between Russia and the outer world are, as a rule, of Hebrew or Armenian origin.

It is futile to suppose that a nation thus constituted can carry abroad the enlightenment and the education it does not possess at home. It is an old saying in the East that where the Turk places his foot the grass ceases to grow. It may be said with even greater truth that wherever the Russian places his foot civilisation ceases to progress. If we may judge of the future by the past, the advance of Russia means the suppression by force of all individual and public liberties, the reduction of all races under her domination to the dead level of the Muscovite Moujik. Poland, Armenia, Finland, and the Russian Jews furnish object lessons as to the principles upon which Russia deals with all subject races who refuse to comply with the absolute authority claimed in the name of the Czar over their property, their bodies, and their souls. No non-Slav citizen is allowed to lead his own life. He may be the most peaceful, the most industrious, the most loyal of mankind, but if he fails to conform to the Slav type, to forget his own traditions, his own language, and his own creed, and to adopt those of Russia—if, in short, he objects to wholesale Russification, he is to be coerced into obedience. The Poles, who are Slavs by birth, by race, and by character, are treated as enemies of Russia, not so much because they cherish the recollections of their historic past, as because they decline to use the Russian language in lieu of Polish, and because they refuse to substitute the religion of the Orthodox Eastern Church for that of Rome. The Finns are deprived of the constitutional rights and privileges guaranteed them by the solemn oath of every Czar who has ascended the throne since Finland was ceded by Sweden. The Finns have always observed their part of the contract and have served Russia faithfully and loyally. Their one offence is that they claimed, as a matter of right, to be governed by their own laws; and that such a pretension was regarded by the Czar and his Ministers as an act of *lèse majesté* against Holy Russia and as, therefore, deserving condign punishment. The Armenians of the Caucasus belong to a religion almost absolutely identical in matters of dogma and ritual with that of the Orthodox Greek Church. Their only sin lies in the fact that they claim to be an autonomous Church subject to the authority of their own Patriarch, not to that of the Muscovite branch of the Eastern rite. The annexation of the Armenian provinces of Turkey was justified by the pretence that it was Russia's duty to protect the Armenian Christians against the persecution of Islam.



Before, however, the annexation had long been consummated, Russia proceeded to confiscate all the possessions of the Armenian Church, not for any alleged want of orthodoxy on the part of the despoiled Church, but on the ground that the mere fact of the Armenians possessing a national Church tended to keep alive the nationality of Armenia as distinguished from that of Russia. In like fashion Russia has always refused to recognise the Bulgarian branch of the Greek Church on the plea that it declines to submit to the authority of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and if, as seems probable, Russia should become the virtual ruler, not only of Constantinople, but of the Balkan Peninsula, the immediate result would be the disappearance of any autonomous Greek Church throughout the former dominions of the Sultan. This passion for the elimination, by fair means or foul, of every element in the Russian Empire which militates against complete and unbroken Russification, is the main reason of the cruel and unprovoked persecution to which the Jews of Russia have been subjected during the present reign. They are well known to be, as a body, friends of peace and adverse by nature to all revolutionary action. Their offence is that their adherence to their own creed and their own customs constitutes an obstacle to the central idea of Russian policy, the assimilation of all races subject to the sway of Russia to the uniform Slav type. I have often thought that if in a future state of existence the power to see moral darkness should be granted to celestial beings just as the power to recognise physical darkness is bestowed on the denizens of this planet, disembodied spirits, if such there be, who take an interest in our affairs, must watch with alarm how the moral darkness of Russia's rule is spreading continuously over the face of the terrestrial globe. I fancy most of us who have seen an eclipse of the sun must have experienced a feeling of relief when the shade leaves off advancing and begins to recede. If I could see any signs that the advance of Russia was approaching its end, I should regard the outlook of things with less apprehension. I fail to discover any such sign. On the contrary, I notice that popular opinion throughout Europe in general, and throughout England in particular, seems indisposed to realise the plain fact that under conceivable, and by no means improbable conditions, the growth of the Slav Empire may prove a danger to Western civilisation.

A century ago it used to be a commonplace of writers on history that under the present conditions of the world any invasion of Europe by Huns or Goths or Tartars had become a manifest impossibility. I agree so far that the world for ages to come is never likely to witness the appearance of a second Attila or Gengis Khan. But I should hesitate to assert that within the lifetime of men now in their childhood the world may not behold such an aggrandisement of the great Slav Empire as to constitute a serious peril to the cause of Western civilisation and Western institutions.

Under the circumstances it may be well to bear in mind the fate that befell Greece in the days of Philip of Macedon. About the period of the Anti-Corn Law agitation some allusion was made in the course of debate to the history of ancient Hellas. Upon this Mr. Cobden is said to have retorted by the sapient remark that in his opinion one number of the *Times* newspaper was of more value to humanity than the whole works of Thucydides. I do not know how far the Liberals of to-day pin their faith so implicitly to the teachings of the Master as to endorse his views respecting the relative value of the Greek classics and the leading articles of contemporary journalism. But they apparently agree with Mr. Cobden in his sublime contempt for all the lessons of the past. No historical parallels run altogether on all fours; and I am willing to admit the subjugation of Greece by Macedon differs in many essential points from the advance of Russia so far as it has yet proceeded. Still there are certain points in common between these two chapters of the world's history, which might be recalled with advantage even in this twentieth century. In the fifth century B.C. Greece stood at the head of European civilisation. Not only had she risen to a height in art and literature which has never been surpassed, even if it has ever been equalled, but she had established a system of popular self-government which in those days was the admiration and envy of the world. To the ordinary Hellene it seemed an utter impossibility that the liberties of Hellas, her civilisation, the creations of her art and genius, and even her existence could ever be seriously threatened by the ambition of an uncultured, semi-barbarous, and almost unknown Northern race, unworthy in her opinion to be mentioned as a possible rival of Greece and especially of Athens. If I might venture to express an opinion on such a subject, I should say that the principal cause of Demosthenes having failed to carry the Athenians with him in the policy recommended by his *Philippics* was that he was baffled by the unshakeable conviction of his fellow-countrymen that the city of the Parthenon could never really be in danger from Macedonian raids. It would be foreign to my purpose as well as incompatible with the limits of my space to describe the vicissitudes of the historic contest in which Demosthenes strove and failed. It may be said with truth that the principles on which he constantly insisted were mainly two: first, the duty of the Athenian citizen to sacrifice personal ease and gain to the service of Athens; secondly, the duty of Athens as the natural head of Greece to consult the interests of all the Greek cities. In an able article published in the original edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, these principles are thus defined:

Athens, so Demosthenes held, is the natural head of Greece. Not, however, as an empress holding subject or subordinate cities in a dependence more or less compulsory. Rather as that city which most nobly expresses the noblest attri-

butes of Greek political independence, and which by her pre-eminent gifts both of intellect and moral insight, is primarily responsible everywhere and always for the maintenance of those attributes in their integrity.

The principles thus described were applauded in theory by the Athenians of his day, but were never carried into practice. By coercing one State, by bribing another, by enlisting in his behalf the jealousies between the different Greek communities, and by offering his support to every interest hostile from one cause or the other to that of Athens, Philip established his authority over the whole of Greece and dealt a deathblow to Greek civilisation.

In the *Philippics* there are any number of passages, which students of the present time might ponder over with advantage in forming a judgment as to the resemblance between the past of Greece and the present of England. Space will only permit me to quote a few here and there. It is thus Demosthenes appeals to his fellow-citizens on the subject of trade :—

If, seeing the abundance of commodities and cheapness of your market, you are beguiled into the belief that the State is in no danger, your judgment is neither becoming nor correct. A market or a fair, one may, from such appearances, judge to be well or ill supplied; but for a State, which every aspirant for the empire of Greece has deemed to be alone capable of opposing him [Philip] and defending the liberty of all, for such a State, verily her marketable commodities are not the test of prosperity, but this: whether she can depend on the good will of her allies; whether she is puissant in arms. . . . When any question about Philip arises, some one starts up directly and says, 'We must have no trifling, no proposal of war,' and then goes on to say, 'What a blessing it is to be at peace, what a grievance to maintain a large army!'<sup>1</sup>

Again let me quote a passage on the proposal for what we should call compulsory universal service :—

If, indeed, you were content to be quiet and not to meddle with the politics of Greece, it would be a different matter; but you assume to take the lead and determine the rights of others, and yet have not provided, nor endeavour to provide, for yourselves a force to guard and maintain that superiority. . . . I say your duties must be marshalled: there must be some rule for receiving money and performing what service is required. . . . I have discussed this question with you before, and shown the method of arranging you all, you of the heavy armed, you of the cavalry, you that are of neither, and how to make a common provision for all. . . . Why, it may be asked, do I mention these things now? For this reason: there are men shocked at the idea of enlisting all the citizens on hire, whilst the advantage of order and preparation is universally acknowledged. . . . If you can be persuaded to believe that now is the time for making arrangements, when you come to want them you will be ready; but if you neglect the present time as unseasonable, you will be compelled to make preparations when you have occasion for their use.<sup>2</sup>

To point out the curious resemblances in the struggle waged between Macedon and Greece, and the contest which has been waged during the last century between Russia and Europe, would be the

<sup>1</sup> *IV. Philippics*, p. 146.

<sup>2</sup> *Duties of State*, p. 167.

work of an historian, not of a publicist. For my purpose it will be enough to recall a few salient facts. Up to the close of the fifth century B.C. Macedon was not an important factor in Greek politics. Some forty years later Philip ascended the throne. Out of the half-savage tribes in the desolate regions lying north of Greece, he contrived to create a formidable military force, organised under autocratic rule. He then proceeded to attack the Greek States one by one. Relying on their internal jealousies and rival interests, he thwarted every coalition directed against his interference in Hellenic affairs, not only by the superiority of his troops and by intrigue and corruption, but by playing one State against another, and by alternately supporting and deserting each of the rival factions in every State. The result was that one by one the States of Hellas succumbed to his supremacy. After Philip's assassination, his son Alexander carried on his father's policy of disintegrating Greece with equal persistency, but with less reserve. When at the height of his glory, after his conquest of Persia, he issued orders to the Greek cities, commanding them to pay divine honour to himself as one of the immortals. The death of the self-nominated deity, in the year following his claim to immortality, roused the Greeks to a last effort to throw off the supremacy of Macedon. The work, however, of intimidation, intrigue, and corruption, supported as it now was by an overwhelming military force, rendered the risings hopeless. The Hellenic insurrection was suppressed by land and sea, by Antipater, one of Alexander's generals, and in 322 B.C. Athens relinquished all idea of further resistance and consented to the occupation of the City of the Violet Crown by a Macedonian garrison, and remodelled her constitution by order of her conqueror in such a manner as to secure the permanent supremacy of the Macedonian party. With the fall of Athens Greece became, in fact, if not in name, a province of Macedonia.

It does not require saying that this brief recital of the course of events which led to the overthrow, not only of Greek independence, but of the polity which is associated with the name of Greece, differs in many important aspects from the story of the aggrandisement of Russia, during our own time, to which I have ventured to call attention. The influence of Christendom, the progress of education, the discoveries of science, the printing press, electric cables, steamships and railways, and I may add the spread of popular, as distinguished from individual, intelligence throughout the two hemispheres, have done much to augment the difficulties of any attempt to repeat the triumphs achieved by Macedon. I cannot, however, share the serene complacency with which the Liberals of to-day reject as utterly chimerical the idea of Russia's advance constituting any possible peril to the cause of civilisation and popular government. When the late Lord Overstone was

examined before a Parliamentary Committee on the national defences, he was asked what would be the effect upon trade and commerce supposing London should ever be occupied by an invading army. His lordship is reported to have declined to answer, saying, 'Such a thing must never be.' The sentiment thus expressed was eminently sound, but it would have conveyed more satisfaction to thinking men if it had been accompanied by a statement on the part of the eminent magnate of finance, how, in his opinion, the contingency in question had best be removed from the domain of possibility. In like fashion, to say that Russia's aggrandisement to such an extent as to threaten the independence and the liberties of Europe cannot be entertained, even as a possibility, is no answer to those who, like myself, hold that Russia has already attained an authority in European affairs, which is in itself a source of peril to other European States; that that authority is daily assuming larger dimensions; and that the time has come when the British public should turn its serious attention to the issue whether Russia's aggrandisement is capable of being kept from attaining proportions inconsistent with the security of Western civilisation, and if so, whether there exist any practical means by which such an object can be accomplished.

If we are to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, the first thing is to clear the ground. Personally, I can derive no encouragement from the theory, so cherished by latter-day Liberalism, that in this era of International Courts of Arbitration, of the European Concert, and of friendly alliances, wars of aggression have become anomalies. I have scant belief in the authority of tribunals which have no power to enforce obedience to their judgments, other than that of the impalpable force of public opinion. Arbitration may be a blessed word; but in as far as England is concerned, it is tantamount to the voluntary submission of her own rights and those of her colonies to the arbitrament of a Court whose members are hostile to her interests. Common sense forbids me to believe that Russia would ever have used her influence to promote International Courts of Arbitration, unless she had been assured beforehand that these Courts would be friendly to her own interests and hostile to those of her one formidable rival. The reigning Czar may have—and I have no doubt has—a sentimental love of peace, but sentiment unsupported by action is of no practical value. If there is one country in the world which has no cause to fear invasion it is the Russian Empire. If therefore his Majesty Nicholas the Second had been honestly desirous of bringing about a general disarmament throughout Europe, his obvious course would have been to reduce the numbers of his enormous standing army, which is utterly in excess of any force required to defend the territories of his Empire, and whose sole reason of being is as a weapon to be employed for purposes of defiance. As to the

much talked of Concert of Europe, nobody knows better than the Czar and his Ministers that the thing is a mere chimera. Germany is bound by the instinct of self-preservation to favour no policy which might induce Russia and France to attack her jointly. Again France is so firmly convinced that Russia will assist her in regaining Alsace and Lorraine, and in recovering her lost military prestige, that she has no will of her own in foreign affairs other than that of her 'great friend and ally.' Austria is so paralysed by internal dissensions between her German, Slav, and Magyar provinces that she is bound to acquiesce in any policy Russia may favour, even if that policy should contemplate the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire and the consequent instalment of Russia at Constantinople as the mistress of the Bosphorus, and the protectress of the Balkan Peninsula. Italy is too conscious of her own weakness, so long as the feud between the Vatican and the Quirinal remains unsettled, to listen to any suggestion which might excite the hostility of the mighty Slav Empire. Spain has ceased to be a first-class Power north of the Pyrenees. Belgium looks to Russia to protect her against the greed of France, while Holland looks to Russia to save her from annexation by Germany. Under these circumstances the idea of any Continental coalition, either directly or indirectly, of an anti-Russian character must be dismissed as impracticable.

It would be unfair to accuse the Czar of insincerity. For good or for bad his Majesty does not belong to the category of Sovereigns who can break with the traditions of their race, their caste, and their national history. In common with all his predecessors on the throne, he is bound—no matter what his individual aspirations may be—to carry on the mission of Holy Russia, as laid down by the founder of his dynasty. Personally he may regret the necessity of plotting, intriguing, and manœuvring for the aggrandisement of the Slav Empire, but his fate compels him to follow in the steps of his predecessors. Thus it comes to pass that the champion of universal peace and international arbitration has been forced to extend his dominions to the Northern Pacific; to hold Manchuria as a guarantee for the subservience of China; to protect the independence of Korea as against Japan; to undermine the military strength, and to thwart all attempts at the reconstruction of the moribund Ottoman Empire; to offer a subtle resistance to any development of the Balkan Peninsula inconsistent with the supremacy of Russia; to pave the way, in fact, for the accomplishment of the manifest destiny foretold in the will, whether apocryphal or genuine, ascribed to Peter the Great.

It is possible the version I have endeavoured to give of Russia's progress may be somewhat biassed by my aversion to the principles on which the Russian administration both at home and abroad is necessarily based. Still I fail to see how the facts of the extra-

ordinary progress made by Russia within the last century, towards the creation of a world-wide Slav Empire, can possibly be disputed. My view as to the character and origin of this advance may be disputed; but the fact of the advance remains. Granted this fact, I am at a loss to understand how the progress of Russia, taken by itself, does not constitute a danger for Western civilisation. If this is so, it is surely not unreasonable to say that the prospect of Russia forcing her way onwards in the near future, after the same fashion as she has done in the not remote past, is one which ought to be taken into most serious consideration by every non-Slav nation in Europe, and above all by England.

Owing to the various causes which I have already endeavoured to explain, there is no reasonable probability that either France, Germany, Austria, Italy, or any combination of the Continental Powers will take any action calculated, however unreasonably, to give umbrage to Russia. In as far as I can judge there are only two great Powers in the world which could—or at any rate might—raise a barrier against that gradual Russification of the world, which must form the logical consequence of the Slav advance in Turkey, Persia, China, and Asia Minor. These two countries belong to the same Anglo-Saxon race, are both wedded to the principle of government by the people for the people, are both akin in language, in creed, and in institutions, and are both imbued by the conviction that it is their mission to raise the standard of civilisation throughout the world. Englishmen and Americans have practically the same ideal, and that ideal is the exact converse of the one entertained by Russia. If this is so, we may reasonably hope that at some future period these two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race may be found working together for a common object. For the time being, however, it is obvious the initiative must come from this side of the Atlantic. If anything is to be done towards checking the further development of the Slav Empire, it must be done by England, and in the first instance by England alone.

It may be said that, as I do not propose to resort to arms, and as I admit that the rapid growth of Russia is due in the main to the action of natural forces, it is idle for England to protest against the growth of a national movement which we, *ex hypothesi*, are unable to resist. I can never see much good in protesting against evils whose removal is a practical impossibility; and if I believed the advance of Russia was as irresistible by human agency as the rise of the tides, I for one should accept it in silence. But, to my thinking, this advance is mainly due to the indifference with which the gradual extension of the Slav power has been regarded throughout Europe, and especially in England. The causes of this indifference are not far to seek. It is not in British nature to look far ahead. A country which is well aware that, in the event of her being engaged

in a European war, she is liable to be starved into submission by the cutting off of her food supplies, and yet makes no provision for replenishing her home granaries, can hardly be expected to contemplate beforehand the possible injury to her interests, both Imperial and commercial, which is likely to result from the aggrandisement of Russia. Moreover, the general tendency of popular British opinion is, I think, favourable rather than unfavourable to the Slav Empire, as being the supposed champion of the Bulgarian, Armenian, and Macedonian Christians against the 'Unspeakable Turk.' The idea of friendly co-operation with Russia has always been one in favour with many eminent British statesmen, irrespective of party ties, while our religious sympathies have led us to cherish the delusions that not only is Russia the defender of the Cross against the Crescent, but that there is some sort of communion between the Anglican and the Greek Churches, which does not exist between the Protestant and the Catholic Churches. The era of the Crimean War is forgotten; and I am convinced that if Russia were to install herself to-morrow at Constantinople, the event would be heralded by the English Liberals—and in most instances with genuine conviction—as a triumph for civilisation. Only a few years ago I should have said that any attempt to induce the British public to shake off the apathy with which they regarded the advance of Russia was foredoomed to failure. Circumstances, however, have changed. During the last quarter of a century we have discarded many errors and learnt many truths. The policy which led to the surrender of Majuba and the abandonment of Gordon, and which all but succeeded in breaking up the United Kingdom, has been cast contemptuously aside. The ideas, which formed the fundamental basis of free trade as preached by Cobden, that the world had reached a state of civilisation incompatible with wars of aggression; that we were on the eve of a commercial millennium under which the nations of the world would be engaged in peaceful competition in open markets, have been proved by bitter experience to be a delusion and a snare. We have learnt that any nation which wishes to hold its place in the conflict of life must be prepared to fight. We have been taught that the world at large, instead of bearing good will towards England, as in the Victorian era we fondly imagined, regards her with envy and dislike. Above all, our eyes have been opened to the fact that our Colonies, instead of being burdens on our Imperial resources, are sources of wealth and strength to the Empire, and that they are imbued with an affection for the old Mother Country which leads them to desire a closer connection, both political and commercial, with the United Kingdom.

The significance of this fact can hardly be overlooked by any one who has followed the considerations to which I have called attention in the foregoing pages of this article. To what extent the affairs of



this world are directly subject to the supervision of Providence is a question upon which I feel utterly incompetent to express an opinion one way or the other. But this much I may fairly say, that the chance now unexpectedly offered to England of consolidating her colonial possessions into a vast British Empire bears a strange resemblance to a providential interposition. The territories of this Empire are roughly calculated to comprise twelve millions of square miles, or nearly one quarter of the earth's surface, and twice the area under the sway of Russia. The population of our Empire is numbered at close upon 400 millions, as against the 235 millions claimed by Russia. Our superiority, however, in respect of area and population is counterbalanced by the fact that the Slavs in European Russia, who form the ruling race throughout the Empire, number 103 millions, while the white subjects of the British Empire number barely half those figures. Moreover, the whole population of Russia, both in Europe and in Asia, is ruled by one central autocratic government, while the component parts of her immense territory are, so to speak, within one large ring fence, and not scattered over the face of the globe and divided by wide tracts of sea. Colonies, whether self-governed or under Crown rule, Russia has none, and desires none. Every one of her outlying provinces, whatever may be its distance from the metropolis, is governed by the White Czar and his Ministers. From the banks of the Vistula to the coast of the Pacific the will of the Czar is law, and this fact alone, though it may contain the seeds of future disintegration, confers on Russia an aggressive power to which that of Great Britain affords no parallel.

On the other hand, for defensive purposes, Great Britain, if consolidated with her Colonies and outlying dependencies into a united Empire, would more than hold her own against Russia. There is not a single quarter of the globe in which Great Britain does not hold possessions exceeding in extent, in productiveness, and still more in potential development, those of any other country. If only these possessions could be welded into one commonwealth, whose authority would far surpass that of the Slav Empire, such a commonwealth would, in as far as human foresight can predict, assure the triumph of our British principles, freedom of individual liberty, religious tolerance, popular self-government, respect for law, order, and justice; principles which, whether sound or unsound, are diametrically opposed to those of Russia. The prospect thus opened out before us is one sufficient to fire the imagination even of those who in common with myself are not sanguine by temperament as to the progress of humanity.

There can be no question that the present moment is more favourable for the conversion of Great Britain into Greater Britain than any previous period of our island history. The progress of electrical science has removed the greatest of the material difficulties

which stood in the way of any administrative or commercial union between the Mother Country and her Colonies. Every event of the slightest public interest which occurs in any portion of the civilised world is now made known at once in every quarter of the globe. By the aid of submarine cables, the distance which heretofore separated the thoughts and words of the colonists and of their countrymen at home has been practically annihilated; and we have already felt the results of this moral approximation in the increased intimacy and mutual interest displayed by the British public and their fellow-countrymen beyond the seas in each other's sayings and doings. Nobody can doubt that if the South African War had taken place in pre-telegraphic days, the Colonies would have felt a comparatively languid interest in the vicissitudes of the war. As a matter of fact, the relief of Ladysmith and Mafeking were awaited with the same anxiety, and greeted with the same outburst of exultation, in Australia and Canada as they were in England. To ourselves the colonists have become more akin, more of a living presence, since we found them sending their own soldiers to fight side by side with our troops in defence of the common fatherland. A year of war caused the sentiment of Imperialism to make more progress, both at home and over the seas, than a century of peace could have accomplished. Thus the hour had arrived when there was a possibility, such as had never before existed, of making some onward step towards Imperial Federation; and when that hour came the man was not far to seek. The man was Mr. Chamberlain.

To enter into the merits or demerits of the Fiscal controversy would be foreign to the scope of this article. For the purpose of my argument I could afford to admit that all the objections raised by the advocates of free trade to preferential duties, to retaliatory tariffs, or to the taxation of food, were economically sound without thereby affecting my main contention that the possibility presented by Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of consolidating the British Empire ought to overrule all minor considerations in the minds of those who believe in England's Imperial mission. I can understand the views of our Little Englanders, however little I may agree with their policy. What I fail to understand, is the position of Imperialists who profess to regard the consolidation of the Empire as a 'pious aspiration,' and yet decline to consider favourably, or even impartially, any practical scheme for carrying this aspiration into execution. The crux of the whole question lies in the statement of the present position made by Mr. Chamberlain the other day to the Agents-General of our Colonies. The position stands thus: 'His object,' to quote his words, has been 'to unite the Empire and to bring all the parts of the Empire into closer, more definite, and more organised communication.' His policy has been based throughout upon the principle that 'whatever was to be done' in the way of consoli-

dition 'must be done by the colonies as freely and voluntarily and with as much enthusiasm as it would be done at home.' He had suggested various forms of consolidation from time to time, such as an Imperial Council, a league for national defence, and a Zollverein, and had found that all these suggestions were rejected by our self-governing Colonies. Finally, of their own free will and accord, the leading Colonies agreed in proposing to effect the consolidation of the Empire by a system of preferential duties under which colonial produce and British manufactures might be charged lower rates, as compared with those levied on foreign imports, which would give our own people advantages in the trade between the Colonies and the Mother Country. It stands to reason that such a suggestion made from such a quarter, under such peculiar conditions, could not be ignored without peril to the Empire. The Minister who has done so much to remove the slur of indifference to colonial interests, popularly and not unjustly attributed to Downing Street, came to the conclusion that this proposal ought to receive the prompt and serious consideration of the Mother Country. In order to advocate the acceptance of the colonial scheme for consolidating the Empire, he resigned his office and has undertaken the arduous task of bringing over the British public to the views of our colonial fellow-countrymen. It is obvious that the opportunity thus offered is not likely to repeat itself. If the offer should be rejected, all idea of consolidating the Empire will have to be postponed for an indefinite period. England therefore has cause to be grateful to a statesman who has risked his whole political career to identify himself with a movement whose success he holds to be 'not merely the very highest object of British statesmanship, but a matter of urgent necessity and importance to our great Colonies, and indeed to the world at large.'

I have endeavoured to treat this question not so much from a purely British point of view as from that of a believer in the principles of which England is the representative. If I have succeeded in calling the attention of my fellow-countrymen to the way in which the great Slav Empire of Russia is spreading herself over the globe, and in bringing to their minds the fact that this Slav Empire is, by virtue of its nature, the champion of absolutism, the enemy of individual freedom and national independence, and the disseminator of what, for want of a better word, I may call obscurantism throughout the inhabited earth, I shall have established my conclusion that Great Britain is the only antagonist which can raise an effective barrier against the Russification of Europe, and that she can discharge this duty only by consolidating her outlying Colonies with the Mother Country.

EDWARD DICEY.

## *BRITISH EAST AFRICA*

WHEN the subject of British East Africa is touched upon in England, it is probable that the title conveys nothing to anyone except those directly interested in the country. The average Englishman makes no distinction between East Africa and Uganda; he has probably heard of the latter, but has only a very hazy notion of where it is, and connects it with romantic tales of fever, pestilence, hostile natives, and wild beasts.

What adds to the difficulty of grasping the division of the two Protectorates is the fact that in April 1902 a large portion of Uganda was transferred to East Africa, and those well up in the geography of the two Protectorates before the division are now completely at sea.

Probably, enough has been said in other places of the mismanagement and extravagance in the construction of the miscalled Uganda Railway, and one does not have to go beyond the island of Mombasa, to see that these charges are extremely well founded.

Those who, like the present writer, have visited the country, cannot but realise that the line will benefit the country and settlers much more when freights have been reduced and the line is properly and permanently laid. At present, in the rains, the chances of a breakdown between Nairobi and the Lake are rather in favour of a derailment: one night I was on the line sixty miles east of Port Florence when a train came in having been derailed three times in the sixty miles.

His Majesty's Commissioner is competent to, and with a freer hand might, take steps gradually to reduce freights to a reasonable figure in the interests of the settlers. It must be remembered that the railway can never pay on the actual resources of the two protectorates without the help of the white settler.

East Africa is a country which at different altitudes will produce anything from a cocoanut to an English apple or rose, and from a patch of mealies or rice to as fine a crop of wheat, oats, or barley, as a man could wish to see.

Parts of the country are eminently fitted for cattle, and parts for

sheep. I should doubt whether unoccupied land equally good is to be found anywhere else at the present time.

The local market for cattle-dealing and for meat is very limited, but wool can be shipped to the English market, and with cold storage at Nairobi and Mombasa there is no reason why meat should not compete successfully with that of other countries.

There is, moreover, a very considerable market for potatoes in South Africa, *via* Durban. Several shipments have already been sent from the Nairobi district.

In addition tea, coffee, tobacco, vanilla, rubber, copra, castor and other oil-yielding seeds can be produced, as well as almost all ordinary garden produce.

The parts best suited for European settlement are between Machakos and Fort Ternan on both sides of the railway, at altitudes varying from 5,000 to 7,800 and even 9,000 feet. At these high altitudes a mile or so from the railway and the Indian coolie, the mosquito is practically unknown, and if found can with ordinary care and a little trouble be easily got rid of, and therefore the risk of fever is practically *nil*.

There are vast tracts of uninhabited country, water, timber, a rich soil and a railway running to the coast; all that is wanted is the settler. Why is he absent? It is not the fault of the country, it is not the fault of the settler, it is not the fault of the present Commissioner; I will leave it to those who are interested in Imperial affairs to form their own conclusions on the subject.

Steps should be taken, and taken immediately, to 'push' the country. First of all it is under the control of the wrong department. Sir Charles Eliot in his report dated the 18th of April, 1903, says:

A colony should attract colonists; it is not the business of His Majesty's Government to attract them; if the country is worth anything, people will find it out for themselves. This argument is true enough of an ordinary colony, but East Africa is not an ordinary colony. It is practically an estate belonging to His Majesty's Government, on which an enormous outlay has been made, and which ought to repay that outlay. Many millions have been expended on the construction of the railway; that expenditure is a matter of the past, and it is of no practical use to inquire whether it was excessive or not. But what is certain is, that the railway can only be made to pay by developing the countries through which it passes, and by expending a reasonable sum on that development.

Again, after quoting Mr. Chamberlain's opinion that the future prospects of the Protectorate might be found to lie in the export of wheat and wool, Sir Charles says: 'Private enterprise can do, and is doing, something in such matters,' referring to experiments in production of seeds, animals, and methods of irrigation, 'but experiments in live stock and irrigation can be conducted only on a very moderate scale unless they are conducted by government or by capitalists.'

What does Sir Charles mean? Does he mean that British East Africa is a *domaine privé* of the British Cabinet, or does he acknowledge that it is an asset of the British Empire? If the latter, then I maintain it is the business of the Government, as representing the British Empire, to attract colonists, without whom no developments can be really made. His reference to government experiments and capitalists is typical of the way in which the country is being 'run.' The settler is not encouraged in the way he should be.

It is true that free grants are now being given in certain districts to the extent of 640 acres, and it is true that a settler may use a certain amount of water running through his holding, and certain laws have been repealed. There should be a land office established in London where an intending settler could obtain all necessary information concerning the country, with an official who has had personal experience of the Protectorates. He must not be a man from the treasury of Hong Kong, a diplomatist from St. Petersburg, or even a Foreign Office official who has perhaps paid a flying visit to East Africa.

At the emigration office in Broadway, Westminster, where intending settlers are advised by the Foreign Office authorities to call, no information can be obtained except what is contained very sketchily in the East African handbook; the officials are courteous in the extreme, but say they are not in touch with anyone who has been in East Africa, and to gather more information they recommend a personal visit to the country. Is that the way to encourage emigration? They also volunteer the information that a visit to the Foreign Office will only result in reference back to them for information.

At present the East African authorities appear to be too much hampered by officials at the Foreign Office, and also the rules and regulations of the customs require overhauling, as occasional cases such as the following occur: A man may import into the country a plough or agricultural implement without duty, but if he imports seeds, an ounce or a ton, he has to pay 5 or 10 per cent.; and East Africa is a new country! Then again an official may import a horse free, but must pay on saddles and bridles, of which there are none in the country.

The official estimate for the capital required by an intending settler is 300l.; under existing circumstances this is probably not too much, but I doubt if many of the pioneers in other colonies had a capital of 300l.; it certainly is not enough if settlers, on asking what protection they may expect from native raids or petty thefts, are advised either to stop under the eye of the nearest officer, or to erect a telephone to his Boma,<sup>1</sup> as happened not long ago. Either

<sup>1</sup> Station.

the authorities must protect the settler or they must allow the settler to protect himself; the latter they are too chary of doing, and the former they seem to be incapable of, which is shown very forcibly in Mombasa itself, where the railway officials were, a few months ago, unable to let a few acres of land for mealie growing, because the police authorities were incapable of dealing with the thieving propensities of a few score Wakamba boys.

There will be, and ought to be now, an opening for white carpenters and blacksmiths in the country; at present nearly all the buildings, private and official, except out-stations, which are built by the officer in charge with station labour, probably Swahili, are built by Indians; and a Government contract for buildings was lately given to an Indian which was practically 15 per cent. guaranteed for ten years, and capital back at the end of that period.

The authorities also seem to be uncertain whether to run the country as a white man's colony, or as an official game reserve for black traders and natives, a timber reserve to be looked at and a general natives' paradise. There can be no middle course, and there is only one way to make the country pay, namely to make it a British Colony under the administration of the Colonial office and with practical men to assist the Commissioner who have had experience in colonisation, and who have more sympathy with the white settler than is shown at present.

The three chief tribes along the railway are the Wakamba, the Wakikuyu, and the Masai. The first two will work and supply any amount of labour; the last will not work, and for them there are two courses open.

Either move the Masai, who are the most powerful tribe, on to a large reserve, which also could be the game reserve, away from the railway and settled parts, where they can follow their ordinary occupation of raising flocks of cattle and sheep and live healthily and happily, which course would take time and some trouble; or give in to the misguided views of upholders of native rights, and allow the Masai as a tribe to continue in close proximity to the line and the capital of the Protectorate (Nairobi) where they are already becoming degraded and diseased, and must in a few generations become extinct. Disease is very prevalent amongst them, chiefly owing to the Indian coolie, the importation of which appears to be a source of pride and self-satisfaction to the Foreign Office and the labour contractors, but to no one else except perhaps the ship-owners who took them out.

I do not believe that it was really necessary to import so many Indian coolies to the country; with a very little trouble, a large amount of unskilled labour could have been obtained from the Wakamba, which is now being done; it would only have entailed a little extra trouble on the part of the railway staff. A surveyor

whom I know told me he never had more willing and intelligent natives to help him with his instruments than the Wakamba.

Incidentally, to show the type of coolie employed on the railway, I was told that two-thirds had left their country for their country's good.

It is a pity, I think, that the ocean trade of the country is so entirely in the hands of the foreign lines, the M.M., the Austrian Lloyd, and the German East African. The mail contract with the British India from Aden to Mombasa is a seven knot one, and ten years ago I believe it was nine. A first-class passage by a foreign boat from Mombasa or Zanzibar to London is 20% cheaper, and at least two days quicker, with better boats as far as Aden, and probably no change at that port.

Such of the trade as is not in the hands of the Arabs and Indians is held by the Germans and Italians; the former even have offered to take samples of certain commodities produced in British East Africa home free, while as far as I could see the British India were doing nothing to encourage anybody, except that they had started a fairly moderate rate at which they would bring cattle out from home. The country is understaffed and officials are often detained after their leave is due, owing to there being no one to relieve them; this I believe is the case both in East Africa and Uganda. In the latter country it is to be hoped that in the selection of future officials those receiving over 400% a year shall be able at least to read and write.

The chief officials, with perhaps the exception of his Majesty's Commissioner, seem to think that every white sportsman and settler comes out with the fixed intention to loot natives, slaughter game indiscriminately, and generally break the game laws.

If the authorities out in East Africa would worry a little more about the country and the settler's welfare, and a little less over the white man who shoots (leave him to the game ranger); and if the Home Authorities would worry less round museums and taxidermists and would encourage emigrants more, and give the Commissioner a freer hand, East Africa, now a burden to the British taxpayer, would soon become a prosperous self-supporting colony, and another valuable source of food supply for the British Empire.

HINDLIP.



## HISTORY AND WAR OFFICE REFORM

THE supreme control of our Military Department is, as the whole world knows, vested in a civilian, who in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred knows nothing of military matters. Since the function of a Military Department is, first, to frame a military policy for the country, and secondly, to train and maintain an army perfectly equipped in every respect to enforce it, this arrangement is of course fatuous. It is, however, none the less inevitable under our Constitution, and the question is how to make the best of it.

At the same time it is not wholly superfluous to call attention to its fatuity; for there are still a great many people who, while they would ridicule the idea of putting a schoolmaster in charge of a stable, see nothing absurd in giving to a civilian the command of an army. Our ancestors to a man, when they admitted that an army was necessary at all, took this singular view, and indeed acted upon it, as our National Debt can testify. While King William and Marlborough held power, the principal operations in the field were at least sensible and might be brilliant, though the countless minor expeditions between 1689 and 1697 will not bear inspection at all. But when true Cabinet government came in at the accession of the House of Brunswick, then the beauties of military administration by civilians were revealed in their nakedness. Marlborough's veterans gave abundant warning to the Government. 'The discipline of the army is in a very bad way,' said Wade in 1733. 'Our generals,' said the Duke of Argyll in 1739, 'are only colonels with a higher title, without power and without command . . . restrained by an arbitrary Minister. . . . Our armies here know no other power but that of the Secretary at War, who directs all their motions and fills up all vacancies without opposition and without appeal.' The results were seen at Carthage, at the 'canter of Coltbrigg,' at Falkirk and at Prestonpans; and in 1745, William, Duke of Cumberland, was appointed Commander-in-Chief, to restore discipline in the army. Short though his reign was, he did so; but he was not allowed to control the military policy. Newcastle refused even to raise the new regiments that were imperatively needed, because the Commander-in-Chief would have a voice in the granting of commis-

sions. And then came reverse after reverse in North America, the loss of Minorca, the shooting of Byng instead of Newcastle—a most unfortunate precedent—and finally the advent of William Pitt to power.

Pitt had at least some idea of a military policy—namely, to form a militia which would enable the whole of the regular troops to be sent out of England, and to ‘conquer America in Germany.’ But he, too, was fond of directing little campaigns himself, against the advice of all military men, with the usual result of disgraceful failure. Moreover, though filled with visions of a map of the world painted red, he never gave a thought to that which must follow after the painting was accomplished. He never reflected that an empire is like a fortune, less difficult to make than to keep; and he was as heedless of incurring rash obligations in men as in money. Yet no empire can be considered sound wherein the two ends cannot be made to meet as well in garrisons as in cash.

Immediately, therefore, upon the peace of 1763 there presented itself the high problem of Imperial defence. Attempts were made to solve it chiefly by strict enforcement of the Imperial commercial code; and the result, as we all know, was the rebellion of the Colonies and a most difficult and formidable war across the Atlantic. There being no Commander-in-Chief, Amherst was named General on the Staff; but neither his advice, nor that of the Adjutant-General, nor that of the generals on the spot, was heeded for a moment. A civilian, who had been removed from the army for misconduct, directed the operations from Downing Street, with the inevitable consequence of disaster. The principal advisers of this functionary were renegade members of Congress and enthusiastic or interested loyalists. As our enemies increased and the war spread to Europe, the second Secretary of State, also a civilian, took charge of the operations nearer home, once again with disaster. Amid such a host of foes England’s best chance of success lay in the voluntary sacrifice of at least some outstanding possessions; but Ministers courted disaster by endeavouring to keep all. It is always thus when civilians conduct war. To keep a vote they risk a whole campaign.

Peace brought with it the loss of an empire, and an extravagant reduction of the army. From the time of William Pitt’s entry upon power until 1795 there was no Commander-in-Chief; and the discipline of the forces forthwith sank down to the level so scathingly described by the Duke of Argyll in 1739. Pitt further suffered the militia to go to decay, and literally starved the regular army into desertion. Then came the war of the French Revolution, and such confusion in army and navy as had not been seen since 1689. Once again, a civilian, Henry Dundas, assumed control of the military operations from Downing Street, though Amherst had been reappointed General on the Staff. Dundas began by wrecking the whole campaign of the

Allies in 1793, by insisting on the siege of Dunkirk (for which operation Lord Chancellor Loughborough kindly furnished a plan); and he lived the rest of his life as War Minister according to this beginning.

In 1794 a new departure was taken in our military administration. A Secretary of State for War was appointed, to be responsible for the military operations at large, while the Secretary at War retained his old position in control of the finance of the army. In 1795 further improvement was made by the appointment of the Duke of York to be Commander-in-Chief. Few men have done better work for the army than did the Duke of York, though it must suffice to say that he not only restored discipline but established the military government of the army, so far as his powers extended, upon a good and permanent system. In fact he was the first real military Commander-in-Chief. Here, therefore, were the elements of an efficient organisation for the conduct of war—a thoroughly capable man with an excellent staff to train and govern the army for the work required of it; a very able man of business, Huskisson, in charge of the financial and Parliamentary side; and in supreme control of all a Minister of War. Moreover, we possessed at that moment such an array of military talent among our general officers as has never been seen in England before nor since, the greater number of them trained in the new school of the American war. Setting aside sundry good soldiers of the second rank, there were Charles Grey and Ralph Abercromby, veterans indeed, but full of dash and enterprise; Cornwallis; Simcoe; Lord Moira, with youth as well as great ability upon his side; and lastly, Charles Stuart, a man of rare administrative and military talent, who, if he had lived; would have run Wellington hard. Behind these, among the field officers, were the more familiar names of John Moore, Arthur Wellesley, and their subordinates in the Peninsula.

The whole of this wealth of talent was squandered to no purpose by the Minister for War, who was no other than the Scotch lawyer, Henry Dundas. Profoundly ignorant of war, he was too narrow and conceited to seek military advice. His counsellors were French refugees and West India merchants; his expert adviser was a brilliant, but shallow sailor, Sir Home Popham; his favourite plans were all his own. If a really able scheme of operations was laid before him, he instantly marred it. If such a man as Abercromby condemned a projected expedition as foredoomed to wreck through its own unsoundness, Dundas took no notice, but gave orders for the expedition to proceed. The result was failure upon failure, with appalling waste of money and men, and no advantage gained. At St. Domingo Dundas floundered into so hopeless an abyss of blunders that he was only extricated by the firmness of a lieutenant-colonel, acting upon his own responsibility. No general could work

under Dundas. Grey, abandoned to destruction after a brilliant campaign in the West Indies, refused to accept the command of another expedition. Stuart, a proud and imperious man of whom Dundas was justly afraid, flung down his letter of service in 1800 and declined to have more to do with him. Even Abercromby, gentlest, loyallest, and most patient of men, turned at last and wrote bitterly that instructions were given to British generals which had no parallel in any other service. And this is strictly true: Dundas's instructions to the generals abroad are incredibly inept; and it may be added that they invariably reached the enemy's eyes as early as the generals'. Enough of Dundas. He was the evil genius of Pitt; he wrought mischief untold; and until he disappeared from the scene there was no hope of success for the army in war.

Those that came after him profited a little, but only a little, by his evil example. We point to Copenhagen and the Peninsula, but we forget Walcheren and a number of similar follies. At last came Waterloo, and forty years of peace, during which the army was hidden away and neglected, and then the revelations of the Crimea. Meanwhile a new empire had grown up (for an empire consists not of territory but of men), and, after many petty colonial wars, the question of Imperial Defence or, as it was called, colonial military expenditure, again came up. A Select Committee reported upon it in 1861, and decided that the tendency of modern warfare called for concentration, as far as possible, of the troops required for defence of the United Kingdom, and that for the security of distant dependencies we must rely upon our naval supremacy.

In 1870 came Mr. Cardwell's great and valuable reforms of the army, devised in the main to meet the policy indicated above. But the framework of his scheme was out of date practically before it was completed. It was soon evident that naval supremacy in these days of ironclads and steam could only be assured by the provision of naval stations for coaling and refitting, and that these stations would require garrisons for their protection. Hence it was inevitable that a larger proportion of our army than had been contemplated by Mr. Cardwell, would be constantly required for foreign service.

Shortly afterwards came the Afghan and Zulu wars, wherein unpleasant experience suggested several changes in the administration and constitution of the army. At last, in 1887, an effort was made to group all its departments under a single responsible officer, the Commander-in-Chief; who was to be both the administrative and executive head of the army, and the responsible military adviser of the Secretary of State for War, and through him of the Government. This, so far as I know, was the first real attempt to provide the Government with a permanent military adviser—to prevent, in fact, such a misfortune as the recurrence of a Dundas. It was felt at the time that such a load of responsibility was too heavy to be thrown

upon any one man; and accordingly an effort was made to relieve him by the appointment of two permanent committees; one to consider all questions wherein our naval and military policies overlapped; and the other to co-ordinate the action of the colonial and Imperial authorities in matters of Imperial Defence. Nevertheless the arrangement was at best a makeshift. It was good in that it provided for the administration of the army on a definite and comprehensive scheme of assured responsibility. It was defective in that it failed to furnish the Government with military assistance in framing the military policy which was to direct that army.

The blot was at once hit by the powerful Royal Commission which reviewed the subject in 1889-90. 'So long,' they reported, 'as civilians responsible to Parliament continue to control the administration of the naval and military Services, the problem which has to be solved appears to be, how to give these Parliamentary chiefs the best professional advice and assistance under the most responsible and definite conditions. . . . We doubt whether sufficient consideration has been given to the immense importance of the consultative duties of the principal adviser of the Minister.' They then suggested that every effort should be made to relieve that adviser of all duties of detail not absolutely essential to the maintenance of due touch with the Service; and they ended by the conclusion that the existing system could not adequately provide for the consultative, as distinguished from the executive and administrative, duties of the War Department.

Unfortunately, the Commissioners were not agreed upon the remedies that they proposed. They further chose the unlucky and misleading title of Chief of the Staff for the new official whom they wished to create, and in matters military they made provision for the administration of everything except the army. In their zeal to establish a military adviser for the Government, they overlooked the absolute need to the army of a Commander-in-Chief. The duties of that office had long been discharged so smoothly, that their existence, and the necessity for an official to fulfil them, were forgotten. However, the report of the Commission being not generally approved, the system initiated in 1887 continued, and, so far as I can learn, worked better and better every year. It can hardly be denied that between 1887 and 1895 the military efficiency of England, as expressed by sound administration and readiness for war, advanced by leaps and bounds. Time and the insensible friction of daily work reconciled the two previously hostile branches—the civil and the military. Mr. Stanhope's reforms transferred some power, and therefore some responsibility, to the military branch; and the spheres of the several departments, with their lines of interdependence, were clearly defined. I have always understood that the War Office was never since its birth so efficient for

the despatch of its business as in 1895. Yet the defect pointed out by the Royal Commission in 1889 was not repaired, and such makeshifts as Army Boards and War Office Councils, which were employed to cover it, were unsatisfactory. The Commander-in-Chief had too much to do to give sufficient time to consideration of large questions of military policy; and there was no one else to perform this task.

In 1895 the Duke of Cambridge retired from the post of Commander-in-Chief, which he had so long and so honourably occupied. The lack of consultative assistance at the disposal of the Secretary of State was recognised, and an attempt was made to supply it, not by strengthening the office of the Secretary of State, but by weakening that of the Commander-in-Chief. It seemed to be accepted that the holder of the latter office had enjoyed an inconveniently strong position, in respect of matters military, as compared with the Government; that is to say, that the Government had no one else of whom to ask advice. It was objected, not without abstract reason, that the Commander-in-Chief's counsel might not be the best at the Government's disposal, since considerations of discipline, and disinclination to differ from their chief, might induce his subordinates to conceal their true opinions and to give assent to advice with which at heart they did not concur. To amend this state of affairs, an Order in Council of 1895 introduced new reforms. The object apparently aimed at was to reduce the power of the Commander-in-Chief by giving to his voice in council the weight of a departmental chief's only, and to create alongside of him a number of semi-independent departmental chiefs who, as was hoped, should speak and vote in council according to their true opinions.

The framers of the Order fell into somewhat of the same blunder as the Commission of 1889, by ignoring the true functions of the Commander-in-Chief. They were so anxious to gain independence of counsel for the Government that they overlooked the vital importance of unity in the command of the army. The military branches of the War Office, which had improvised the means of securing a certain community of principle and permanence of policy, were rudely separated. Everything was done to secure the absolute independence of the several branches, and to isolate the individuality of their several heads. The expression of opinion was ordained to precede, not to follow, consultation and conference; and the Army Board was placed under a kind of Poynings's Law, being suffered only to discuss such matters as were submitted to it by the Secretary of State. Where other departments differed, the department of finance was called in to decide between them; and thus, instead of being restricted to its own most valuable function of watching and regulating expenditure, the civil side of the office found itself vested with functions of control which it had neither the training nor the knowledge to

exercise. Thus the Commander-in-Chief was deprived of the advice and assistance of his own staff, and was constantly thwarted and obstructed by the Financial Department. The system, in fact, was hopelessly wrong in principle, and was therefore bound to fail.

It is at this point that we stand at this moment, with the report of the War Commission in our hands. There is no more pathetic reading in it than the evidence of Lord Wolseley and Lord Lansdowne, the first probably our ablest soldier since Wellington, the second an accomplished and high-minded gentleman of no small administrative experience, both striving with all their hearts to do what they thought best for their country. The one knew exactly what ought to have been done, but had no power to do it; the other had the power, but had neither sufficient knowledge of war to appreciate the other's advice, nor, it seems, the strength to lay it before the Cabinet. Hence misunderstanding upon misunderstanding, friction, and finally re-crimination; and all because both men were placed by a false system in an impossible position. Our Constitution forbids us to give the power to the man who has the knowledge; there remains the eternal problem of furnishing the knowledge to the man who has the power, and, what is far more difficult, to be sure that he acts upon it. Now, the first point essential to reform of the War Office is that those in power shall recognise their own responsibilities. The army, from the Commander-in-Chief downward, is the servant of the Cabinet, and must take its orders from the Cabinet. It is for the Cabinet to say what it expects the army to do, and for the army to prepare itself to do it; or, in other words, it is for the Cabinet to frame its military policy, and for the army to execute it. The problem, therefore, reduces itself to this: What scheme will at once provide (1) that Ministers have knowledge upon which to frame their policy; (2) that the army is maintained efficiently and economically in readiness to enforce that policy?

What is the military policy of the country? It is a most uncertain factor. A kind of relative standard has been assumed to decide the strength of the navy; but only once has anything approaching such a standard been fixed for the army, and then it proved to be wrong. At present five distinct and separate authorities can each and all of them induce a state of war, with or without concert with each other, and can afterwards interfere more or less with the conduct of the war if hostilities should prove inevitable. These are the War Office, the Admiralty, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and the India Office; and our foreign policy (in the broadest sense) is divided for independent administration between three of them. Further, I believe it to be no exaggeration to say that recently three, if not four, of them were simultaneously engaged in conducting wars on their own account. The only control over these independent officials, all of them civilians with no knowledge of

war, lies in the Cabinet; and the Cabinet has no machinery whereby to make it effective. Hence arises the state of affairs described by the Duke of Argyll in 1881. 'The Cabinet as a Cabinet was most imperfectly informed; everything was done departmentally and from time to time.' In 1882 a fleet was at Alexandria and a brigade at Cyprus, ready to become the police of the town in case of an attack. Alexandria was suddenly bombarded. Had the War Office any knowledge of the coming bombardment; and if not, why not? In the middle of September 1899 a prominent Minister thought war with the Orange Free State as likely as a war with Switzerland. Had no information been laid before him tending to show the fallacy of this opinion; and if not, why not? In that same month of September 1899 the Colonial Secretary attempted to move troops, practically in face of the enemy, in South Africa according to his own strategic ideas. Was his intention previously communicated to the War Office or the Cabinet; and if not, why not?

Many facts recorded in the evidence given before the War Commission would seem to indicate that the Cabinet nowadays is always imperfectly informed. Surely this is a most dangerous state of affairs, calling urgently for remedy. The Cabinet is a mysterious body, of which no man knows less than the present writer. We have it, however, from Lord Rosebery that it keeps no records, which would seem to imply distrust, and that, as can easily be believed, it is now impossible for one man to keep an eye upon every department as Peel did over half a century ago. Is it not time that something like a permanent office should be established for the Prime Minister, an office of confidential men whose duty it would be to watch and record the policy of the Empire, and to co-ordinate the work of the various departments for the information of the Prime Minister and the instruction of the Cabinet? Our Civil Service surely contains no lack of men of integrity and capacity to organise and create such an office; nor is it easy to say what else would fill the gap. The new Defence Committee certainly does not; it may have knowledge, but it has not power; it may have wisdom, but it has not responsibility. What is needed is that the knowledge shall be in immediate touch with the power, and the power with the knowledge. All power is vested in the Cabinet, collectively; all knowledge at present is distributed through the departments severally; the only possible means for collecting and co-ordinating the knowledge upon which the power should act is by a Cabinet Office, a Department for Departments. The records of this office should be kept according to the orders of the Prime Minister for the time being. Possibly it would be well that a second Cabinet Minister, with the title of Secretary to the Cabinet, should assist him, the Prime Minister himself bearing the old title of Lord President and fulfilling the true functions formerly attached to it. The new office would then be at once permanent and temporary—permanent in the sense that it would serve all Cabinets; temporary



in the sense that its records would be subject to the supervision of each Prime Minister.

The idea may seem fantastic; and it may be objected that the records thus kept would be valueless. It may be so. But at any rate present knowledge could be formulated for the instruction of the Cabinet, so that it would not act, as at present, on imperfect information; and the existence of such an office would immensely facilitate the reorganisation of the War Office. For it would be the first step towards the framing of a military policy, without which any attempt at reorganisation is mere groping in the dark. Organisation is the orderly adaptation of means to an end; until the end is declared by the Cabinet there can be no orderly adaptation of means by the Military Department.

As to the War Office itself, past experience seems to indicate pretty clearly the broad lines upon which reform should proceed. People talk vaguely of a Board, and point to the Admiralty, merely adding the words *mutatis mutandis*. But *mutatis mutandis* is in this case a large order; the army is not the navy; and a Board of to-morrow's creation must be a very different thing from an ancient body with the tradition of more than two centuries of imperious independence. First, then, is a Commander-in-Chief necessary to the army? History teaches most emphatically that he is. Whenever the army has been without such a Commander-in-Chief—whenever, that is, its military government has been in the hands of other than a single military chief—its discipline has suffered severely; and an army without discipline is naught. The present time is no exception. There are too many symptoms of the spread of slack discipline in the army at this moment, symptoms which a student of our military history can trace directly to the degradation of the Commander-in-Chief's position and to the encroachments upon his independence. We are reverting to the state of things to which the Duke of York, with infinite industry and labour, put an end a hundred years ago. The Duke of Cambridge worthily maintained his kinsman's traditions, and for forty years maintained the discipline and commanded the confidence of the army. Now civilians are again setting their clumsy fingers to the reins, but though they adorn their hands never so ambitiously with military gloves, they cannot drive the team.

A Commander-in-Chief, then, there must be; but his title might with advantage be changed to that of Captain-General; and he should be the effective head of the military government of the army, and nothing more. As the senior officer of the army he should have a seat in the Secretary of State's council, of which presently; but he should not be the sole military adviser of the Secretary of State. His duties should consist in the maintenance of discipline and instruction, of expending the moneys allotted to him by the Secretary of State for current services of the army; and he should be respon-

sible for keeping the army up to the strength fixed by the Cabinet for the maintenance of its military policy. The Captain-General should be assisted in his duties by a Staff organised upon the lines of that for an army in the field; and through this Staff all military material should be supplied to the army, as is now the case in war. In a word, the army should be organised in peace as it is in war.

It will be objected that this would abolish in great measure the civil side of the War Office. Certainly it would, and rightly; for the civil side of the War Office is an anachronism. Formerly there was little that was military in the army beyond the actual regiments that composed it. The men were originally mustered by civilian commissaries, and paid (or not paid) and clothed through a civilian agent; the military chest was entrusted to a civilian, so likewise were the ordnance stores; the whole business of transport and supply was managed by civilians, the teams of the guns were hired and were driven by civilian drivers; the doctors were civilians, and the chaplains not only civilians but pluralists. The whole progress of military reform through two centuries and a half has been towards the substitution of military for civil organisation. Sixty years ago the military duties of the Treasury in war were numerous enough to fill half a page of this Review. The Army Service Corps now performs most of them more honestly and fifty times more efficiently.

It will be said, again, that such a reform will throw considerable financial responsibility upon the Captain-General, and upon the officers of the army at large. Certainly it will; but the public purse is thrown open to them in time of war, and they should learn habits of business and the beauty of economy in time of peace. History does not teach us that civilians have proved themselves very successful in military finance in the past, whereas there are countless instances of officers of great administrative capacity. Responsibility, correction of errors by military discipline, and efficient audit would encourage officers to make the public money go further than the present system of captious disallowances by an army of civil clerks. There are no keener critics of our military expenditure than the officers of the army, none who chafe more over waste and extravagance, none, in my humble belief, who, viewed as a body, would take greater pride in obtaining for the country good value for the money committed to their charge. For centuries the attitude of the nation towards the officer has been one of distrust. Justifiable at one period, this attitude is now ridiculous. The elevation of the standard of financial morality has been steady and continuous, though the influence of India has often tended to drag it down. It is time for suspicion to give place to confidence; and this reform would indirectly prove of inestimable value by training officers not merely to obey orders but to think for themselves.

We come now to the inevitable civilian, the Secretary of State.

He should be assisted by a council whose first duty would be to furnish the advice and information necessary to the Cabinet for the formulation of the military policy of the country. That policy once fixed, the council should watch events at home and abroad, always with an eye to their bearing upon the accepted policy, and to the sufficiency of the army to execute it. The council should further think out a domestic policy, so to speak, in matters of military detail, such as the supply, equipment, and pay of the army. Want of continuity in this domestic policy has been a source of much waste in the past; and it is this question of continuity which must decide the numbers and constitution of the council on its military side. The Captain-General should certainly be a member, and perhaps his Chief of the Staff; but, for the protection of the Secretary of State, the Captain-General and any officers of his Staff should not form a majority of the military members. The council, to be useful, must not be large, and it is right that the Secretary of State, who is responsible to Parliament for the money made over to the Captain-General, should be as fully represented upon it as the military element. The council should keep records, the secretary being an officer; and the military members should have the right to enter upon the minutes the fact that they have requested the Secretary of State to lay any matter before the Cabinet.

Such, so far as a mere student can deduce from past history, seem to be the broad lines upon which reform at the War Office should be laid down; the details must be left to others who are better qualified to deal with them. Reform on such principles, would, I venture to think, secure at least three objects—definite allotment of military responsibility, proper military assistance for the Secretary of State, and a single War Office instead of, as at present, a double one. The Office would still, as our Constitution requires, consist of two parts, the Secretary of State and council to regulate numbers and control expenditure; and the Captain-General, with a military Staff, to superintend the military government of the army; but each part would be concerned with the duties which it understands and can perform, instead of wasting time and energy in the struggle for power. The securing of Ministerial responsibility is a more difficult matter. Our army may be the most perfect machine in the world, but the lever that sets it in motion for war is in the hands of the Cabinet. In other words, with the Cabinet lies the question of time, an all-important factor in war. At present it can excuse delay by the necessity for coming to Parliament for funds. This plea could be abolished by the grant of a small military chest—say half a million—to be expended only on preparations for war when war seems imminent. Only by some such expedient can we banish the words which are written large across two thirds of our military expeditions—Too Late.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

## IMPRESSIONS OF KOREA

HALFWAY between the Land of the Rising Sun and the Land of the Morning Calm lies the high white cone of Quelpart, a remote and savage island without harbour or anchorage, where Catholic converts have been slaughtering their unconverted brethren with a heartiness that recalls the ages of Faith, before Christian zeal had entirely forsaken Europe for the barbarous East. As the ghostly shape of Quelpart dies away in the face of dawn, the wanderer comes in sight of the Morning Calm, and with the first hours of day his vessel slips into the close harbour of Fusan.

Passing up the narrow inlet one comes to the haven that lies ringed in by hills. The town squats low on the seaboard, while above and behind it rise wild mountains whose colours, whose rigid graces of curve recall those of the Scotch highlands. There are no trees to be seen anywhere, except one knot of pines that crowns a sacred peninsula jutting out above the midst of the town. The harbour is full of shipping—steamers, junks, rafts—all, or nearly all, hailing from Japan; for Fusan owes much of its importance to the Japanese, and it is they who are responsible for the houses and streets in which one wanders. Their mark is everywhere in Fusan: on the vivid houses, the modern improvements, and on all the emendations which that nation of imitators has brought to bear upon the immemorial barbarism of Asia. There is even a railway that is to run some day up to Saoul. At present it wanders through a wild and barren country to a wild and barren end by the shore of a river. Here it stops short, and the river flows past it seawards over a vast plain of marshland, dotted here and there by small bunches of huts that rise like islands from the level sea of that Maremma. Fusan is more Japanese than Korean. It is only half, a mile from the new town, along a road where the patient natives are toiling dully in their baggy white gowns and their hats of horse-hair, that one comes upon a settlement of the Koreans. This is a festering scab upon the earth—a mass of low thatched hovels, windowless and floorless, where five men pack happily into a space that would not be adequate for one. The filth, the squalor and darkness there, under the brilliant sun, are hardly to be paralleled even in

the west of Ireland. And here one may see, in these lapsing pigsties, the architectural idea which the Japanese, with their unflinching genius for adaptation which stands them in the stead of all originality, have elaborated into the temples of Shiba and the Tokugawa shrines at Nikko. Incapable of invention they may be, but they never fail to improve whatever detail of life they may choose to adopt. And wide indeed is the difference between a Korean hovel and the tomb of Yeyas. Near the railway, however, lies an old ruined town which, with its crumbling walls and palaces, suggests that after all the Koreans only borrowed in their turn from China, and that the debt of Japan lies, with all her other debts, to the score of her ancient suzerain and enemy.

Leaving Fusan, the ships that go northward have a heavy journey round the headland, and so up a barren coast to Chemulpo. Chemulpo is the port for Saoul, 'The Capital.' It looks out over a vast and shallow bay, where the tide rises and falls some thirty feet; and behind it the great river comes rolling sluggishly down from the capital twenty-seven miles away. Islets are dotted here and there, and the dunes are green by patches with the stunted pine of Korea. For the rest, this port is a nucleus of civilisation. Here are the consulates with flying flags of all the Great Powers, including China (within whose portals lounge magnificent officials, by their bulk and majesty compelling one to hail them as mandarins at the least). From the hill above the town the view rolls away inland, across glorified stretches of water, to the blue crags that unfold themselves beyond, further and further towards the Great White Mountain of the undiscovered interior, where the Manchurian tiger has his haunt. But Chemulpo is too glaring in its Europeanism. It has interest mainly as being the gate of Saoul. At Chemulpo the train is taken for the capital, and the wanderer meanders in cars of American build across an indistinguishable tract of desolation. The country is one fearful wilderness. As far as eye can see, over the tossing ocean of sedge to the mountains beyond, there is no sign of life. Nothing anywhere, but innumerable mounds of grass—the graves of all the Koreans dead in ten thousand years. Everywhere are graves and graves—under a wild spiteful sky, whose breath comes acrid down from the north, laden with the white dust of the dead. Once or twice, perhaps, a hovel may be seen. But at last, after crossing a viaduct of modern construction, the train wanders into sight of a desolate road that leads up, in the face of the wind, to a mighty crenelated wall. Here the traveller alights and is conveyed in a rickshaw over impossible streets, under the great fantastically bedevilled gateway, into Saoul.

Here tramways instantly meet the eye, and a Roman Catholic cathedral in red brick, of unimaginable hideousness. There are also other denominational edifices, and legations, and an hotel—or

so it calls itself—all built in a style of architecture calculated to be congruous at Brompton, a series of villa residences set down amid the ruins of Nineveh. But though the blessings of civilisation are carried so far, yet the East triumphs. The open drains, the putrescent dust, the broad cloaca that oozes through the city and supplies it with water, all combine to teach the wanderer that he is indeed in the most tranquil country of the tranquil East. The natives throng round the stranger with a stare of dull curiosity. Vague, flat, foolish faces they have under the inevitable cap of horsehair—like a skeleton Welsh hat—which is always worn to shield the holy topknot. The topknot is of the highest importance and sanctity to every male Korean, and, though its scheme looks facility itself (being only a rough twist of hair with a coral pin jabbed through it), the compilation of the topknot is said to be a lengthy and arduous work of art, requiring two or more pairs of hands. It is one of the principles to which the Korean is genuinely attached, and, if ever a reform in the matter be threatened, the topknot promises to become as dire and catastrophic a question as ever wrecked the career of an innovator.

The character of the Koreans is a riddle. They seem a race sovereignly indifferent to the changes and chances of this mortal life. They front life and death with the same uninterested placidity. Fate leads them onwards, and they go quietly like cattle led to the shambles. Little wonder that the nations of the East have always treated them like cattle. Opportunity excuses tyranny. The Korean is a fine stout fellow with plenty of vigour, who takes pleasure in wild and brutal stone fights; and yet he is also a passive, silent dolt, who will allow himself, even when in force, to be beaten, bullied, and boxed by one Japanese so small that he almost requires a stool to reach his victim's ears. The Korean is not to be moved by love, nor by hate. His pleasure in life is to go with his pipe to a hilltop, and there to sit all day in an unbroken silence. His memory is long and stolid, but without result in action. At present, if he had a feeling at all, it might be resentment for the queen murdered now ten years ago.

The Queen of Korea was a clever and ambitious woman, who stood behind the throne and directed the policy of the country. Being a cousin of the old imperial family of China her tendencies were entirely anti-Japanese. Accordingly a conspiracy was set afoot for her destruction. Popular rumour suggested her diplomatic enemies as bearing a hand. In any case, during October 1895 the palace was attacked, the king impounded and the queen murdered in circumstances of brutality unparalleled even in the history of Japan, so prolific in instances of callous cruelty. Some of the rival nation were said to have been seen among the murderers—one even was pointed out as having struck the first blow. Suspicion was

supposed to hint at the names of some in high places. Meanwhile the king was virtually a close prisoner in the hands of the Japanese, who, however, attempted to appease popular rumour by recalling their minister and opening an inquiry into the manner of the queen's death. This was finally decided to have been accidental, and the minister is said to have been reprimanded. With the king fast in their hands, the influence of the Japanese became paramount. But at last one of the ladies of the royal harem contrived to smuggle out the king in her own sedan to the Russian legation, where he proceeded to a prompt reversal of his forced policy. From that day dates the destruction of Japanese influence in Korea. If they ever hold the country it will be in the chains of conquest, not in the bands of loyalty. The scanty relics of the queen have been since translated from tomb to tomb of increasing holiness, according to the Korean rite, by which the place of sepulture depends upon the verdict of the augurs as to its auspiciousness, and is liable to be changed as often as the priestly opinion alters, or is set aside by that of a fresh conclave of clerics, replacing the former, disgraced and executed. Now she is on the eve of removal to yet a third mausoleum of peculiar and inviolable sanctity, where her poor skull and finger-bone will be laid to their last rest, among the treasures of porcelain which the Koreans bury with the remains of their kings and queens. As for the lady who rescued the king—the emperor as he is now styled—the next step in her career will be her elevation to the rank of empress-consort of Korea.

A few miles out of Saoul stands the jagged mountain range of Puk'han. This line of peaks is girt and traversed by a wall with gateways of Cyclopean masonry, and within the enclosure—which embraces very many miles of mountain and ravine—the royal family of Korea used to take refuge during the periodic invasions from China. The Chinese have, indeed, left their mark in a magnificent piece of road-making and road-cutting close to Saoul; and yet another trace of their influence has but lately vanished. The Puk'han gate of the capital was the entrance-way of the Chinese ambassadors. It was the rule that the king should go to receive him there in all humility, as representing his overlord of China. After the Chino-Japanese war the Koreans considered that China's day was done, and they destroyed the gate that stood to them for servitude. In its place they put up, obeying, no doubt, Japanese conceptions of the march of progress, a large portal of European design that might well serve as a side entrance for a Paris Exhibition. This grim and ghastly erection, to which the name of 'The Gate of Liberty' has been given, now stands alone outside the city, in its unmitigated ugliness, a sad sign of progressive enthusiasm in a nation which, impelled into Western paths by the example of Japan, has found it expedient to meditate a jubilee and to establish a navy, consisting,

so unkind rumour has it, of one small steamer manned by three-and-twenty admirals.

The Emperor of Korea has exchanged his fealty to China for a complicated slavery to most of the hotelkeepers in the remoter East. He is obeyed by a crowd of advisers to the throne, appointed by almost every European power, and recruited from every possible rank of life. He has a further taste of Western blessings in the religious massacres that from time to time threaten his security by a sanguinary convulsion between Catholic and Protestant converts, with their pastors. Such a trouble is at present going forward in the interior with a zeal that may result at any moment in a revolution. The government as it now stands is a pure despotism tempered by abject poverty, and by many Western notions translated into the vernacular from his Majesty's Western advisers. In the domain of finance the waste is phenomenal, and bribery on the wildest scale governs the emperor's ministers in every department. Torture and punishment are still barbarous. Literature and art can never be said to have existed in any developed forms—unless we make an exception in favour of the exquisite and delicate white porcelain that is quarried occasionally from the tombs of forgotten kings. The people is as it was two thousand years ago in its contemptuous indifference to life, to well-being, and to all the resources of prosperity.

The religion is, of course, the pure Buddhism of the Middle Vehicle—the worship of Amida-Buddha, that Korea received from China and handed on to Japan. Buddhism is still absolutely dominant over the Far East, and, in the face of the present Buddhist renaissance, the day of its decline seems farther away than ever. In Korea the old forms hold good. In one of the wildest gorges of Puk'han is throned a colossal Amida, whom in the midst of the desolation pious hands still keep clean and white. No neglect is allowed to touch him. It is only on the estates of the great Buddhist abbeys that the native forests have been saved from the cupidity of the ages. The country is irredeemably bare and wild, the very hills show like gaunt skeletons, with their bare ribs of rock and gravel protruding from beneath their thin, torn skin of grass. But round the Buddhist abbeys lie, protected by their circle of wall, rich tracts of woodland, recalling the forests of Surrey, where it not for the strange little beautiful flowers that shine among the shadows. These abbeys are the havens of the wanderer. Drifting on to a mud-bank of the Great River, he makes his way through the dusk across that dreary country towards the far-off forest which means his safe rest for the night. Darkness falls as he crosses the interminable veld and threads his way through an occasional scrub of low pines from which he startles the wild pheasants. Through the blackness he wanders, with one lantern to guide him, and, after much despair,



feels his feet set at last on a rough stone causeway that leads up over soft grass to the wall of the precinct. He passes beneath a tottering gateway, and up a steepening road through a woodland that can be divined in the darkness only by the whispering of its boughs. At length the abbey lies long and low before him. He knocks at the great door, and after a pause the white-robed monks troop out to welcome him, followed by the abbot. They lead the wanderer through their buildings into the cloister, where, beneath its arcade, he eats what food he has, while the brothers stand round and watch with benevolent, foolish smiles. Then he is led again through dim refectories, where great bowls of wrought brass glimmer in the fire-light, to the guest-chambers. These are tiny bare rooms of stone, without bed or bedding. But here the weary traveller is allowed freely to sleep as he can, wrapped in his own rugs. And no difference is made whether the wanderer be of the honoured or the rejected sex. The Buddha gives welcome to all alike.

Come morning, the sleeper wakes—or rather, rises from a couch whose luxury has not been its prevailing fault—throws open the little wooden shutter, and looks out into the eyes of the dawn. He looks out through a tangle of boughs, across the gleaming expanse of lakes and rivers that winds away below in the far distances, to a remote range of mountains, behind which the day is still trailing his clouds of glory. The air is crisp and fresh with the scent of tiny woodland flowers and the song of thrushes. The sight and feel of the dawn are very precious. The monks have chosen their seat wisely and well, for did not the Holy One, The Best Friend Of All The World, prescribe the prospect of things beautiful for the weary soul?

The monks rise early, as also their guests, who must be on their way, after a brief glance through the temple buildings—the forecourt, with its main shrine and its hall of convocation where the big painted drum stands—and all the many minor chapels and out-buildings round. Then, before the wanderer departs, the doors of the shrine are opened, and there, behind the bronze candlesticks and censers, sits a crude image of the Holy and Humble, smiling out upon the world he saves. Before him the incense rises and the brotherhood bows in adoration. ‘Namu, Amida Buddh! Namu, Amida Buddh!’—the sacred litany, whose full meaning has long ago perished out of a people ignorant of Sanskrit—rises and falls upon the clear air of dawn. The voices are plangent with a vague and penetrating sadness such as also is notable in the singing voice of Japan. But the old monks are not saddened. They take their faith very placidly, like true Koreans. The devotions are soon over. Then, under the unchanging eyes, the stranger pays for his lodging, as little or as much as he may choose. It is laid before the Holy One for the happiness of his children. So the Quiet Buddha of Eternity welcomes his friends, and sends them again on their way, out of the

green freshness of his forest of peace, once more into the thistly ways of the world.

The wanderer leaves Korea with a feeling of having seen how the stupidest nation of created men can also be the happiest—or could, were conditions only a trifle more propitious. By the evil star of the Koreans it has been arranged that their land is to be the Switzerland of the Far East—a territory to be fought over for ever, but one that no nation can either itself possess or allow any other to hold. Korea is the victim of her own geographical advantages. And the impressionist carries away with him the picture of a people indomitably patient, dumb with the callousness of despair, that yet has the secret of happiness in its power to extract joy from the most unsatisfactory material; a nation stunned by the oppression of the ages out of all moral and mental vigour—yet still stout, and capable, perhaps, of both—a nation of sturdy apathetic sheep, whose silent indifference beneath the driving lash of the world may some day be found unexpectedly to have its limits or its possibilities.

REGINALD J. FARRER.

## THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY

(A RETROSPECT)

THE history of any public institution recorded in a form which should include details of its origin and foundation, its gradual growth, the improvements effected in its organisation, its relation to the State, and the personal influence of those entrusted with its management, however interesting in an official or technical sense, would in most cases prove tiresome to the general reader. Such a history could at best only present a collection of dry facts and obsolete opinions which Select Committees and Parliamentary Reports have long laid before the world. Some of them have passed into well-deserved oblivion. Others, severed from the circumstances by which they were once surrounded, have lost their original significance, while theories which seemed plausible enough when they were formulated, perhaps half a century ago, have vanished before the light of modern experience.

If an industrious writer desired to recount, for instance, the annals of our National Gallery, he would probably begin by gleaning from old newspapers and the pages of Hansard all that was urged in and outside the House of Commons by lovers of art in 1824, when the Angerstein collection was acquired by the British Government. He would trace the growth and progress of that Collection from its original quarters in Pall Mall to its present home in Trafalgar Square. He would study the annual Reports issued in the name of its Director, and finally—if he had courage to do so—he would wade through the mass of evidence from trustees and officials, experts and amateurs, collated in a famous Blue-book printed by order of the House of Commons in 1853.

Information derived from such sources might no doubt suffice to fill a bulky volume, but the number of its readers would probably be few. Without attempting even to outline the history of the National Gallery from the date of its foundation, I propose in the present article to give a sketch of its development and to record some incidents of its administration in more modern days.

The Establishment, as everyone knows, was reconstituted in 1855. Previous to that change, *i.e.* for about thirty years, its management, like that of other new-born departments, had been ill-organised and unmethodical. In 1824 Mr. William Segnier, under a Treasury minute, was appointed 'Keeper of the Gallery' at the modest salary of 200*l.* per annum, his duties being 'to have charge of the Collection: to attend to the care and preservation of the pictures, and to superintend the arrangements for admission; to be present occasionally [*sic*] in the Gallery; to value and negotiate (if called upon) the purchase of any pictures that may in future be added to the Collection; and to perform such other services as he may from time to time be called upon to do by instructions from the Board.'

In the same year, by another Treasury minute, 'a Committee of six gentlemen' was nominated to undertake the superintendence of the National Gallery of pictures, and to give such directions as might be necessary from time to time for the proper conservation of them to Mr. Segnier, who was instructed to conform to their orders.

In the following year Colonel Thwaites was appointed 'assistant keeper and secretary, with a salary of 150*l.*, his instructions being to attend in the Gallery on public days, to act as Secretary, and to superintend, under the Keeper, the arrangements for the admission of the public and of the artists who study in the Gallery,' &c.

These measures were no doubt well advised, but, as might have been anticipated in the case of any newly established department, many details in the scheme of its organisation were overlooked. The Keeper was first instructed to take his orders from the Treasury and afterwards from the Committee. Placed in this ambiguous position, he seems to have met the difficulty by endeavouring to serve both masters alternately, with a result perhaps not altogether satisfactory to either. It was understood that the Committee were to exercise a supervision over the management of the Keeper. But inasmuch as during more than three years after their appointment they held no formal meetings at the Gallery, the exercise of their authority must have been very casual.

By means of purchase, donation, or bequests, the Collection gradually increased, but for a considerable period no official record seems to have been kept of fresh acquisitions. New members were added to the Committee, who in course of time were designated as 'Trustees' of the Gallery. But no *quorum* was required at their meetings. They came or not, as suited their convenience, and the consequence was that no continuity of action prevailed.

At last, in 1846, the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer were appointed *ex officio* Trustees, and some effort seems to have been made, at least while Parliament was sitting, to ensure a periodical and systematic conference on the affairs of the establishment. But even then the Keeper was left for half the year

to exercise his own discretion, and no regulations were laid down for his guidance. He was relieved, it is true, by a Treasury Minute from all responsibility as to the purchase of pictures, but to what extent his responsibility extended in other directions still remained an unknown quantity.

Regarding those duties which included the conservation and cleaning of pictures there was a similar lack of definition. It was everybody's business. It was nobody's business. During the Keepership of Mr. William Segquier there is no record that any work of this kind was attempted. When Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Eastlake succeeded to the office in 1843, he found many of the pictures in a dirty and neglected state. With the sanction of the Trustees he had them cleaned by experienced hands. He was roundly abused (by an ignorant outsider) for doing so in 1846. But more competent critics approved of the course which he had taken, and their opinion was officially confirmed by the Trustees.

In 1847 Eastlake resigned the office, and Mr. T. Uwins, R.A., was appointed in his place. The relations between the latter gentleman and his committee seem to have been obscured by a mutual misunderstanding. The Trustees expected the new Keeper to suggest when and how the pictures should be cleaned. On the other hand, the Keeper considered that, respecting such matters, it was his duty to await the instructions of the Trustees. With such modest forbearance on each side, it is no wonder that, in this direction at least, but little work was done. And even when it was done, opinions varied as to whether it had been done judiciously. In the mass of evidence adduced on this subject before the Parliamentary Committee in 1853, nothing is more remarkable than the divergence of views expressed, even by experts, on the technical questions involved. One might almost imagine that the art of picture-cleaning had never been practised before. According to some authorities it was a perilous and unnecessary expedient. Others regarded it as needful and harmless. Mr. Segquier admitted that for the purpose of removing surface-dirt he had not hesitated to use soap and water. But later on we find soap described as a 'dangerous solvent,' and water as injurious to panel-pictures. Mr. Nieuwenhuys recommended manual friction. Mr. Uwins and Mr. Lawrence condemned it altogether.

The circumstances in which old varnish might be removed and new varnish added: how far either process affected original 'glazing,' whether the tone of a picture improved or deteriorated with time, and what steps might safely be taken to preserve it from the deleterious effects of London atmosphere presented problems then—and perhaps still—unsolved by unanimity of opinion.

The truth is that in such cases no general specific can be prescribed. The School of painting to which a work belongs, the

technical methods employed by the Master to whom it is ascribed, the chemical nature of his pigments, the very conditions of light and air surrounding the site of a picture may affect its durability and suggest particular modes for its preservation. A competent expert takes all these matters into account before entering on his work, but we cannot expect him to furnish a *recipe*, like a patent medicine, for indiscriminate use.

As one result of their inquiries the Select Committee of 1853 gravely reported that the Trustees for the time being 'did not appear to have given their attention to the nature of varnishes used in the Gallery.' One wonders whether this statement evoked much surprise. Imagine the Governors of a London hospital discussing the respective merits of surgical appliances, or the Directors of a railway company deciding on the most desirable slope for a gradient! Such questions are, no doubt, of importance, but they can be answered only by delegates selected for their professional skill. A committee of well-known connoisseurs may be entrusted to pronounce accurate judgment on the taste and artistic value of a picture; but as to the best mode of cleaning it they can only take the advice of a competent restorer, and bid him do the needful. Whether in the early history of the National Gallery competence in this direction was always secured, whether the work was sometimes needlessly hurried over,<sup>1</sup> and whether too much deference was occasionally paid to the hostile criticism of uninformed busybodies, may be doubtful. But it is certain that in this and numerous other details brought to light by the Parliamentary inquiry a great deficiency in the organisation of the establishment was disclosed. There had been a want of system, a want of proper management, a want of individual responsibility.

All these circumstances indicated the necessity for reform. The Committee presented their report embodying several specific recommendations, some of which were subsequently adopted, while others were modified or rejected by her Majesty's Treasury. Among the latter was an important one, viz. that the Gallery should be re-erected elsewhere. This proposal must of course have been considered with others, but there is no reference to it in later documents published by authority, and on the whole it is fortunate that the proposal was not entertained.

Among various witnesses summoned to give evidence before the Parliamentary Committee no one was subjected to closer interrogation than the late Sir Charles Eastlake, who for four years (1843-47) had held the office of Keeper. Some of the questions put to him, probably prompted by the nature of other evidence, must have tried his

<sup>1</sup> Nothing was more absurd than the plea that such work could only be carried on in vacation time, when the Gallery was closed to the public. In later years the pictures which required attention have been taken down one by one and cleaned at leisure in a studio within the building.

patience, if not his temper. But he answered them all frankly, and where he felt that he had failed in judgment (as, for instance, in sanctioning the purchase of a miscalled Holbein), he candidly confessed his error. The irony of fate was never more marked than by the fact that when the National Gallery was reconstituted in 1855 Sir Charles, who had been severely handled by certain critics of the Establishment, was appointed its first Director. The fact is that at that time no one was so well qualified for the post. He was a man of great culture and taste. During his professional career he had spent many years of his life in Italy. He was intimately acquainted not only with the history, but with the practice and chemistry, of his art, and he possessed a characteristic rarely found in association with æsthetic natures—he was extremely methodical.

It has been sometimes urged, and not unreasonably, that the directorship of the National Gallery and the presidency of the Royal Academy ought not to be held by one and the same person. Sir Charles, it is true, occupied both positions. But it must be remembered that he had been elected P.R.A. some years before he received his Government appointment. The public could not therefore complain that as a Civil Servant he had entered upon duties incompatible with his obligations to the State. He scrupulously discharged them both, and in order to do so with a clear conscience, he relinquished his professional work entirely. From the day of his appointment as Director of the National Gallery he laid aside his brush and painted no more.

The Treasury Minute dated the 27th of March, 1855, defined with precision the several functions to be undertaken by the staff of the reconstituted establishment. The Board of Trustees was retained, 'not for the purpose of sharing, except in a very limited and defined form, the responsibility of the Director, but in order to keep up a connexion between cultivated lovers of art and the institution, and to form an indirect, though useful, channel of communication between the Government of the day and the institution.'

The Director, whose salary had been fixed at 1000*l.* per annum, was appointed for a term of five years, and might be eligible for re-appointment, but the appointment could be revoked at any time. While he held it, he was invested with almost absolute authority, and in case any difference of opinion should arise between himself and the Trustees respecting the purchase of a picture, his decision was to prevail. It is some proof of the mutual confidence and respect which existed between Sir Charles and the Trustees to find that no such difference ever did arise.

The Parliamentary Committee, with a singular want of foresight as to the future management of the Gallery, had recommended that the offices of Keeper and Secretary should be abolished. But her Majesty's Treasury soon realised the necessity for retaining the services

of an officer who by constant attendance could personally supervise the building and its valuable contents, regulate the admission of students, define the duties of minor officials, and ensure their regular performance, take charge of the accounts, prepare the minutes of Board meetings and conduct the necessary correspondence.

Accordingly the hitherto distinct offices of Keeper and Secretary were combined in one appointment, and the late Mr. Ralph Wornum was selected for the post at a salary of 750*l*.

At first, and indeed for many years afterwards, Mr. Wornum was required to reside at the Gallery. But attention was at length called to the risk of fire incurred by the existence of a domestic establishment (including open grates, unprotected lights, &c.) within the walls of the building, and, as a result, the Keeper's residence there was very properly prohibited.

Among multifarious duties originally assigned to this officer was the preparation of a universal catalogue of pictures by Old Masters, not only in England, but in every gallery, church, or private collection on the Continent, giving the size, subject, history, and other particulars of each work gleaned from existing sources and supplemented by notes made after personal inspection. The conception of this truly formidable undertaking seems to have emanated from the Prince Consort, who can hardly have realised the practical difficulties which it involved. A *catalogue raisonné* which should contain the titles, description and history of every picture in Europe would require a library in itself. The compilation of such a work might almost occupy the lives of more than one writer. To delegate the execution of such a task to a Government official already charged with numerous other duties would have been absolutely absurd. After an abortive attempt upon this Herculean labour the scheme was abandoned.

In another and more reasonable direction the Lords of the Treasury seem to have supplemented the recommendations of the Parliamentary Committee. They authorised the appointment of a Travelling Agent for the Gallery. The business of this officer was to visit the private collections of distinguished families abroad, to examine and describe their contents, and to obtain any information of any intended sale. His salary was 300*l*. per annum in addition to travelling expenses. Mr. Otto Mündler was the first person selected for this post, but after a few years, and in consequence of some trifling indiscretion which he had shown in the exercise of his duty, the office was abolished, in spite of Sir Charles Eastlake's remonstrance, and much to his chagrin.

On the whole, however, the new *régime* adopted for the establishment in 1855 worked well. The Board of Trustees included some distinguished men, well known for their love of art. The Earl of Ripon, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke



of Sutherland, Lord Monteagle, the Marquis of Northampton, Lord Overstone, Lord Ashburton, Sir James Graham, with Messrs. William Russell and Thomas Baring, formed a competent and responsible Committee.<sup>3</sup>

Sir Charles, of course, attended all meetings of the Board, and although he does not seem to have visited the Gallery daily, he kept up a constant communication with the Keeper, Mr. Wornum, who forwarded to him every morning letters requiring his personal attention. From the date of his appointment began that series of official Reports which, annually prepared for the information of her Majesty's Treasury and annually printed by order of the House of Commons, afford material for a complete history of the National Gallery from 1855 down to the present time. In the early days of the reconstituted establishment they were more voluminous and minute than they afterwards became. They are interesting as a record of the care then bestowed on every detail connected with the new organisation, as well as the scrupulous attention given to the state and safety of the pictures housed still in half a building the whole area of which, when at length acquired, proved inadequate for their reception.

Under Sir Charles Eastlake's administration the Collection rapidly increased not only in number but in quality. The beautiful triptych by Perugino, Paul Veronese's magnificent work, 'The Family of Darius before Alexander,' an excellent example of Fra Angelico, the 'Garvagh' Raphael, a *chef-d'œuvre* by Pesellino, a fine altarpiece by Pollaiuolo, Copley's 'Death of Major Pierson,' and Gainsborough's portrait of 'Mrs. Siddons,' may be mentioned among many acquisitions illustrating the excellence of Sir Charles's judgment and the catholicity of his taste. During his term of office (ten years) he purchased 164 pictures for the nation—a larger number than has been so acquired by any Director within the same period.

Every autumn Sir Charles travelled regularly on the Continent in search of fresh treasures. Italy, where he had spent most of his early life, was naturally his favourite hunting ground, and in Italy forty years ago it was still possible to pick up pictures at prices which in these days would be thought extremely moderate. The result of each tour was carefully recorded in a report to the Trustees, who in their turn communicated its substance to the Treasury. Meanwhile the internal economy and practical supervision of the establishment in Trafalgar Square were not neglected. The restricted accommodation afforded in a building shared with the Royal Academy baffled the efforts of both the Director and Keeper to find hanging space for pictures, and in consequence the Vernon Collection of

<sup>3</sup> In accordance with an official recommendation their numbers were eventually reduced, but Mr. Russell was still a Trustee when I first entered on my duties.

British works had to remain temporarily lodged first at Marlborough House and afterwards in the South Kensington Museum.

Conditions attached to Turner's bequest made it impossible to treat the magnificent-examples of his brush in a similar way. The great landscape painter had stipulated in his will that a room or rooms should be provided in the National Gallery for their reception. Her Majesty's Government was, therefore, constrained to authorise the erection of an annexe for that purpose. The design was entrusted to Mr. Pennethorne, a well-known architect who has left behind him some notable specimens of his skill. But his conception of the Turner Gallery proved a lamentable failure. It was large and grandiose, certainly, but quite unsuited for its object. Its walls, enormously high in proportion to the plan, were surmounted by a deep and gloomy cove. The skylight was small and trabeated in such a fashion that except on a bright day few of the pictures could be properly examined. Yet no fewer than eighty-two of them were hung there in 1862.

Later alterations made to the building fortunately necessitated the demolition of this room, and the Turner paintings are now, at least, well lighted in their present quarters. Thousands of the artist's water-colour drawings and pencil sketches were included in his bequest, and the work of assorting and classifying them necessarily occupied some time. In this labour the late Mr. Ruskin gave his valuable help, and it was at his suggestion that a number of the drawings were lent to Oxford University and other museums. But many years elapsed before anything more than a small selection of them could be publicly exhibited at the National Gallery. Want of space at first rendered such a course impossible.

For the same reason the number of students and artists admitted to work in the Gallery was extremely limited. The building in Trafalgar Square and Marlborough House together provided accommodation for only seventy copyists at one time, and after three months' work they were obliged to suspend their studies to make room for fresh applicants.

For the comparative small area which the National Collection at first occupied, only a small staff of Curators (as the attendants were originally called) and porters was required. Their respective duties, as well as those of the superior officers, were carefully defined. Changes in the management of the Gallery have rendered some of these obsolete. Others have long been disregarded. Yet it is remarkable that, after the lapse of half a century, no fresh regulations have been drawn up for the guidance of officials in this department.

From a financial point of view it cannot be urged that the establishment has greatly grown in cost to the nation. In the year 1856 the sum of 17,696*l.* was voted by the House of Commons for the

expenses of the National Gallery, a portion of that grant, amounting to 3,316*l.*, being appropriated to the repayment of sums previously advanced. In 1902 the Parliamentary vote for the same object was 16,903*l.* But it must be remembered that of the latter sum about 3,000*l.* is absorbed by police pay—the best and cheapest form of fire insurance that could be effected.<sup>3</sup>

Out of the original grant the sum of 10,000*l.* was set apart for the purchase of pictures. Subsequently this portion of the grant was twice suspended for some years, once after the acquisition of the Peel Collection, which cost 75,000*l.*, and again after the two Blenheim pictures, viz.: Raphael's 'Ansidei Madonna' and the equestrian portrait of Charles the First, had been bought for 87,500*l.* When the grant under this sub-head was at length renewed, its amount was reduced to 5,000*l.* per annum, a sum which represents hardly more than the average price of any one notable work sold at Christie's during the season.

Annual reports issued by the Director of the National Gallery between 1856 and 1866 give full details of all negotiations which took place within that period for the purchase of pictures added to the Collection. In after years such information was greatly curtailed and at length omitted altogether. There may be good and adequate reasons for this reticence, but it is obvious that the course originally adopted tended by its frankness to disarm criticism.

In 1856, a short but useful Act of Parliament was passed, authorising the Trustees and Director to dispose, by sale, of such pictures as were deemed unworthy of the National Collection, and also empowering them to reject any works of an inferior class which might be bequeathed to the Gallery. A few years later, for the purpose of gaining wall-space, thirty-eight oil paintings were selected for transference to Edinburgh and Dublin. A precedent was thus established for loans which have been since advantageously made to many provincial museums. Practically these are permanent loans, the risk attending the conveyance of works executed in oil colour being too great to justify their periodical circulation. But this objection does not extend to water-colour drawings and pencil sketches, such as those which form part of the Turner bequest, and a selection of them (not of course the most precious) is divided into sets for temporary exhibition in the provinces.

In this and many other directions Sir Charles Eastlake initiated schemes for extending the value of the National Gallery, not only in the eyes of connoisseurs, but in the interest of public education. In the course of ten years he raised its contents from a small and comparatively unimportant Collection to one of European notability.

<sup>3</sup> The building is patrolled, day and night, by constables who are trained to act as firemen. By means of this precaution an outbreak of fire *within* the walls of the building is rendered practically impossible.

He did not live to see the building in Trafalgar Square devoted, as it ought to have been from the first, to the purpose for which it was raised. But he laboured constantly to increase the efficiency of the establishment while he could do so. He died on an official tour abroad, during the discharge of his duties in 1865.

He was succeeded in office by Sir William Boxall, R.A., a portrait-painter of some note, besides being a man of culture, agreeable manners, and good social position. His personal taste for art probably inclined towards the later schools of painting, but he was sufficiently impressed by the conviction that prejudice should be set aside in the enrichment of a National Collection to avoid anything like bias in the choice of his acquisitions. The works which he purchased range from Crivelli and Bono da Ferrara to Michael Angelo, from examples of the early Flemish School to Cuyt and De Hoogh.

Most of these additions have stood the test of modern criticism, and do justice to his ability as a connoisseur, but in the early days of his administration he made one unfortunate mistake. [He bought, in the belief that it was by Rembrandt, the large picture representing 'Christ Blessing Little Children' which now hangs in Room No. X. Boxall seems to have been pleased with his bargain, but it proved to be a bad one. The nation had to pay 7,000*l.* for a work which experts have since pronounced to be not by the Master's hand.

But Sir William more than atoned for this blunder by securing, in 1871, the famous Peel Collection, which, in addition to several excellent examples of portraiture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, included some of the finest specimens of Dutch art in the landscape and *genre* subjects to be found in any gallery of Europe. The price paid for seventy-seven oil-paintings and eighteen drawings was only 75,000*l.* It is generally believed that, if they were put up for auction at the present day, they would realise twice that sum.

It would have been impossible to find space for this collection in the National Gallery but for a fortunate event which happened a year or two before it was acquired. The Royal Academy, which had long occupied half the building in Trafalgar Square, became, through the generosity of the State, possessed of Burlington House. Enlarged and remodelled, that princely mansion afforded new and ample accommodation for the illustrious Body corporate, their schools, offices, and annual exhibitions. They removed there in 1871, leaving their late quarters free to be used for a municipal and long-desired purpose.

Boxall seems to have devoted himself with zeal and energy to the duties of his appointment, and, like his predecessor, while he held it abandoned the practice of painting lest it should interfere with his official work. But he had entered upon that work as a man

of advanced years, and at the age of seventy-four his failing health obliged him to relinquish a position entailing, as it then did, so much demand upon his time. He retired from the Directorship of the Gallery in 1874.

Among the evidence which Sir Charles Eastlake gave before the Parliamentary Committee of 1853 one curious fact is worth recording. He was asked, long before there was any chance of the appointment being offered to himself, whether he considered it essential that the Director of the National Gallery should be an artist. His reply was practically in the negative, and when pressed further on the question whether a professional painter was likely to be better acquainted with the works and styles of different masters, he frankly said 'I think it probable that one who is *not* an artist would have a more complete acquaintance with such matters than an artist.'

This admission, made by a President of the Royal Academy, is very remarkable. He was evidently not thinking of himself. His long residence in Italy, his patient study of the history and literature of art, had given him exceptional advantages as a connoisseur. But qualifications of this kind are not necessarily possessed by even a successful painter—as such. The very time and attention required for the practice of his art could in most cases leave little or no leisure to study the productions of Old Masters. This fact has long been recognised on the Continent, where the chiefs of public museums and galleries are now chosen, not for their own manual skill so much as for that accurate knowledge of ancient handicraft which can only be attained by long experience and research.

Mr. Frederic Burton (who after some years received the honour of knighthood) was not a Royal Academician, nor even an 'oil-painter,' but he was a member of the old Water-Colour Society and had attained considerable reputation in his own branch of art. He was also a cultivated man well known for his antiquarian proclivities and his admiration of works by Old Masters, more especially those belonging to the Northern Schools, which, during a long residence in Germany, he had had frequent opportunities to study. He did not indeed pretend to that quasi-scientific form of connoisseurship which has since found favour among experts, but his general taste was good, and though perhaps somewhat biassed, it could hardly be impugned within the limited area which he found for its exercise.

Burton was appointed Director of the National Gallery in 1874, and during his twenty years of office he added many important pictures to the Collection. Leonardo da Vinci, Ercole di Giulio Grandi, Benvenuto da Siena, Signorelli, Savoldo, Lo Spagna, Francia-bigio, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, Nicolo da Fuligno and Ubertini may be mentioned among early Italian painters who, until Sir Frederic's administration, had been unrepresented in the Gallery. To the Dutch and Flemish pictures he added for the first time works by

Duyster, Breklenkam, Pot, Vermeer of Delft, Fabritius, Frans Hals, Bylert and others, and he supplemented the examples of Tintoret, Paul Veronese, Borgognone, Van Dyck, and Velasquez by some fresh and notable acquisitions.

Perhaps his boldest *coup*, in an official sense, was the purchase of Raphael's celebrated 'Ansidei Madonna.' In this step he was supported by a large consensus of artistic opinion, and there can be no doubt that, finding this famous and well-authenticated example of the great Master's early style offered for sale, it was his duty to seize an opportunity which might never recur. He determined to do so, and if with this determination he had combined the caution of a businesslike man, the result would have been welcomed without adverse criticism. But unfortunately Sir Frederic was not a man of business, and notwithstanding his long experience, he had acquired but little knowledge of the commercial value of pictures. In an official correspondence with the Treasury (since published) he indiscreetly estimated the probable price of the Raphael at 110,000*l*.

In these circumstances it is no wonder that the Government had to pay 70,000*l*. for their bargain. It is, of course, impossible to say what the picture might have fetched in the open market, but it is difficult to believe that at that time any other State in Europe would have afforded such a sum for its purchase.

During Sir Frederic Burton's tenure of office a very important addition was made to the building in Trafalgar Square. The National Gallery had long been found too small for its contents, and after repeated statements to that effect, the Government consented to enlarge it. A site was acquired and cleared on its north side, where several large rooms (including the spacious Venetian Gallery) and a central hall of lofty proportions were erected in 1876 from the designs of the late Mr. Edward Barry, R.A. The space thus secured permitted a partial re-assortment of pictures, and the transference of the Vernon Collection from South Kensington Museum to its proper quarters. Comparisons were at once made between the insignificant size of the old rooms and the ample area afforded by those in the new wing. The latter are no doubt on a grander scale, and better ventilated than any in the original building, but for the display of pictures they are unnecessarily high, while their flat glass ceilings introduced under an external skylight, necessarily become receptacles for dust, and on dark days are anything but translucent. This unfortunate mistake was avoided in later additions. The newest rooms planned by Sir John Taylor are illumined by what are called 'lantern lights,' a far simpler and more effective method.

Mr. Ralph Wornum, who had held the office of Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery since its reconstitution, died in 1877. He possessed many qualifications for the appointment. He had made a special study of old pictorial art, its history, development

and local characteristics. He had written more than one work on the subject: he was an able connoisseur and a good linguist. But latterly the keen interest which he once felt in his official work seems to have waned. The abolition of his official residence at the Gallery, obliging him to leave a home where he had spent many happy years of his life, was a source of annoyance to him; and perhaps, too, he felt some disappointment that the Directorship of the establishment when it became vacant in 1874 was not offered to him. But he was passed over, as happens sometimes in minor departments of the Civil Service, concerning the actual management of which the general public, as well as the Government, are almost entirely uninformed.

It was perhaps to these causes and to his failing health that Wornum did not latterly exercise a strict supervision over what may be called the internal administration of the Gallery. The attendants became lax in their duties, and notoriously covetous of 'tips.' Their several functions had indeed been defined, but no system prevailed which ensured their regular performance. The regulations drawn up for the admission of students were not only insufficient, but often disregarded altogether. If a copyist took up a position before a picture one day, and arrived a few minutes late on the following morning, he might find it occupied by another artist. 'First come, first served' seems to have been the rule. Consequently, as soon as the doors were opened, a scramble for places ensued, and sometimes, it is said, they were only secured, even by ladies, after a physical struggle. It was no part of the porters' prescribed duties to carry up the easels and canvases of students. For this service a gratuity was expected, in some cases from two shillings to half a crown per month. As each porter waited on some twenty or thirty students, he probably earned a considerable addition to his official wage.

The copies were stored, pell mell, in one of the basement rooms of the building, and considerable time was lost every morning in finding them. Some, left half-finished, were never reclaimed, and helped to swell the promiscuous accumulation.<sup>4</sup>

On students' days (Thursday and Friday) the general public were not admitted to the Gallery, but an exception was made in favour of foreigners or provincial visitors passing through London. It was hinted that many of them obtained entrance by means of a 'silver key,' in which case the fees slipped into the hands of porters &c. may have reached a substantial sum. When, for the first time (in 1880), the public were admitted on students' days at a fixed charge of 6d. each, and passed through a turnstile, no appreciable

<sup>4</sup> Years afterwards many hundreds of these derelicts were sold by authority of her Majesty's Treasury. They realised a small sum, which was presented to the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

increase in the number of visitors was noticed, but the 'gate-money' received from them in due course amounted to 1000*l.* per annum.<sup>5</sup>

Among other details in the Directors' Annual Report on the Gallery, it had long been customary to state the number of visitors admitted on public days, but this statement was never really accurate. Such persons were counted by sight in the entrance-hall after a very haphazard fashion, and many years elapsed before a turnstile was put up to record the daily attendance.

Notwithstanding the exhaustive inquiry which had been made by the Parliamentary Committee respecting the conservation of pictures, most of which remained unprotected by glass, no regular system was yet adopted to ensure their periodical cleaning. The charges made for picture-frames and picture-hanging were frequently exorbitant, and great extravagance, if not actual waste, occurred in the use of stores supplied to the domestic staff.

These abuses had gradually grown up, and were no doubt due in a great measure to the same cause which had been revealed in 1853 for previous shortcomings, viz. an undefined apportionment of duty. Under the terms of his appointment the Director was still supreme. Nothing could be undertaken without his authority. As a rule Sir Frederic Burton was opposed to changes, and, absorbed in the desire to enrich the Collection by fresh acquisitions, he tolerated the lax discipline and irregularities which had gradually grown up in Boxall's time. On the other hand, Mr. Wornum probably did not care to insist on regulations which he had no power to enforce. Both were men of advanced years, and perhaps there was a little apathy on both sides.

In 1878 Lord Beaconsfield (then Prime Minister) was pleased to appoint me Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery, and I soon found that a good deal of energy would be required to put the house in order. It was, for many reasons which need not here be specified, a difficult and often a thankless task, but I did my best.

The admission of students to copy in the Gallery had been conducted latterly in a somewhat careless way. Strictly speaking, all applicants (except those who had passed through the Royal Academy Schools) were required to forward a recommendation from some artist of repute. But this rule was not strictly observed, and at length any amateur who gave a respectable address when applying for a card of admission received it as a matter of course. The consequence was that on 'copying days' the Gallery became crowded by young people who had had no proper instruction in drawing and simply came to amuse themselves. They sat down with their sketch-books before masterpieces by Titian or Van Dyck,

<sup>5</sup> It is well to mention that the unexpected little windfall is not placed at the disposal of the Trustees, but is annually *deducted* from the Parliamentary grant voted for the maintenance of the National Gallery.



and occupied places to the exclusion or inconvenience of competent artists.

Official attention had been called to this state of things, and I was instructed to require that every applicant should submit a specimen of work indicating sufficient experience to derive advantage from admission to copy. In some cases, of course, this gave offence to new-comers, but the system worked well at last, and helped to clear the Gallery of idlers.

I caused two large rooms in the basement of the building to be fitted up for the reception of 'students' copies, arranged on a plan which enabled any of them to be found at a minute's notice. This avoided the long delay which had previously occurred every morning in searching for them. In lieu of other duties which had become obsolete, the porters were now required to carry up and place in the Gallery students' easels and canvases, and for the first time periodical fees for this service were abolished. A room was opened in which lady-copyists could obtain light refreshments at a trifling cost—a convenience gratefully appreciated by those who formerly had been obliged to get their lunch outside the building.

During many years past the Gallery had been closed for six weeks in the autumn and for a few days before Easter in order that the walls and ceilings of the interior might be cleansed. This custom necessarily disappointed country folks who happened to visit London at such times, and were unable to see the Collection. Not long after my appointment protests against the annual closing were raised by the public press, and the Trustees were urged to discontinue it. After long consideration a compromise was effected. The rooms, of course, required periodical cleaning, but they were now closed *seriatim*, and thus the general public had access to all but a fraction of the Gallery every day throughout the year. In these circumstances the question naturally arose how the attendants could get their annual holiday. I met this difficulty by arranging that the men should take their month's leave of absence in due rotation.

The Gallery attendants had hitherto worn plain clothes while on duty, and thus could not be distinguished from the rest of the public by casual visitors. For this and other reasons it seemed to me very desirable that they should be put into uniform. Sir F. Burton demurred at first, but eventually agreed to a course which has since proved to be in every sense advantageous.

The exodus of the Royal Academy in 1869 had rendered several large rooms on the first floor available for the reception of pictures. But at the east end of the building several ground-floor rooms, formerly occupied as a residence for the Royal Academy Keeper, stood disused and empty for many years. Meanwhile, hundreds of Turner's water-colour drawings remained stowed away in boxes &c., and were never seen by the public. Even the gems of the collection

selected by Ruskin were only produced, six or eight at a time, for the use of copyists.

By means of some slight structural alterations, I converted the apartments above-mentioned into a series of little exhibition rooms for the display of Turner's drawings. When they were opened to the public, Mr. Ruskin used to speak of them as 'cellars.' As a matter of fact, their flooring is five feet higher than the pavement in Trafalgar Square, and in summer the walls are so well lighted as to make window blinds necessary. But Ruskin was not satisfied. He contended that better accommodation should have been provided for the object. I reminded him that I had done the best in my power, and jokingly added that he must fight the matter out with the Government. 'No!' he replied, 'I choose to fight it out with you. *You ought to have resigned!*'

This answer, I confess, silenced me.

Although no additional rooms were provided for the Turner drawings, the general collection of pictures had increased to such a degree that an extension of the Gallery became imperative. In 1885-87 Mr. Shaw Lefevre was First Commissioner of Works, and through his instrumentality two large and three smaller rooms were erected on the north side of the Gallery, which was now approached, for the first time, by a handsome marble staircase and vestibule. Several of the adjacent rooms had in consequence to be temporarily dismantled, and this gave an excellent opportunity not only for rehanging, but for classifying, all the works of art on the walls. The question then arose whether the pictures should be chronologically arranged, or grouped according to the schools of painting to which they respectively belonged. Sir F. Burton long hesitated which to choose. Being myself in favour of a scholastic classification, I drew up a plan showing how it could be carried out, and he seemed to approve. I then took the matter into my own hands and began by changing the Umbrian Room. There was no time to be lost, for everything had to be finished before the Queen's Jubilee (in 1887). For four or five weeks I was incessantly employed in superintending the assortment and position of pictures—many of huge size. It was a laborious work. Many of them had not been taken down from the walls for years, and I found some, especially certain specimens of the Early Flemish School, in a very dirty state. Luckily the dirt was superficial, and therefore easily removed by the use of pea-meal. Picture-cleaning was now entrusted only to the hands of acknowledged experts. The late Mr. William Dyer had already shown what skill and care could effect in this direction by his admirable treatment of Sebastian del Piombo's 'Raising of Lazarus,'\* and when the veil of

\* The late Sir John Millais told me that, although he had known the picture from boyhood, there were portions of the background that he had never seen until the dirty coat of varnish (probably added in the eighteenth century) had been removed.

London smoke was raised from other and less familiar works, visitors to the Gallery who could never have examined them before, were half inclined to regard them as recent acquisitions.

It became obviously necessary to provide against the recurrence of similar neglect, and from this time all pictures received a periodical and careful attention. The expedient of covering them with glass had been suggested years ago when evidence was given before the Parliamentary Committee of 1853. Yet, strange to say, no steps were taken to secure the general adoption of this useful project. The constituents of London atmosphere tend not only to soil but to injure any painted surface. It is true that a picture with a dark background loses some of its effect in a glazed frame. But glass doors can easily be removed when closer inspection of the works is desired, and meanwhile the latter are protected from injury. Representations to this effect were at length made in the proper quarter and Government funds were granted for the prosecution of a measure which entailed considerable expense at the time, but which has since proved, even in a financial sense, advantageous, for the obvious reason that a canvas or panel once screened rarely requires surface-cleaning.

When the National Gallery was reconstituted in 1855 the previously distinct offices of Keeper and Secretary had been combined. With the extension of the building and a large increase of its contents the duties attached to the double appointment naturally became multiplied, and a new responsibility was laid on it when the Art Library, acquired at the instance of Sir William Boxall, was added to the establishment. The cataloguing and arrangement of the books (which are supplemented from year to year) devolve on the Keeper, who acts as Librarian.

He is also Financial Officer of the department and has to render a monthly account, prepared by the Clerk, of all money spent out of the Parliamentary grant.<sup>7</sup> As Secretary he has to attend all Board meetings and take minutes of the proceedings; to conduct any official correspondence arising therefrom, as well as to answer a host of letters addressed to him on a variety of subjects, applications for admission to copy, offers of pictures for sale or presentation (submitted in due course to the Board), and inquiries as to the authenticity or value of works of art. By an excellent regulation, officers of the National Gallery are relieved from the troublesome and hazardous duty of pronouncing an opinion in such cases. But the communications have, nevertheless, to be answered, and they are sometimes of a most frivolous nature. I have often received letters

<sup>7</sup> Formerly the salaried staff included an "Accountant," but there was no such officer on the Establishment when I became Keeper, and, as a matter of fact, I had to engage a clerk at my own expense. After three years the appointment was made official. It is still held by Mr. G. E. Ambrose, to whose tactful assistance I was long indebted.

from the country describing in brief terms the subject of a painting—perhaps a group of rustic figures or a landscape—with a request from the writer that I would inform him as soon as possible by whom the work was painted and what price it would fetch if sold.

Sometimes a picture would be brought for inspection which was recognisable at once as a reproduction of some well-known work in a Continental gallery. I once pointed this out to the owner of a supposed treasure, who frankly admitted the resemblance, but proceeded to assure me with great gravity that the picture to which I referred was only a copy from his own:—the undoubted original!

The substance and result of all official correspondence between the National Gallery Board and her Majesty's Treasury will be found recorded in Annual Reports issued by the Director and printed by order of the House of Commons. A perusal of these papers affords to the general public ample means of judging what steps have been taken from time to time with the objects of increasing the utility of the Establishment, of enlarging its area and protecting its contents. Some of these objects are periodically described in the form of appeals and protests which reappear with the regularity of a recurring decimal. Most of them, no doubt, received careful attention. A few suggestions have been adopted. Others, especially those which involve financial consideration, remained for years ignored. It was long before our Government realised the danger of allowing a structure containing works of incalculable worth and importance to be in close contact with premises in which a fire might at any time have broken out. Happily steps have at length been taken which lessen, if they do not altogether remove, this risk.

Among questions raised by irresponsible outsiders is one which, so far as I know, the Trustees have hitherto wisely declined to entertain, viz. that of opening the Gallery after dusk. The difficulty and expense of providing electric light for the interior of so large a building would alone present formidable obstacles to such an undertaking. But a still greater objection to the proposal exists. No Londoner familiar with the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square can doubt that if the Gallery were opened to the public at night the rooms would soon be thronged by persons who may be briefly described as 'undesirables.'

The admission of visitors on Sunday stands on an entirely different footing. Thousands of the Metropolitan public have no other opportunity of inspecting an institution the very title of which suggests their right of entry. Pessimists may doubt whether that section of our community generally described as 'the masses' derives either moral or intellectual advantage from examining the higher forms of old pictorial art, but if they only get some amusement in doing so the privilege accorded to them is amply justified. In May 1896 the National Gallery was for the first time opened to

the public on Sunday afternoon. The result proved entirely satisfactory, and nothing has since occurred to cause regret that a course long advocated should have been adopted with the sanction of Parliament.

The gradually increasing number of pictures acquired by the Gallery and the inadequate wall-space available for hanging them, long exercised the Trustees and Director, and, I venture to add, taxed my ingenuity in constant rearrangement of the works. Official attention had been frequently called to the subject when a circumstance occurred which brought matters to a climax. In 1890 a letter was received from the late Sir Henry (then Mr.) Tate generously offering to present to the gallery his large and valuable collection of modern pictures, on condition that a room or rooms should be provided for their reception. The National Gallery Board gratefully acknowledged this offer, but in communicating it to her Majesty's Treasury they pointed out that its actual acceptance would obviously entail a structural extension of the building. Their Lordships admitted the necessity, and promised attention to the subject, but from a formal correspondence which ensued it was evident that no immediate action could be expected, and as a matter of fact the question was shelved for some years. At length Mr. Tate supplemented his original offer by another and still more munificent one, viz. to provide at his private cost a new building not only for the reception of his own pictures, but for others which might form the nucleus of a Gallery of British Art. A site at Millbank was provided by her Majesty's Government and in due course the building was erected, which by Mr. Tate's expressed desire was placed with its contents under the control of the National Gallery Board.

This afforded an excellent opportunity for transferring to the new structure a large number of comparatively modern British pictures which had hitherto been housed in Trafalgar Square. The *chefs-d'œuvre* by Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Copley; and Constable remained—as it may be hoped they will always remain—where they have been so long seen and admired with other notable works painted in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Lapse of time has placed them in the category of 'Old Masters.' But the Millbank building—the 'Tate Gallery,' as a grateful public still insist on calling it—already contains within its walls an important and interesting collection of modern pictures, including those annually purchased by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. A fresh staff of officials was of course required for this new establishment, but as regards its administration and relation to the State it practically forms part of the National Gallery.

This civic union, under the same rule, of two institutions, different in artistic nature, but founded with a common object, presents a result of which this country may well be proud. During

the term of my appointment, which extended from 1878 to 1898, I made a rule of visiting, whenever I could find time to do so, the principal galleries on the Continent, making careful note of their contents, and informing myself as far as possible of the system on which they are managed. Many of them of course are of larger size, and some possess world-wide treasures, such as we can never hope to acquire. But with respect to the average quality of their contents, the disposition of pictures on the walls, their judicious conservation, the literary care bestowed on catalogues, and—speaking generally—the methodical administration of such establishments, our National Gallery equals, if it does not surpass, any similar institution which I have seen abroad.

Its most conspicuous defect at present is want of space. With a few lamentable exceptions the examples of old pictorial art selected for purchase show that a high standard of excellence has been long maintained. To pile such pictures three or four deep on the walls would be disastrous. The only alternative is to enlarge our Gallery. There is ample space for this on the ground once used as a drill-yard in St. George's Barracks, behind the present building. It was part of Sir J. Taylor's scheme that the rooms which, as Surveyor to the Office of her Majesty's Works, he erected in 1887 should form a central axis of communication between Barry's Wing on the east side, and another, to be planned on the same lines, westward. Such an addition would secure symmetry of internal arrangement and afford adequate accommodation for many years to come. It is to be hoped that this project will commend itself to the proper authorities. That our collection of pictures should be increased must be the wish of every English connoisseur, but it is obviously useless to attempt this in Trafalgar Square until fit provision is made for the reception of future acquisitions.

The necessity for a further extension of the building was urged years ago, especially after it became known that a large plot of ground originally intended for that object had been selected as the site of the present National Portrait Gallery. By way of compensation for this loss the Government of that day promised a portion of the area occupied by St. George's Barracks which, it was said, would soon be pulled down. But thirteen years have elapsed since that promise was made. Most of the Barrack buildings are still standing and the National Gallery remains *in statu quo*.

So far as the main façade of the building is concerned this need not be regretted. No public edifice in London has been more unjustly abused by the public. Making allowance for the neo-classic taste of his day and certain practical difficulties which beset the architect, his design may be regarded as a success, and in our own time it has found an able apologist in the Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy.

Sir Frederic Burton retired from the Directorship in 1894, and was succeeded by Mr. (now Sir Edward) Poynter.

It does not come within the purview of this article to comment on contemporary administration of the department. It has been marked by some notable incidents, among which may be mentioned an increase in the Board of Trustees from six to eight members: all distinguished as connoisseurs of Art, or as the owners of important private collections. The judgment of such a Body, added to the Director's practical knowledge of *technique*, should afford a sufficient guarantee that none but works of high excellence will be stored in the Treasure-house under their care.

In 1898, after twenty years of office, I resigned my appointment in accordance with Civil Service usage.

I had always—even while a Royal Academy student—taken a deep interest in the National Gallery. Indeed its original contents, as illustrated in Jones's venerable volume, had been the delight of my childhood. I little thought then that the pictures, multiplied tenfold, would one day be committed to my custody, and that I should live to describe them in a bigger book myself.

My work in Trafalgar Square is over; but, although now '*rude donatus*,' I remember it as the most congenial occupation of my life.

CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

THE CARLSBAD CURE AT HOME AND  
ABROAD

NOTHING appears to the uninitiated more surprising, or even trivial, than to be told that diseases can be cured by a visit to a watering place.

And yet, if springs do not restore health, then Europe is under a delusion far more extraordinary and widespread than any mediæval superstition. The numbers that believed in witchcraft or in miracle-working shrines were not more numerous and certainly not more assiduous than the crowds that make their pilgrimage, not once, but yearly, to some wonder-working spring.

But what is the cure? A quiet life, plain food, and added to this some daily glasses of water containing a little sulphate or bicarbonate of soda with traces of magnesia, potash, and iron.

Of course it is impossible to say that there may not be more in the water. Radium, for instance, is a substance so potent that mere traces of it will, by the action of their emanations, produce sores on the skin, and it may be that the waters contain traces of metals such as radium, minute in quantity yet powerful in effect, which have hitherto escaped analysis, and the molecules of which, being volatile, may speedily disappear and thus render what is called the 'dead' water, exported in bottles, different from the 'live' water of the springs.

Certainly in some places the cures seem difficult to account for upon any other hypothesis. For instance, cases of diabetes are cured at Vichy in a remarkable manner. There can be no question of the fact, because, by analysis, the progress of diminution of grape-sugar can be accurately ascertained.

In other cases, however, such as gout or fatness, or ailments brought about by a sedentary occupation and the late hours and unwholesome dinners incidental to town life, it appears very probable that the cure is dependent on the regimen, and but little on the water, and therefore could be successfully followed anywhere, by any one who had the self-control strictly to carry it out. And as in these matters experience is the only true criterion, I propose to describe the *régime* of a course of water-drinking at Carlsbad followed in the next year by an exactly similar treatment at home.



After a hot and fatiguing journey through Frankfort and Nuremberg the train crosses the Austrian Frontier and enters Bohemia, passing through a smoky district celebrated for the manufacture of glass and china. At length it arrives at a point on the River Eger from which a crooked narrow valley extends to the south, forming the bed of the river Tepl.

The valley is bounded by mountains rising to a height of about 1500 feet, covered with magnificent woods mostly consisting of pine trees.

The grounds belong to the town, and are laid out in walks which extend over nearly ten square miles of country. Along these walks in fair weather and in foul, in broiling sun or in drizzling rain, the wretched patient is compelled to toil. Up hill and down hill he must go, and the more up hill the better, until a pedometer in his pocket shows that he has walked 24,000 steps daily.

The town is built round sixteen springs which emerge from the ground near the river, and in this town is to be found every sort of hotel, from the pretentious white-painted newly gravelled mansion, with a magnificent and very impertinent porter in blue suit and gold lace, down to the modest *Gasthof* in a back street. Apartments are plentiful, but there is one inflexible rule regarding them. Where the tree falls, there it must lie, and if you choose an apartment, you must take it for the whole period of your visit. No entreaties, nor apparently will even any pecuniary consideration induce a landlady to let you change. Nor will any other receive you. They consider it a slur upon the house. Nor will they give you a trial. You must plunge at once, and finally. If you happen to have a room over some one who is fond of the piano or has a family of lively children, you must learn to bear it, for change you cannot.

The best place, I think, is on the Schlossberg, the old fashionable part of the town. It is staid and respectable, and does not rival in smartness the advanced hotels lower down. But its height is an advantage, for near the river the air is damper and more relaxing.

The company at Carlsbad is worthy and respectable but cannot be called aristocratic. Occasionally a Royal Highness or a Duke may be seen, but the great mass of the visitors is obviously recruited from the shops of the Austrian and German towns from Vienna to Berlin. There are few English and they are diminishing in numbers. The Jewish element is decidedly in the ascendant and in the shop-windows is made the subject of most atrocious caricatures. Numbers of unearthly-looking priests of some Christian sect are to be seen with curious hats and long greasy silk cassocks. They are all very quiet, very earnest, and very uninteresting. They form 'queues' at the springs often a hundred persons in length, and but rarely require the intervention of a policeman to settle questions of precedence.

It is, however, time to turn to the 'cure.' This consists of

drinking slowly at intervals of twenty minutes, three glasses, each consisting of 200 grammes (rather more than one-third of a pint), of water from one of the springs. The three glasses of water usually contain about a gramme (15 grains) of bicarbonate of soda, about a gramme and a half of sulphate of soda, and traces of potash, lithia, and other minerals. Some of the springs are stronger than others, but having drunk most of them, I must record my conviction that there is no difference among them, whatever the doctors may say, and that if one took 15 grains of bicarbonate of soda and 25 grains of sulphate of soda and dissolved them in a pint of lukewarm water, they would be just as good as any of the waters of Carlsbad, while if one added 10 grains of citrate of lithia to the mixture, it would be better in the case of gout than any water in Europe.

But the really curative agent in Carlsbad is dieting—or, to put it more plainly, is semi-starvation. In order to make clear the privation of food which one undergoes, it is necessary briefly to describe the food usually consumed by an adult, and its effect upon his system.

Modern dietists consider that, speaking generally, there are only two elements in food which are of prime importance, so far as nourishment is concerned—namely, fat; and proteids, which form muscle. Both of these supply energy to the body like coal to an engine. Proteids, however, build up the muscle, the fats go to form fat on the body. Both of them are worked off by exercise, but the fat goes first. So that in a siege the men get thin before their muscles begin to shrink. Of course some foods are more digestible than others. Even a steam-boiler finds some sorts of coal more suitable than others. For some kinds will clog the flues, others will burn out the fire-bars, and others will clinker, so that they cannot be raked out of the furnace. But for all that, the fundamental fact remains, that upon the supply of coal depends the working of the engine.

The heat-giving qualities, or, what is the same thing, the work-doing power of various sorts of food, are very different. For instance, the substance out of which the human frame can get the most work in proportion to the weight eaten is fat or butter. A man in moderate work could live on a pound of butter for a day. He would become very bilious, but still he could exist. Of oatmeal he would want 2 lb., of bread 3 lb., of meat 3 lb., of eggs 5 lb., and of fish 8 lb. in order to do his daily work. If he were a big man in hard work he would want nearly a third as much again. A sedentary man or a woman would want a third less. If we call a pound of butter a 'food unit,' we shall see that sedentary men want less than a food unit; perhaps four-fifths of a food unit would be enough.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Men of science, instead of adopting a 'food unit,' always estimate the nourishing value of food in units of heat called calories. 1 lb. of butter is reckoned as worth 3,400 calories. The food unit which I have adopted for simplicity is thus equal to 3,400 calories.

The very high value of bread and other cereals will come as a surprise to those who have not read modern works on the subject. That a pound of bread should have as much nourishing power as a pound of meat, or that a pound of dried peas should have a greater value than either, is quite against our English-Roast-Beef theories. But it explains the healthy lives led by Scottish gillies and Swiss shepherds, who live on oatmeal and other grain, only varying it by cheese, which has a nutritive value half as great, again as either meat or bread. The labourer is not to be pitied with his dish of beans and bacon, if he can get enough of it.

It is for this reason that good wholemeal bread is such an excellent food for old people and children, and especially for those who suffer from gout. For this latter disease, a yearly fast during which no meat is eaten is an excellent custom.

Before describing the Carlsbad dietary *régime*, I will give as a specimen the usual diet I took when in London :

#### Breakfast

	Weight. lb.	Equivalent in food units.
Tea . . . . .	?	Does not count.
Milk . . . . .	·20	·018
Sugar . . . . .	·05	·025
Butter . . . . .	·07	·070
Toast . . . . .	·14	·040
Fish . . . . .	·18	·022
An egg . . . . .	·13	·027
Jam . . . . .	·18	·070
	<u>·95</u>	<u>·200</u>

#### Lunch

Bread . . . . .	·20	·070
Two cutlets . . . . .	·20	·064
Three potatoes . . . . .	·18	·019
Other vegetables . . . . .		Do not count
Pudding . . . . .	·20	·070
	<u>·78</u>	<u>·223</u>

#### Dinner

Bread . . . . .	·20	·070
Soup . . . . .	·50	?
Fish . . . . .	·18	·022
Entrée . . . . .	·13	·041
Joint . . . . .	·25	·080
Peas or beans . . . . .	·10	·020
Savoury . . . . .	·05	·017
Cheese . . . . .	·10	·055
Butter . . . . .	·07	·070
Preserved fruit . . . . .	·10	·040
Wines and liquors . . . . .		Do not count
	<u>1·68</u>	<u>·421</u>

This diet table shows a total consumption per diem of .934 food unit—rather too much for a sedentary man of small stature over fifty years of age, who ought to be content with about .8 food unit. But the result of this weighing of food is interesting, for it shows a near agreement between theory and experience. The equivalents were taken from the tables of Dr. Atwater, the distinguished American physiologist.

This amount of food may seem small when we take into account the amount of work a man can do in a day.

• The work-doing power of food is enormous. For example, a pound of butter has a work-doing power expressed in calories by 3,400. This means that if consumed in the human body it would heat 3,400 kilogrammes of water 1° Centigrade. In other words, it would raise 8 gallons of water from 40° Fahrenheit to the boiling point. The work-doing power of this amount of heat, if it could all be utilised, would be upwards of ten million foot-pounds—or sufficient to raise 40 tons to a height of 100 feet, or enough in theory to enable a man of fourteen stone to ascend a mountain 50,000 feet high.<sup>2</sup> Of course only a fraction of this heat can be utilised in labour. A good day's work for a man would be from three to five tons lifted 100 feet high. By far the greater quantity is expended in radiation from the body, in evaporating perspiration, and in carrying on the vital functions. Still, whatever be allowed for waste, it is easily seen how small an amount of food is enough to do a great amount of work. A man who had in addition to his usual day's work to ascend Mont Blanc need in theory only eat about a pound of bread extra to enable him to do it, or else consume half a pound of his own fat in the process. In actual practice a man who has been up Mont Blanc comes down rather hungry, but the extra amount he eats next day is hardly perceptible. If he be a fat man out of condition he will find, on weighing, that the amount of his own fat he has consumed in his struggles is very perceptible, and far exceeds the equivalent of the number of foot-pounds necessary to raise his body to the top of the mountain. An athlete would hardly lose any weight.

In fact, the direct output of energy in working has not a very great effect in using up the work-doing energy of food. • The indirect output is much more important. If a man worked a foot-lathe steadily for three hours he would have done some work that would make him tired, but he would not have expended more than the

<sup>2</sup> 1 lb. of fat is thus in theory capable of producing 4,400 foot-tons of work. In practice, if consumed by a man, it will yield about 300 foot-tons of work or one-twelfth of its full theoretic value. 1½ lb. of coal is equivalent in work-doing power to 1 lb. of fat, and will do in a well-constructed steam engine about 300 foot-tons of work. Whence it follows that, considered as a machine, a man is about as effective as a steam engine. But his food, in its cheapest form, costs seven or eight times as much as the equivalent of coal, and he needs clothing and lodging.

energy contained in an ounce of fat. If in the same time by perspiration he had evaporated 1 lb. of water into vapour, the heat due to more than 2 oz. of fat would have been consumed. It is not mere exercise so much as perspiration that is so desirable in reducing obesity and in removing gout.

Therefore elderly people who sit at home at ease may be under no fear that a little deprivation of food will reduce their energy to an insufficient point. Even half a food unit, which is less than a child eats, will give them a daily store of energy of half a million foot-pounds—no bad provision for an old gentleman in his arm chair.

Now let us turn to the Carlsbad diet *régime*. I give it as weighed by me on one or two occasions.

<i>Breakfast</i>		
	lbs.	Food units.
Two eggs . . . . .	·275	·055
Half a roll of Graham's bread . . .	·180	·060
Cup of skimmed milk . . . . .	·770	·024
Stewed fruit (made with 16 grammes of sugar) . . . . .	·517	·020
	<u>1·742</u>	<u>·159</u>
<i>Dinner</i>		
Fish . . . . .	·250	·030
Beef and ham . . . . .	·400	·120
French beans . . . . .	·320	·040
Fruit . . . . .	·440	·015
Bread . . . . .	·180	·069
Butter . . . . .	·010	·010
	<u>1·600</u>	<u>·284</u>
<i>Supper</i>		
Meat . . . . .	·190	·054
French beans . . . . .	·320	·040
Bread . . . . .	·180	·069
	<u>·690</u>	<u>·163</u>

The total therefore of the Carlsbad *régime* is ·606 food unit as against ·934 food unit consumed under ordinary conditions. The result, therefore, is a shortage each day of ·328 food unit—a diminution in diet of about one-third. This starvation is apt to tell on the nervous system, and therefore not only must all worry be avoided, but tea, coffee, wine, spirits, and smoking are all forbidden. Some people cannot stand this system. Not every one will submit to it. But of course the result to be expected from the considerations given above is that, inasmuch as the daily diet is decreased by one-third and exercise increased, the weight must go down. For Nature does not waste food on the body to any considerable extent. She only rejects such portions as are not capable of being assimilated. The human body is a most economical heat-

machine, and hence it follows that a man who eats daily one-third of a unit of food (that is to say, one-third of a pound of fat) less than usual will have to live on his own fat to the extent of one-third of a pound daily, and thus lose half a stone during the three weeks' cure. And this is exactly what is found. By exactly as much as the visitor can deprive himself of food, by so much is his weight diminished; it is a mere question of the balance of books. The more exercise he takes, the more does he make on the debit account. The less he eats, the less is entered on the credit side; the result is the desired daily loss.

It requires some strength of purpose to persist in the Carlsbad régime. It is wearisome to eat only very plain food, to rise hungry after every meal, to give up alcohol, tea, and tobacco, and to go long monotonous walks. But the result is that gout and fat are eliminated from the system. The plan simply is to make fat people live on their own fat, and as 1 lb. of fat is about the equivalent of a day's food, then, if you are 20 lb. too heavy, you must curtail your food till you have abstained to the extent of twenty full days' food. You cannot do it all at once by complete starvation; you must do it gradually, in sixty days or less, according to your health. But while starving, man is peculiarly susceptible to disease, and therefore care must be taken in the process.

It will be objected that some lean people eat enormously, and some fat people eat very little. I leave the detailed explanation of this to experts. I will only say that it is not how much you eat, but *what* you eat that fattens. Bread, butter, sugar, and puddings will fatten a man more than meat. Each piece of cheese, or each preserved fruit, put in after a good dinner by way of filling up the corners, is worth dietetically nearly double its weight of meat, and each piece of butter, three times its weight of meat. It is the odds and ends at the dinner table that fatten us up.

The process of reduction can be hastened by Turkish baths. At Carlsbad hot-air baths are arranged with quantities of electric lamps. This, however, seems a mere fancy and no better than an ordinary steam bath in one's room.

For those who are too idle or too stiff to take exercise, an ingenious application of electricity is provided, by a series of machines in which the body is held, and then by power, applied by means of small electric motors, is hoisted into all sorts of positions. The fat which is embedded in the muscular tissue is supposed to be loosened by this process and its elimination facilitated.

But for a man in good health the whole only means: live very plainly, avoid all stimulants, rise from the table hungry, take plenty of exercise, and drink a little alkaline water. This is the whole gospel of the Carlsbad cure.

I found that at Carlsbad I lost  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. daily, thus reducing my

weight 9½ lb. in four weeks, and showing a remarkable approach in theory to what was to be expected from the reduction in food.

This summer I determined to see whether similar results would attend a similar régime at home.

I mixed some Carlsbad salts with water, putting 50 grains to the pint, and drank it warm every morning. I vigorously followed the diet, and took a ten-mile walk every day or else spent three hours in cutting down timber. My weight went down, slowly at first, afterwards more rapidly, till in a fortnight I lost 5 lb. Then I got tired of the experiment and ceased, but the reduction in weight has remained. This reduction will, however, probably be put on again next spring, which seems to be the season of the year when the weight increases.

The above theories seem very discouraging to those who think they can reduce fat by medicines. If Professor Atwater and those of his school are right, the human body is simply a food-assimilating machine. If you put food in, then, precisely in proportion to its dietetic value, it will fatten you unless you lose the value of it by exercise.

Drugs (except emetics) cannot remove it from the body to any appreciable extent; they can only operate by making fattening foods distasteful, so that, without observing it, one eats less of them.

Reduction of fat by starvation presents dangers to those who undertake it rashly.

Mere vegetarianism may cause serious illness. For while some vegetables, such as cereals, peas, and beans, are very nutritious, cabbages and cauliflowers are hardly of any use.

And it must be remembered that it is not enough merely to eat the equivalent of some fixed proportion of the food unit. The food must contain a due proportion of proteids as well as of fat, or else the health will suffer.

Therefore, good brown bread, oatmeal, cheese, or meat must be taken in reasonable proportion. But so far as foreign watering places are concerned, the only reason why they appear useful is that when a man goes there he is free from business letters, and thus can reduce his diet without the risk that anxiety combined with the strain of starvation will make him ill. And further, if he is made to pay ridiculous prices for poor hotel accommodation and bad dinners and nasty water, he thinks he must get the value of his money, and so submits to the cure.

But if at home he would go through the very same regimen, under the care of a doctor who understood dietetics, and would religiously play golf for three or four hours a day, there seems little doubt but that his weight would go down and his gout be reduced as efficiently as at the most famous foreign Spa.

HENRY CUNYNGHAME.

## A VISIT TO THE WISE WOMAN OF LISCLOGHER

### PART I.

IT arose out of the request of one of the gardeners who complained of the 'sciatic in his legs,' for a 'half-day to go see a wise woman he had heard of, who had "the cure."' Anything so prosaic as a doctor he disdained; so—not without some excitement on the part of a mistress who scented folklore—his petition was granted.

'Bedad then, me lady, she has me nearly cured already!' was his answer a week or so later to my polite inquiries, when I encountered the sufferer in the Dutch garden. 'I was with her again 'ere yesterday, and me legs feels rale limber to what they were before; and she says she won't lave a ha'porth on me<sup>1</sup> by the time she has finished with me. She's a wonderful woman entirely, so she is.'

'But what does she *do* to you?' I queried.

'She just rubs me with water and says prayers, me lady. It's with running water she does be curing the people, and prayers, and a charm' (he pronounced it '*charrum*') 'that's been in her family for two hundred years. But it's only of a Sunday, a Monday, or a Thursday, that the charrum will work, and then only going on to twelve o'clock.'

This sounded really promising, and having ascertained that the witch lived about seven miles away, 'in the end cottage down a lane off the Balliva road, about twenty perch beyant the Blacksmith's forge that's beside a cross-roads,' I determined to take the earliest opportunity of searching further into these mysteries.

It came during the 'Horse Show Week'—that phenomenal epoch when Dublin annually awakes to a brief but feverish gaiety, when every Irish man or woman, from the highest to the lowest, who can by any means compass it, hastens to Ball's Bridge or Leopards-town; when the halls of the usually tranquil Shelbourne Hotel are nightly filled with rollicking scions of the 'county families' and their feminine belongings, and all is scurry and uproar. Being neither 'horsey' nor overfond of the jostling crowd, the ladies of the

<sup>1</sup> i.e. she won't leave anything amiss with me.



family had declined to accompany the master of the house on this exodus, preferring the peaceful charm of woods and garden.

One morning, in especial, dawned clear and blue, and the sunshine drew me out into it with irresistible persuasion. A perfect morning for a drive, and what better object for it than the long-contemplated visit to the wise woman? But every available horse had been 'sent up,' their human attendants had accompanied them to the show, and our enterprise seemed doomed to be abandoned. And then to us, disconsolate, there loomed distantly on 'th' avenue,' the friendly form of our bog-ranger. To that functionary we confided our woes, with the result that he gallantly went off to harness his own horse to the dogcart, and himself volunteered to drive us to our wished-for goal.

On the way, as we compassed the seven miles of our journey through bogs gay with heather and cotton-grass, and fields of yellowing oats, the bog-ranger discoursed to us of these 'cures' and their workers, revealing the astonishing fact that, in spite of national schools—those destroyers of a more picturesque past—and the opposition of the priests to what is probably a relic of ancient paganism veneered with Christianity, these are still to be met with through the countryside more frequently than anyone would imagine.

'When I was a little boy,' related the bog-ranger, 'I mind that old Mulligan—that's the grandfather, that was, of Tom Mulligan, the blacksmith in Kiloolagh—used to do these cures regular. He came nine times to cure Fitzsimons, the father of "Dandy Pat"' (the nickname of a village celebrity), 'when he had such pains in his legs he couldn't stand. Mulligan used to gather the water before sunrise from beside our mearin',<sup>2</sup> and take it to him in his bed; and he did always have a little boy and a little girl that was brother and sister to each other, to stand by and repeat the prayers wid him in Irish; and sometimes meself and me sister was the little boy and girl; but sure I've forgotten them all, this good while.'

'And do you know what his charm was, Burke?' I inquired.

'Ah not a know, but sure it was never known to fail wid him.'

At last we neared the end of our journey, and alighted close to the blacksmith's forge, in whose cavernous depths roared a glorious blaze; and leaving our guide in charge of the dogcart, we picked our way down a muddy cart-track which bordered three successive fields. From over the hedge, bright with purple vetch and starred with scabious, a sociable old man cheerfully bade us 'good morning,' and, rightly guessing that we were bound for Mrs. O'Brien's, condoled with us on the badness of the lane; adding reassuringly, 'But sure yiz are well able to walk, ladies, and that's more than some that comes to her is.'

Finally we reached a little group of thatched cabins, and having

<sup>2</sup> i.e. boundary.

skirted the apologies for gardens that fronted them, and eluded the onslaughts of several inquisitive pigs and collie pups, we arrived at Mrs. O'Brien's abode. She came towards us from the door, a picturesque old woman, with beautiful grey hair, over which a square red kerchief was tied, and a face furrowed with deep lines, evidences of long years of sorrow and struggling poverty. In no way did she resemble the witches of the story-books; for, instead of the conventional weird, gipsy-like, unkempt figure crouching, pipe in mouth, over the hearth, I found an eminently respectable and self-respecting old woman. With the dignified and well-bred manners of the Celtic poor of the older generation, she bade us welcome, and we entered and seated ourselves in the cabin. Our mutual friend the gardener proved an adequate introduction, and we were soon on the most friendly terms.

Vainly did I cast surreptitious glances around me in search of love philtres and potions. All that I could see was a huge open chimney with its ingle bench; the high-pitched rafters above it blackened with continuous peat-smoke, a tidily furnished dresser, and a chair or two. The iron skillet on the hearth held nothing more mysterious than oatmeal stirabout, the conventional black cat was absent, and the hens who pecked about the floor were evidently no familiar spirits, but merely the usual feathered denizens of an Irish cabin.

But if her cottage was prosaic, her conversation was racy in the extreme. Having once broken the ice, and drawn her out with repeated assurances of my anxiety to hear something about her wonderful cures, she became discursive, and babbled of weird diseases with unfamiliar names.

'The most of the cures does be with prayers, me lady; but I cure the St. Agnes' Fire and the Wild Fire with errebs' (herbs).

From her explanations I gathered that these were different forms of 'breaking out'; those unpleasant sores which poverty of blood, insufficiency of nourishing food, and unhygienic conditions so often produce amongst the lower classes. 'Did ye ever hear tell of the Falling of the Breastbone?' she continued. 'It does be a sinking down of the breastbone till it presses on the liver; and you'd know by a person's looks when it be's that way wid' em.<sup>2</sup> Well, I have a cure for that too, that'll never fail. I take a small piece of blessed candle, and I light it and stick it to a penny. Then I hold the penny wid the candle stuck to it on the person's breast-bone, and put a glass tumbler upside down over all and hold it there till the blessed candle has gone out.'<sup>3</sup> This mysterious malady being entirely outside my experience, I reverted to our original topic, namely, the cure for rheumatic pains.

<sup>2</sup> I am informed by a medical man that this cure is known as 'dry cupping,' is still in vogue, and of recognised value in certain conditions.

'Sure 'tis only the doctors bes calling it "rheumatics" and "sciatic,"' she said, with a supreme scorn for those worthies; 'the right old Irish word for it is the *Shetterhawn*.<sup>4</sup> The charm that me mother gave me has been handed down in our family for two hundred years, and glory be to God it never failed on me yit. But me mother's father lost his power of curing with it, because he used it lightly for to cure cattle, and sure when God Almighty gave it us, He only meant it for Christians.'

'And is it true that you have to get the water before sunrise?' I asked.

'Ah, not at all,' she answered, 'but it must be riz before twelve o'clock; and the charm will only work of a Sunday, a Monday, or a Thursday. But I know another woman that lives beyant, that has some kind of a cure too. I don't know what it is, but she's only able to cure pains from the hips downwards; and she has to get the water before sunrise for *her* cure'—adding, with the unconscious poetry of the Gaelic races, 'and she has told me that many a time the moon would be still shining and the stars glittering when she'd be going down to the mearin' beside the bog to rise it.'

A slight touch of rheumatism in one arm, coupled with an unappeasable thirst for every experience that life brings in my way, emboldened me to beg her to try 'the cure' on me. When at last she yielded—not without much persuasion, for 'I never had to cure one of the gentry before, me lady; and sure I was horrid bothered<sup>5</sup> when Mike Kegan' (the under gardener aforesaid) 'told me that her ladyship that lived in the big castle beyant Kiloolagh wanted to come see me.' I was allowed to penetrate into the inner arcana of the cottage, evidently the consulting room, where patients are received, and the extraordinary complaints already mentioned are diagnosed. A tidy and spotlessly clean room it was, dignified with a good table and chintz cushioned chairs. The bright sunshine which defied the half-drawn blind played upon a rosary and crucifix, which, with some sacred oleographs, were the only objects hanging on the walls. Evidently a most pious and Christian witch, whose magic, if magic it were, was of the whitest.

'Katey alanna,' she called to her daughter (a typical Irish beauty, pale, with a regular profile, and rather sad blue eyes, who, picture-requely dressed in a red skirt and brown shawl, had sat quietly knitting during the foregoing conversation), 'fetch me the can for the water.' A bright tin pannikin was brought, and I insisted on accompanying Mrs. O'Brien to the stream, in order to follow the whole ritual thoroughly.

Crossing two fields, in which her calves and a goat or two were

<sup>4</sup> I write it phonetically, as she pronounced it, not having access to an *Erse* dictionary.

<sup>5</sup> i.e. confused.

grazing, we reached a small stream which, as is essential to the efficacy of its water, divided her holding from another 'townland.' Standing on a stone by its brink, she stooped and filled her can, holding it in the contrary direction to that in which the stream flowed, and pronouncing the words 'In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' whilst at the same time she picked up three small pebbles from the bed of the stream. Then, regaining the inner sanctum of the cottage, she transferred both water and pebbles to a basin, and bade me bare my arm. Under her further directions I 'blessed myself' (*anglicè*, made the sign of the cross), and together we said an 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary'; and then, placing my hand in the basin, she began slowly making passes down my arm to the finger-tips, first three times with the pebbles, and then three times with the water, which she dashed and sprinkled on my skin. Her lips moved silently the while as she repeated the secret charm. This done, we both crossed ourselves again, and once more recited a Pater and Ave, she adding aloud: 'Holy Virgin, pray that this pain may be removed. Amen.' She would not allow me to wipe my arm, saying it was necessary to leave the water to dry of itself; and when this was finally accomplished, and I had dressed again, we retraced our steps to the brook, into which she threw back the water and pebbles used for me, 'In the Name &c.'; but this time *with*, not *against*, the stream.

'Ye'll need to come to me again, me lady,' she said, 'for three times at the least'; and when I demurred on the score of distance, she added, 'Nine times is the due, but many are cured in three when the pains is not too bad.'

She further warned me that my arm would feel quite numb soon, and that after the numbness wore off I should feel little *glourock*s (i.e. twinges of pain) running out at the finger-tips. Having received this reassuring information, and deposited a liberal fee on her table, we took leave of the old lady, with smiles and promises to return soon on one of the three mystic days.

## PART II.

Everything happened just as the wise woman had told me; for within the hour I felt a numbness all up my arm which lasted the whole day, and was succeeded by very sharp *glourock*s indeed. I did not fail therefore to pay her the further visits which she had prescribed, being glad of the excuse they offered for chatting with her; and many curious and interesting things I gleaned from her when her shyness wore off, and she realised that I sincerely appreciated and sympathised with her simple piety and old-world lore.

The words of the charm itself I never could get from her, for she

said that if told to anyone (save as a bequest to her children for use after her death) the power of working the cure would leave her. But she said that it was 'mostly made up of prayers to the Blessed Virgin,' and I further gathered from a sentence which she let slip that it contains an allusion to 'the water of Jordan that St. John baptized Our Lord with.' She said that ever since His baptism, Our Lord had laid that power of curing pain on running water, and passed the knowledge on to His Apostles; and that the faster flows the stream, the quicker will the patient's pains depart. She said 'Some are more easily cured than others. For the ones that be's hardest to cure, I do have to be fetching the water from the big sthream that's the boundary between the two counties'; (meaning that the little sluggish stream would not have the requisite power).

She has cured people for miles around, often having to take the water to the houses of those too bedridden to come to her; and has restored to them the use of their limbs. Once she was actually summoned to Dublin by a poor crippled man who had heard of her fame; and is very proud of her one visit to the capital, where she had to draw the water from the Liffey, rather to the amusement, one would imagine, of the bystanders. But she added humbly, 'I never boast of my cures. I only apply the matter and the form' (*i.e.* the water and the words of the charm), 'and God and the Blessed Virgin do the rest.'

Her medical lore was truly marvellous. She told me that for 'a swelling in the flank' the traditional cure is as follows: A brother and a sister must take the patient down to a wet bog, and sink him in a bog-hole, and whilst the brother holds him up in the hole by placing his hands under the sufferer's armpits, the sister must pelt him three times with pieces of turf in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

One curious charm for stopping bleeding I made her repeat several times, but the meaning of the second and third lines has become obscured, as verbal traditions so frequently do, through inaccurate recital, and no sense can be made of them:

In the name of Jesus  
 I mean the blood of Adam's son was taken (P)  
 • By the blood of Jesus' Son was shaken (P)  
     By these words I do you charge  
     Your blood no more to flow at large.

If the nose bleeds, put your middle finger to the nostril while saying these words; for a cut, put the ball of the thumb to the wound.

For a stitch in the side, hold a hot iron to the place, whilst pronouncing the following prayer:—

Van vea, van vurabh  
 Knock thee yeastha gullegh.

This was contributed by Katey; but as she merely spelt the Irish words phonetically, and was ignorant of their meaning in English, I must leave it to students of the Erse tongue to unriddle.

The last and most amazing item of professional knowledge gleaned from Mrs. O'Brien was when, on one of my visits, I found a pretty child seated beside her door. To my inquiries as to whether she also was a patient, she replied that the child had been sent to her from a town some miles distant, to be cured of a bad place on her leg; but that, as it proved on examination to be 'the Running Worm,' it was no case for *her* skill, but required the good offices of the seventh son of a seventh son, who alone can deal with this disease.

'So I'm keeping her here with me, me lady, and every day I take her up to old John Murray that lives above at Kilpatrick, for he's the only man in these parts that has the power to cure her.'

The poor child's leg, which she insisted on showing me, appeared to have been attacked with some ulcerous kind of swelling, which she assured me was caused by 'a worm that runs up and down inside it.'<sup>6</sup> This diagnosis would probably have caused a doctor to smile, had he heard it, but the reason she gave of John Murray's powers of healing it was sufficiently curious to warrant my including it here. 'When the seventh son of a seventh son is born in succession to his six brothers with no sisters in between, if the old women are *crabbit*,<sup>7</sup> as soon as he is born they will take a he-worm and a she-worm<sup>8</sup> and tie them up together tight in the infant's clenched hand, till both worms are dead; and then when he grows up he will be able to cure the Running Worm by merely leaving his hand on the place a time or two.'

'And how did you learn all these wonderful things?' I queried one day.

'I got them all from me mother,' she replied. 'She was one of the wisest women in Erin, and led us into all kinds of knowledge. She had the charm for the Raking of the Fire, and the right prayers and charms for everything.'<sup>9</sup> She used to say them in Irish herself,

<sup>6</sup> I am informed that the natives of India also believe in this disease of the 'Running Worm.'

<sup>7</sup> Knowledgeable.

<sup>8</sup> She explained that these were the male and female of the common earthworm, of which one is smooth and the other ringed.

<sup>9</sup> Shortly after collecting these items of Irish folklore, I became acquainted with that of the Outer Hebrides, through Miss Goodrich-Freer's valuable work upon those islands, and was struck by their similarity, which clearly shows how faithfully the Irish and Highland Celts have preserved the traditions common to them, though for many hundred years there can have been little or no communication between the sister races. 'In the Catholic Islands,' she says, 'there are prayers for travelling, for following the cattle, for going to sea, for raking the peats at night, for rousing

but sure when we went to school we forgot how to talk Irish, and then she had to put the words into English for us.'

'And what was the charm for the raking of the fire?' I inquired, and the words she repeated were these:

I rake this fire as Christ rakes the people;  
The Blessed Virgin in the end of the house,  
And St. Bridget in the middle.  
I lay the care of this house, and all that's within and without  
With Jesus Christ until morning.  
I lay the care of this house, and all that's within and without  
With Jesus Christ for ever and ever. Amen.

adding 'If you say these words every night when you rake out the peats on the hearth, your house will never be in danger of burning.'<sup>10</sup>

'My mother,' she continued, 'would never let us rake the fire with iron, we always had to use a wooden stick, for if there's *anything* in the house, it can never come near to warm itself, if the fire has been raked with iron.'

With a thrill I realised what she meant to convey by that mysterious 'anything.' 'The Little People, do you mean?' I asked, overjoyed at the possibility of encountering a relic of folklore beyond my wildest hopes.

'Just that,' she said, and added, 'did your ladyship ever hear how they came upon the earth?'

Fragments of Rabbinical legends,

Of Adam's first wife Lilith,

and their offspring, rose to my lips, but I checked myself, preferring to let her tell me her version.

'Well,' she said, 'there was war in heaven once, because Satan and the bad angels wanted to sit on higher thrones than Our Lord. And God was angry with them, and bade St. Michael cast them out of it. So he threw them down, till at last the Mother of God, seeing how many had gone, cried out aloud, "Son, Son, would you leave the heavens bleak?" So our Lord told St. Michael to stay his hand then, and let them bide as they were. So those who had fallen down into hell stayed there (they are the devils), and those who had fallen on to the earth stayed there, and they are the Little People, the *leprechauns* and *pookhas*, and some who were just

them in the morning, the theory of saying grace carried to a logical conclusion.' (*Outer Isles*, by A. Goodrich-Freer. 1902, p. 162.)

<sup>10</sup> 'Nothing strikes one as more strange in these islands than the mixture of religion and superstition; and one realises, as in perhaps few other places, what life must have been in early days when Christianity was first superinduced upon Paganism. . . . The realisation of the forces of nature and the powers of evil are strong. . . . One of the most obvious uses of their religion was to play it off, if one may say so, against the powers of darkness. . . . The spinning wheel is blessed when it is put away for the night. . . . the fire when the peats are covered up at bedtime.' (*Ibid.* p. 220.)

toppling over into the clouds stayed *there*; and they cause storm and tempest.'

Here I interposed a remark to the effect that this seemed to bear out the belief current in ancient times that storms could be raised by magic through the powers of darkness, and that in Scripture the Evil One is styled 'the prince of the air.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'it is well known that the bad spirits have power to raise storms and wind, but only God has power to calm them.'

• 'Another thing my mother told us,' she continued, 'was never to go to bed at night without leaving a pan full of clean water in the house, for fear *they* might want it. For once some of them came into a house one night where there was a woman with a newborn baby, and when they wanted to wash it there was no water, so they washed it in the crock of buttermilk, and threw the buttermilk back into the churn to give the people of the house a lesson.'<sup>11</sup>

She was greatly amused at my rapacious appetite for legends, prayers, charms, anything in fact that I could extract from her; but lamented that her memory for them was failing with increased age, and because, moreover, the people no longer spoke of these things amongst themselves as they used to do in her childhood. She said that she could remember the time when of a winter's night the neighbours would meet round the fire and tell tales (evidently much as the Hebrideans do at a *Ceilidh*<sup>12</sup>), and that when any guest entered they would say 'God save all here,' to which the mistress of the house would reply, 'And God save you kindly! *Siz shees*' (? Irish for 'sit down').

Pressed for more tales, she could only recall two; one of them being the legend of Our Lady, St. Joseph, and the cherry trees which bent down to let her pick their fruit, too well known in England under the form of the *Cherry-tree Carol*<sup>13</sup> to need insertion here. The other was a legend of St. Patrick which I had not met with before.

St. Patrick had a servant (so her story ran) who was one day chopping wood for his master's fire, and bewailed himself because his axe was blunt. Of a sudden there appeared to him one clad in beautiful shining armour, who told him that if he would ask one question of his master, St. Patrick, he should have a new axe for his pains. The servant agreed, and the stranger then told him that the next morning, when the saint was saying Mass, he was to go up to

<sup>11</sup> This identical legend is found also in the Hebrides: 'It is not right that any person should sleep in a house without water in it, especially a young child. In a house thus left without water "the slender one of the green coat" was seen washing the infant in a basin of milk.' (*Outer Isles*, p. 240.)

<sup>12</sup> Cf. *Ibid.* pp. 61-81.

<sup>13</sup> Also known in the Hebrides. (*Ibid.* p. 216.)



the altar while he was reading the last Gospel, and say to him : ' Master, what will be done with wandering spirits at the last day ? ' The next morning the servant did as he had been ordered, and the Saint, turning round, answered him, ' The wandering spirits shall be bound with chains in darkness at the last day : ' but added, ' Who bade you ask me that question ? It was an evil day for you when you agreed thereto, for now you go in danger of death.' The servant related what had happened, and the saint told him that, in order to protect himself, he must dig a deep pit in the forest where he had been cutting wood the day before, and crouch down in it, laying his axe and the Saint's own staff crosswise over the mouth of the pit, so that being under the protection of the cross no harm could befall him. The man did so, and when the evil spirit in shining armour came back to the place to learn the answer to his question (as it had been agreed he should do), he found St. Patrick's servant safe under the shelter of the cross. In a voice of thunder the spirit repeated his question, and when he had received the answer, he sought in his anger to slay the man, but could not come near, because of the sacred symbol which protected the pit's mouth. So at last he was fain to depart, leaving the sharp new axe beside the pit in honourable fulfilment of his part of the bargain.

She did not seem acquainted with any other legends of the Saints, but she told me of wonderful healing miracles performed at the tomb of a certain Father R——, parish priest of K——, close by, a very holy man who died not many years since, and who, when alive, had been known to cast out evil spirits from persons possessed by them. The people, she said, constantly scoop out and take home with them the clay from his grave, believing in its power of healing disease.

Of superstitions, commonly so called, I could only gather two, viz. : that you should ' never shake a grain of oats on the land of a Tuesday,' and that ' if you want a good potato crop ' (and who in Ireland does not ?), ' you should always begin to plant them on Good Friday, even if you only put down the full of your hat of them.'

But she had great store of pious prayers derived, no doubt, from ancient sources ; of which I subjoin one translated from the Irish for use on Good Friday.

' I adore thee, O most precious Cross, adorned by the venerable and delicate members of Jesus my Saviour ; sprinkled and stained with His Blood. I adore Thee, O my God, nailed to the Cross for love of me.' This, she added, if said fasting thirty-three times (the number of years of our Lord's life on earth) on Good Friday—but on that day only—will obtain the release of a soul from Purgatory.

It was with deep regret that I at length bade farewell to the dear old woman, when I could no longer plead the excuse of the *shetterhaun* for my visits. (Whether this recovery was really due to her charm

or not, I cannot say, though the gardener solemnly asseverated that she had cured him completely, albeit he had to pay the full nine visits to attain this result). But I rejoice to have reaped this little harvest of old-time wisdom from one over whom the grave must soon close; the more so since every day such traditions are fast dying out. The constant emigration to America of the younger generation (her own children have all gone there except Katey), and the modern standard of education alike, have conspired to destroy the old admixture of simple piety and credulity. Nor is it to every chance comer that such shreds of it as remain will be revealed. Needless to say, nothing of the kind can be elicited by either chaff or that coldly superior tone ('like God Almighty talking to a blackbeetle,' as the Yankee profanely said) which the Saxon tourists or the Irish gentry—frequently descended from Cromwellian or Orange persecutors, as the unforgetting Celt well knows—too often adopt towards the Catholic native of the soil. But let them be met halfway with kindly sympathy—above all with, when possible, the fellow-feeling which a common love of the Catholic Faith imparts—and the warm Celtic hearts will open, and the poetic fountains be unsealed.

So the hours spent in chatting with my old friend bore me on their happy flight straight back to that 'Celtic Twilight' which contrasts so sharply with the garish sunshine of our modern day.

ERMENGARDA GREVILLE-NUGENT.

## THE FOREIGN FRUIT TRADE IN BRITAIN

### BRITISH DISTRIBUTIVE INDUSTRIES

THE great failure of the British fruit crop this year, the extraordinary rise in values, and the phenomenal growth of the foreign fruit trade in this country may appropriately be utilised to draw attention to the fruit-producing and distributing industries of the United Kingdom. The huge fruit trade of Britain has been built up and developed under free trade, and as fresh fruit is of vital importance to the teeming millions in our cities and towns, the industry has conferred many material and physical benefits upon the people. Although we now pay over 10,000,000*l.* per annum for foreign fruit, yet during the free-trade period the fruit-growing and retail fruit-distributive industries of Britain have progressed without a break, the commercial fruit lands of the United Kingdom have extended year after year, and the prices made for British apples are higher to-day than they have ever been in the whole history of the trade. Thanks to the stimulating influence of natural competition, the crop output per unit of surface has been increased considerably, and the quality of our fruits brought to such a degree of perfection that they have created a demand which is practically limitless.

### SUBSIDIES AND SKILL

One of the most instructive features in connection with the import fruit trade of Britain is that since the Colonial Secretary subsidised the Jamaica banana boats with a grant of 40,000*l.* a year for ten years, the value and popularity of the competitive Canary fruit have increased remarkably. As I write the fruit importers are offering Jamaica bananas from 4*s.* to 8*s.* a bunch, while they price the Canary samples from 8*s.* to 15*s.* Here, then, we have an object lesson on the benefits of skill. During the week while 26,377 bunches of subsidised bananas went into Bristol from Jamaica, 135,776 bunches went from Jamaica to Baltimore, so that, although we pay the subsidy, America gets the fruit. Again, while 26,377 bunches reached us from Jamaica, 45,521 came from the Canaries. Considering that the scheme of the Colonial Secretary meant competition with their fruit in the English markets, the Canary

cultivators met the new departure by increased skill in production and packing, with the result that the better quality product more than holds its own against the carelessly grown and carelessly shipped subsidised bananas. The position of the Jamaica banana industry has not been really improved through the subsidy, but that of the Canary growers has been strengthened in the English markets. Subsidies and protective tariffs make the producers careless. Competition induces skill, and the skilled producer is the master of the situation.

#### WHY BRITISH FRUIT GROWERS FAIL

Though the areas in the United Kingdom devoted to fruit and market-garden culture have increased considerably during the last twenty years, yet the foreign fruit imports have, with one or two exceptions, been rising in the most extraordinary manner, and, as the recent statistics show, the bill presented for payment by the foreign fruit shipper in 1902 was vastly greater than it has ever been in the history of the trade. The fruit areas of the United Kingdom are represented by 80,000 acres of small fruit and 240,000 acres of orchard fruit. At first sight it may be thought that the industry is more extensive than it really is; but when we go into the matter and tabulate these orchard areas in a critical manner, we find that there is not so much cause for congratulation as is generally believed, for we can come to no other conclusion than that the growing foreign imports are the result of the failure of the British fruit grower to efficiently satisfy the wants of the public through the trade buyers. It will be seen later on, when I come to deal with apples, pears, and plums, that these fruits have been imported in constantly increasing quantities throughout the last three years, and I have no hesitation in affirming that to a very great extent this increase is attributable to there being in many English orchards millions of worn-out, unprofitable, and unsaleable varieties of fruit trees which ought, in the interest of the whole industry, to be removed. As to the hundreds of thousands of fruit trees consisting of unsaleable varieties, a word or two is necessary before one can gauge the situation, and account for the firm hold that the foreign grower has obtained upon the fruit markets of the United Kingdom. Foreign apples, pears, and plums not only find their way to London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Hull, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, but they go to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Belfast, and Dublin. They even enter the very fruit-growing districts, and are to be seen in the windows of the fruit shops in the villages and country towns.

#### THE BASIS OF PROFIT

When I inaugurated the fruit-growing movement, the first thing I did was to condemn the production of these useless varieties, which

in nine cases out of ten are the real cause of the market glut. At that time, commercial horticulture as it exists to-day was unknown, and though, thanks to the propaganda of the fruit-growing movement, supported as it was by the issue of half a million leaflets, thousands of acres of the money-making varieties and improved forms of fruit tree which I advised should be grown for market work and profit have been planted, still there are millions of trees in existence which continue to yield an abundant supply of the unsaleable varieties condemned. They were planted under the old systems that I have exposed for years, and upon the advice of private gardeners and gardening journalists who have to deal with fruit culture by quite a different method to that which the market or commercial fruit grower must adopt, if he expects to make his business pay. As I pointed out in my lectures in the villages, when I opened the campaign against the profitless systems which prevailed, the basis of commercial fruit growing is not quantity but quality, and the man who seeks to develop the industry on profitable lines must meet the wants of trade buyers and grow to satisfy the market need. I feel it incumbent upon me to say that at the start the movement was opposed by gardening journalists, and that it owed much of its success to the able and generous support it received from the London and provincial press; without that help, British fruit growing would not be in the position it occupies to-day.

#### HUGE ORANGE IMPORTS

The orange imports last year came into our ports in gigantic shipments surpassing all expectations. It is very instructive to watch the growth of this branch of the fruit trade. In 1900 the arrivals were 5,090,386 cwts.; in 1901 they were 5,281,657; while in 1902 they were 6,518,067; showing a rise of 1,427,681 cwts. in three years. Last year's supply cost us 2,358,709*l.*, being an increase of 237,919*l.* over what we paid in 1900. The nature of these large shipments will be evident when I say that 5,000,000 packages of various sizes were needed to bring the fruit across in 1900, and more than 6,000,000 in 1902. While the contents of the packages sent in 1900 were about 1,500,000,000 oranges, those of 1902 contained no less than 1,800,000,000 fruits, making an increased consumption of 300,000,000 oranges in three years. Over 3,000,000 cases of oranges have been annually exported from Spain for many years, out of which I may safely say that on an average 2,500,000 cases have been imported into the United Kingdom. We have had quite three millions of cases of Spanish oranges on our markets in some years, and when it is remembered that, in addition, large quantities are despatched from Italy, the Canaries, and Portugal, one cannot be surprised at the extensive nature of the imports of this wholesome

fruit. The shipments go direct to Manchester, Liverpool, Hull, and Glasgow, as well as to London, and, without doubt, we eat more oranges per head of the population than does any other nation in the world. We obtain choice oranges from Jamaica, Australia, Palestine, and California also. The export of the Jaffa fruit exceeds 300,000 boxes, and the output of the Californian orchards is about 6,000,000 boxes. Now Florida again is in the field as an exporter of this fruit. When we consider the possibilities of Jamaica, Australia, and India too, there is no reason to imagine that there will ever be a scarcity of oranges in our markets.

#### APPLE-GROWING INDUSTRIES

Though England is the home of the apple, and though, as far as quality is concerned, the English fruit grower can laugh at foreign competition, the imports of foreign apples are greater to-day than ever they were. In dealing with the monthly imports we find that while in December 1901 the apple arrivals were 555,497 bushels; in the corresponding period for 1902 they were 1,570,542; an increase of 1,015,045 bushels in a month's supply. When we come to study the apple imports for the whole of 1901, we find that they consisted of 4,575,525 bushels. In 1902 the annual imports had gone up to 7,109,252, an increase of 2,533,727. The total value of the apple imports was, in 1901, 1,182,782*l.*, while in 1902 it rose to 1,923,482*l.*, an increase of 740,700*l.*, or nearly three-quarters of a million sterling for the year. It must not be taken that these imports consist of foreign apples entirely, for they do not. We get large shipments from Tasmania and Australia in the late spring and early summer. My old friend Dr. Benjafield, of Hobart, has informed me that when we can take 500,000 bushel boxes of Tasmanian apples alone, and pay a fair price for them, we can have them. Then the arrivals from Canada are extensive. However, after ample deduction has been made for the Colonial imports, the sum taken out of the United Kingdom for apples only by the foreign shipper is a large one. We obtain quantities of apples from Nova Scotia, and the Annapolis Valley is famous the whole world over for the quality of its fruit. It is mostly exported in barrels holding about three bushels each. Huge supplies of apples reach us from America, and we get the celebrated Newtown pippins from the Eastern and Western States, though the Pajaro Valley is the centre whence come the large quantities of the yellow-skinned variety which is marketed so freely for the Christmas trade, and sold under the title of Californian Newtown Pippins. Both the Canadian and American apple cultivators are busy extending their apple-growing areas. To-day there are 200,000,000 apple trees in the United States, set out in orchards, and, according to a late estimate, they

yield 175,000,000 bushels of fruit. It is justifiable to predict that when these trees develop, with an average yield of two and a half bushels only per tree, they will in five years' time produce a total of 800,000,000 bushels, or two and three quarter times the quantity they produce at present. If, with a crop of 175,000,000 bushels, they export 3,000,000 bushels, what quantity will the American apple growers ship to Europe then? Quantities of apples are exported from France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. But they are poor in quality compared with the Canadian, American, and Tasmanian varieties. The Calville Blanc and Reinette du Canada, both very late dessert varieties grown in France and marketed largely in boxes in England, are well-grown, excellent apples. In the eastern and south-eastern districts of France these two varieties of apples are grown on dwarf trees and with distinct success. Some of the Calville Blanc grown on walls make fabulous prices in the Halles Centrales at Paris, but they are exceedingly fine, clear-skinned, and pretty. Want of space prevents more than a brief reference to the dainty little Lady, or Api, apples, which in earlier years used to be more plentiful at Covent Garden in December than they have been recently. These miniature fruits are to apples what mandarins are to oranges. They are flattish, the skin when ripe is yellow on the shaded side, and deep crimson on the sun side. The flesh is crisp, white, sweet, juicy, and aromatic. They look very pretty packed in rows in one-layer boxes of twenty-four or thirty fruits, each apple nestling in a bed of dyed moss. They are not grown by English growers, though they could and should be.

#### BANANAS BY THE MILLION

The development of Jamaica by the fruit boats of Messrs. Elder Dempster and Co. of course added largely to the banana imports, because the contract under the subsidy scheme compelled these shippers to carry 20,000 bunches a month. This means just upon a quarter of a million extra bunches of this fruit for the British home markets. 'In 1900 the banana imports were 1,287,442 bunches. In 1901 they rose to 2,228,672, and in 1902 they reached a higher point than ever before, being equal to 2,805,700.' Comparing the receipts for 1902 with those for 1900, we see that the increased consumption of last year over that of 1900 was more than a million and a half bunches of fruit. The greatly augmented importations of bananas during the last three years are quite equal to the gigantic increase in the orange supplies for the same period. It is true that the estimates of the orange imports are calculated by hundredweights, and those of bananas by bunches, and that the average weight of the latter cannot by any means be put at anything like that of the former, as the average weight of the banana bunches is not over fifty-six

pounds. Still the great increase in the banana supply justifies the conclusion that in a few years' time the banana imports will exceed those of the orange, and I base this surmise upon the fact that the banana imports have not only been doubled since 1900, but even then leave over a quarter of a million bunches to the good. This cannot be said of any other fruit which has been imported during that period. To realise the extraordinary nature of banana consumption in the United Kingdom, we must ascertain the number of fruits these imports represent, for of course they are all sold retail eventually by the 'finger,' as each single fruit is termed. In 1900 the total banana 'fingers' dealt with by the trade was 128,744,200; in 1902 it was 280,570,000, or an increase of 151,825,800 single fruits in the three years. Last year we paid 1,060,263*l.* for bananas, chiefly sent us from the Canaries and Jamaica.

#### BRITISH GRAPE CULTURE

The English grape grower has congratulated himself for years because of the great extension of the industry in the four kingdoms, and without doubt he has something to be proud of. I remember the time when the market grape distributors of Covent Garden thought the forcer a large grower if he had but five vineries 100 feet long each. Now in the leading centres it is an easy matter to see ranges of vineries occupying acres. There are growers who think nothing of producing fifty tons of forced grapes annually, and there are thousands of miles of hot-water pipes used in grape-growing circles by the cultivators of the United Kingdom. In the Channel Islands grapes are grown on an enormous scale. The vineries of the late Mr. George Bashford of Jersey, with whom I was well acquainted, covered twenty acres. Though tons of other produce were grown on his land, it was quite usual for him to cut annually from fifteen to twenty tons of grapes. At Worthing, Swanley, Turnford, Finchley, Uxbridge, Tottenham, Whetstone, and many other well-known places in England, Wales, and Scotland even, grape growing under glass proceeds on extensive lines. Still the imports of grapes into the markets of this country are very large. The foreign grape trade has changed during the last quarter of a century, and the common Dutch black and sulphury grapes have been superseded by the forced Belgian Gros Colmars and the French early black Hamburgs put up in little boxes. We get grapes from the Cape, but the bulk of the imported fruit is foreign, and, apart from that sent by the Jersey and Guernsey growers, comes from Spain. In 1900 the grape imports were 592,857 cwt*s.*; in 1902 they were 636,932, valued at 686,894*l.* The popular white hard-skinned Almerias, known to the public up to ten years ago as the 'grocer's grape,' are sent us in hundreds of thousands of half-barrels, packed in cork dust, and each



weighing from 60 to 84 lbs. gross. We also get small, white, sweet water grapes from Lisbon, put up in cases with sawdust; but the Almerias represent the bulk of the imports. The Malaga and Denia grapes have a good name in fruit-trade circles here. Almeria has exported 1,116,414 small barrels of grapes in a season, out of which 1,000,000 have come into the United Kingdom.

#### ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL PLUMS

There are no plums comparable to our home-grown plums, for they possess a fine flavour and are richer in sugar than the foreign ones are. In Worcestershire, Cambridgeshire, Kent, Essex, Bedfordshire, Cheshire, Buckinghamshire, Norfolk, Gloucestershire and Herefordshire especially, many growers market thousands of bushels of this fruit in the season, and of late years the business has changed for the better, owing to the introduction of the more saleable varieties and dwarfier forms of plum trees, which I made the basis of my improved system of culture for profit when I inaugurated the fruit-growing movement. Still, though we get very early supplies of Early Prolific and the Czar, and late supplies of Coe's Golden Drop and Monarch, the foreign plum grower had a firmer hold upon the English markets in 1902 than at any previous period. In 1901 the imports were 263,700 cwt.; and in 1903 56,452. True, in 1900 the arrivals were much heavier than in 1901, yet there is a distinct increase season by season since 1900, and the total value of the plum imports for the last year was 515,059*l.*, or over a half-million of money. California sends us fresh plums, a distance of 6,000 miles, in perfect condition, thanks to the refrigerator fruit-cars in use on the American railroads, and they are put on our markets even as late as December. The English plum crop is a heavy one, increasing each season; but before we can hope to reduce the foreign bill for plums, the quality of the bulk of the home-grown fruit must be improved by better and more skilful culture. From the Continent we draw large quantities of plums every year, and the industry is a very important one, for possibly no fruit is more freely grown than the plum. We obtain shipments from Germany, Holland, and France chiefly, but, with the exception of the earliest kinds from the latter country, they call for no particular mention, the fruit being of very ordinary quality. The French grower, however, raises plums to perfection as far as his climate and soil permit. It is now generally known that in the environs of Paris the plum, and especially the Reine Claude or gage variety, is most extensively grown. In this and many kindred centres they are produced by millions of kilos each year. There are districts where the plantations of plums resemble forests. The 'Paris gages,' as the fruits are called, are sent to Covent Garden in small one- or

two-layer boxes, holding twenty-four or forty-eight fruits each, and are undoubtedly the best quality plums we receive from France. We get tons of gages in boxes, cases, round plum baskets, half bushels, and wicker pads. But the choicest are sent in boxes, pecks, and squares. The Orleans plum is also largely grown for export to the English markets, and coming in early secures a fair price as a rule. The Purple gage, or Reine Claude Violette, is also a popular variety. The California, Egg, and Kelsey plums are excellent in August and September. The plums from South Africa come to hand in prime condition and are of good quality.

#### GENERAL STATISTICS OF PRODUCTION.

So far I have dealt with all the most important fruits regarding monetary value. The orange costs us more than two millions sterling, the apple and banana over one million each, grapes and plums both cost us more than half a million yearly. I now proceed to deal with the rest, all of which cost less than half a million, and, with the exception of the lemon and the pear, considerably less than that sum, each year.

The lemon supplies remain stationary, as there has been very little change in the quantities imported for the last three years. In 1902 the arrivals were 1,003,288 cwts., valued at 417,049*l*. Compared with the orange imports the proportion is not so bad as one might at first imagine, for though we consume more than six oranges to every lemon, yet, in view of the greater popularity of the sweeter fruit, the lemon imports are by no means insignificant. The bulk of our lemon supplies comes from Naples, Messina, and Malaga.

Though the pear imports were much heavier in 1902 than in 1901, they show a very slight rise on those in 1900. In 1902 the arrivals were 491,906 cwts., valued at 439,536*l*. The bulk and the best of the foreign pears come from California and France. The culture of the pear in the United Kingdom is not nearly so extensive as it should be, though the best and largest pears can be grown in profusion in England, especially when the necessary protection against late spring frosts is provided. We get a few choice pears from Jersey and Guernsey, but the quantity is too insignificant to call for special notice. The trade in Continental pears has undoubtedly been considerably interfered with by the Californian shipments. I might refer to the fact that there will be an absolute scarcity of pears in the English markets this December, and to such an extent that, were not the Californian samples to be depended upon for Christmas, there would be practically no pear supplies for the retail fruiterer. The French sender of late pears has in the Californian shipper a rival capable of monopolising the market,

for the supply seems inexhaustible, and, so long as paying prices rule, there will be no fear of a shortage in the future. For the last quarter of a century France continuously has held the premier position in the pear markets of the United Kingdom. Hundreds of thousands of tons are produced in the fruit districts, and the French cultivators make a special study of the business. We get pears from Germany; Belgium, and Holland, but they are of far inferior quality to the French, and are chiefly suitable for the cheap class of trade in industrial or crowded city centres. In Covent Garden one can stand in the Floral Hall and see thousands of cases of the famous *Beurre d'Amanlis*, *William*, *Jargonelle*, *Louise Bonne*, *Beurre Diel*, *Bon Cure*, and *Duchesse*, sold hour after hour by the fruit brokers there, in the height of the season; and, in December, the late *Easter Beurre* and *Glou Morceau*, of excellent quality, and tastefully packed in layers in wooden crates, command high prices. But, for all this, the French pear trade at Covent Garden is nothing like it was, when I knew it, a quarter of a century ago. Then the best West End fruiterers paid high prices for the *Beurre Magnifique*, known to English fruit growers as *Beurre Diel*, an excellent pear, obtainable in October and November; and also for the choice *Beurre d'Aremberg*, a pretty-looking and luscious-eating pear, on sale in December and January. True, we get samples of these fruits now, but competition has seriously injured the French pear trade. In September, for instance, when the French *Williams* are being marketed in Covent Garden in crates holding from 72 to 108 fruits each, the Californian *Beurre Hardy* pears are on sale in quantity, side by side with them. In the *Montmorency* district pears are largely grown. At *Angers*, *Nantes*, about *Paris* and *Amiens*, at *Leroy*, and other places high-class pear culture is a paying industry. The growers send large quantities of best fruits to *Berlin* and *St. Petersburg*. To protect the choice fruit in transit oat husks are largely used, and each fruit is packed separately in paper. A few pears are despatched by *Cape* growers, and they are of the highest quality.

It will no doubt be a surprise to many to learn that we import a fair quantity of fresh currants each year, and that the trade is a growing one. The fruits are chiefly red and black, but mostly black. France and Holland are the principal exporters of them. In 1900 the receipts were 64,462 cwts.; in 1901, 70,402; in 1902, 76,080; whilst this year they were 76,419. In France red currants are grown more extensively than white ones, and the French agents despatch fair quantities from *Bordeaux* early in the season, in shallow cross-handled baskets. The black currant, however, is more largely grown in France than the red, and is exported to this country in fairly large quantities, as statistics prove, for the bulk sent us consists of the black kind. The output of the *Montmorency Valley* is enormous, and millions of pounds weight of

the fruit are poured into the Paris market each year from this district alone. Within easy reach of Paris large plantations of currants exist. The French agents could send us fifty times the quantity they usually send, but the demand in France is very heavy, as the distillers use black currants largely.

The cherry imports show a decline for the last three years. In 1900 the arrivals were 242,525 cwts.; in 1901 they went down to 212,683; while in 1902 they were only 166,359; and in 1903 110,192. It is not an easy matter under present conditions for English growers to deal with these imports, for the simple reason that they consist chiefly of very early fruits, and are marketed before the earliest of the home-grown arrivals. The first which reach us come from the south of France. The cherry orchards of France occupy extensive tracts of land. Thousands of packages of cherries sent into the English markets are raised in the fruitful valleys of St. Erme, Outre Ramecourt, and Fourdrain. In the Noyon district they are grown in profusion, and quantities reach us from this centre, also from Avignon, Le Luc, Saint-Remy, and Vidauban. The Heart cherries are ready for export from the end of April. In June the cherry crops are enormous, and they are sent daily to market put up in little wooden boxes, lined and ornamented with stamped-out paper. They are on sale in London the first week of May at 1s. 6d. a box of 2 lbs. Hundreds of thousands of these boxes of cherries find their way to the London and provincial markets in the season. The exports from Maine-et-Loire are very heavy, and at a low estimate may be put at 25,000 lbs. France is the chief shipper of cherries, but many come from Germany, Belgium, and Holland. None of them approach the English fruit for quality.

The import strawberry trade is declining. A few years ago the French growers set to work to deluge the English markets with this fruit. In 1900 they sent us 52,225 cwts.; in 1901, 38,604; and in 1902, 40,211. This year they came down to 32,644. There is little prospect of this branch of trade developing, and by now possibly the French shippers are aware of the fact, for during the last three years they have lost money in their attempt to put these soft fruits upon our markets. We get quantities of strawberries from Holland also, but they are only suitable for preserving purposes. The very early Havre strawberries are attractive, but devoid of flavour. Much of the fruit is grown in the environs of Paris, at Soceaux, Châtenay, Bourg-la-Reine, Clamart, Marly, and at Orleans, Angers, Toulon, Nice and Bordeaux. At Plougastel the industry is assuming gigantic proportions, but attempts to secure profitable sale in this country through shipping to Plymouth have proved disappointing, mainly because of the soft nature of the fruit. Still they have sent us from 125,000 to 200,000 packages in one year. The rough strawberries sent from Bordeaux in 'boats' and sold by the 'brace' (i.e. two

boxes tied together), although obtaining a sale because of their earliness and cheapness, are too inferior for more than a passing notice.

The apricot and peach imports are small. In 1901 they were 13,463 cwt.s.; in 1902, 16,187. The weight of this year's arrivals was 9,529. Nearly all these fruits come from the Cape and France. In France apricots are grown on an extensive scale, and are sent to us in small fancy boxes at the opening of the season, and later in larger packages called 'pads.' None of the Continental apricots possess any flavour, and French peaches are not good enough to command much attention in our markets. True, the peach-growing industry is an important one in France, and in Montreuil and Ecully the fruits are grown in profusion and are of fair quality. At Montreuil millions of them are grown on walls, but the English hot-house peaches are so fine and superior to any grown elsewhere that they must always rule the trade in our markets. In September peaches come from California, but they in no way affect the sale of home-grown fruit. In addition, we get peaches from the Cape which, though small, are fine. Paris draws her first supplies of apricots from Spain and Algiers, then from Provence and Gard, and the fruit is repacked for England. Later on the large arrivals for the season come from Trier. At most centres away from Paris, such as the district of Bennecourt, where the culture of apricots for sale is carried out on a large scale, the fruit is brought up on the spot by agents, who pack and distribute it as required through the season. In the departments of Lot-et-Garonne and Côte d'Or the fruit is grown for local sale and for export in large and increasing quantities. French apricots, in boxes of 20 and 24 fruits each, are on sale the first week of May at 1s. 8d. and 1s. 2d. the box.

It is curious to find foreign gooseberries marketed in this country, and yet during the past year the imports were larger than they have been since 1899. In 1901 the receipts were 21,735 cwt.s.; in 1902, 27,557; and for 1903, 34,312. In the Dunkerque district gooseberries are grown on a large scale. From this centre they are despatched to the London markets, but they are only sent when they are green, as the early berries make high prices.

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#### TOMATO-GROWING INDUSTRIES

The tomato I include as a fruit for the simple reason that it can be eaten raw, as the orange. The imported tomato is not, however, as dainty for this purpose. None of those with which I am acquainted can be partaken of thus except the early French samples, and they are limited. They come packed in one-layer boxes of fifteen fruits, tastefully put in paper shavings and pink-edged tissue paper. The Spanish, Portuguese and Canary tomatoes do not ripen up

sufficiently to be eaten raw with enjoyment. As a matter of fact, no imported tomato is fit to compare with the splendid hot-house fruits which are raised by English forcers. These solid, succulent, deliciously flavoured and thin-skinned dainties are very appreciable and quite deserve inclusion under the heading of fruits. The foreign tomato trade has never recovered from the competition initiated by the home growers fifteen years ago. Previous to that time the Lisbon tomatoes sent us, packed in sawdust in boxes, were dealt with largely by the market salesman and retail fruiterer. The famous coral-pink, flat corrugated fruits were stocked in profusion by the distributor at the period named, and at Covent Garden the cleaning of the fruit, for the purpose of putting it up in shallow boxes holding twelve pounds, was a special business. The corrugations of the tomato held the sawdust, and this was cleared away by the aid of ordinary kitchen bellows. It was nothing unusual to see doughty Covent Garden porters and higglers on their stands at five and six in the morning blowing the sawdust from the fruit in all directions in preparing for the early retail fruiterer. The trade in Spanish and Canary tomatoes was improved by the use of English tomato seed and newer forms of packing, but the business cannot be maintained, as the declining imports show. In 1900 the receipts were 833,030 cwts.; in 1901 they went down to 793,995, while in 1902 they were as low as 783,894. Still the latter cost us 700,126*l*. I have referred to the competition of the English producer, and the growth of the home tomato trade is certainly remarkable. Five and twenty years ago I saw tomatoes from Guernsey make 2*s*. and 2*s*. 6*d*. a pound first hand. At that time the tomato held quite a different position to that which it occupies to-day. It was a long time before the fruit became popular, and I have no doubt this was greatly due to the immature state in which so much was marketed in the early years of the industry. Thousands of tons of tomatoes are now grown in Worthing, Bexley, Swanley, Dartford, Turnford, Uxbridge, Ponder's End, Edmonton, Hounslow, Twickenham, Waltham Cross, and hundreds of other centres. It is not unusual for individual growers to produce from 20 to 100 tons in a season. In Cornwall, Lincolnshire, Scilly, and many county centres throughout the length and breadth of the land, tomatoes are grown on an enormous and increasing scale. Some of the finest ever marketed come from Scotland. In brief, I estimate the total home output of forced tomatoes alone to be between 12,500 and 15,000 tons. That is equal to 28,000,000 lbs. The output of Jersey is 1,000 tons, that of Guernsey 6,000, and the imports from these two islands are increasing every year. No wonder the foreign import tomato trade is in a decline, particularly when we bear in mind the superior quality of the English fruit.

## NUT IMPORTS

The nut trade of the country is an important one, and when we come to deal with the total imports of them we find that they were larger in 1902 than they were in any previous year. The arrivals amounted to 33,147 cwt., valued at 1,191,687*l*. The nut imports come from various sources, including Spain, Italy, Turkey, and France. The first of the season are the green hazel nuts grown in the Var district, which are marketed in abundance in Paris. Quantities are grown in Provence, and are largely consigned to Paris and Bordeaux, and thence to London. The walnut trade is increasing. Kiln-dried walnuts are sent us in enormous quantities from Naples and France, and in addition the Grenoble nuts have got a good reputation in the trade. They come when walnuts are new, and are specially cleaned and marketed in narrow canvas bags. They also reach us in sacks, values depending upon the quality of the nuts and the number of kilos the bags contain. The commoner kinds of walnuts are used in France by the oil factors, and they also form an important article of food for the peasants in the season. The valley of Isère is perhaps one of the richest walnut-producing localities in France. The walnut-growing industry is at its best in the Drôme department, where the output is most extensive. I might say that during the last two or three years green almonds have been marketed in Covent Garden, and they are a great dainty. They, however, do not figure in the official returns. The nut supplies are very large and varied. There are Barcelonas, Spanish and Tiger nuts, almonds, filberts, cokenuts, and monkey nuts. As to chestnuts, the French shippers export them in great quantities. The finest chestnuts are grown in Calabria, in Southern Italy.

## IMPERFECT OFFICIAL TABULATIONS

I am sorry to see in the official statistics the entry under the heading of 'Unenumerated.' In 1900 it was represented by 494,722 cwt.; in 1901 by 535,247; and in 1902 by 500,679; the latter of the value of 308,998*l*. I am loth to complain of the extensive nature of these imperfections of entry, but think that my further suggestions for improvement may again be acted upon. I am sure the defect may be remedied. Though the totals under this heading are less than they were in 1901, they are higher than they were in 1900, and that is not a good sign. Then, the entries under 'Unenumerated' for the December periods show a continuous increase for the last three years. In 1900 they were 10,897 cwt.; in 1901, 11,365; and in 1902, 14,948. This is a serious defect, and, in the interest of all concerned in the import fruit trade of the country, should be set right. By what possibility can anyone

correctly put the value of 'Unenumerated' produce for 1902 at 308,998l.? The item is a large one, more than a quarter of a million, and must be dealt with at any rate by those who desire to know the extent of the national imports of fruit. Naturally the defect referred to is the reason that we cannot trace any mention of fresh green figs, which have certainly been sent more freely than ever during the last three years. They come from Italy, France, and Spain, and their tabulation would, considering the fairly large quantities grown at Worthing and in Guernsey, for instance, prove very useful. I think that the mandarin imports ought to be entered separately. There should be no difficulty in having this done, as these miniature oranges are packed in small boxes quite different from any other kind of package in use. The fruits come to us from Spain chiefly, and in large quantities. They are also grown in the south of France. Then there are pomegranates, lychees, custard apples, avocado pears, persimmons, mangoes, and even pineapples, the latter imported on a very extensive scale from St. Michael's. There are also fairly good imports of Spanish water-melons and the French Rock and Cavaillon. None of these fruits receive separate entries; and so long as this is the case, so long will it be impossible for the general public to place much value upon the import statistics. Imported apricots and pears receive entries, then why should the pineapple be excluded? The pineapple trade of Jamaica is in abeyance at present, as far as this country is concerned, though the first arrival that was sold at Covent Garden by auction I inspected and found to be of the highest quality. The skins of the fruits were delicate, and very pretty, resembling English forced pineapples. They were the smooth Cayenne variety. A large import trade may yet be done with these fruits.

#### OUR FOREIGN FRUIT BILL

Having dealt with the separate values of the fruits sent into English ports, we can now gauge the extent of the business by a reference to the sum paid by the dealers of the United Kingdom to the foreign shippers. In 1902 the value of the total fruit imports exceeded 10,000,000l., though in this sum I include also the Colonial imports. According to the official statistics the value was actually 10,008,796l., and this sum I find after careful computation was paid for fruit weighing 16,000,000 cwts. In this article I have sought to simplify the tabulations devoted to imported fruits, and have introduced statistics, figures and calculations that are absolutely reliable, though not found in any published form. Refrigerator railway fruit cars and cool storage have revolutionised the fruit trade of the United Kingdom, but unfortunately only the foreign shippers and growers take advantage of these facilities. I am much interested



in the development of improved methods of distribution. I received the first parcel of frozen, not refrigerated, pears that ever entered the English markets. They came from Italy. The freezing ruined their sale. We do things differently now. The foreign fruit shipper has agents in touch with most of our markets. They keep the foreign producers well informed of the wants of the fruit traders of the United Kingdom. The Belgian grape-forcing industry is carried out under the supervision and with the aid of English commercial grape growers, who have been specially selected and engaged to ensure production and marketing on English lines, and chiefly in English markets. Doubtless the one great want of the home grower is a perfect knowledge of markets and market methods, and though things have improved during the past twenty years in this direction, I am satisfied that the foreign fruit exporter in California, New York, the Canaries, and various produce centres in France, Italy, Spain, Germany and Holland, knows more about the wants of the fruit salesmen and dealers of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin than do the majority of English fruit growers. One instance will suffice. In December last choice Blenheim orange apples were advertised in a Herefordshire paper to be sold and despatched in sacks! And at that very time choice apples from California were sent to Covent Garden put up in one-layer strawboard boxes, with divisions, so that each apple was packed separately, as new-laid eggs often are. Each of these boxes contained eighteen fruits, and were eventually retailed in the City of London at 2s. a dozen, or 3s. for each box. We may expect to see the foreign fruit bill of the nation growing larger every year.

SAMPSON MORGAN.

## ‘CASH ON DELIVERY,’ OR SHOPPING BY POST

It is a novel and pleasant experience for me to have to invoke public opinion on behalf of the Post Office. The authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand are desirous of introducing the ‘Value Payable’ or ‘Cash on Delivery’ system, whereby, on a book or other article being ordered, say by postcard, the purchase is brought to the writer's door by the letter-carrier, who receives the price, which is remitted by the department to the vendor.

But nothing can be done in face of the determined and, as will be seen, not altogether unreasonable opposition of an important section of the commercial population.

Although my own mind has long been made up on the subject, I propose, utilising the views expressed to me from various quarters, to sum up briefly, without partiality or prejudice, what is to be said for and against the scheme.

When first suggested in 1885 it was coldly received at the Post Office. By 1893, however, the icy barrier began to thaw, and Mr. Arnold Morley, Postmaster-General, informed me that he had been ‘making inquiries into the working of the system in some of the Continental post offices.’ Conclusions are formed at St. Martin's with a deliberation that suggests the deposit of a geological stratum; and it was not till quite recently that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, then Postmaster-General, told me he would adopt the plan. He pointed out at the same time that nothing could be done towards carrying it into effect without the support of public opinion.

The three classes concerned are, first, the public at large, secondly, the great City retailers, and, thirdly, the country shopkeepers.

The purchasing public is believed to be unanimously in favour of the experiment. It would be strange indeed in these days of ‘hithering and thithering’ (as Carlyle puts it) if any large number of persons objected to have time and money saved.

‘A man with sixpence in his pocket is potential owner of the fair.’ And so the possessor of a post-card would wear the fabled

'wishing cap'; he would have at his command all the glittering stores of Oxford Street and Regent Street, nay, of every shop in the United Kingdom. And this without going a yard outside his door; which advantage is somewhat emphasised in this year of constant bad weather.

Every lady will appreciate the convenience of being able to 'shop by post.' Of course such critical matters as the choice of silks, the matching of colours and jewels and the like, can hardly be transacted through the clumsy agency of the postman. But why should personal attendance at a shop be required in order to obtain a well-known book, a pound of listed tea, sugar, or other of the countless items in the domestic economy? She may, it is true, send for a postal order, but that is as troublesome as going to the grocer direct, and there is the added cost of a letter enclosing it, which is only too frequently stolen *en route*.

In Germany or Switzerland, the housewife simply despatches a card, goes about more important business, and, with a speed that seems magical, the required commodity—anything, from the latest novel to a case of champagne—appears at her door.

The great retail shopkeepers of our principal cities would be considerable gainers by the change. They would be saved the cost and trouble of maintaining convoys of carts, troops of horses, and regiments of drivers; they would receive the bulk of their orders early in the day; and they would be enabled to do business with every part of the country. But the grand advantage which the Continental tradesman enjoys under the C.O.D. system over his English *confrère* is (not to speak of fraud and mistake), that to him bad debts are unknown. How much anxiety, private inquiry, bookkeeping, and county court work are thus saved, who shall compute? How real is the benefit of the consequent reduction of prices, and the abolition of the credit system, none will deny.

Here is a rapturous letter addressed to me by a well-known Piccadilly magnate. I can understand my correspondent's enthusiasm; but it is obvious that the Post Office could not be asked to undertake another labour of Hercules merely in order to find an additional 10 per cent. for the shareholders of two or three bloated concerns like Spiers & Pond's, Whiteley's, or the Army and Navy Stores.

(Copy.)

36 Piccadilly, London, W.

August 17, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—We were highly gratified to read in the *Times* of the 15th inst. your able communication to the Postmaster-General on the subject of much-needed reforms.

That which interests us mostly is the one which would provide for the collection of the value of parcels on delivery.

If this system were adopted, we estimate that in our humble way it would benefit us to the extent of about 1,000*l.* a year.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) V. BENOIST.

J. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P.,  
Carlton Club, W.

It remains to consider the effect of the Value Payable plan on the interests of the country shopkeeper, a useful, deserving, but, as regards the Post Office, somewhat neglected member of society. Is his apprehension well grounded that it would put the remnant of his scanty *clientele* in communication with the metropolitan stores?

Let me confess to much sympathy with this class. Too many well-to-do residents in the country pay ready money in London, but expect the local shopkeeper to give them unlimited credit, as well as store prices—totally inconsistent requirements. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of the country grocer or tailor standing at his door, like the innkeeper in *Monte Cristo*, waiting for the customer who never appears. His case is fully set forth in the following remonstrance which I have received from the Hull Drapers' Association; side by side with which is an appeal to the opposite effect (that is, on behalf of the Value Payable system) from a body of certainly not less importance, the Advertisers' Protection Society:

(Copy.)

Hull Drapers' Association,  
Office: 1 Posterngate, Hull,  
June 18, 1903.

*Re Cash on Delivery Post.*

DEAR SIR,—I have this day forwarded the Postmaster-General an urgent resolution with respect to the above matter, and I am also instructed to write you expressing the appreciation of my Association at your efforts *re* postal reform generally, but to point out that the proposed scheme of 'Cash on Delivery' post would be most detrimental to drapers, and to traders generally, for the following reasons:

- (1) That it would enable trade to be done from Paris, Berlin, and London, over the heads of the ordinary traders in our provincial cities and towns.
- (2) It would open still wider the door to fraudulent advertising.
- (3) That while no doubt useful in sparsely populated countries, in the United Kingdom even the remotest farm is constantly touched by the carrier and traders' carts, &c.
- (4) The traders it would detrimentally affect are most frequently the struggling ratepayers of our cities and towns, who are said to pay ten times more towards local taxation, in proportion to their income, than any other class of the community.

On these and other grounds my Association respectfully urges that this item of reform should not be advocated.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,  
(Signed) S. J. NICHOLSON,  
Secretary.

J. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P.

(Copy.)

Advertisers' Protection Society, Ltd.

October 5, 1908.

DEAR SIR,—A. deputation of the above Society waited on the Postmaster-General on Friday last to advocate the Cash on Delivery system, and was favourably received. We shall be glad to know if we can enlist your sympathy and assistance, and whether you can give us any hint how best to go to work in the matter.

Most of the members of the Society are taking such means as lie in their power to bring the matter before local councils and public bodies of any kind who may be more or less interested, and we hope that if we can receive some support and assistance from public men and bodies whose pronouncements will be imbued with some authority, we may eventually succeed in getting the Post Office to establish this much-needed system.

Hoping to be favoured with your kind reply, and expression of opinion,

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

(Signed) W. B. WARREN,  
Chairman.

*Ad. Protec. Soc., Ltd.*

J. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P.

No doubt our Hull friends' fears have somewhat exaggerated the danger; but it is well to know what they are. It is probable that some squires and parsons would prefer to deal with London. But it is also probable that the bulk of his customers would be faithful to the local tradesman (given equal prices and equal quality of goods), simply because they would get their purchases delivered at least twelve hours sooner.

Accordingly, on my last visit to Australia, I was assured by the Postmaster-General that the 'up-country' tradesmen, who had deprecated the introduction of the system on grounds practically identical with those above given, had profited so much by it that they were now its most enthusiastic supporters.

If I thought there was any risk of the extinction of the country shopkeeper under the plan before us, I would go so far as to advocate a reduction on postal commission on local (say within ten miles) V.P. business. But in no country that has adopted the system has it been found necessary to protect the country shopkeeper, who, in the competition for business, has the decisive advantage of being on the spot. \* *Les absents ont toujours tort.*

J. HENNIKER HEATON.

•                      *THE MAGPIE*

THE magpie is, with the one exception of the jay, the most striking in colour and the most graceful, in form of all the members of the crow tribe. For reasons which are not far to seek, connected with his numerous enemies, he is nowhere exactly a common bird in England; while, for reasons connected with his individuality, he is, happily, nowhere quite unknown. There are few inhabitants of a country district who have not caught at least a distant view of his unmistakable shape and movements and flight; and there are equally few inhabitants of a town who have not, at some time or another, seen a ghastly mockery of the wild bird, sorely mutilated and bedraggled, but still attractive withal, hung up, it may be, in a small cage against a wall, in a back court, and condemned to make sorry sport, like the captive Samson among the Philistines—while he can have no spark of merriment within himself—for the casual onlooker or passer-by. A caged eagle whose flashing eye is sadly eloquent of the far-away mountain tops, of pinnacles of rock untrodden by man, or of the boundless spaces of the air of heaven, is hardly a more melancholy spectacle than is a magpie, whose nature it is to be always on the move, always flitting from bush to bush, or taking huge bounds over lawn and lea, always inquisitive, always on the alert, always cheery, confined for life within a few square feet of space, with, perhaps, only one perch to vary his position, his tail torn and broken against his prison bars, deprived of half its length and of all its beauty, the brilliant white of his body begrimed with dust and dirt, till it has become a sullen grey, and its iridescent and metallic shades of blue, purple, bronze and violet, reduced, to all appearance, to one sordid and sombre black. The cry of Sterne's starling, 'I can't get out, I can't get out!' is, to him who knows and loves the character of the magpie, the pathetic undersong of every cramped and feverish movement of his body and of every humorous make-believe of his lissom and well-trained tongue and throat.

Let us first look a little more closely at the form and plumage of the bird when he is fresh from his native haunts, and then try to picture to ourselves, what is more important and interesting

still, something of his life-history, of his habits and his aptitudes, something, in short, of the heart and the brain—the latter, as in all the crow tribe, very highly developed—which lie ‘behind the feathers.’

It is difficult, except at the breeding season, to get nearer to the magpie than eighty to a hundred yards, and, at that distance, he appears a simple mixture of black and white, each colour laid on in broad and effective, and therefore conspicuous, patches, much as is the case with the oyster-catcher or sea-pye, the scaup and the tufted duck, the sheldrake and the merganser. But take him in your hand when he has just been caught, or killed, by his deadly enemy the gamekeeper; or, better still, watch him from the distance of a few yards only, as you can do in Norway—where he is a prime favourite, a chartered libertine with everybody, and, indeed, is almost domesticated—and observe how deftly these two ground colours are intermixed, and how delicately they are shot with other tints as the light glances across them. The head, the neck, and the upper breast are a glossy black, the prevailing colour of most of the crow tribe. The secondary feathers of the wing and the back are also black, but resplendent with bands of bright green, shading off into purple, blue, and deeper green. The lower breast and the under parts are pure white of the softest texture, and so are the graceful inner webs of the flight feathers.

Even thus far, the magpie will strike you as a bird of almost matchless beauty, but its greatest and most conspicuous ornament of all is its tail. The tail is considerably longer than the whole of the rest of his body, beak and all, and when the bird throws it jauntily upwards to keep it out of the damp grass, or uses it to help him steer his way in his wavering, uncertain flight from plantation to plantation, it expands into the loveliest and most exquisitely shaped of fans. The two centre feathers are the longest, and of exactly equal length, while four others on each side shelve off in gradually descending scale, the whole of them aglow with half the colours of the rainbow.

There are few birds whose habits have changed more or more rapidly, with the changing times, than those of the magpie. He has learned—a sure mark of high intelligence—how ‘to keep pace’ with them, and to adapt himself to circumstances. Observers of nature, of a century or so ago, speak of him, with hardly an exception, as one of the most familiar and friendly of birds, fond of man and of his works and never far removed from them, haunting the rickyard, searching the ‘mixen’ for food, perching on the barn top, the occasional companion, and not always the enemy, of the hens, the ducks and the pigeons of the farmyard, his huge nest constructed on one of the old ash trees or elms which hem the homestead in, conspicuous yet secure. He was, in short, in England then, much what he is in

Norway now, a canny or uncanny bird who might know a little too much of the private history and prospects of the farmer and his family, their births, their marriages, and their deaths, but still, on the whole, a friend to be respected, to be entertained, and never to be molested, or molested only at the farmer's personal peril.

Now, all that is changed. He is always cheery still, but is yet the most suspicious and wary of birds, eye and ear always open, ready to detect, not so much the presence of his lurking prey, as the presence of his lurking foe. The gun and the pole-trap and poison and the other gruesome stock-in-trade of the gamekeeper have driven him off from all 'well-preserved'—or, as I would rather call them, from a natural-history point of view, from all 'ill-destroyed'—estates: from all estates, that is, in which every larger animal which is not game, or which is not preserved for hunting, is dubbed 'vermin'—a name which ought to be reserved for the most noxious and noisome of insects—and is, as far as possible, promptly and unscrupulously destroyed. It must be freely admitted that the gamekeeper has more excuse for destroying the magpie and his near relation, the carrion crow, than he has for destroying other noble and interesting birds, such as hawks and owls; for, during two or three months of the year, when he has five or six growing young to feed, he is an active and skilful bird-nester, sparing neither eggs, nor callow, or fully fledged young birds. But that his misdeeds, even during these three months, are much exaggerated is clear, I think, from two facts: first, that in Norway, and in other countries where he is protected and domiciled, there is no lack of young ducks, young poultry and young pigeons running loose; and secondly, because smaller birds never seem to regard him as their natural enemy, never mob him as rooks or swallows and martins will mob a hawk or cuckoo; or as starlings, blackbirds, and thrushes will, in their ignorance and presumption, mob the stranger and belated owl. A magpie, with his very small wings and uncertain flight, could not catch any full-grown bird upon the wing, even if he would. Charles Waterton had thirty-four nests of the magpie, in one year, in his park, implying a sum total, when all had reared their young in safety, as they did, of over 200 birds; and yet nobody who knows the facts will deny that he had other birds of almost every possible variety, and in exceptionally large numbers, including partridges and pheasants, in his domains.

Observe the habits of the magpie closely, through a glass if possible, during any of the nine remaining months of the year. A bicycle, run between two high hedges, will sometimes enable you to become the unseen guest of a whole family, disporting themselves by the roadside. What is yonder magpie tugging at in the middle of the pasture? It is a huge earth-worm, clinging as hard as he can cling for dear life to the mother earth, which still protects two-



thirds of him. The magpie drags him from his lair, and, swallowing him piecemeal, hops off in quest of others. What is that other magpie doing, not pulling but pecking hard at something in the hedge-bank hard by? Mark the place as exactly as you can, go straight to it, and you will find the fragments of big snail shells, still sticky with the slime of their just-devoured tenants. Others of the brood are zigzagging over the grass, or flitting from bush to bush, prying into every nook and cranny, and picking up, now grubs and caterpillars in abundance, now a mouse, now a frog, now seeds and berries from the hedgerow. The father, meanwhile, or more probably the mother, anxious for, yet rejoicing, like Diana among her nymphs, in the presence of her numerous and beautiful progeny, beautiful as herself, stands sentinel on the topmost twig of some neighbouring ash tree, her lustrous tail waving gracefully up and down, never from side to side, as the breeze catches it, much as does that of a butcher bird, perched on a similar coign of vantage, or of a water wagtail scuttling over the freshly mown lawn, or among the stones of the rippling brook. Weigh in the balance, if such things ever can be weighed, the beauty and interest and cheeriness of the bird, and the good he does, during three quarters of the year, against any mischief he may do, during the remaining one quarter, by lessening the number of pheasants or partridges which are to be slaughtered at the annual battue, and say which scale will kick the beam.

A word or two upon the name of magpie and other local appellations given to this sprightly bird. The subject, like most etymological questions in natural history, is of interest in more ways than one, and its investigation throws light upon the historic character of the bird. 'Pie,' or, as it used to be spelt, 'pye,' is the Latin *pica*, a bird which, as early as the time of Ovid, who was a real observer of birds—the best, I think, in the whole range of classical literature—was believed to have the power of mimicking anything it liked, *imitantes omnia pice*. It took the form of 'pyot' in Scotland, where the oyster-catcher, which is so like it in plumage, so unlike it in character, is still called the sea-pyot, of pyanot in Northumberland, of pynot in Lancashire. 'I saigh,' so ran the Lancashire dialect, the Lancashire spelling, the Lancashire belief, in the year 1775, 'I saigh two rotten pynots (hoag 'um), that wur a sign of bad fashin, for I heard my gronny say houd oss leef o' seenen two Owd Harries oss two pynots.' As for 'mag,' the other half of the name, it was given as a term of familiarity, probably also of endearment, half felt and half pretended; pretended, in order to avert the evil consequences which might result from any expression of the opposite, just as the Greeks, by way of disarming them, called the Furies the 'kindly goddesses,' or the ill-omened left hand, the 'well-named.' Mag is short for Madge or Margaret, which, in its turn, comes from the Latin *margarita*, a

pearl. The original form of the magpie's name was magoty-pie or magot-pye, as we find in Shakespeare :

The raven rook'd her in the chimney-top,  
And magot-pyes in dismal discords sung ;

and in other early writers :

I neither tattle with jackdaw,  
• Nor magot-pyes in thatched house straw.

In fact, men called the pye a magot<sup>2</sup>-pye, or mag-pie, much as we call a daw a jack-daw, a parrot a poll parrot, a tit a tom-tit, a wren a jenny wren, a redbreast a Robin redbreast. It should be noted that the magpie is, or was, called in Kent the haggister, a term of which I have no explanation to offer—unless indeed it be a corruption of eggister—while in Lincolnshire it is still called the egg-lift, a term which speaks for itself.

The nest of the magpie is, in every way, remarkable. So large is it, so out of proportion to the size of the bird, and, to all appearances from below, so unfinished, that a legend has been invented to account for its incongruities and shortcomings—so clever a bird, so unsatisfactory a nest! When the world was still young, so runs the story, the magpie, though she was sharp enough—too sharp, perhaps, in other things—found herself, I suppose by way of compensation, quite unable to construct her own nest, and called in other birds to help her. 'Place this stick thus,' said the blackbird. 'Ah,' said the magpie, 'I knew that afore.' Other birds followed with other suggestions, and to all of them she made the same reply. Their patience was at last exhausted by her conceit, and they left her in a body, saying with one consent, 'Well, Mistress Mag, as you seem to know all about it, you may e'en finish the nest yourself'; and so, with its dome unfinished and unable to keep out wind and rain, it has, in consequence, remained to this very day.

No one who imagined or propagated this legend can ever have climbed to a magpie's nest, still less faced the difficulty of getting round it or above it on its lofty perch, of finding the small hole in its side, or of forcing his hand through it, often at the cost of much blood, and so reaching the grey-green eggs, freckled all over with brown, from five to seven in number, deeply and securely housed within it. I have climbed, in my time, to some sixty magpies' nests at every stage of their construction and of the growth of their inmates, and I have never reached *terra firma* again without marveling at the high constructive art displayed in them. At the bottom comes the layer of sticks so kindly suggested by the blackbird; then a layer or some big lumps of well-tempered mud and clay binding them together; and so on, sticks and mortar, mortar and sticks, in alternate strata, as though it were lath and plaster laid by an accom-

plished plasterer. Then succeed thinner twigs and pliant rootlets wound round the deep cuplike hollow, which can be reached only through a hole in the side, just large enough to admit the bird's body, and fenced round outside by a perfect *cheval-de-frise* of the sharpest thorns the bird can collect, chiefly blackthorn. The whole is surmounted by a dome of sticks, loosely yet securely interlacing, not intended to keep out the rain, which is unnecessary, but serving as a perfectly secure protection against any larger bird of prey which might wish to force its way in, whether to suck the eggs, or to take possession of a nest so much better built than any which it can build itself. It would be a bold raven, or crow, or hawk who would attack the magpie through such a porthole in such a fortress.

On occasion, the magpie has been known to outdo even the raven in his affection—I do not say for his mate—but for his home and for the offspring which, in germ, were housed within it. Towards the end of the earlier half of the last century, a pair of magpies built their nest within forty yards of a stable in Scotland. The owner tried—as gamekeepers skilled in their murderous profession always do—to shoot the male bird first, sure of being able to get at the female, through her best affections, at his leisure, afterwards. But as the male bird took good care of himself and kept well out of shot, he grew impatient and killed the mother-bird. What happened? The male magpie, within a day or two, sought and found a mate who was willing to take upon herself, at a moment's notice, the duties of both wife and mother, and she at once began to sit upon the alien eggs. She shared her predecessor's fate; and the male bird was actually able to induce a third, and yet a fourth, helpmeet to perform the same irksome duties, and to run the same risks, with the same sad result. In another part of Scotland a still more extraordinary case occurred. The date, the place, and the names of the landowner and the gamekeeper concerned are all given, in this case, as in the other, by Macgillivray.<sup>1</sup> The male bird managed to escape the gamekeeper, but no less than six successive female magpies were shot sitting, one after the other, on the same eggs.

The questions which occur to one, in connection with such a strange story, are legion; but questions, I fear, they must always remain. How could the male bird find a disengaged female at that time of year at all, and, still more, at so short a notice? How did he make her understand what she was wanted for? What arguments did he use? Did this new Bluebeard 'upon compulsion' feel any compunction of conscience in luring one bird after another to marriage, to motherhood, and to death? Were the birds related to him before, and, if so—the most likely explanation, I think, of all—did each member of this strange stock recognise the paramount and overmastering obligation of preserving the family at all hazards,

<sup>1</sup> *British Birds*, i. 570.

an obligation which, as Maeterlinck tells us in his fascinating work *The Life of the Bee*, is fulfilled in the most self-forgetful—nay, self-annihilating—spirit by the bees? Perish the individual, perish any number of individuals, but let the stock survive! We know not; but again I would remark how inscrutable are the hearts and minds of animals; of birds above all other animals; and of the members, as it seems to me, of the great corvine genus, above all other birds!

The magpie has been known, under special circumstances, to transfer her parental affections from her own young, which she had lost, to those of another bird. A brood of young ravens, which had been taken from their nest, were being brought up in a cartshed by the carter's boy who had taken them. The young of a magpie, who had happened to build her nest near the shed, were taken and destroyed by the same boy. The bereaved parents hearing 'the young ravens which cry,' and which, at that stage of their growth, seem never to be satisfied, consoled themselves, it is to be hoped, in some measure for their own loss, by assiduously supplying the wants of the 'ravenous' young birds, till they were removed from the shed by their owner.

On one occasion, an old magpie's nest gave shelter to a tenant more unlike to herself even than an owl or a starling. It had been noticed that an exceptionally fine fox, found in the same cover time after time, gave the same splendid cross-country run, making the same points, reaching the same plantation, and then always disappearing at the same spot in it, beyond which neither eyesight nor scent could track him. One day however he forgot, for the first and last time, the length of his brush. His tail was espied hanging out of the hole in an old magpie's nest to which, when hard put to it, he had managed to climb, and in which he had now, once too often, claimed the right of sanctuary. Poor Reynard was 'caught at last.'

• When the magpie is building or laying, it is difficult to find her at home, she slips off at the first alarm; but when once she has begun to sit, it is as difficult to get her out of the nest, as it was before to find her in it. 'Her strength' and safety, she thinks, and rightly thinks, as does a squatting covey of partridge, 'is to sit still.' Repeated blows of a stout oak stick on the trunk below often fail to dislodge her. I have, many times, climbed halfway up the tree, and on one occasion have even touched the nest itself, before she went off. Is she more anxious about her own life, which, indeed, at this time of year is 'in jeopardy every hour,' or that of her young? A game-keeper will sometimes fire one barrel of his gun right up through the nest, hoping to make short work of her; but, at that height, the nest, owing to its 'armour-plating,' its successive layers of sticks and plaster, often turns out to be shot-proof. Out dashes the bird, and dropping down perpendicularly ten feet or so, as if shot, flurries

or misleads her foe, and then, putting rapidly the trunk of the tree between herself and him, often escapes the second barrel unhurt. Unfortunately, it is as easy to poison or trap a magpie as it is difficult to shoot her. Her dead body forms one of the commonest and most conspicuous trophies of the gamekeeper's ghastly gibbet; and so it comes about that whole estates in Dorset and in other counties, and many wild tracts of moorland and woodland which are admirably suited to her habits, and whose charms would be indefinitely enhanced by her presence, seldom catch a glimpse of her graceful movements or her exquisite plumage.

There is nothing in nature quite like the magpie's chatter or clatter of short quick notes. Mr. Hudson compares it to the sound of a wooden rattle or to the bleating of a goat, with a dash of the human voice—the guttural voice of the negro—thrown in. One of her English names, 'magot,' and one of her French names, 'margot,' fairly represent the sound; while two of her other colloquial names, 'chatter-pie' and 'nan-pie,' express sufficiently the popular opinion as to her loquacity. Harsh and rasping the note no doubt is, but it is suggestive of much that is delightful in the country side. Strangely enough, it has often proved of use to her most deadly foe, the gamekeeper; for it is her habit, when she sees a skulking enemy, to chatter vehemently, to follow him about, and worry him till he has disappeared. Many a stoat, a dog, a cat, sometimes even a lurking poacher, has been discovered by the gamekeeper, guided by her easily recognised note of alarm. May not Shakespeare have had at least an inkling of this habit of the magpie when he says:

Augurs and understood relations have  
By magot-pyes and choughs and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood?

A flock of wood-pigeons, of peewits, of starlings, will rise in a body from a field, and make off, when they hear the magpie's note of alarm, and so, perhaps, escape some youthful sportsman who may be creeping down the hedge to have a sly shot at them. The sight of a fox—perhaps because the magpie recognises in him her worst rival in point of astuteness—seems to throw her quite off her balance, and makes her more than ever voluble. She has sometimes been observed, with great want of magnanimity, not unshared however by other 'higher' animals, to make repeated dashes at a beaten fox, when he is labouring over his last fallow; and, more than this, she has sometimes, by her scolding, guided the huntsman and the hounds, when they were at fault, to the spot where exhausted, but still intrepid, he is lying down and awaiting his final agony, his mind made up 'to fight in silence and in silence die.'

On the wide expanse of Puddletown or 'Egdon' Heath, which I described, in a previous article, as being one of the last refuges of

the raven in Dorset, there are a large number of deep circular pits, dispersed at intervals over its surface, without an angle in the whole, and tapering down to a comparatively narrow point. They are not the work of human hands, but geologists are not yet agreed as to their exact cause. One of them, Culpepper's Bowl, is large enough to conceal an ambuscade of a thousand men, and is deep enough to hide from view the well-grown oaks or mountain-ashes which grow within it. Some of these pits lie concealed 'under the greenwood tree,' all of them are 'far from the madding crowd;' and are still, in their little way, sanctuaries of wild life. The shelving banks of sand and peat are clothed in summer with bracken which often out-tops the head, and are honeycombed with rabbit burrows. At the bottom of one of them a fox may often be found taking his siesta, after his night-long wanderings, safe from the 'view-halloo,' and with his favourite prey, should he need it, close at hand; while, at the bottom of another, I have often disturbed a roe-deer, a truant from the neighbouring Yellowham Wood, where, as in most of the larger covers in Dorset, they are to be found in numbers; for Dorset, alone of English counties, can boast of the exquisitely graceful roe-deer as a familiar and a permanent inhabitant. In one of the gnarled or stunted hawthorn bushes, which grow within the pit, safe from every wind that blows, and heavily laden, sometimes by the over-mastering ivy, sometimes by the luxuriant honeysuckle, which lavishes its sweetness on the air around, the 'bush-magpie' often makes her nest, scarcely to be distinguished amidst the leafy tangle. Here, and perhaps only here, as far as my experience goes, you can stand on *terra firma*, and look down upon the dome of the magpie's nest immediately below you; you can all but see into it.

The surroundings of these pits are in perfect harmony with the pits themselves. Lie down half buried in the heather, or amidst the dwarf gorse—which, in autumn, is festooned with streamers of the delicately tinted dodder—and you will see, after an interval, the other magpie flitting in slow flight and currackling merrily as he flies, from pit to pit, or from bush to bush, or perched upon the top of a holly, his tail fully spread, and swaying gracefully up and down, as it fans or is fanned by the passing breeze. In the hollow of the moor below, you may watch a circle of herons, perhaps twenty in number, gathered together from the rich valley of the Frome which lies beyond and has given them a good night's fishing, waiting patiently for the approach of evening, and with Duddle plantation, in which so many of them have been, and, I hope, so many more of them will be safely reared, full in their sight. You may see the mallard wheeling in narrower and ever narrower, and lower and ever lower circles, as he nears the bed of heather, in which his mate, or one of his mates, is sitting on her eggs; and best of all, if you are very lucky, once perhaps in a month, you may hear far overhead the

sepulchral croak of a pair of ravens who are on a passing visit from the sea-cliffs to Millicent Clump, or Raven Tarn, where they, and perhaps the long line of their ancestors, have been born and bred.

Fortunes of empires often hung  
On the magician magpie's tongue.

And no sketch of the magpie would be complete if it failed to say something of the folklore, of the legends, the superstitions, and the attributes, self-contradictory though they often are, which have attached themselves to the bird at different times and in different countries. Her geographical range is not much inferior to that of the raven, stretching as it does from the Western United States, over the whole of Europe and over two thirds of Asia, right away to Formosa or Hainan. The poet therefore was geographically accurate when he said, 'the magpie scatters notes of presage *wide*.' It would never do for the magpie, pert, prying, pushing, inquisitive, acquisitive bird that she is, to be behind anybody else in anything; and if the history of the raven begins with Noah, hers must do so also. She was the only bird—so runs the legend—who refused to enter the ark when Noah bade her, but preferred to stay gossiping on its roof about the drowning world. The patriarch rebuked her for her contumacy, her self-will, her evil example; and, ever since, she has been what she is, a bird of mystery, of suspicion, of omen—of what kind of omen in any particular case it is safer not to say till you see what comes after it.

In one of the hymns of the Rig Veda, the earliest of the Hindu scriptures, the magpie is a bird, now of good, now of evil influence. On the one hand, she is the harbinger of consumption and disease; on the other, when a witch has deprived two young princes, in their sleep, of speech and life, it is two magpies who are sent, like the two ravens, the messengers of Odin, to procure the 'water of speech' and 'the water of life,' and so undo the evil work. In German mythology, she is a bird of the infernal regions, now changing herself into a witch, now acting the part of the traditional broomstick, and carrying a witch through the air, upon her back. But she is never represented as wholly bad; she is white as well as black, a 'motley' in fact: a beneficent as well as a malignant influence, and she gives warning by her chatter—and here the folklore is based on facts, as we have already seen—of the prowling of the wolf, or of the unexpected advent of a guest. 'When the pie chatters,' says an old proverb, 'we shall have guests.' In Italy, she is proverbial for her tittle-tattle. Hence her name *gazza*, or chatterer, from which again comes the word *gazetta*, or 'gazette,' for a newspaper which, like the bird, reveals secrets. In a large part of France, where people go out, in sporting dress, to kill the thrush, the robin, and the skylark, and welcome the swallows, upon their return, in springtime, to their shores, by wholesale massacre

on electric wires set up for the purpose, the magpie is the only bird, large or small, which does not seem to wear a hunted look. Her nest, which manages to cling somehow to the lopped and scarecrow poplars, which the inhabitants fancy to be trees, is, in the eyes of the lover of birds, one of the few alleviations of a railway journey through large tracts of a country, which, if God made it beautiful, *la belle France*, man has done his best to make unattractive or even hideous, by depriving it of its hedges, its bushes, its woods, and its birds. In Poitou, it is said that a trace of 'pye-worship' still survives. A bunch of laurel and heather is hung on the top of a high tree 'in honour of the pye,' because, there too, her chatter warns the people of the wolf's approach. 'Portez,' so runs the saying, '*la crêpe* [pancake] *à la pie*.'

Throughout Scandinavia, as I have shown, the magpie is a universal favourite, a bird of good omen, and all but a member of the family. A sheaf of corn is tied to the top of every house or outhouse at Christmas, that she may share in the festivities of the season. A story told in the *Standard* of the 26th of January, 1877, shows, better perhaps than anything else, the queer insight and the quaint revenge which popular belief attributes to this eerie bird. A lady, then still living near Carlstadt, in Sweden, had insulted a Finn woman, who had come into the court of her house to ask for food, by telling her to take the magpie, which was hanging in a cage, and 'eat that.' The Finn took the magpie and disappeared, after casting an evil eye at the lady, who had managed to throw scorn at once upon her own well-known magical powers and those of the 'magician' bird. Nothing happened at the time. The lady had all but forgotten the occurrence; but not so the Finn and the magpie. One day, the lady noticed that, when she went out, a magpie placed itself in her path. The same thing happened day after day, and the first magpie was soon joined by others. Misgivings arose in her mind, and she tried, by various devices, to frighten them away. The more they multiplied, the more she tried to get rid of them; and the more she tried to get rid of them, the more they multiplied and grew. Wherever she went she was attended by these strange and importunate retainers. They perched upon her shoulders, they tugged at her dress, they pecked at her ankles. In sheer desperation, she shut herself up in the house; but they waited outside, and when the door was opened, in they hopped. At last, she took to her bed in a room with closed shutters, and, even then the magpies kept tapping, tapping outside. How the story ended we are not told; probably by a premature death, and a funeral attended in force by the triumphant magpies. In any case, the magpie must have been safe from insult and from injury, in that district at least, for a long time to come.

\* Cp. *Ornithological Mythology*, by Angelo de Gubernatis, ii. 254 sq. Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, ii. 675. Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, iii. 215. T. F. Thiselton-Dyer's *English Folklore*, p. 81 sq.



But it is the popular belief in England which interests us most, and which throws most light on the habits of the bird. There are few children who have not heard the lines which run, albeit with many variations :

One for sorrow,  
Two for mirth,  
Three for a wedding,  
Four for a birth,  
Five for Heaven,  
Six for Hell,  
Seven for the de'il's own sell.

A bad look-out, you may say ; but some of the variations of the later lines, as for instance—

Five for a fiddle,  
Six for a dance,  
Seven for England,  
Eight for France—

make the bird to be, on the whole, one of good rather than of bad omen. All versions however agree that if you see a single magpie you must look out for storms. Wordsworth himself, a close observer and a great admirer of the bird, who sings how 'the magpie chatters with delight,' and again, how 'the jay makes answer, while the magpie chatters,' would have been sorry on his 'Excursion' to meet with a solitary specimen of the magpie.

I rejoiced

When *two* auspicious magpies crossed my way.

Happily, a magpie is very seldom to be seen by himself, and that for the most creditable of all reasons, his fondness for his family. Magpies, like ravens and like owls, pair for life, and they are as fond of their young as they are of one another, keeping them together for several months, sometimes even till the next breeding season calls them to new scenes and duties new. The parent birds are never, except by the merest accident, out of sight of each other. If you look carefully, therefore, it is generally easy to turn your sorrow into mirth ; and, if not, you can at least do something to avert or mitigate the evil consequences. If you are a Dorsetshire peasant, you will respectfully raise your hat ; if Devonshire, you will spit over your right shoulder three times, and mutter a mystic distich ; if a Yorkshireman, you will reverentially make the sign of the cross upon your breast, or cross your thumbs ; while elsewhere you will turn three times round, and so on *ad infinitum*.

There is however, I have reason to believe, in spite of the great sociability of the bird, such a thing or such a portent as a permanently solitary magpie, a 'solitary' by choice or by conviction. One such is often to be seen in a valley, not a mile from Bingham's Melcombe, the place where I am now writing ; nor have I ever seen

him so frequently as I have since I began this essay. Does he know what I am doing, and has he any remarks to make about it? How one wishes, if he had, that one had ears to hear! But, whatever be the cause of his solitary life—age, disease, disappointment, despondency, bereavement, moroseness—I feel little doubt that the hermit disposition which comes, once and again, upon men who have seen and shared too much in the follies of the world, which comes upon almost all animals when they feel the approach of death, does sometimes creep over even this most sociable of birds. With the hermit's life, this particular magpie seems to have adopted something also of the hermit's mind and manner. He is less excitable, less upon the move. You do not see him hopping in long bounds over the down. You do not hear his cheerful 'currack' or 'margot.' He has no one to call to, no one to 'do for' him. He has, apparently, no relations, no friends. He must have taken a vow of silence as well as of celibacy. Like the 'Bachelor' in the poem of the grand old Dorset poet, William Barnes, you may see him

Slinken on! blinken on! thinken on!

Gloomy and glum,

Nothen but dullness to come.

In the very same valley, and often not far from this 'solitary,' is another illustration of my point, a solitary heron. It may be objected that the heron is, by nature, except at the breeding season, as solitary as a magpie is, by nature, sociable; and so, in some little measure, it is. But a heron is almost always within eyeshot or earshot of his fellows. If, in wild-fowl shooting, you disturb a heron from the ditch in a water meadow where he has speared a water vole, an eel, or a troutling, he rises generally with a loud cry of alarm, which will be heard by his fellow who is fishing or dozing in a similar ditch a quarter of a mile away. You will hear an answering cry; and, within a few moments, you will see not one, but a pair or more of herons flapping slowly and majestically through mid air. But no one has ever seen this particular heron with or near a mate. No other heron is to be found, even as a casual visitor, within three or four miles of him. He has, apparently, no kith or kin—I wish I could add that he has no enemies, but he has escaped them hitherto. The brook, the Devilish or Dewlish, which flows through the bottom of my garden and by which he generally takes his stand, is a meagre one, very scantily supplied with fish, but there he is, year in, year out. He must be as content with a hermit's fare as he is with a hermit's life.

One more illustration I can give, as also within my own knowledge. It is that of a bird which you would least of all expect to submit to anything of the kind, the easy-going, pleasure-loving, daintily stepping, heavily feeding, arch-polygamist, the cock pheasant. Like a prematurely worn-out king or baron in the Middle Ages, this

particular bird, a few years ago, took it into his head to retire from the world—from his world, the jealousies, we will suppose; the rivalries, the tittle-tattle of the inmates of his harem—and took up his abode in a remote wood, where you might as well expect to find a hen pheasant, as you might to find a woman, a cow, a mare, a sow, or any other animal of the female sex, among the monasteries and monks of Mount Athos. His solitude however lasted only for a year. He fell to the gun, among the rabbits who were, to all appearance, his only companions. I am bound to say that there were no signs of self-mortification about him. He was fat and well-liking and in full beauty of plumage; and, if he died in any sense in the odour of sanctity, it was in that of Friar Tuck, rather than of St. Anthony or St. Benedict.

I throw out these observations on what I believe to be 'hermit birds' for what they may be worth, hoping that some one may be able either to contravene or illustrate them further.

A few words only upon the magpie as a pet; for so much that I have said upon the raven, in that capacity, applies to her. She has the same sort of sociability, the same secretiveness, the same thirst for education—of a certain kind—the same inherent and ineradicable love of mischief. Not that, in intellect and strength of character, she is, in any way, equal to the raven. Fun she has in abundance but hardly humour. Conscious humour, that high and rare gift of man which interpenetrates and colours everything in life, is, I think, possessed, in germ, by the raven and the raven alone. You see it in his eye, in the pose of his head, in his walk, in every movement of his body. The eye of the magpie is, like the wit of Dickens, always on the move, nervous, excitable, glittering, scintillating. The eye of the raven is like the humour of Goldsmith; it has a far-away look, it dreams, it thinks, 'it bodes and it bodes,' it all but smiles. The magpie will pick up many words or even sentences; and the old superstition that she will only talk, or talk well, if her tongue is slit with a thin and sharp silver sixpence, died a natural death about the time that the coins of the realm had to be 'milled,' and so were rendered unsuitable for so stupidly cruel an operation. Never keep a magpie in a cage; it will cramp every energy of her body and of her mind. Her tail, which is her greatest ornament, will be ruined, and the magpie without her tail is only a ghastly parody of herself. Keep her out of the house by all means, for she has a well-developed taste for silver spoons and sixpences; and if she ever happens to find a dressing-case open she will ransack its contents, select the most sparkling or most valuable, and hide them in so very safe a place that, if she does ever find them herself again, there is little chance of her owner being able to do so. But give her the run of the stable-yard, of a field, and of a garden, and all her faculties will be developed to the utmost. She will alternately pet and plague all the four-footed or feathered inhabitants of the homestead.

She will have private hiding-places everywhere, and will 'plant' the garden with every conceivable object, animal, vegetable, or mineral. If they, all of them, would only grow, what a varied crop there would be! The gardener will have some compensation for his losses in the strange objects, the ever fresh treasure-trove, which he will always be turning up; and you, if you do allow yourself to be too much irritated by the occasional loss of a knife, of a ball of string, of a garden label, of a pair of garden scissors, will at least have the consolation of seeing others irritated by like losses, thanks to the same incorrigible rascal. 'There is something not altogether displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our friends.' You may try to break the magpie of his thieving habit, but you will never succeed. The more he puts you out, the more he enjoys it. He will watch, with his head on one side, every operation which is going on, and will have something to say to it when he is least watched and least wanted.

I will conclude with an anecdote, illustrative of the magpie's love of mischief and of sport. There was a field wherein clothes were often hung out to dry on posts, which were let down into deep wooden sockets buried in the ground, and were carried away, and put under cover, when they were not in use. A gravel path ran round the field, and a tame magpie, which had the run of it, was observed to walk repeatedly and demurely from the path to a particular point in the field, conveying each time a stone in her bill, and then returning without it. A magpie seldom continues at any one amusement for any length of time, but this amusement went on so long that the curiosity of the owner was aroused. There must be something unusually novel or piquant about it. He went to the spot and found that a large toad had fallen into one of the wooden sockets and that the magpie was amusing herself by deliberately stoning it! As each shot told, the toad gave a little hop of distress in the hole deep below, which the magpie capped by a big hop of satisfaction and an irresistible currauck of delight above.

Pity is it, nay a thousand pities, that this Merry Andrew of the woods, this pretty, restless, Flibbertigibbet, this 'magician' magpie, with her marked character and her varied associations, the favourite of the whole of the Scandinavian races, tolerated or encouraged even by the bird-extermimating French, should, in obedience to the insatiable demands of the annual battue, be banished from so many large and picturesque tracts of 'merry' England, that she should wear a hunted look, and should owe her bare existence, not to the love of beauty and of nature—one of God's best and highest gifts to man—but only to her own sagacity and her suspiciousness, not without good reason, of those who were once, who ought to be still, and who, one would fain hope, may one day again be, her best friends.

R. ROSWORTH SMITH.

## SHIFTING SCENES IN RURAL WORKHOUSES

'It's a queer set of folk, now, we have got here,' I was once told in a whisper, when going through a little rural workhouse. And if by queer were meant motley, a queer set they undoubtedly were: even in a workhouse I have never yet met with a queerer.

There were only some twelve inmates on the men's side of the House, and they were at dinner when I arrived, sitting six on either side of a long narrow table. The dish for the day was Irish stew; 'just the very stuff we likes,' as one of them informed me. It was a beautiful stew, the handiwork of an expert: on that point there could be no mistake. For every labouring man in the district who was having a better dinner that day than this placed before these workhouse inmates, there were a score at least, no doubt, who were having a worse. Then not only was the food good, but it was nicely served: the tablecloth was clean, and the knives and forks were as bright as hands could make them. About the whole room, indeed, there was a quite delightful air of comfort: the chairs had arms, there were pictures on the walls, and a great fire was burning cheerily on the stone hearth. As for the men themselves—only two of them were under sixty—they were all well dressed, better dressed, the chances are, most of them, than they had ever been in their lives before; and evidently they were well cared for and kindly treated. How glad these old fellows must be to have such a pleasant retreat in which to pass their days when no longer able to work, one might have thought. Yet—evidently it is not without reason that paupers are dubbed ungrateful—the very first of the twelve to whom I spoke seemed to have but one wish on earth—to shake the dust of the place from off his feet with all possible speed. As soon as ever he could get back a bit of his strength he should betake himself off, he said gruffly. And he was seventy-seven years old, and penniless of course, otherwise he would never have come to the House.

This man belonged to the luckless class, the class of those who, let them strive as they will, must drift into pauperism sooner or later; for he was a farm-labourer, and during all the long years he

had been at work he had never earned more than 12s. a week, and more often 9s. than 12s. Of course he could neither read nor write—he was tending sheep when he was seven years old—none the less there was a world of shrewdness in his hard honest face, more than a touch of kindness too, in spite of his surly bearing. He was fuming and fretting at being where he was—about that there could be never a doubt—although he would have been the first to admit that he was better off there than he had ever been in his life before, better housed, better fed, better tended. He had not a single complaint, indeed, to make against the place: it was only the company that he objected to. Even among farm-labourers there are social prejudices, it seems; and rather than pass his days shut up with folk of the sort in that workhouse, he had made up his mind to turn out and start work again, old though he was and crippled with rheumatism. Yet to turn out meant, as none knew better than he, a hand-to-hand fight with starvation, ending, as likely as not, in death on some lonely moor.

Now, for a pauper to worry himself about the shortcomings of those around him, and give up a good home for the sake of keeping himself 'select,' smacks of the absurd, of course. None the less, when I think of the people I saw at that table, I wonder sometimes whether, after all, the old man did not perhaps choose wisely—whether even the chance of a crust of bread now and then under a hedge was not better worth having than a good dinner every day in this workhouse.

Sitting side by side with him was the man whose favourite dish was Irish stew. Although a rough-looking fellow enough, he seemed good-natured, well content with his surroundings, on good terms with himself and the world. Still, even a pauper—for paupers sometimes have nerves—might be excused for objecting to him as a housemate; for he had seized a poker one day, it seems, for no other reason than that it lay handy, and with it had battered the skull of a servant-maid who chanced to be passing. Instead of being hanged for this offence he was sent to gaol, as he was held to be feeble-minded; and on his release, at the end of five years, he returned to the union where he may batter another skull any day. Nor was he the only red-handed criminal I found among these twelve inmates. Two murderers at the same time, in the same little rural workhouse, sounds too melodramatic to be credible; nevertheless, in this special workhouse two there undoubtedly were; and the second was of a more objectionable type even than the first. This man had killed his wife deliberately, in a peculiarly brutal fashion, and had he not been an epileptic would assuredly have been hanged—as it was he had served his twenty years. He too was sitting there eating his dinner in all comfort, casting around him the while glances which the timid must certainly have found appalling:

there was not only scoundrel but bully written unmistakably on every line in his face.

Now, to be forced to spend one's days, especially when old and feeble, with either of these men would, to say the least of it, be a sore trial, a much greater trial than spending them in prison; and there was yet another man in this workhouse, sitting at that same table, whose presence there, I am inclined to think, would be more objectionable to most of us even than theirs. He was an idiot—nay, a lunatic; for he would scream the whole night through were it not for fear of the strait jacket, and he was more like an animal than a human being. His face was a thing to haunt one, so terrible was it in its hideousness, its repulsiveness: eat with that unfortunate creature one could not, even though within hailing distance of starvation. Yet every poor luckless old man who goes to this workhouse, no matter how worthy he may be, must eat with him every day, the whole year round, with him and with the two criminals, as well as with a whining professional beggar, a worthless loafer, and a man who, unless his face belies him, is a dipsomaniac. Not only must he eat with them, but he must pass his whole time with them, from morning till night, and sleep in the same room with them. Thus he is never free from their degrading companionship, never beyond the sound of their senseless jabbering, their brutal jibes and jeers, never beyond the reach of their blows should the fancy seize them to strike. Even for a good dinner, a soft bed, and a snug place by the fireside, this is surely a somewhat high price to pay, too high a price, a decent man might perhaps fairly argue. And in this workhouse the farm-labourer who preferred to its comforts starvation, was not the only decent old man, not the only old man who was there through no fault of his own.

In another little workhouse I recently found a most peculiar state of things; a state of things that reduced to complete topsyturveydom all one's preconceived notions of such places. Among the inmates there was an old termagant, a harridan of the worst sort—she was known throughout the district as the Tigress—and she practically ruled the roost there so far as the old women's ward was concerned. She cared no more for the Guardians than she did for the fish in the sea, she drove the master and the matron to their wits' end, and rendered the lives of her fellow-inmates a burden to them. Meanwhile she herself was as happy as the day is long: in the House she had found a real home, she said, and nothing would induce her to leave it.

This too is a model workhouse; one of the very prettiest in all England, and one of the best-arranged and most comfortable in many respects. I was delighted with the place when I went there: it seemed a quite ideal old-age home. The old ladies—they are never called women—live in a little house of their own entirely apart from

the ordinary paupers, and their rooms are quite charming—quite luxurious, indeed, with soft carpets, pretty curtains, and easy chairs. And they themselves look thoroughly in keeping with their surroundings: they are nicely dressed, their hair is neatly arranged; there is not a touch of the pauper about them so far as appearances go. Those whom I saw there were widows for the most part—widows, some of them, who had seen better days—and they all appeared thoroughly respectable. One had been the wife of an organist; another the wife of a tradesman—she had had ‘nine lassies and never a lad,’ she told me—while a third was evidently well educated. One poor old creature, who looked as if she had had more than her fair share of this world’s buffetings, had visions, I was told, and was waiting in hourly expectation of the coming of Christ. ‘He cannot belong now,’ she whispered. They all seemed to whisper when they spoke, I noticed, and to cast deprecatory glances at a little old woman who was sitting by the window, somewhat apart from the rest. One of them, indeed, gave a very expressive nod in her direction when I chanced to remark that they looked very comfortable and happy. ‘We are very comfortable, but not happy at all,’ she replied in a low quavering voice; and there was no misunderstanding her manner. Whatever was wrong, the woman by the window was at the bottom of it. Yet a more respectable-looking old dame I never saw. Her face was quite fascinating, it was at once so clever, so really intelligent, and so benevolent. Her eyes were as bright as a young girl’s, as alert as a detective’s, and there was a dignity, a ‘self-respectfulness’ in her demeanour that was most impressive.

‘That woman is a real demon,’ the matron exclaimed in reply to an inquiry. ‘You would think she was too good for this world sometimes to see her smile; but she is a real demon; and the way she harries and worries those poor old creatures is just shameful.’

A favourite device of hers, if anyone annoys her, is to fall down on her knees, raise her arms and call upon Heaven to rain down curses on the offender, to strike him—or her as the case may be—dead that very moment. This she had done only the day before I was there, merely because the master had made some chance observation of which she did not approve; and this she did whenever it was her whim or fancy to frighten those around her or render them miserable—poor nervous old women are easily frightened, it must be remembered, easily rendered miserable. And the master declared he was helpless in the matter: it is the rule of the house that all the old women, no matter whether worthless or worthy, whether black, white, or speckled, shall live together, and live together they must. The only thing he could do would be to bring the Tigress before the magistrates as a disturber of the peace; but even if he did, there was not a magistrate in the district who would convict her, he said, ‘old as she is and with that air of hers.’ Thus in this



workhouse as in the other, the money spent so lavishly on providing comforts for the inmates is completely wasted, and just because Guardians will persist in penning sheep and goats in the same fold.

'It's hard at my time of life never to hear a word of sense, day in, day out,' a poor old woman once complained. She too was an inmate of a rural workhouse, the very worst workhouse I ever saw, the most desolate, the most comfortless. Ten years ago at least the place was condemned as unfit for human habitation, and the Local Government Board have been trying ever since to force the Guardians to build another. But, in case of a struggle between the Local Government Board and Yorkshire dalesmen, it is not on the Local Government Board that the prudent would put their money. The old workhouse is still there. The Guardians, indeed, now take great credit to themselves for having turned a deaf ear to Whitehall exhortations; for the number of inmates decreases from year to year, they say; and—who knows?—perhaps it might have increased had a new house been built. There were only seven inmates left when I paid the place a visit, and the wonder to me was that there were any left at all. At every turn in this our day one hears the lament that there is no keeping young men or women in the country—betake themselves off to towns they will. And certainly a mere passing glance at that workhouse, should the thought ever enter their heads that they might have to live there, would be quite enough, I suspect, to make any number of them betake themselves off forthwith. For it is nothing in the world but an old barn; a rat-eaten, draught-beriddled old barn.

There were only two women in the place, an imbecile who had passed most of her life there—she was born in the House—and the widow of a village shoemaker who left her unprovided for, when she was already too old and decrepit to provide for herself. I found them sitting together—they always are together, night and day, and have been for years. To think of a woman who has all her wits being for years, 'day in, day out,' alone with an imbecile, and 'never hearing a word of sense'! And with nothing to do, no occupation even for her fingers! They were in a great bare stone-floored room, where there was no furniture at all excepting two wooden chairs and a table—never a bit of carpet for the old women's feet to rest on, never a curtain to ward off the draughts. It was the same miserable state of things in the men's ward, in the bedrooms too. 'The old folk here don't know what comfort means,' the matron remarked; and certainly they had not much chance of learning. Yet three out of the five old men there had once been farmers—in that part of the world more money is often lost than made on small farms, even by the thrifty and fending. One poor old fellow was eighty-one, and had been in the House only a few weeks. He had made a hard fight

to keep out altogether; But what can a man do who is alone in the world, at eighty-one, and penniless?

Although, so far as the buildings are concerned, that workhouse is the most comfortless of all the rural workhouses I have ever visited, there are many in other respects every whit as bad; some, indeed, infinitely worse. I know one workhouse that serves the threefold purpose of an old-age home, a hospital, and a lunatic asylum. If any-one goes mad in the district, he is taken there as a matter of course: there is nowhere else, in fact, to take him; and not only is he taken there, but if he be poor, there he is left, because—this reason was given me in all seriousness—it costs so much more to lodge a man in a lunatic asylum than in a workhouse. Nor is any attempt made to keep the insane apart from the sane, or even from the invalids—there is not a single nurse or attendant in the place, only the master and matron, and they are both well advanced in years. In one of the wards I saw a quite pitiable sight one day. There were thirteen men there, old and feeble for the most part, and they all with three exceptions had a troubled anxious look on their faces, and were positively cowering before a great strong fellow—he and two hopeless idiots were the only able-bodied men in the place—who was lolling back in the most comfortable seat, keenly enjoying, evidently, the fear he excited. He was a dangerous lunatic, and all these poor helpless people knew it, and were sitting there in dread of what would happen next—he had threatened to ‘knife’ them more than once. Already, some little time before my visit, an old man, although he had nowhere on earth to go to, had left the workhouse because, as he said, ‘that fellow will do for us all some day,’ and he did not wish to be done for. Among those who were left behind were two respectable workmen who were there as hospital patients, recovering from serious illnesses; and a young artisan who had just had a stroke and was half paralysed.

• Of the six women at that time in this union, two were certified imbeciles, two were classed as feeble-minded, while of the remaining two, one was a thoroughly respectable old widow and the other as bad a woman as I ever encountered. The widow would never have dreamed of coming to such a place, she assured me, had she not broken her leg; and the very first day she could walk, out she should go, let the doctor say what he would. She was sixty-six years old, and when at her strongest had never earned more than a shilling a day.

It was in a rural workhouse of the worst class that I came across the woman I always think of as *Miserrima*—of all the sad faces I have ever seen hers was the saddest. There was something quite terrible indeed in its silent misery, its dull stony hopelessness. Never shall I forget the look in her eyes. She was sitting quite alone, in a great bare kitchen, with her head bent down and her

hands clasped before her, utter forlorn weariness in every line of her long gaunt figure: she might have been a stock or a stone for any heed she paid to our presence.

'That's one of the hardest cases I ever heard of,' the matron told me later. 'The poor thing is just fretting herself to death at being here. She doesn't mind the work a bit—she does most of what is done—it's the disgrace of it all that she feels. She comes of the sort of folk, you see, that have a horror of the workhouse. Her father would go just mad if he saw her here; for he was a proud man, and he thought no end of her.'

He was a small farmer, it seems, and he and she had toiled together and pinched and saved for many a long year, for he had set his heart on leaving her enough to live on. He would have none of her turning out to be at other folk's beck and nod when he was gone, he used to declare. He lived to be a very old man, and they managed to scrape together quite a nice little sum; but no sooner was he dead than his son got hold of it all, spent it, and then took the daughter off to the workhouse—she would never have gone alone. And there she must stay, for, as the matron asked, 'what can a woman do at her age—she is nearly sixty—broken down, too, as she is, and deaf as a stone?'

Lunatics and imbeciles are trying, of course; still, respectable women, such as this farmer's daughter, resent their presence among them much less than they resent the presence of another section of their housemates. In certain districts it is the custom, if a young person be at once poor and quite hopelessly immoral, to have her certified as an imbecile; and this custom would have much to recommend it were the patient forthwith sent off to a lunatic asylum or special home. But instead of that she is imprisoned in the workhouse, where she is brought into close companionship not only with old women, but sometimes with children, and even young girls. Quite recently I found a woman of this class teaching a bright intelligent girl about fourteen how to cook. The two spent the greater part of the day together alone in the workhouse kitchen, and were evidently great friends. It is no unusual thing for these women to share the children's room. Then in one workhouse I know the children are allowed to play, not only among the paupers, but among the casuals; and in another two boys of about twelve are installed as general caretakers—they clean the rooms, lay the table, and look after the old people generally. Yet we are always being assured—officially, too—that what children there still are in workhouses are kept entirely apart from the rest of the inmates.

The truth of the matter is that very little is known as to the real state of things in many of the smaller workhouses; for the guardians, who, as often as not, have neither the time nor the inclination to pay much heed to what passes there, are content as a rule to give

the master a free hand, providing he keeps down expenses—a free hand which he uses, naturally enough, to bar the door against outsiders. The result is that he and the matron—they are generally man and wife—are the veriest autocrats; and the better-class inmates, the old and feeble, are completely at their mercy—the worse class seem always able to take care of themselves. Thus everything depends on the character of these two officials. If they be patient, kindly, and conscientious, all goes well; but supposing the one be violent, the other shrewish, or both unscrupulous, or with a taste for playing the tyrant? Only the other day the matron of a workhouse informed me casually that the master, on his own sole authority, had locked up on bread and water for twenty-four hours one of the inmates, a man of sixty-four, who would not work. The chances are the man richly deserved his fate; still, what an outcry there would be if criminals were dealt with in this fashion, and every petty gaol official were allowed to deal out punishments at will! That the aged poor in rural workhouses are as a rule kindly treated I have no doubt whatever; none the less, to take it for granted that they are never ill-used, never subjected to harsh injustice, or even cruelty, would be to ignore the fact that Poor Law officials are but human—that, praiseworthy though they be as a class, there are good, bad, and indifferent among them, just as there are among paupers. Stringent orders are given, of course, that these people shall be kindly treated; but stringent orders are also given that they shall have nurses to attend to them when they are ill, and, above all, that they shall be well fed—good food for them, indeed, is actually bought and paid for. None the less, in rural workhouses nurses are but few and far between, and among the aged inmates the ill-fed are to the well-fed as black ravens to white.

One cold day, a few months ago, I went to a little workhouse to see what sort of a dinner the old men were to have. The food—roasted potatoes and cold mutton—was already on the table when I arrived, and a boy was amusing himself by taking all the potatoes out of their skins. And there was not a chance of their being eaten for twenty minutes at least, nor was there a man there who could not have taken them out for himself. Then the mutton was more suet than anything else, and looked as if it had been chopped with a hatchet. In another union I saw a company of toothless old people carrying on a regular war-tussle with great solid chunks of beef so hard that it would have strained the jaws of a navy; in another, again, I saw—this was more irritating still—a really good dinner, one that even the toothless could have enjoyed, entirely spoilt because it had been left standing on the table so long that it was as cold as a stone. And the inmates were sitting in the next room all the time just waiting to eat it! Little wonder rate-payers complain of what workhouses cost; for a good half of the money

spent on providing the old men and women there with food is completely wasted, through sheer bad management, want of thought.

Among the respectable poor, especially the rural poor, there is a great dread of the workhouse; so great a dread that it would be hard to find a village where some deserving old man—or woman—is not living from hand to mouth, with the grim wolf always well within sight, just because cross its threshold he will not. A poor half-starved old creature assured me one day that she was 'getting along quite nicely.' She had half-a-crown a week out-relief—she was too old to work, and in her life she had never begged. Yet when I ventured to suggest that she would be more comfortable in the union, she was quite shocked. 'Go to the workhouse!' she cried indignantly. 'No, indeed; I would rather die.' And little wonder that this feeling exists, for even the best of rural workhouses is, it must be admitted, but a sorry refuge for decent old folk. To condemn even the thriftless to the life they must lead there, shut up with the vicious and degraded, is to mete out to them but scant measure; and it is not only the thriftless who sometimes find themselves penniless and friendless in their old age. I have never yet been even in a rural workhouse where I did not find some one or other there through no fault of his own—some old farmer whom bad harvests had ruined, some one who had been cheated out of his savings, or some one who had never had the chance to save.

In one workhouse there is a worthy old dame who earned her own living until she was seventy by hawking, and yet looks on herself as a social failure because she gave up the fight so soon. In another there is a village dressmaker, a 'lone woman,' who, although she struggled on unaided until she was sixty-seven, is harassed by the thought that she might have struggled on a little longer had she but tried hard enough. In another there is a widow who worked as a servant until she was seventy-four, and who would have scorned to go into the House even then, she declared, had not her legs failed her. In another, again, there is a master-miller's widow who, although she stinted herself of everything, found that the few pounds her husband had left her were all spent before her days were ended. And in yet another there is an old spinster who lived in all comfort until she was nearly seventy, when owing to some fraud she found herself without a penny. All these poor old women—and there are many more of their kind—are either alone in the world or have relatives only of the order of those of whom a man once said he had 'a gey, few, but I wadna thank ye for one out o' the lot.' Nor are all the deserving inmates women. One day I found in a workhouse an old sexton who certainly ought not to have been there, but at eighty a man cannot live alone, and there was nowhere else for him to go to. Another day I met with an old farmer who had had no luck, though through no lack of merit. He was

sitting in the men's ward with his head bent down as if under a burden too heavy to be borne. Then I once came across a thoroughly worthy man who for fourteen years had worked hard as a missionary. He had been sent out by some little community, which had at first paid him a small stipend, and then left him to fend for himself. When he returned to England he was penniless, stricken with heart-disease, and half paralysed; and although his old friends helped him at first, there came a time when he must betake himself to the union. In almost every workhouse, too, there are respectable men and women who are there simply because their strength has failed them. In one I know there is a mason who, until rheumatic fever came and rendered him helpless, would have worked his finger-ends off rather than have accepted help; in another there is a painter who is eating out his heart because, now that he is paralysed, he can earn nothing and is a pauper. And all these people, women as well as men, must go share and share alike with loafers and criminals, and be shut up with jabbering idiots.

I never quite realised all that going to the workhouse means to a respectable man until I once heard a poor old fellow, a hand-worker who, by toiling and moiling, had become a small factory-owner, tell how he awoke one morning to find himself penniless, robbed of everything he had by his own nephew. 'There was naught to be done,' he said quietly, 'One can't start life afresh at seventy-three, and the Lord never takes given stuff. So I trudged off here straight.'

It is terribly depressing work going about among these people; exasperating work, too. No one can see them and hear them talk without waxing indignant: their misery is so unnecessary, so much of it is due to sheer bad management. Money is being spent on them collectively in the most lavish fashion, the poor rate is going up by leaps and bounds, and already the cost per head in workhouses is 27*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.* a year—in London workhouses 35*l.* 11*s.* 7½*d.* To think that these miserable old men and women cost their fellows on an average 27*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.* per head a year! England obtains but a poor return for much of the money she spends, but for none of it surely does she obtain quite so poor a return as for that which she spends on her worn-out workers. And all because she does not choose to take a little trouble in the spending of it; all because she will not realise that it is by the taking of trouble, even more than by the spending of money, that the old and feeble are made comfortable. Were she but willing to take trouble enough, she might make all the deserving old folk she supports as comfortable and happy as it lies in their nature to be without spending on them more than she spends on them now—nay, without spending on them nearly so much. To do this, however, she must cease clubbing them with all sorts and

conditions, cease forcing them to live with the loathsome and degraded; she must sift and sort the inmates of her workhouses, the whole pauper class indeed; must pick out the worthy from among the worthless, and make some attempt at least to regulate her treatment of them according to their merits.

To sift and sort the inmates of our workhouses would be no easy task, it must be confessed; Poor Law officials, indeed—but they always look askance on experiments—miss no opportunity of proclaiming it a task that it passes the wit of man to do. As a point of fact, however, it has already been done, and very successfully, not only in every commune in Denmark, but in Sheffield, Hull, Macclesfield, and several other English towns. In Denmark, all who become paupers, old and young alike, have their past lives examined into, and are classified—are treated, too—according to their merits; and although the officials who actually do the classifying admit that the work is difficult, they scoff at the idea of its being impossible. The mere fact that criminals are everywhere classified is a proof, they maintain, that paupers can be classified anywhere: it is only a question of taking enough trouble. Some of our Poor Law reformers who differ from them on this point would do well, perhaps, to pay a visit to Denmark. I once passed some months there seeing how the classification system worked, and I came away with the firm conviction that every Board of Guardians in England could, if they would, classify all the inmates of their workhouses in the course of a single winter. The work would undoubtedly be hard; it would entail much anxiety, many cares and worries; but—and this is a point to be noted—it need entail no expense whatever. And until it is done all attempts to better the lot of the deserving among those whom the nation supports are foredoomed: nothing will ever make up to respectable old men and women for being placed on a par with ex-criminals, and forced to go with them share and share alike.

‘It is sheer waste of money trying to make old people comfortable in such places as these,’ the head of a foreign Poor Law Department remarked the other day, after paying a visit to one of the best of our workhouses. ‘The arrangements here are admirable; but for soldiers, not for old men and women.’

Old men and women, especially such of them as belong to the respectable poor class, have a great horror of common dining-halls, common dormitories; they would rather by far live in the most tumbledown of cottages, with only their own little belongings around them, than in the most sumptuous of institutions; and it is only in their own way, it must be remembered, that people are to be contented. If, therefore, in providing for the deserving section of the pauper class—for those who are above sixty-five years of age and can prove that they have led decent, sober lives, and that their destitution is not owing to their own fault—we wish not only to put an end to

their present misery, but to secure for them a touch of happiness, together with peace and comfort in their latter days, one thing is certain: we must not rest satisfied with classifying them and putting them in wards apart from paupers of the worse sort, but we must make a clean sweep of them out of the workhouse, and house them somewhere where they will feel at home, and where they will be able to lead the sort of life to which they have always been accustomed. It may be argued, of course, that it would be better—at once more economical and more satisfactory—if, instead of housing them, the State gave them the money wherewith to house themselves. To grant them each 5s, or even 7s, a week would undoubtedly be the most economical way of providing for them; but whether it would be the most satisfactory is another question. As a provision for old age a money allowance is all very well for the *élites* among the poor—for those who can take care of themselves, or have relatives able and willing to take care of them; but for the rank-and-file something more is needed if they are to live in comfort when their working days are past. For most of them are friendless, alone in the world; and where are the strangers to be found who would take them in for the pittance they could pay? Most of them, too, are but feeble old folk, who must be guarded from neglect on the one hand and extortion on the other; and the only way they can be thus guarded is by lodging them somewhere where the State, through its officials, can watch over them.

Whether these people be housed in cottage homes or in other buildings reserved exclusively for the deserving, is a matter of no great importance, so long as the rooms are small—only large enough to afford shelter for two persons, a man and his wife, two old women, or two old men. They should be furnished, of course, as simply as possible, with the inmates' own belongings, if they have any; and if each room could have a little cubicle at either end, so much the better. Still, the great thing is that they who live in them should be allowed to go their own way without let or hindrance—to lie down when they like, to get up when they like, to take their walks and see their friends just when the fancy seizes them. It is not luxuries they need, but freedom from irritating restraints: a life that depends on 'a bell for this and a bell for that' is at best but a dreary business. And as they would all be old and thoroughly respectable, this freedom, as well as many other little privileges, might be granted them without harm being done or the ratepayers being one whit the poorer. Another matter of importance—of great importance—is that the officials responsible for them should study not only their comfort, but their feelings. I know old-age homes in other countries where the inmates are as happy as the day is long, just because they are made much of—because their likes and dislikes are considered, deference is shown to their prejudices, and little attentions are



lavished on them. And this entails no expense on anyone, for a kind-hearted, tactful matron does not require a higher salary than a shrew.

Although what old people eat and wherewithal they are clothed matters much less than how they are treated, they should of course be well fed; and it is quite marvellous how cheaply they can be well fed, if only those who cater for them consult their tastes, and bear in mind that their throats are not so young as they once were, their digestions not so strong. One reason why the aged in workhouses cost so much, badly fed as they are, is that, as there is no one there to take thought for them, the greater part of what is provided for them is wasted—eat it they cannot. Were they in properly organised homes of their own, they could be thoroughly well fed, on food, too, that they could enjoy, at a less cost by far than that at which they are fed now. They could be clothed, too, at the same cost as now; for the fact of a gown's wearer being allowed to choose its colour would not add to its price. And in their homes, it may be noted, although they must have attendants to cook for them and take care of them, no money would be required for surveillance—in workhouses surveillance seems to cost more than anything else. Last year London spent 923,878*l.* on the maintenance of its workhouse inmates, and 579,509*l.* on the maintenance—the salaries, pensions, rations, &c.—of its workhouse officials.

In Austria, where the cost of living is higher than in England, the cost per head in the most comfortable of the homes where the old people live is only some 18*l.* a year; in our homes, therefore, if we had homes, the cost need certainly not be more on an average than 20*l.* a year—providing, of course, we renounced our present wasteful ways and insisted on having good value for our money. And the average cost in workhouses is 27*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.*! Thus these old men and women with whom we are concerned, might be maintained very comfortably in homes of their own at a less actual cost to the community than that at which they are maintained most miserably where they are. Even if it were otherwise—but it need not, and should not, be otherwise—and the cost were greater, the extra expenditure might easily be counterbalanced by a little wholesome economy in another direction. At the present time, in not a few of our workhouses, loafers who will neither work nor want are made quite unnecessarily comfortable. Why should not their rations be cut down, and the money thus saved be spent on brightening the lot of the poor old folk who have fallen behind in the race through no fault of their own?

EDITH SELLERS.

## CONSTABLE'S 'LANDSCAPE'

THREE times, at least, in the history of Landscape Art, has some great painter kept, in black and white, voluminous record of his achievement. Not to speak of a more limited, though still a beautiful, undertaking of Cotman's, a series of soft ground Etchings, very little known, there is the 'Liber Veritatis' of Claude, the 'Liber Studiorum' of Turner, and the 'English Landscape' of Constable. It is the object of the present Essay to study a little the circumstances and the character of the last of the three. Collectors have of late recognised it; connoisseurs are *en train* to appraise it at its proper value. Its gospel is being preached. But before I go further into its history, it may be well to remind people of what most obviously and effectively marks it off from the performances with which I have for the moment associated it.

And, first, when I said 'voluminous record of a painter's achievements,' that was a phrase which properly expressed only the performance of Claude. Claude's 'Liber Veritatis' exists for us, as Turner's 'Liber' and as Constable's 'Landscape' does, in the form of work engraved and printed; the engraver's task, in the case of Claude, undertaken rather more than a hundred years ago by Earlom, prolific and able—but to the eye of Claude, we have to remember, his 'Liber' existed only in the form in which he himself had wrought it—drawings with the pen, and drawings with summary or delicate washes—the things, priceless and masterly, on their limited lines, that we see at Chatsworth. They were done for a record. They were done for himself.

A record in another sense, one executed for quite another object than the making of a series of memoranda of his painted work, was Turner's 'Liber.' Turner desired broadly, not for himself but for the world—at all events the world of the Collector—a representation of the spirit, the character, and above all, the range, of his work. The 'Liber Studiorum' was to illustrate every mood that had stirred him, and every branch of Art into which his activity had strayed. And the foundation of each piece in that stupendous series was never, or was hardly ever, a painted picture, existing already when Turner decided that its theme should be the theme of a plate. Rather, he

chose a theme; then, made, as guidance to himself and to whatever engraver should co-operate with him in engraving that plate—it might be Dunkarton, it might be Lupton, it might be Charles Turner, or some other—he made, I say, a sepia sketch of that plate's obvious subject; and this sketch was a preparation, a weapon, a means to an end. Such are, and such only are, the sepia drawings still sometimes ignorantly spoken of as the 'originals' of the 'Liber Studiorum.' 'Originals'—they have no such dignity. The completed plate is the original, or the print, if you like—the plate revised, corrected, perfected with curious care. The drawing was but 'material.' The plate, the print, was to be all in all—that was the *raison d'être* of all the labour.

The same spirit actuated Constable in planning his 'English Landscape'; though there was a difference in the method. Unlike Turner, he made no black and white drawing. Constable was content to find the basis of each plate to be executed, in either an 'important' canvas or a small, vivid oil study—in something done already, of which he approved. That, the engraver was to translate; or, as I hold strongly, by that he was to be inspired. From a study of that would arise something, translation partly, but partly creation too; it must be beautiful in itself, beautiful for itself: the spirit of Constable must be in it, and the dexterous hand of Lucas (the only engraver employed); and by the time it was found to be beautiful, or by the time it was deemed satisfactory from the point of view of Constable (who made no *sine quâ non* of verbal fidelity, so to say, to himself), it was, in some measure, a thing independent and apart—a thing not to be blamed or declared faulty by reason of now obvious non-adherence to that previously existing work of Constable's which had supplied the foundation for the print reared but in part by its aid.

To continue a little the comparison of the 'English Landscape' with the 'Liber' of Turner, let me say that it consisted of two and twenty plates—Turner's were seventy-one. It is true, however, that, allied with the 'Landscape,' and akin to it, is a group of a few pieces which it was once intended to include. But against these, in Constable, must be set, on Turner's side, those mostly unfinished, always unpublished, 'Liber' plates which, had they been issued, would have swollen the number of that publication half-way between the seventy-one that it reached and the hundred it was intended to reach. The question of numbers may not seem at first sight very important—its bearing will be appreciated directly we consider the aim of the two works. Each, it is true, was to express the range of the master it illustrated. The range of Turner was limitless—not indeed his success. There is History in the 'Liber'; there is Mythology in it; there is Architecture, for its own sake; there are Marine pieces; there is Classic Landscape, built on the lines of Claude and Poussin; there is homely landscape, such as might

have commended itself to Gainsborough or Morland; there is the more romantic—no; I should say rather the more dramatic—vision, in which the creator of the picture deals, in his own new way, with mountain and storm. 'English Landscape'—the very title reminds one—has no such different enterprises. Certainly it was to record what Constable painted. But what did Constable paint but the England of every day—the coast as well as the field, the woods and table land, the Downs and heath, the cottage and church tower—the England over which there swept for him such changeful skies as no one but himself had ever fully understood—had ever half as faithfully and subtly chronicled?

The charm of Constable's art, its truth and its impressiveness, is marvellously independent of colour. The black and white of the engraver—black and white, so called, but really every note of brown, of grey, of silver, that lies between them—was, therefore, far more than in Turner's case, a sufficient medium to convey it. Moreover, although in the 'Liber' the effect is admirably broad, it is not broader than the effect in the 'Landscape'; yet it has not up to this time, I think, been sufficiently declared—Lucas's engraving has subtleties and delicacies, extraordinary gradations (for all its brute strength) scarcely within the means of all, at least, of those various and unequal craftsmen who were pressed into the service of Turner.

When Constable was sending out the preface to his collection of prints, this is what he says: 'The author rests in the belief that the present collection of prints of Rural Landscape may not be wholly unworthy of attention. He had imagined to himself an object in Art, and has always pursued it. Much of the landscape forming the subject of these plates, going far to embody his ideas'—and then he pays a pretty compliment to the skill or genius of the engraver—'he has been tempted to publish them.' A little further, 'The aim of the publication,' Constable says, 'is to increase the interest in rural England: its professional purpose'—he means its artistic purpose, which is the only one he need have talked about—'to mark the influence of light and shadow upon landscape.' He seeks to give 'a lasting and sober existence to one brief moment, "caught from fleeting Time."' He is not so much the historian of the durable, as the recorder of the evanescent. He depicts scenes, and charming scenes; places, interesting places, but what is expressed most in his pictures, as certainly it is expressed most in David Lucas's prints, is the infinite delight—the infinite nuisance, also, I suppose—of various weather.

To mark, as it were, the homeliness, the domesticity of his enterprise, as compared with his rival's cosmopolitan range, Constable placed, as the first print in the series of 'English Landscape,' a vision, accurate I doubt not, but likewise humbly picturesque, of the small Georgian country house in which he was born. The house 'of Goding

Constable, Esq.—his ‘paternal house.’ ‘A certain quiet dignity must have been about the house itself. ‘Light, shade, and perspective,’ Constable’s famous remedies for redeeming the ‘ugliness’ of the object, be the object what it might; ‘light, shade, and perspective’ were, in picture or print, to make it beautiful. ‘Spring’ was the second piece—Spring which we hate in London, with the east wind blowing grey and grimy from over Stepney and Whitechapel, but which presents itself, no doubt, on Suffolk uplands, still as a cheerful season to the country labourer, to the farm boy at the plough. A great table land, a wide horizon; and the passing of clouds—that is the painter’s and engraver’s theme. ‘Autumnal Sunset,’ not one of the best pieces by any means, was the third of the set. ‘Noon,’ with its high field brilliantly illuminated, its distance of flat farmland in placid monotony, a telling contrast to the changeful pageant of the sky that is above and behind it, is the fourth. I am not completing the list; but a ‘Summer Morning,’ radiant, serene, comes a little later; later still, two visions of heath—and both are Hampstead, when, as yet, Hampstead was not suburban, but rural—and then a breezy sea, beheld from Brighton beach; the curve of Weymouth Bay under a raging sky; ‘Old Sarum,’ lonely, solemn, austere; a ‘Look on the Stour,’ and the daily life of the everyday English land. The nature of the compositions, this little summary perhaps sufficiently indicates; besides, as I said earlier, the Series covers the ground that the mind and the brush of the artist were accustomed to traverse.

The publication, as a whole, is dated 1833; but each plate is dated separately, and it was in 1829 that the work was begun—and really begun with the ‘Hampstead Heath Vignette,’ which, in the lists of the Series, occupies a later place. Like the ‘Liber’ of Turner, the ‘English Landscape’ was put forth in parts—how many parts there were to be was not settled at the beginning; and though, in the end, the ‘run of the piece,’ if one may so put it, did not stop with the abruptness of the ‘Liber,’ it was certainly curtailed by (in theatrical parlance again) the ‘frost’ that it was proving. Artistically, as every competent person would allow, now-a-days, an amazing success, the engravings were a failure commercially. And they were Constable’s speculation; though, from one of many letters kindly placed in my hands by their possessor, Mr. H. S. Theobald, it is evident that Benoni White of Brownlow Street—publisher, perhaps, as well as print-seller—had been approached, unsuccessfully, about dealing in the prints. They were actually published by Colnaghis of Pall Mall East—the ‘very house that, seventy years later, I, for my own small part, am glad to be able to associate with the issue of a little volume devoted to their history, their virtues, and their ‘States.’ But the Colnaghis of that remote day took, we may be sure, no share in the speculation of Constable’s. The brunt lay on the painter, and expenses were uncertain and constantly growing; and

Lucas, the engraver, was a genius, but tiresome; and Constable himself, I am convinced, though careful always, timid too often, worried much more than he would have done in better health and younger years, not only about the cost, but about the details of the work. Sometimes he did not know his own mind as to the changes he required in the plates; for details changed were changed yet again; and 'my dear Lucas' had to be remonstrated with, on some occasions, a little unduly. 'Those devils the printers,' too, did not contribute to Constable's happiness. Bitter complaint is made, in the letters, of a certain 'Rhodes.' 'Even Rhodes'—as if better things might have been expected of that worthy.

As to Lucas's plates, Constable liked the earlier ones better than the later; but, in doing so, had only, I think, some measure of reason on his side—for as the work progressed the deterioration was but occasional. The truth is, Constable was getting tired of the affair. He did not conceal his irritation. If a proof arrived, with which he was not satisfied, it spoilt his evening—an evening he had proposed to enjoy with friends—and he did not leave David Lucas in ignorance of the circumstance. Then, as to delays and difficulties, 'let me see and hear of these matters as little as possible.' Then, when in a hurry, some communication with Mr. Lucas is necessary, a despatch is sent 'To Mr. Lucas, 27 in some street in Chelsea, but the Devil only knows where.' And Mr. Lucas received it. Fortunately, one remembers, it was the little Chelsea of that day—the Chelsea of William the Fourth—and not the Chelsea of Lord Cadogan's extensions and improvements. '27 in some street in Chelsea, but the Devil only knows where.' How sick was Constable of the whole affair, by that time!

About the troubles of the publication, and the friction over it, what need to gossip further? Rather let us concentrate our attention, in the time or space that is left, upon a couple of matters; one personal, the other both artistic and practical—let us get at some less slight understanding of Lucas and his position: let us see also in what stage of these prints' progress and issue it is most desirable to study or possess them. And the matter I have mentioned in the second place is that which we will speak of in the first.

The First published States of the 'English Landscape' series—'open letter proofs' they are called generally, but of course they are in no real sense proofs at all—represent, as regards their main features, as regards above all the inclusion or the exclusion of this or that detail, as to the character or presence of which it had been question in earlier stages of the work than the published one, the prints as Constable would have had them to be. But there is one qualification to be made to this statement, and that removes much of its importance. It is not to be taken by itself. Even if we are ready to grant that in the vital matter of the printing, as great care was exercised in the large published issue as in the preparation of trial proofs for Constable's eye, it is certain that in the case of the

'English Landscape' so many proofs were 'pulled,' so many changes made, that there was some amount—it is in the various pieces a very various amount—of deterioration in the plates by the time the published state was reached. In all mezzotint engraving a certain freshness, a certain opulence of colour, goes, as the printing proceeds; and the deterioration begins very early; and the work of one engraver deteriorates more quickly than that of another. Collectors of the prints after Sir Joshua will tell you that—of John Jones or of Dean. The subtle charm goes quickly. If Lucas's went, as it did, very soon, in the case of the Constable landscapes, that is a tribute to the delicacy of the labour—Turner's own went very soon, in the 'Liber Studiorum,' and no plates in that series are more beautiful, more ethereal, than are many of the ten which Turner himself engraved. The 'Inverary Pier, Loch Fyne, Morning,' is a conspicuous instance of this: the 'Severn and Wye' is a yet more conspicuous instance of it. Their skies are of the daintiest, lightest, most refined touch—and in the prints by David Lucas piece after piece depends for its finest charm upon the intactness of the treatment of the sky. Only, speaking generally, I would ask that this should be remembered—that somehow the more serious deterioration of the 'Liber' prints begins not at the end of the Proof State at all, but appreciably later; and, again, that no sooner is this very marked deterioration declared than Turner himself—repairer habitually of the part, though only exceptionally first engraver of the whole—sets about to mend matters. The thing being as it is—and the first deteriorations of moment occurring surprisingly soon, in Lucas's case—it is desirable to see these Constable prints, and to possess them, in their later Trial Proof stage. Then they ought to be perfect. But there is to boot a curious interest for the lover of the *fine fleur* of technique—for one who enjoys in a mezzotint that massive effect which comes so early and so early departs—in those Trial Proofs even that are not late at all. A working proof has this interest; a finished proof has another. But the working proof, though it may have perchance a pencil note of Constable's in the margin, ought not to be drawn upon and smeared with body colour. Where is the fine print then? Desirable, above all, is the brilliant Proof that has not so been handled. And First States are often admirable; and, in many instances, Second States, with re-letterings executed in Constable's day, are also attractive things, which only foolish people would wholly and under all circumstances eschew. Only, after once Constable is dead—after once the plate itself is at somebody else's mercy—after a publisher has bought it, who knows nothing about delicacy, and has bought, moreover, a wreck—'Eschew it altogether is the only counsel that can be given to the lover, not of great names only—great names disgraced by the imperfect, damaged presentation of their efforts—but of beautiful things.

And this brings me back to Lucas. Outside the 'English Land-

scape' series, as we know it—the series we have now been considering—Lucas wrought, after Constable, other plates, fairly numerous. Four or five were large ones—of which it is possible that the large 'Salisbury' is the most famous. I cannot believe that the appreciation of these will increase in the same proportion as the appreciation of the smaller. But by 'the smaller' I mean those in the Set, and two or three others—the smaller 'Salisbury' particularly, in the rare, fine proofs of it—and the 'Windmill near Brighton'—pieces which only accident caused not to be included with the twenty-two of the 'Landscape'; and I do not mean (save perhaps for one or two exceptions) those more numerous pieces which Lucas later issued, disastrously, upon his own account—mistakenly encouraged, as I think, to do so by Constable's earliest biographer and faithful friend.

A last word for David Lucas—as to whom much may be read with interest in Mr. Ernest Leggatt's Catalogue of his 'complete works.' An amiable being, wonderfully gifted, and, as Time went on, increasingly feeble and uncontrolled—a being half-artist and half-craftsman; half-tradesman too; affectionate, untrustworthy; he seems not often, save in the case of Constable's immortal enterprise—for immortal I hold the 'English Landscape' to be—to have had his chance. Was it the man or the circumstances, or was it something of both? Anyhow, for years, for hardly less than a generation after Constable engaged him, did this master of mezzotint linger unappreciated, and for the most part unemployed, or employed but in work that gave no scope to his power. The year before Constable died—but two or three years after the 'Landscape' Series proper was finished—Lucas engraved, with just as complete a grasp of another artist's manner, the 'Return to Port Honfleur,' after the French Romantic, Eugène Isabey. A rare and quite perfect work. A few other things Lucas did—one or two 'important,' skilful, very impersonal portraits, and two or three small pieces wrought with the utmost delicacy, precision, strength; but soon he had had his day—his work was over, his opportunity lost.

S. W. Reynolds—almost the last of the engravers of Mezzotint of the great old school—formed, my reader may remember, or may like to be told, two brilliant pupils. One of them was Samuel Cousins; the other, David Lucas. The differing fates of the Idle and Industrious Apprentice, in Hogarth's pictorial narrative, were not really more different than the fates of these two artists—Reynolds's pupils. Neither was cut off early; but one lived to an extreme old age—diligent in labour, punctilious in performance; rich, an Academician, honoured, caressed—and the other, dying elderly, died disappointed, 'gone under.' A workhouse sheltered Lucas's last hours; and the irregular, erratic, indefensible man of genius, had rest, after weary years, in a pauper's grave.



*'THE WOMAN WHO TOILS' IN AMERICA*

THE appearance of the book on American factory life by Mrs. and Miss von Vorst has created immense interest in America and also in France. President Roosevelt has shown his appreciation of their courageous endeavour, and has written a preface to their book, *The Woman who Toils*. The ladies tell in simplest language, the one of her experiences in Pittsburg, Perry, and Chicago as pickle-factory hand, shirt finisher in a mill, and hand sewer in a clothing factory, the other of her experiences in a boot factory at Lynn and in the cotton factories in South Carolina.

We hear so much of America as the paradise of the worker, and of the glorification of American factory life, that we owe much to these brave women who seem to have felt that underneath the glamour that veils woman's industry there lay in truth an undiscovered country, and who, fearing that all was not so well as it seemed, decided to investigate for themselves. It is not easy for the philanthropic inquirer to force the *consigne* and to penetrate into the realities of factory life; so, divesting themselves of everything which could betray their purpose, they started on their different ways, determined to work at as many trades as possible, to live on what they earned, and only in the last extremity of sickness or misfortune to have recourse to the little silk bag in which was sewed a small store of dollars.

Mrs. von Vorst chose Pittsburg, a town in the Middle West, for her first experience. It is a huge industrial centre, 100,000 men working in the mills, with a correspondingly large number of women and girl workers in the factories and clothing shops. After some difficulty she found her first work in a pickle factory, at 70 cents a day, and was lucky in finding clean and decent board and lodging at 3 dollars a week. This is how she describes her first day's work: 'I have stood for ten hours, I have fitted 1,300 corks, I have hauled and loaded 4,000 jars of pickles.' Her midday meal, which she carried with her in a newspaper, consisted of two fried oysters, two preserve sandwiches, a pickle and an orange, an odd combination of food, one would think, but characteristic of the factory girl's dinner. The acrid smell of vinegar and mustard which pervades the pickle

factory, and affects the throat, makes the eating of ordinary, simple, wholesome food unpalatable. She stayed a week at the corking, and was then promoted to the bottling department on piece-work, where more money was to be made; and then to the men's kitchen, where food is prepared daily for 200 men. She sums up her experiences thus; that the woman's highest wage is lower than the man's lowest; that women are put to tasks which the men refuse; that whereas the men get a wholesome hot meal cooked and served for 10 cents, the women have to bring their food with them, of the kind we have seen, preserve sandwiches and pickles; that good experienced hands can earn at piece-work something over a dollar a day, but only by 'hustling,' i.e. overstraining physical and nervous strength. It is not possible to follow Mrs. von Vorst through her other experiences as shirt finisher and hand-sewer; they should be read in her own words: she found that the pretty, elegant factory hand, for all her fine clothes, was ill-fed, ill-lodged, and 'driven.' 'The girls are,' she says, 'fanciful, sentimental, cold, passionless. They are self-respecting, and trifle with love.' She found much kindness amongst the workers, and satisfied herself that good wages could be earned on piece-work, and that though the sanitary conditions were not always of the best, there is an effort on the part of employers to improve them. A large number of the workers had no need to work. 'Father gives me all I need, but not all I want,' said one, and she is typical of the rest. Socials, theatre parties, and clothes demand money; and it is for pocket-money—for her white gloves and her smart clothes—that the American factory girl works. The foreign women go dressed to their work 'neatly in sensible frocks of good durable material. The Americans in the shop wore light-coloured silk waists with fancy ribbon collars; a rustling frou-frou announced silk underclothing; feathers, garlands of flowers, masses of trimming weighed down their broad-brimmed picture-hats; fancy veils, kid gloves, silver side-bags completed the detail of their elaborate costume. . . . Tea and buns, ice-cream and buckwheat cakes, apple pie *à la mode*, and chocolate were the midday meal.'

The girls would seem to enjoy the theatre rather as a festive occasion for the display of clothes than for the play itself. Great preparations were made in Perry to go to see *Faust*. Mrs. von Vorst went with the others, and the Peanut Gallery, she says, was a bower of fashion. All moral sentiments were loudly applauded, but as she walked home with a girl named Lorraine, 'That devil was a corker' was the only comment.

On the whole, Mrs. von Vorst has no very surprising revelations to make on the material side of the question. We in London have heard something of this kind before. Mrs. Sidney Webb has worked in the sweaters' tailoring-shops in the east of London, and has told us what she found there; she has also told us of the many

'parasite industries' which absorb so much of women's work. We should expect to hear that the American woman worker earns better money than in England; what is new and grave is from the moral point of view. A comfortable wage does not seem to benefit these factory girls; they appear to live without affection, they do not value it when given to themselves, they do not feel the need to give to others; they sacrifice all on the altar of luxury: their health, their parents, their prospects of marriage.

This is the wound in American society whereby its strength sloughs away. . . . It is a prostitution to sell the body's health and strength for gewgaws. What harmony can there be between the elaborate get-up of these young women and the miserable homes where they live? The idolising of material things is a religion nurtured by this class of whom I speak. In their humble surroundings the love of self, the desire to possess things, the cherished need of luxuries, crowd out the feelings that make character. They are but one manifestation of the egoism of the unmarried American woman.

So speaks Mrs. von Vorst. We may remember that to be well dressed is an assertion of personal dignity, that in the Middle Ages the cost of personal clothing bore a much larger proportion to the general expenditure than to-day would be thought reasonable; that what the French call the immense *mise-en-scène anglaise*, i.e. the luxury of the home, is perhaps only another form of the same defect. So much we may say in defence, while on the other hand it is a case of pickles and preserve sandwiches over again, a jaded body and mind cease to be able to take wholesome food, but feed on the morbid. 'Our sex,' said a distinguished Frenchwoman, 'needs duties to determine feelings.' The American factory girl has no duties.

We turn to the picture given us by Miss Marie von Vorst. In the boot factory at Lynn the conditions of life and work did not differ in any essential respects from those in the factories of which we have already spoken; it is when we come to the cotton mills in Columbia, South Carolina, that we are filled with astonishment and horror. 'How is it possible that such things can be to-day in democratic, go-ahead America?' said one reader of this book; but here in England we have had our fight for the factory laws for the protection of the weak and for proper sanitation, and we are assured that much yet remains to be done before all is as it should be. Furthermore, we must remember that factory legislation is not enacted by a central authority in America, but that each State makes its own laws. The capitalist therefore has it all his own way for a time, until public opinion is fairly roused and he is educated or compelled to do social justice. Labour in South Carolina, according to Miss von Vorst, is a white slavery, around which the Southern negro makes a sad, gloomy background. Let us take one mill, the Excelsior, where Miss von Vorst began her work.

It possesses 104,000 spindles, representing a capital of 1,750,000 dollars, and employs from 1,200 to 3,000 workers. It is built on a tract of arid sand; behind it is the settlement, the mill village where the workers live. 'Plague,' says Miss von Vorst, 'is not too strong a word to apply to the pest-ridden, epidemic-filled, and filthy settlement where the mill hand lives, moves, and has his being, horrible honeycomb of lives, shocking morals and decency.' The mill hands are not drawn from the countryside, but are imported from afar by travellers who hold out extravagant inducements. They are therefore strangers to each other for the most part, and are absolutely separated from the dwellers in the town, who look upon them as *scum*. The condition of the mills is insanitary, and all the workers suffer from the particles of cotton in the air. They all take snuff, even the youngest children; 'their mouths are brown with it, their teeth black.' They suffer from lung disease (consumption) and pneumonia, which last becomes almost an epidemic. The spoolers live in a better atmosphere, freer from cotton particles; but the air is kept unwholesomely damp on account of the yarn, and many of them suffer from heart disease. Over all is the demon malaria, which claims its tribute of victims, a very Minotaur on a gigantic scale. There seems to be no effort to mitigate the dangers of the mill on the part of the employers, or to provide proper ventilation and fans. The heat is, of course, most trying. Men, women, and children, little children of five and six, they crowd into the mills to get through their daily task as best they may, and fling themselves, in their clothes, down on their comfortless, sheetless beds, till Excelsior summons them to another day of toil. Horrible is Miss von Vorst's account of the man on a horse who rides round each day to hound the laggards from their beds and compel them to come in, when from indisposition or fatigue they had taken a day off. Horrible too is her description of the little children, unwashed, clad in dirty rags, no change of clothes winter or summer, who are driven into the mills for their thirteen hours of daily toil, so weary that they fall asleep the moment there is a temporary cessation of work. They have no childhood, no schooling, no play, but grow old in precocious knowledge of the sin and misery of the world. She tells of one lad of fourteen, 'poor white trash,' who works from 5.45 A.M. to 6.45 P.M., with three-quarters of an hour for dinner at noon. He boards with a number of men, from whom he gets little friendliness; he earns fifty cents a day, has not a relation or friend in the world, no education, no means of getting any, has lost one arm, is worn to a skeleton, old-looking and ill. He says of his pay, 'It keeps me in existence.' He is a type—a lad who has never known a day of happiness or decent comfort, who has no hope.

The houses of the settlement are ill-built shanties run up without regard to decency, comfort, or sanitation. The drinking-water

from which you blow the thick scum ere 'you drink, breeds fever; the refuse of the place is piled between the houses, in the middle of the street; a horrible stench pervades the district; no flowers will grow in the heat and the dust. There are no schools for the children, and if there were, there are no children that are free in the day to go to them; there are no places of rest or recreation, and the worker who rises at 4 A.M. and works till long after dark in the winter, long into the evening in summer, has no vitality left to do more than swallow the coarse meal prepared for him, and fling his aching bones upon his rough couch. The cases of sickness are many, deaths are many also, and there are no statistics kept of births, marriages, or deaths in this State. What wonder that the woman mill hand is brutalised—'her face becomes unique, a fearful type'! Those who are good-looking when they go into the mill are persecuted by the overseers. Marriage is a farce; love is a dream; the home does not exist; there is no time to care for the children, who are exploited by their parents. Life in the cotton mills, we repeat, is a white slavery. The wonder is, says Miss von Vorst, that there is so much kindness among the workers, and that a few ideals are still preserved. They love flowers and long for them; they love music, but never hear any, though sometimes they will subscribe to buy a 100-dollar organ, which they have neither leisure nor skill to play. On Sundays the shanties are full of sleepers, men and women too weary to rise. There is a dreary park to which they go on occasions, and sometimes the girls will go to a rough dance; but hunting a negro, or a fight between the 'hands,' form their most available distractions. The work is so engrossing, so enervating, so soul-destroying, that very few have courage or energy left to break away and begin afresh.

Mrs. Browning sang in words of fire, to English ears, of the sorrows of the factory child; we cannot doubt that the Americans, when they have realised the truth, will see to it that their citizens, South as well as North, are protected from slave-driving employers. The Aragon Cotton Mills have started a better state of things already, and Mr. Walcott is an advocate of a nine hours' day and no child labour. There is another consideration: prices must be affected, and fortunes also, when the cotton factory hand comes by reasonable decency and comfort, and enters into his inheritance as a free citizen of a great country.

Some interesting conclusions result from a careful study of this book, though, if we put aside the condition of the cotton workers, they are not of an economic kind. They may be summed up thus:

(1) That the American factory girl has no desire to be a wife, much less to be a mother.

(2) That her ideal of life is independence and personal enjoyment and luxury, which, for her, means elegant apparel.

(3) That a large number of workers have no need to work, having

homes and parents to support them ; they are egoists, and work for pocket-money.

(4) That those workers who work for luxuries, not for subsistence, lower not only the rate of wages, but the whole tone of factory life.

(5) That the man has a responsibility in his work ; he toils for home, wife, and child ; that this fact ennobles his whole life, whereas the worker for personal luxuries not only helps to keep out of employ the worker for bread, but degrades the work itself.

Such is the result of this most interesting inquiry. It has not been our purpose to criticise or question, but rather to tell the tale as the ladies Von Vorst have told it. Many causes have probably gone to the producing of such abnormal conditions ; it may be only one effect of the wave of materialism which is sweeping over the civilised world. We in England have nothing that will quite compare with this picture of American working girls' life ; but there are indications not a few that the tide is setting that way, though perhaps in classes above the workers. What can we do to avert a very real danger from the Commonwealth ? The remedy must, we believe, be found not in any economic shibboleth, but in a sounder education, in nobler ideals, in truer conceptions of woman's work in the world, in a deeper sense of social duty, for the kingdom of earth belongs to the rich in heart.

ETHEL B. HARRISON.

ENGLISH STYLE AND SOME FRENCH  
NOVELS

THE gardening diaries tell us that 'to be well forward is the secret of success in gardening.' I am not so sure about that, but I am quite sure that to be well backward is the secret of success in reading. And the negative reason for this is generally known, if universally passed by. Every season sees a whole fleet of paper cock-boats sweeping along on the current of popular attention, to drop out of sight, stranded sometimes by a little puff of ridicule, oftener sinking by effect of their own fragility. Concealed among them is, perhaps, a real boat, with sails and rudder set to carry it to a destination. Let us leave to others the ungrateful, the tedious, task of examining an entire fleet to discover it. And I have a positive as well as a negative reason for singing the praises of backwardness. Not only do the spirited comments of Clarinda lead me to read the right book, or the tiresome enthusiasm of Myrtille to unostentatiously avoid the wrong one, but I come to my book more prepared to read it intelligently if I have already discussed it. For in this way I have learned to approach it as it were from various quarters at once, and with a mind alert to mark points which it might naturally have glided over. Myrtille would certainly ask how you can discuss books which you have not read. Such questions smack of a bygone generation, a generation simple and sincere in literary matters, if in moral ones false and pretentious to a degree which Dr. Johnson would have called 'very disgusting.' The newspapers should enable a commonly clever woman to join in a conversation on the books of the hour. She certainly cannot expect to add anything serious to it while it runs upon these, but if she feels it in her to do that, let her lead the talk towards others. For I am quite sure that a person who has nothing interesting to say about old books will also have nothing interesting to say about new ones. The converse does not hold: a store of knowledge and an apt memory will of themselves make a man good company in a library. And it takes no more than a docile literary intelligence to appreciate the standard merits of standard works, which yet cannot be so great as not to be the greater for the appreciation of each individual mind. But the literary palate, the

instinctive perception of quality in a new book, that is altogether another matter. It is a special faculty which education cannot bestow, which it may cultivate, but on the other hand, may not. I have certainly seen it have quite a contrary effect on the old-fashioned 'Greats man,' to use the Oxford slang. His literary intelligence was apt to be permanently hypnotised by the belief that he had 'a standard' which enabled him to judge literature. Which was as though a man had come back from climbing the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn and said, 'I have now got a standard which enables me to judge scenery.' Such a man had not only acquired the habit of writing the ponderous, characterless dialect of the examination essay—which was his misfortune—but he set up the style as a model of good English, which was something worse. 'It takes a very little time to learn to write it,' says cynical Youth. Yes; but it takes a very long time to learn not to write it.

Style is like music. Numbers of us can be taught to write English or to play the piano correctly and with good taste. To take such a performance as a standard is an error indeed, for mediocrity cannot even sustain itself. But the error begins in the idea that a standard of style can be fixed, when the essence of style is individuality. There must and should be as many diversities of it as there are diversities of temperament. With one, every clause hits its meaning, sharp and direct as a hammer-stroke; with another, a whole period must be taken together in order to listen to some harmony of structure or apprehend some subtlety of suggestion.

I should like to retain all my old, my immense respect for the classical education as a literary training. And it surely conduces to accuracy, to close reasoning, to good judgment and taste in certain directions. But in this matter of English prose style, experience urges upon me a heresy. It insists that it is familiarity with French, not Latin, that is most likely to help a man's style to clarity, charm, and the force which comes of directness. Such a gulf divides the grammatical structure of Latin from English as makes its qualities not transferable to our language, and even apt to breed their opposites in it. There is an English which reminds me of German classical architecture. Need I describe that?

For literary perception, it is certainly an inborn faculty of the mind; but it needs cultivation. And I see that one who has fed it on Dante and Heine, on Shakespeare and Madame de Sévigné, is as good a judge of a book as another who has trained it on Homer and Horace. Truly 'twere pity of our lives' if in six centuries all Europe could not provide masterpieces enough to teach us what great literature is, and, moreover, how various it can be. Narrowness of taste will make the best-educated man a barren stock as a critic, and a kind of Cockney in any ramble through the 'fresh woods and pastures new' of literature.



In short, when I compare individual with individual, I begin to doubt altogether the special value of the classical education. But getting away from the individual, and endeavouring to see things 'in masses,' as the painters say, I perceive its serious value as an element in that little state of Literature whose frontiers are so very indeterminate. (Though, indeed, I have been told there is a sure and simple way of discovering on which side of it any given drawing-room lies; only, as Herodotus would say, it is not lawful to mention it.) The scholar's reverence for grammar is a thing we can ill spare. Then his severity, his conservatism of taste, offer a wholesome resistance to the tyranny of mere fashion in literature. It discourages enthusiasm for this or that new light from overflowing in a mere froth of adjectives, and puts a certain pressure on our minds to examine our latest idols and praise them with discrimination. When the new literature is one of ideas, or imitation ideas, this intellectual winnowing is particularly valuable. Not that authority or education can save a whole generation from falling into the intellectual traps laid for it by its own genius. The Early Victorians had plenty of scholars and philosophers among them, yet they were pleased with the thin religious reasonings of their poets and the windy prophesyings of Carlyle. But such general phases of thought are after all not mistakes; they are the winding ways of evolution.

Again, I think our old aristocracy of scholarship is useful in protecting us against that raiding of the intellectual domain by pretentious ignorance which seems to waste a good deal of time in America. Over here, our Mrs. Gallups are held in check by a vague but sufficient awe of gentlemen who know Greek and Latin. Yet perhaps I speak of a tradition which is already passing away. I hope not, for it is the only form of respect for intellectual distinction which I have noticed in the average Briton, whose sincere admiration for stupidity would be amusing were it of no consequence. For myself, in my own heretical fashion, I believe that the scholar contributes excellences to the world of literature. But I have tried to define his functions in that state, and such a definition cannot satisfy the older type of scholar, who has been accustomed to say, 'L'État c'est moi.' This claim was always an absurdity, and flourished on kindred absurdities. I remember the time when the mastery of a modern language was habitually described as 'a mere accomplishment,' and the very men who shuddered at a false quantity in Latin would emit with complacency a French which made the hearer's flesh creep. That style is as delicate and important a matter in the living as in the dead language was a discovery of the obvious which they had never made. But on the younger men and women of the 'seventies and 'eighties there had fallen the spell of the exquisite French language, the French wit, supple and keen, the French passion for form and completeness.

This French movement passed half-unnoticed in the shadow of the puffed sleeves, the trailing skirts, the crisped mane of the world-famous *Æsthetic* movement, or noticed chiefly in its small affectations. Its ballades and rondels are with 'the snows of yester year'; for the full stream of English poetry was not made to flow in those quaint mediæval runnels. Its real work was to effect a transformation in the form of the English novel and in English prose style. It is not in England alone that there has been a French movement. But in Latin countries the adoption of French forms and French ideas is too easy, too imitative, to be very interesting. In England there has been a subtler kind of transformation. The novel has gained in compactness, in arrangement, in dramatic point; but it is still English in idea, while in expression we are rather less than more given to the use of French words and phrases. I am not, of course, speaking of the mass of printed matter produced by those who cannot really write for those who cannot really read. But compare a good average novel, a literary newspaper, a review of the 'sixties, with the same thing in 1903, and what a different prose you will see! For my part, I immensely prefer our modern style to the comparatively monotonous and heavy structures of the pre-French period.

I doubt whether to-day the French fever still spreads among the young. There certainly was a young gentleman of Oxford not long ago who was fabled to be unable to say 'How d'ye do?' to an acquaintance without adding softly, 'Ah! la bella France!' But he seemed to be considered an exception. And for my own part the days are long gone by when I regarded it as necessary to literary salvation to have read the latest novel booming in Paris. They were no ill days, nor yet unprofitable. If I comparatively seldom read a new French novel now, it is because they are so seldom new beyond the title-page. Besides, I have found a difficulty in discovering which was the leading novel, a difficulty which M. Octave Uzanne's article in the *Fortnightly Review* has lately explained to me. He tells us that new social conditions in France have produced a 'slump' in the novel. And when he describes the 'amusement' pest raging on the other side of the Channel, we breathe the sympathetic sigh. But, whatever may be the reasons for the decline of reading in France, I have hinted a reason why some of us who abhor 'bridge' and hardly tolerate ping-pong, nevertheless do not read so many French novels as we did. I would suggest humbly, since I have ceased to follow the march of Parisian literary events, that if the French fiction of the last fifteen years were compared with the English, it would be found to be much less various in interest. Here *Kim* and *Lady Rose's Daughter* jostle each other on every shelf, and the scenes of the two are hardly farther apart than the points of view. I take these two books almost at random, because they are universally known, but an experimental expedition through the shelves of a

lending library would show as great a diversity of interest in all sorts of directions. I do not say that no like change has passed or is passing over the French novel, but it is slight in comparison. When the French novelist travels—which he now not infrequently does—I cannot help seeing the return half of his ticket to Paris in his waistcoat pocket. Unless, indeed, he is M. Bourget.

The truth is, the whole imagination of France has been for too long swept into the vortex of Paris, has whirled too long in that shining circle to escape from it easily. Pierre Loti is at once an exception to the rule and an example of it. For mere impressions of strange-coloured exotic scenes he has not his equal in the world. But he goes to Japan as to a new and highly-advertised Moulin Rouge—and is disappointed.

Under the name of 'Pierre de Coulevain,' a writer, intelligent rather than brilliant, has really broken new ground in her studies of the mixed society created by the American marriages of the French and Italian aristocracy. *Ève Victorieuse* and *Noblesse Américaine* are interesting from their freshness of view and apparent truthfulness. 'Pierre de Coulevain's' ticket to America was evidently not the tourist's. Yet even among these new social combinations, where escape would seem so easy, she does not escape from the old, old situation of the married couple and the Other. We know that the marriage customs of France compelled their writers to this as the conventional story; but it is one of some monotony in itself, and treated in the modern manner it becomes highly tedious. 'Pierre de Coulevain' must be acquitted of treating it in the modern manner; in her hands it remains a love story. For it was formerly a love story, and love will both stir common people to uncommon actions, and by a general quickening of life, will bring out the secret writings in men's minds, and so make plain their various characters. Which, with its supposed universality, make up the reasons why it has been the chosen theme of the poet and novelist. But since Zola and Guy de Maupassant took the writing world of France by storm, the novelist's chosen theme is no longer Love, but Instinct; and that is necessarily one of the most barren monotony.

From ignoring ethical evolution in one direction to ignoring it altogether is no long step. Yet a world of *inconscients*, of non-moral beings, would offer few conveniences for the dramatist and novelist. The drama of life mostly proceeds from the contrast and the struggle between Man and his standard or code. Without these the adventures of the soul are at an end, and even external adventures lose much of their poignancy. If courage, for example, ceases to be admirable, cowardice is not even comic. In a world that had for its law 'One man is as good as another, and the devil catch the hindmost,' why should it interest us much to see which the devil caught?

Some fifteen years ago M. Lavedan came before the world with a very small and very clever book called *Les Inconsolables*, and we were all half or wholly amused. It was a satyr wit that hoofed it so merrily in the grim sanctuaries of age and death, and stirred unsuspected mud in the fount of human tears. Cynicism is sometimes the trait of youth, moving as it does 'in worlds not realised.' But ten years later found M. Lavedan, in *Nouveau Jeu* and *Les Jeunes*, in a more advanced stage of cynicism, given up to the study of the *inconscients*. A dull set, for all the wit he lavishes on them.

And now *L'Inconstante*, this novel of Madame Henri de Régnier's, of which 'the town is talking,' as our ancestors said, this has an *inconsciente* for a heroine. A Frenchwoman of taste has assured me that she cannot read it; she finds it *écœurant*. Indeed, I do not think that Frenchwomen owe a great debt of gratitude to their novelists. Their charms have been sufficiently celebrated, their virtues, to say the least, insufficiently. But I leave them to lodge their own complaint, which they are much better fitted to express than any clumsy-witted Briton from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

The other novel of the year, which appears to have rivalled *L'Inconstante* in popularity, is *La Maison du Pêché*, by Madame Tinayre. I do not know precisely what judgment French criticism has passed on Madame Tinayre's book, but to me it has, besides other and striking literary merits, the merit of being comparatively new. I do not mean that she has found that blue rose, a theme which has never before been handled. In Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale* the situation is nearly identical. But Madame Tinayre's novel certainly differs both in subject and point of view from the ordinary clever French novel, among which may be included her own *L'Oiseau d'Orage*. Her subject is that of two human beings irresistibly attracted to one another as individuals, but irrevocably separated, before they were born, by the tendencies and beliefs of a former generation, and, since they were born, by their own consequent education and beliefs. Yet this is not all, it is not the most poignant side of the drama. That lies rather in the lonely and tragic adventure of the soul of Augustin de Chanteprie, when the flame of his love for Fanny Manolé shows him the bars of the narrow cage in which he has been reared, in which he has hitherto lived content; and shows him, too, the wide, populous world without, where he can never move familiarly as a free-born creature, but still in pain, and regretting the very bars against which he beat. And these two individuals, the church-reared man and the pagan-born woman, are a clashing-point between two strong opposing currents which flow through the ocean of life. One guesses Port Royal to have been the source of the story, as it was the source of the de Chanteprie family character. Madame Tinayre has felt the

austere charm of that wonderful place, its founders and supporters. It was a fine protest, and more than a protest, against a vicious society and a complaisant Christianity. Moreover, it was a centre of ideas and interests rendered independent of the Court by sheer unworldliness. The Grand Monarque had a quick eye to detect the springing of possible wheat among the tares of his sowing, and it is not surprising that he should have rooted out Port Royal. The precise doctrines of Port Royal are of no present interest. Their teaching, their general attitude towards life, was profoundly ascetic, seeming indeed to combine the severity of monasticism with that of Calvinism. And it is this inhuman side of Port Royal which has made the deepest impression on Madame Tinayre's imagination. Happily, if people are seldom so good as their doctrines, they are also seldom so bad. 'I too have tried to be a philosopher,' said Dr. Johnson's old friend apologetically, 'but cheerfulness would break in.' And even where Calvinism was, cheerfulness would frequently break in. Yet the doctrine which would make of life a mere tunnel to the grave is terrible enough, has claimed victims enough to be treated as something more than a dark chimæra. *La Maison du Péché* exhibits the contrast between this view and the pagan joy of life; the possible contact of the two to-day, one a survival, the other a revival. Social conditions in France make it possible to present such a contrast more completely there than with us. The gulf between Paris and the provinces, the greater power and influence of the mother, the absence of any acknowledged right of the boy to personal liberty and a certain type of education—these conditions make the prisoned youth of Augustin de Chanteprie, between his nun-like mother and his priest-like tutor, a possibility. How frequent, or how uncommon, or even unique, such an upbringing may be, I leave it to French commentators to declare. Enough for me to see it so plainly: the still frost-nipped boy-life in the château of Hautfort-le-Vieux, the dim, colourless rooms where the icy saint-hood of the mother cherishes itself in silence, and the mouldering graces of the Louis-Seize pavilion where, at due distance, M. Forgerus the tutor broods owl-like on the dust of ancient sins and in the dark of ancient systems. Between the two, amid the disorder, the rank, pungent growth of the neglected garden, moves Paquine, the old servant, the handkerchief folded round her Sibyl head, the snaky lock of silver hair escaping across her yellow forehead, the turquoise earring blue against her yellow cheek. She is, as it were, an incarnate spirit of the ancestral earth, older and more stable than all systems, waiting the hour when she shall prevail.

At first the boy with the 'eyes like faded violets' is merely a thing for pity; but as the years go by his creator contrives to make of him a man, in spite of all that has hampered his growth, and one worthy of sympathy and respect. And Fanny Manolé, the pagan

woman whose love destroys him, is no brainless, heartless sensualist. Child of a great painter and an Italian model, a painter herself, she has been brought up without religion, but she is not without morality. Her face has smiled for centuries from Italian canvases, angel or Bacchante, with hair like heavy clusters of black grapes, with curved mouth and mysterious eyes. Her supple body has lived in marble and mouldered in the grave hundreds of times, through all the ages of Italy. She loves without coquetry, with the simplicity and completeness of an Italian. Yet she has the intelligence and the strong character of a Frenchwoman, and the frankness and uprightness of a woman who has never been taught to humbug. The Devil's Advocate might indeed find in the story a moral to the effect that a woman who has never learned to humbug herself first and then others, is sure to make a terrible failure of life. If Fanny could have persuaded herself, Augustin de Chanteprie, his fossil mother, M. Forgerus, the Abbé Le Tourneur, and the rest of the devout circle, that she was on the way to become an excellent Catholic, all would have been well. M. Forgerus first, Madame de Chanteprie afterwards, could have been brought to consent to the marriage, and everything would have progressed as automatically as in the old rhyme, when 'the fire began to burn the stick.' But, alas! Fanny could not kindle in her breast the fire of heavenly faith, real or factitious, and in her desperation kindled in her young lover's the fire of earthy passion.

The drama moves straight on up to this point. The narrow circle of provincial devotees, the *curés* and peasants, are excellently drawn, and appear enough but not too much. The rural valley where once Port Royal stood, the pictured faces of its *Mères* and its *Messieurs*, lend a background of spiritual romance to a charming and delicate love-scene. The country background is everywhere of great beauty and reality. French descriptions of scenery have long been admirable, but I have come to notice a certain monotony about them. The same adjectives recur, the same views. They are mostly taken from the home-counties of Paris—of less varied beauty than the home-counties of London—from the sandy sea-coast of the North of France, and the heaths of Brittany, to which Parisians resort in the summer holidays. The Riviera sometimes appears; but Daudet's possession of the rural south seems seldom disturbed. They are extremely pretty and well done, these views, but they have come to remind me too much of a landscape exhibition of a particular school, reminiscent of the usual artist haunts. In Madame Tinayre's former novel there was a bright little sea-shore scene which I seemed to have met with scores of times already. In *La Maison du Péché* there are no pictures which one involuntarily sees framed and hung on a wall. There is real country, rolling wooded country, to walk through in the spring sunshine or the transforming mystery of moonlight; there is a grey old church in which to pace and watch

the twilight gather; there is the beechwood, where Barral and Fanny rest their bicycles. One smells the damp moss and the bracken. Barral seems cast for something like the villain of the piece, yet one feels that to be all an accident. At bottom, Barral is the sensible man whom every woman's friends always wish her to marry; and only a very sensible woman does not marry. Unluckily, Barral omits his most important 'property'; the wedding-ring.

The last part of the book divides itself between Paris and Hautfort-le-Vieux, and its sketches of Parisian types are as convincing as those of the provincials. But the action loiters; it has *da capos*. Fanny's attempt to convert Augustin to paganism is a more lamentable failure than his to convert Fanny to Christianity, just because it is a partial success. For both it means disaster. The tragedy of the end is pushed almost beyond what is tolerable. In the actual world the threshold of Death is a very lonely place. The soul stands there in solitude, covered with a veil which neither love nor prayer can penetrate. I doubt whether the imagination does well and reverently in pretending to lift it.

And I see that *La Maison du Péché* has been translated. Were I German Emperor of England I should forbid translations of French novels. Those who are sufficiently literary to appreciate them should have no difficulty in reading the language. Those who do not know it must be ignorant of the history and general literature of the French people, of their habits of thought and life, their different standard of mere propriety. And, being ignorant of these things, can an English reader understand a French novel? On the contrary, he can but misunderstand it.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

## *HAMMURABI'S CODE*

WHEN King Hammurabi of Babylon, in 2164 B.C., had united under one head the countries watered by the Euphrates and Tigris, these lands had already passed through centuries of political and social development. Sumerians and Semites, the two heterogeneous elements which made up the population, had alternately borne rule, and though at first the groundwork of the civilisation was in either case Sumerian, yet the Semites, being strengthened by frequent additions from without, were destined to obtain the upper hand in the end. Of the Semitic Babylonian kingdom Hammurabi was the founder. The legal code by which Hammurabi, the 'wise king,' instructed the Babylonians in 'just statutes and righteous ordinances' has quite recently been recovered by the French excavations at Susa. It gives unmistakable proof that in the domain of law also a long and important period of development must have preceded.

In estimating the value of this unique document great stress has been laid upon its relation to the Law of Moses. Doubtless there are resemblances. The pictorial representation of Hammurabi receiving the laws from the sun-god has suggested to some commentators a comparison with Moses on Mount Sinai. 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' familiar to us from the Bible, though by no means confined to Old Testament law, is also to be found in Hammurabi's code, and probably existed in the older regulations which he had to hand. 'If any one destroys another's eye, his eye is to be destroyed. If he breaks another's bone, his bone is to be broken. If he knocks out the teeth of one of his equals, his teeth are to be knocked out.' Hagar's rôle as handmaiden and concubine by the side of the childless Sarah is indicated in Hammurabi's code and in Babylonian law. Various other parallels can be found with Biblical law and Biblical ideas of justice, while the Talmud would furnish a much richer mine for rules and customs which savour of Babylonia; this being partly due to analogous development and greatly to actual Babylonian influence.

But the importance to universal history of Hammurabi's code surely lies only in very small part in its action upon Talmudic law or in the parallels to Biblical conceptions. Rather does it chiefly



lie in the commanding position which Babylonia occupied with respect to the entire trade of antiquity, so that not only the weights and measures of Babylonia but also the legal ideas, customs, and rules spread over the whole of the ancient civilised world. And perhaps the Romans themselves, who, as the last heirs of universal traffic and universal empire, arranged and codified all law, owed something indirectly to Babylonia in the beginnings of that exceedingly precise and important legal system which they developed. In any case they assuredly took over from foreign codes much which was actually or originally Babylonian.

It will be an interesting and probably lengthy task for the science of comparative jurisprudence to prove this in particular instances. Here I can only cast a glance at this collection of laws as a whole and draw attention to certain of its characteristic traits. I make use of the division into paragraphs made by Scheil (*Mission scientifique en Perse, Mémoires, Tome IV.*) in his original publication of the code.

In marked contrast to the Law of Israel the most striking feature is the independence of the code, as such, of religion and the priesthood. Of course there are allusions to matters relating to religion; penalties were attached to the practice of magic, and an ordeal by river water was appointed for the decision of certain cases. But here it is only a case of one crime among many crimes, of one form of conducting a lawsuit among many forms. Circumstances relating to worship and to the temple are also touched upon; for instance, when mention is made of those who were 'dedicated to the god,' the temple women, who might not marry; but that is only when it is a question of determining their family status and their rights of inheritance. Otherwise the code is entirely secular in character and is arranged for the needs of civil intercourse and of statecraft.

And as in the contents, so is this independence and this lack of priestly influence shown forth in the king's words of introduction and conclusion. It is true that Shamash, the sun-god, the great judge of heaven and earth, 'gave him the law,' and 'by his command justice is to rise over the land.' But Hammurabi himself 'is appointed by the gods to grant the land legal protection,' 'so that the strong may not oppress the weak'—a formula which was used by Assurbanabal of Assyria nearly 1500 years later, when, in carrying out a decision of his father's, he made his brother Shamash-shum-ukin king of Babylonia in 688 B.C. Hammurabi 'has put law and justice into the mouth of the people, has made his subjects prosperous.' He prides himself on 'the keen insight which the god Ea (Ae) has given him,' on the wisdom which Marduk has granted. 'His words are well considered, his wisdom cannot be matched.' Later kings are to keep 'the words of justice which are recorded

on his monument, not to alter the law that he has given, to rule their subjects in accordance with it.'\*

Hammurabi's personal character, his enlightened absolutism, are also manifest in the letters or rather decrees, such as he issued especially to Sin-iddinam, under-king of South Babylonia, residing in Larsa, the biblical Ellasar.

The detailed treatment, even of matters of apparently secondary importance, the brevity and acuteness of his decisions, are suggestive of Frederick the Great, while as conqueror and founder of an empire and at the same time originator of a comprehensive and influential code of law, Hammurabi may be compared with Napoleon I.

It is evident that Hammurabi's personal share in the work was great. It would therefore be of special interest to know the origin and plan of the code, and thus to be able to cast a glance into the intellectual workshop of the lawgiver. We see at once that the arrangement is not distinctly legal—not according to the various functions of the law, nor according to the different crimes. But it is not probable that we have before us a purely accidental and unordered medley of legal decisions. And closer study shows that there is an intellectual bond, that the plan depends in part on practical aspects of the law, but that accidental connection of ideas influenced the order of subjects and formed the connecting link between the different categories. Thus, although there is no external mark of systematic arrangement, we can gain an instructive insight into the train of thought of the royal lawgiver and his advisers.

At the same time we perceive that older laws were often incorporated or at least utilised; sometimes in their original order. This is most clearly the case where certain formulæ are used in giving notice of the termination of some legal relation, formulæ known to us from the 'Sumerian family laws,' that collection of extracts from older laws which we possess in a bilingual version; in the pre-Semitic, Sumerian, and also in the Semitic, Babylonian language. And together with such phrases in Hammurabi's code we almost invariably find the threat of some barbarous punishment, which must have belonged to an earlier legislation. There is an instance of this at the end of the entire code. If it is proved that a slave has said to his master: 'Thou art no longer my lord,' then the master has the right to cut off the slave's ear.

Starting from magic and the punishment thereof, the first section (§ 1-25) treats of a series of crimes: false witness, false judgment, theft, inclusive of theft of persons who, like minors and slaves, are in the power of others, concealment of stolen goods, robbery. Finally—and this is clearly one of those rudimental survivals of older views—a particular case of theft: if a man steals in a burning house he is to be thrown into that very fire.

Without any evident connection with the preceding, the second section (§ 26-41) is concerned with the relations of the royal vassals, the fiefs being conferred specially or exclusively in return for obligatory military service as officer or common soldier. •

The fields and gardens of these vassals pave the way for the general consideration of regulations connected with ground property of agricultural value. In this section, beginning with § 42, the following are remarkable for wisdom and justice: the rule (§ 48) that in a year of bad harvest the debtor has the right to postpone his payment (moratorium); and the statement (§ 53) which at the same time throws some light on the irrigation system, that any one who neglected to keep his dam, or the part of it for the good condition of which he was responsible, in proper repair, was liable for the damage caused by a breach in the dam and had to make good the ruined corn.

At the end of this section there is a great gap in the text. But extracts from these lost regulations are preserved in later writings. From these it would appear that the sale of fruit and the mortgaging of the growing crop led on to purchase, lease, hire, and the like. The gap is followed first (§ 100-119) by regulations concerning the relation of the merchant to the commissioner and the collection of dues. At the close of this there is the gratifying statement that if a debtor has sold a slave who has borne him children, he is bound to redeem this mother of his children as soon as possible, so that she is only to be considered as being *pawned*. Without apparent connection there follow regulations about warehouse rent and deposits. But as these begin with the storage of grain in the house of another (§ 120), and before that (§ 113) there is mention of a granary from which a creditor had illegally satisfied himself for his claim, it is probable that here, as in other cases, the agricultural point of view supplies the link, and that these rules about deposits may be considered a supplement to the whole (fourth) section.

The fifth part (§ 127-195), which treats in detail of laws relating to the family and to inheritance, stands out plainly. The fundamental rule, which in its essence hardly differs from the law of the present day, is thus worded: 'If any one takes a woman, but does not make a contract with her (before witnesses), that woman is not his wife' (§ 128). The introduction is however characteristically a threat (§ 127), which is obviously incorporated and not newly formed, namely, against any one who 'points his finger at' that is accuses, a dedicated temple woman, or a wife, without being able to prove his accusation. Clear and just distinctions are made in cases where, a husband having been taken prisoner in war, his wife leaves his house, that is takes another husband (§ 133-135). If there was sufficient provision in the house the wife is to be punished as an adulteress. But if the necessities of life were lacking, and she yielded to want,

she is to be held guiltless. If, in the latter case, the husband returns from captivity she is to go back to him, but children are to remain with their own father.

Certain crimes bearing on family life, which are treated of at the end of this section (§ 192-195), are punished by mutilation. The nurse, who substitutes another child for one who has died in her house while under her care is to have her breast cut off; a son who strikes his father is to lose his hand. These regulations, which clearly bear the mark of older origin, lead on naturally to the rules about bodily injuries, and, in intelligible connection therewith, to the legal relations arising from the operations and errors of doctors, surgeons, and barbers (section six, § 196-227).

It surprises us that the next direction (§ 228) relates to the claims of architects, whose profession by the way was considered an *ars liberalis*, so that their work was not paid for in wages, but was rewarded by a 'present.' But the next instructions (§ 229-233) concern the collapse of a house and the loss to life and property caused thereby. There is a similar mixing up of the work they do and the injury they may cause in the case of the ship, the ass, the ox, the agricultural labourer, the shepherd, and so on. Evidently an older criminal code is at the bottom of this, which passed from injuries caused by persons to injuries caused by things or what were considered as things.

Regulations pertaining hereto are remodelled in the hands of the royal lawgiver in a final section, the seventh (§ 228-282), which treats of bargains for service and of wages, and also for the responsibility for injury caused or committed by the contractor or workman himself, his assistant or his living 'tool.' Connected herewith are regulations concerning the purchase of slaves, which may be considered to stand halfway between the purchase of things and the hire of labour.

This last section is perhaps the one which throws most light upon the origin of the whole code. When we see that the code begins and ends with penal laws, and when we consider that the other sections also are framed in and pervaded by obviously older penal laws, we may come to this conclusion. Taking as a foundation older and for the most part severer penal laws, which had probably already been collected into a code, Hammurabi remodelled the entire civil and criminal law. In the statutes themselves and in their arrangement he was chiefly guided by economic considerations, and in the first place by the needs of agriculture and of trade. A code which arose in such a way is far from being perfect according to our ideas, especially as there is a preponderance of casuistry. As an instance of this: there is nowhere any general statement about the compensation due for the death of a slave; only two cases are considered,

namely when he is killed by the collapse of an insecurely built house (§ 231) and by a butting ox (§ 252).

The clearness and precision of the language and terminology, which hardly admits of any possible doubt as to the meaning of the directions and the intention of the lawgiver, is also the crowning consummation of a long period of development. Whether, for instance, a person is 'to spring into the river for the ordeal by water,' or 'to be thrown into the river' by way of punishment, is evident, apart from everything else, by the way in which the word 'river' is written, for in the former case it has the determinative prefix for 'god'; the river-god is to decide the case.

In the laws relating to matrimonial property we have mention of the dowry (*sheriqtu, dos*) which the wife brings with her, and the nuptial present (*tirhatu*) which the husband pays to the father of the bride. What the husband assigns to his wife by legal document in the case of his death is distinguished as 'gift' (*nudunnû*). If there is no such disposal the wife receives the share of a child; so there was a legal right to this 'gift' or its equivalent. Herein it differs essentially from bestowals which were entirely voluntary and which were designated 'presents' (*kishtu*). For instance, if a father has destined such a present for his favourite son, the son receives this 'preliminary legacy' first, and then the paternal inheritance is divided. In all these words the differences of meaning are indicated with great exactness.

The following laws will serve as illustrations of the carefully thought out casuistry. The adoption of a child against the will of the natural parents was invalid. If an engagement was broken off on account of a slander, the slanderer was not allowed to marry the former betrothed. An unmarried brother received in addition to his share of the paternal inheritance a certain sum for his nuptial present. It was made very difficult for a father to disown his son, for even where serious guilt had been proved before the judges, the father was obliged to forgive the first offence.

These laws are also examples of the height of the moral standard which had been reached, and so we may fairly say that from every point of view analysis confirms the impression that taken as a whole the code is a great work, an evidence of progress in civilisation capable of producing intense and lasting after-effects.

## *LAST MONTH*

THE appointment of a Special Committee of three to consider the most important question connected with the organisation of the War Office is not only the chief administrative event of the month, but the first great step that has been taken towards the reform of our army system. The purpose aimed at by the appointment of this small committee is avowedly the assimilation of the system of War Office administration to what which has achieved so great a success in the administration of the Admiralty. That is to say, the attempt is to be made to substitute for the authority of the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief that of a Board, framed more or less on the Admiralty model. For years past the reform party has pointed to some movement of this kind as the initial step in any effective readjustment of our military organisation. The lessons of the War Commission pointed clearly in the same direction, and some of the members of that body had the courage to say so in plain terms. But it needed still greater courage on the part of a man holding the exalted position of Secretary for War to adopt this view, and take the first steps for carrying it into effect. It would be singularly ungracious, therefore, to deny to Mr. Arnold-Forster the credit to which he is justly entitled for his first important act since entering upon office. To represent it, as some Ministerial organs in the press have done, as the act of the Prime Minister is to deprive the Secretary of State of credit to which he is distinctly entitled. Another and a higher power than either the Secretary of State or the Prime Minister may, indeed, be discerned in this step. It is notorious that the King, who was deeply moved, as were all his subjects, by the revelations of the War Commission, has been ardent in the support he has given to his Ministers in any well-considered attempt that they might make to utilise the lessons taught by one of the most momentous documents ever issued under Royal authority. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the fact that his Majesty's unique influence should have been thrown into the scale on the side of reform.

The composition of the new Committee of three supports the hopes raised by its appointment. Lord Esher is to some extent an unknown quantity, but he is believed to possess more than a common share of

his Majesty's confidence, and he distinguished himself as a member of the Royal Commission by the fearlessness of his criticisms and the clearness of his views as to the measures which are needed to restore efficiency to the system of War Office administration. Admiral Sir John Fisher has for years past been one of the most conspicuous figures in the administration of the Navy, and it is known that many of the recent reforms which have added so greatly to the efficiency of the fleet have been directly due to his initiative. Of Sir George Clarke it is unnecessary to speak to those who are acquainted with his character and his past record. More than once in past years I have referred in these pages to the folly of those who exiled him from England, sending him to the other side of the world at a moment when he was obviously needed at home. Sir George Clarke has long been known to experts as the most intrepid advocate of a radical reform of our military system actually in the Service. It is possible, indeed, that his clear and strong views upon this question, and the force and ability with which he has given expression to them, have not tended to the success of his personal career in the army. Reformers are not, as a rule, popular persons with those whose interests, real or imaginary, reforms may seem to threaten, and I imagine that in this matter Sir George has shared the common lot. But if anything could add to the confidence which enlightened advocates of an improved military organisation feel in the composition of the new Committee, it is the fact that Sir George Clarke is one of its members.

The country has received, during the past month, two Royal visitors of the highest distinction. The King and Queen of Italy, who have enjoyed the splendid hospitality of Windsor Castle, are welcome on their own account, for they are exemplary in discharging the duties of their great position. But they are doubly welcome as the representatives of that classic land in which Englishmen of all classes and parties have for centuries felt a sympathetic and admiring interest. The ties which unite this country with Italy are too numerous to be stated here. They are stronger than any mere political bonds, though the Englishmen of the last generation, and more particularly English Liberals, were happily able when contemplating the achievement of Italian unity and liberty to congratulate themselves upon the fact that the great work was one in which they themselves had played a special part. I suppose it is only those of us who belong to the older generation who can understand the fascination which the cause of Italy once had for us. In those great days in the middle of the last century, when Mazzini, ever dreaming and plotting, lived quietly in a London suburb, and Garibaldi, the splendid man of action, came amongst us to receive a welcome such as even kings could not command, a great majority of the people of this country were as thoroughly Italian in their affections and

hopes as the Italians themselves. The outspoken sympathy with which every revolutionary movement in Italy was hailed in England, not merely by Radical agitators, but by statesmen and scholars, laid the seeds of that good understanding between the two peoples which has flourished for the lifetime of a generation; nor have the Italians been lukewarm in acknowledging the debt which they owed to us and to some of our foremost men, of whom only Mr. Gladstone need be named.

In questions of general politics affecting our own affairs at home or abroad, the month has not been prolific. The fiscal agitation seems to have absorbed the attention of the country to the exclusion of all other topics. But for this fact, the new situation that has arisen in Ireland would have attracted public attention more largely than it has done. The crisis in the history of the Irish party caused by the denunciation of Mr. Redmond for having made a fairly good bargain in disposing of his modest estate is, however, a serious one. It has caused Mr. O'Brien, who at the last general election succeeded in making himself the Grand Elector of the Irish constituencies, to announce his determination to retire from public life. If he should do so, and if Mr. Redmond should fail to retain the confidence of the Nationalist Party, it will mean that the hopes which were raised by the passing of the last Land Bill, and the improvement in the relations of the popular party and the Executive, have been disappointed, and that we have before us the prospect of a renewal of the old agitation against the Irish Administration, no matter what efforts it may make to conciliate Irish opinion, and to advance the material interests of the country.

The Cape Colony has been in the throes of a general election, and, after a fierce struggle between the contending parties, a small Progressive majority over the Bond has been secured. A very valuable addition to our knowledge of South African affairs has been made during the month by the publication of the report by Mr. Birchenough on the present position and future prospects of British trade in that part of the Empire. It is a document which deserves, and will repay, close examination. In Canada the storm of indignation caused by the judgment of the Alaska Boundary Commissioners seems to be subsiding, but it has left behind it unpleasant fruit in the shape of a demand, apparently supported by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that in future Canada shall have the right of negotiating her own treaties with foreign States. In New Zealand the irrepressible energy of Mr. Seddon has found vent in the introduction and passing of a measure imposing heavy protective duties upon certain articles when imported from foreign countries. It is a further step in the development of preferential tariffs in favour of this country. Perhaps I may mention here that I have been favoured with a letter from Mr. Seddon, in which he complains that the telegraphic report of a



speech of his upon which, in common with many other persons, I commented at the time, was not accurate. He supports his complaint with a verbatim report of the speech in question; and I must admit that what I wrote at the time does not apply to anything that Mr. Seddon actually said.

The fiscal controversy has been maintained during the month with unabated vigour. Never before in recent times, indeed, has a political battle been waged with such determination on both sides. Since I last wrote we have had speeches on the never-ending topic from all the prominent leaders of both, or I should rather say of all, parties, and the ding-dong of controversy has reached a pitch at which it would be deafening were it not for the fact that the national mind seems to be absorbed in this great question to the exclusion of everything else. One good result, at least, has attended Mr. Chamberlain's bold excursion into the field of economics. The interest of the public in those great political questions about which men seemed a few months ago to have grown strangely apathetic has been aroused afresh, and no one can now complain that politics and questions of high policy have ceased to have any hold upon the mind of the nation. Any review of the speeches themselves would be out of place here. As mere contributions to the discussion of a grave and momentous question few have been lacking in signal excellence. Some of the speakers, and more particularly Mr. Asquith, Lord Goschen, and Sir Michael Hicks Beach, have devoted themselves to the task of meeting Mr. Chamberlain's assertions by actual facts and figures, based upon that orthodox political economy to which they cling as resolutely as they do to the multiplication table or the Ten Commandments. Others have sought to answer Mr. Chamberlain more nearly after his own fashion, and have made their appeal to the very instinct of Imperialism which he seems to regard as his own monopoly. On the other side Mr. Chamberlain and his followers have devoted themselves to the task of showing that time has altered everything, and that even problems apparently as fixed and certain as those of Euclid must be solved afresh and in a different manner in order to meet the altered conditions of the day.

It is too soon to sum up the controversy as a whole, or to attempt to predict the result, but it is at least possible to take stock of the actual situation and to see the direction in which matters seem to be moving. Curiously enough, what in ordinary circumstances would have been the most important factor, the position of the Prime Minister, is still indeterminate. Since the day when Lord George Hamilton, in the most remarkable speech of his life, told the story of Mr. Balfour's two pamphlets, the latter statesman's lot has scarcely been an enviable one. Since Lord George made his strange revelation, Mr. Balfour has had many opportunities of denying or explaining or qualifying the story. He has not seen fit to avail himself of any one

of them, and as a natural consequence the public finds itself driven to the conclusion that the ex-Indian Secretary was quite accurate when he stated that the Prime Minister met the Cabinet in September with two alternative policies—one of retaliatory tariffs and the other of taxes upon food. Apparently, if one may judge by Mr. Balfour's speech at the Colston banquet, his view was that the fiscal system of the United Kingdom, a system which everybody recognises as affecting the very foundations of our commerce, was not a question of such consequence as to be made a test of the political opinions of individual statesmen. His own desire, he states, was that the members of his party—and even the members of his Cabinet—should, if they differed at all, agree to differ. It is certain that no more astonishing opinion than this was ever held by a Prime Minister. After all, there are such things as budgets, when the fiscal policy of the Government must always be revealed to the country. Mr. Balfour apparently seemed to believe that a budget—which is always the budget not of an individual Minister, but of the Cabinet as a whole—might without difficulty be either free trade or protectionist, or both or neither, at the same time. He was—always, however, subject to pamphlet No. 2, which has not yet seen the light of day—averse to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals for taxing food; but he was also 'anxious to reverse the fiscal tradition of the last two generations.' His real anxiety seems to have been to prevent the break-up of his own party and its resolution into two opposing camps. This, I imagine, is the true secret of the equivocal and unprecedented position he has assumed on this fiscal question. Like the peacefully-minded person who indulges in the cry of 'Anything for a quiet life,' Mr. Balfour was prepared to agree to anything for the sake of party unity.

It still remains to be seen whether his policy in this matter will be successful. So far, indeed, it must be admitted that it has achieved a considerable measure of success. If many of the most notable members of the Unionist party have ranged themselves in open opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, some of the most important of their number have declared that they are practically in agreement with the Prime Minister himself. They accept his formula about 'power to establish retaliatory tariffs' and are prepared to co-operate with him on that basis. Even Sir Michael Hicks Beach, to whom the doctrine of free trade is *sacro-sanct*, has declared his willingness to accept this position. The Duke of Devonshire, it is true, has taken another line. Just as when he saw that Mr. Gladstone 'meant something different' from himself on the question of Home Rule, now he thinks that Mr. Balfour's carefully devised words cover something to which he cannot possibly give his assent, and he has the courage to speak and act accordingly. But, taking the Unionist party as a body, it is not to be denied that

the Prime Minister has been successful in inventing a formula which bids fair to keep them together—for a time. The question is for how long this success is likely to last. Mr. Balfour has invited his party to stand together—in defence of what? The right which the country already possesses to meet hostile tariffs by retaliation. By itself this policy may either be innocent, if not actually beneficial, in the view of the overwhelming mass of the members of both parties, or it may be merely a step on an inclined plane at the bottom of which is the old system of protection, taxed bread included. I do no injustice to a large proportion of the Prime Minister's supporters when I say that it is only because they regard it in the latter light that they are inclined to support it. They have made speeches by the score, by the hundred, to establish this point. If they did not take Mr. Balfour's platform as the half-way house to Mr. Chamberlain's, they would have nothing to do with it. But, on the other hand, a large section of the Unionist party, including many of its most influential members, if they accept Mr. Balfour's policy, do so on the express understanding that, so far as they are concerned, it is to be not the half-way house, but the terminus. With almost passionate emphasis they declare their absolute and unalterable opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's proposed tampering with free trade. These facts lie upon the surface of the situation for anybody to see.

This brings me to what is, after all, a more important factor than the attitude of the Prime Minister, the position of Mr. Chamberlain. Between him and Sir Michael Hicks Beach there are differences which, so far as the public can judge, are irreconcilable. If Sir Michael is right in his belief that he has succeeded in keeping Mr. Balfour on the free trade side of the fence, it is impossible to see how the working agreement between the latter and Mr. Chamberlain can continue to exist. Mr. Chamberlain, as everybody knows, is not the man to allow himself to be neglected, even by an ally to whom he owes so much as he does to the Premier. He may be content to bide his time, confident that in the end he will win both Mr. Balfour and the Unionist party to his side. But patience has not hitherto been regarded as one of his prominent characteristics, and it is difficult to believe that he will look on patiently whilst Sir Michael Hicks Beach and his friends claim to have won over the Prime Minister to their own side in the controversy. Mr. Chamberlain is no longer a young man; foes as well as friends are convinced that he is passionately in earnest in the part that he is now playing in our national life; he sees clearly the goal at which he is aiming, and it is impossible not to believe that he wishes to reach it with the least possible delay. This being the case, we can hardly expect him to sit with folded hands whilst his opponents in his own party are engaged in something more than a platonic flirtation with the Prime

Minister. To put it briefly, it seems clear that the present state of affairs in the Unionist party cannot last. Mr. Balfour may for a time keep both Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Michael Hicks Beach in more or less friendly relations with himself; but, unless all the teachings of history are to be ignored, sooner or later the inevitable rupture must take place, and it is not likely to be less serious because it has been so long delayed by the adroit tactics of the Prime Minister.

So far as Mr. Chamberlain's action during the past month is concerned, there is comparatively little to be said. His speeches have been as clever and powerful, in their own way, as ever. They have been appeals to popular opinion, the force of which his opponents should be the first to admit; but it can hardly be said that they have brought his policy beyond the point at which it stood after his first utterances, and they have certainly done nothing to convince those who take their stand upon facts and figures, or the orthodox arguments of political economists. To do him justice, Mr. Chamberlain does not seem to be in any way discouraged by this fact. It is apparently enough for him that he can make his appeal to certain broad arguments which touch familiar chords in the breasts of many, and which manifestly find favour with a vast number of persons. If figures do not support all that he says, if his statistics are successfully disputed by his opponents, and some of his statements are proved to be erroneous, then so much the worse for facts and figures. The boldness of this method of conducting a great controversy is not to be disputed, any more than it can be denied that it has not seldom proved successful in the past, when politicians have taken their stand on what they conceive to be great and popular principles without regard to conflicting facts and details. Regarded merely as a personal adventure on the part of a single man, holding one of the foremost positions in the public life of his time, no one, not even the most strenuous of his opponents, can withhold from Mr. Chamberlain a tribute of admiration in recognition of the colossal energy and thoroughness, the absolute indifference to any arguments which seem to conflict with his own opinions, with which he is conducting his campaign.

But is he really gaining ground in the country? Have his impassioned appeals to the patriotism or the Imperial instincts of the nation led the majority of his fellow-countrymen to abandon their traditional objection to the imposition of taxes upon food, or to a return to anything in the nature of a general system of protection? No doubt any one who attempts to answer these questions must be insensibly influenced by his own personal opinions, and the present writer, as an opponent of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, cannot pretend to be an exception to this rule. But, trying to take as dispassionate a view of the situation as is possible, it does not seem to me that Mr.

Chamberlain has broken down the strong force of hostile opinion which was made manifest immediately after his first utterance at Birmingham last May. Let us see where he stands, and the forces that he can command in his campaign. In some respects he has been extraordinarily fortunate. If he has not secured the formal support of the Conservative party organisation, it is impossible to doubt that its sympathies are with him, and that, subject to the restraining influence which Mr. Balfour may exercise, he can count upon its assistance. If proof of this were needed, it would be found in the reports of the meetings of local Conservative associations which show that, in nine cases out of ten, the speakers and officials do not attempt to conceal the fact that, although party loyalty compels them for the present to declare their adhesion to the policy of Mr. Balfour, it is that of Mr. Chamberlain which they really prefer and are anxious to carry forward. We must leave old-fashioned Conservatives to digest this fact as best they can. What neither they nor any of his opponents can deny is that Mr. Chamberlain has made himself the real leader of the Ministerial party. It is to him and not to the Prime Minister that the rank and file of the party look up for guidance and inspiration. The Free Food League which was established within the ranks of the Unionists to stem the tide flowing in favour of protection has certainly not been the success that was expected. Some of its early adherents have fallen away, and its energies have been paralysed by the action of men like Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who refuse to move against the Birmingham propaganda so long as Mr. Balfour maintains his present position. For the present, therefore, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Chamberlain has gained the support of a majority of the Conservative party, and that he has every reason to anticipate that in due time he will have the assistance of the official organisation. He has been equally successful in winning over to his cause the party press. Two notable exceptions must indeed be named. The *Standard* and *Spectator* have stood stoutly, and, considering the circumstances, one may say heroically, in defence of the old fiscal traditions and the system which has given the country its present place among the nations. But they are the exceptions to the rule. I know, at least, of no other Ministerial journals which have taken this strongly independent line. Here and there a wavering note may have been struck by some newspaper the conductors of which are not wholly able to accept the heresies of the new Birmingham school; but, speaking generally, the Conservative press is even more strongly with Mr. Chamberlain than the Conservative party. The zeal with which the newspapers that have espoused his cause do their work is remarkable. Day after day, for months past, they have drenched their readers with dissertations, some severe, some popular, upon the burning question, and they have left no lever unmoved by which public opinion can be affected.

Whatever may have been Mr. Chamberlain's lot in other matters, he has at least secured, in the phrase of the theatres, 'a good press.'

All this must be counted in his favour when we seek to review the situation as a whole. I leave on one side other influences upon which he can rely—wealth, the devotion of his personal friends in Birmingham and elsewhere, the support of trades that have suffered from foreign competition, and his own brilliant prestige. Even without these advantages he would be an opponent of the most formidable kind. Yet, when one looks upon the other side of the picture, it becomes apparent that the balance of advantage is not on the side of the great innovator. Granted that he has at his command all the forces I have enumerated, and that his followers are so far masters of the art of political warfare that they know how to fill the whole arena with their battle-cry, there remains the stubborn fact that in some most important particulars Mr. Chamberlain's armament is strangely weak. To begin with, whilst he seems to enjoy the support of the majority of Ministerialists, he has not succeeded in gaining any recruits worth mentioning from the Liberal party. If there is, as everybody knows, a wide difference of opinion on the subject of the tariff among Ministerialists, there does not seem to be any whatever among Liberals. This might not be surprising if the present Opposition had been distinguished up to the present by the unity and docility of its members. Notoriously the opposite has been the case, and this phenomenal union on a particular question must therefore be regarded as somewhat remarkable. It makes it clear that, whilst Mr. Chamberlain in pursuing his campaign must lose a certain number of Unionists, he will not be able to fill their place from the Liberal ranks. Again, it can hardly be denied that, if heads were to be weighed as well as counted, Mr. Chamberlain's following would hardly compare favourably with the body which is opposed to him. It would be an impertinence to pretend to strike a balance between the rank and file on either side. Let us concede that, so far as the great majority of the disputants in the controversy are concerned, it is impossible to distinguish, so far as ability is concerned, between one side and the other. But there are certain tests which can be applied without presumption or indiscretion when we seek to weigh the comparative importance of rival organisations. If we apply these tests to the present case, the result is not favourable to Mr. Chamberlain. The majority of the men of high rank and acknowledged capacity in the public service on his side of the House are not with him, but against him. No Conservative statesman of the first rank has, so far as I am aware, committed himself absolutely to his policy. People do not nowadays attach excessive importance to authority, even when its claims are based upon a prolonged experience in the public service; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the weight of authority, such as it is,

does not in this controversy rest with Mr. Chamberlain. His energy and his conspicuous ability have been employed hitherto in work that has had only an indirect connection with our tariff system, and with those intimate and obscure financial questions which are as a rule left by ordinary politicians to be dealt with by experts. Now, when he has ventured into a new field not hitherto his own, there is real significance in the fact that the experts of his own party, the men who have for years been engaged in studying the problems with which he has suddenly undertaken to grapple, are to a man opposed to him. Every ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, every ex-Viceroy of India, and with scarcely an exception all the men whose authority has hitherto been recognised in questions of taxation and finance, have declared against him. Even those who grant that these experts may all be wrong and Mr. Chamberlain right will not question the importance of this fact, or attempt to deny that it weakens his position before the public.

The mass of the people do not, however, trouble themselves with the opinions of experts, however weighty these may be; and Mr. Chamberlain, it is quite possible, might beat the experts in debate by his own free-and-easy methods in controversy. Indeed, a popular assembly is not at all unlikely to prefer a controversialist who talks to them about broad and simple principles, and appeals to their emotions even on questions of finance, to one who seeks laboriously to instruct them by means of elaborate tables of facts and figures. Nobody appreciates this truth better than Mr. Chamberlain does, and if he had only to contend with the experts it is not impossible that he might succeed in his enterprise. But if we are to form anything like an accurate judgment of the existing situation, we must press our inquiry a little further. No great measure, whether it be one for good or evil, can be carried in this country unless it has the support of the masses of the people, or, to speak more clearly, of the working classes. Has Mr. Chamberlain succeeded in winning the working man of Great Britain over to his policy, which, be it remembered, rests upon the basis of a tax upon food? To this question only one answer can be returned. So far as existing evidence enables us to judge, the working classes, taken as a whole, are just as stoutly opposed to the essential principle of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals as they were when he started upon his campaign. I have read reports of meetings of almost every description at which resolutions have been passed in his favour—meetings of Tory and Liberal-Unionist associations, of Chambers of Commerce, of Boards of Guardians, even of committees which might be supposed to have no concern with politics. But I have yet to see a report of any genuine meeting of working men at which such a resolution has been passed. On the other hand, all the great trade unions and labour organisations of the country have spoken

out vehemently in denunciation of those taxes on which Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is founded. This state of things may not last, but he has still, it is clear, to win the working man to his side in the great controversy. His failure to win him so far is proved by another piece of evidence, the weight of which is not to be denied. This is the action taken by the various Ministerial candidates who have recently appeared before the electors. Whatever their individual views might be upon the free-trade controversy, there is not one of them, so far as I have seen, who has had the courage to avow himself a supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. On the other hand, where, as at Leamington, the friends of free trade have carried on the struggle with vigour and determination, the Ministerial candidate has found himself compelled to disavow any sympathy with the idea of a tax upon the nation's food. No doubt the line of argument into which I have been led will be distasteful to those of my readers who support Mr. Chamberlain; but it would be a mistake on their part to ignore the argument because it does not happen to be agreeable to their own feelings and prepossessions. I have tried to state the facts on both sides fairly and dispassionately, making full allowance for those personal qualities which make Mr. Chamberlain so powerful a factor in the national life, and recognising the formidable character of the forces which are marshalled on his side; but in the end I am driven to the irresistible conclusion that he has not yet gained the support of the working classes, who are hardly likely to be cajoled into the acceptance of a tax upon bread by the music-hall slang of some of the half-penny newspapers. Unless he does win their support, his campaign cannot possibly succeed.

There remains to be considered the state of the orthodox Liberal Opposition. What that state has been during recent years it is unnecessary to say. A few months ago Conservatives were still able to say that whatever blunders the Government had committed, and however anxious men might be for a change of administration, the country was not likely to accept any alternative Ministry that appeared to be possible. But during the past month there has been a marked change in the condition of the Opposition, and Ministers are now confronted by a united party. Speaking at Leicester in the early part of the month, Lord Rosebery referred to the fact that he had been proscribed in the same town by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman some eighteen months before. Everybody remembers the circumstances of this proscription, and the unfortunate allusion to 'Tabernacles' which Sir Henry then made. Lord Rosebery referred to the incident not for the purpose of recriminating, but in order that he might express his wish that the incident should be forgotten. He sent back, he declared, a message of peace as his rejoinder to the first Leicester speech, and expressed the hope and belief that all



schisms and divisions in the Liberal party might cease, in view of the common duty of opposing what they regarded as a revolutionary and dangerous policy. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in his first public utterance after this speech by Lord Rosebery, re-echoed the sentiments of the latter, and declared in language of equal warmth his wish for united action among all sections of the Opposition. Thus, one paralysing influence which has weighed far too long upon the councils of the Liberal party has been removed, and it is no longer possible for Ministerialists to profit by dissensions among its leaders. The Opposition, in short, now presents a solid phalanx to its opponents, and Mr. Chamberlain can no longer reckon upon being able to snatch a victory from the disunion of those who represent the Liberalism of the country. It ought to be a subject for rejoicing to men of all parties that this is the case. A fight such as that in which we are now engaged ought to be fought out fairly and squarely between the two contending parties if its result is to be satisfactory to anybody. A battle that is won through the private quarrels of one of the armies engaged can give no substantial pleasure to the victor. We may now hope that in this conflict both schools of opinion will be fully represented, and that the campaign will be fought to the end in the best spirit of English public life. All that remains, so far as the Liberal party is concerned, is that its leadership should be vested in the strongest hands. It may possess no one who has the consummate electioneering ability of Mr. Chamberlain, no one with his remarkable power of catching the ear of the multitude, and his almost Napoleonic disregard of conventional ideas as to the means and arguments he employs to attain his ends; but at least many of us believe that it can produce a leader who will command the confidence of his fellow-countrymen, and who, whenever he chooses to speak, is certain to find an audience that will not be confined to the members of his own political communion. With such a leader at its head, the Opposition will assuredly know how to hold its own in that appeal to the nation which must come at no distant date.

Europe was perturbed in the early part of the month by the unexpected announcement that an operation had been performed upon the German Emperor for the removal of a growth in his throat. The operation was described as slight, and a positive assurance was given that the growth in itself was of an innocent character. But the apprehension that the news caused was natural in view of his Majesty's family history. Happily, his recovery seems to have been steadily continuous, and there is every reason to hope that we shall be spared the world-wide catastrophe of a repetition of the tragic history of the Emperor Frederick. Englishmen will cheerfully pay their tribute to the courage and composure shown by his Imperial Majesty in these trying circumstances, and the wish will be universal that his recovery may be not only speedy but permanent.

The Macedonian insurrection is at present in a state of suspense, the insurgent leaders having formally announced their intention to stay operations for the present in view of the united efforts of Russia and Austria to compel Turkey to accept their scheme of reforms. The Sultan, on his part, is playing his usual game, seeking for some kind of support anywhere and everywhere that seems promising, and pleading for further delay on the part of the Powers which are pressing him. So far, however, he has met with no success, either in obtaining new friends, or in inducing Russia and Austria to modify their demands. He may now yield at any moment, and one may fairly hope that he will have done so before these lines appear in print.

A curious development of events in the Central American State of Colombia has suddenly and unexpectedly brought us within sight of a solution of the difficult question of the Isthmian Canal. At the beginning of the month the people of Panama rose in revolt against the Colombian Government, and forthwith proclaimed their own independence. The origin of the revolt and the source from which it received support are not known. What is known is that the insurgent Government was immediately recognised by the United States as an independent Power, and that, in spite of the protests of the President of Colombia, two weeks later a treaty was signed at Washington between the United States Secretary of State and the Panamese representative, under which the Government of Panama consents to cede to the United States the right of completing the Panama Canal. Two millions sterling is the sum to be paid to Panama on the ratification of the treaty, and this is to be followed by an annual subsidy of fifty thousand pounds. The Canal is to be neutralised, but is to be under the protection of the American Government. It is not easy for an Englishman to say all that he thinks about this very 'smart' performance on the part of the Cabinet at Washington. The reputation justly enjoyed by Mr. Hay absolutely forbids the suspicion of any treacherous dealing on the part of the great Government at Washington with the little Government of Colombia. But if everything has been fair and above-board in the transactions connected with this incident, then, indeed, has the luck of the United States been extraordinary. The Gordian knot of the canal question has been cut, and America, through the accident of a little insurrection in Panama, has got all that she has ever wanted at a cost which is but a flea-bite in comparison with the object secured. Whether this remarkable episode will increase the confidence of the Central and Southern American States in their safety under the protection of their great neighbour in the North is a question upon which I need not at present enlarge. It is sufficient to say here that we have had a new and striking example of the methods of the new diplomacy.

Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief in India, met with an

unfortunate accident whilst returning from his country house Simla, being thrown from his horse, and suffering a compound fracture of the leg. The accident, which must necessarily disable him for some time, has happened at an unpropitious moment, when an English expedition, the objects of which have not been fully revealed to us, is about to start for Thibet. Among the deaths of the month, the most notable are those of the great German historian, Mommsen; Mr. George Brodric, the well-known Warden of Merton; Lord Rowton, the literary executor of Lord Beaconsfield; the Countess Spencer, and Mr. Hugh Stowell Scott, who, under the pen-name of Herry Seton Merriman, has for ten years past delighted a wide circle of readers by a series of admirable works of fiction. Three members of Parliament—Sir Blundell Maple, Mr. John Penn, and Mr. Seale Hayne—have also to be added to the list of deaths.

WEMYSS REID.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*



# NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



No. CCCXXI—NOVEMBER 1903

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## *REORGANISATION OF THE WAR OFFICE*

*LORD ESHER'S NOTE*

THERE is clearly danger that the cold fit which invariably succeeds to a hot fit will be upon us unless the attention of the British public is persistently directed to the reform of the War Office. Scare after scare there has been in the past on the same subject; commission has followed commission during half a century, but the War Office retains its reputation for mismanagement.

The War Office has had an unhappy experience. Half a century since, at the time of the Crimean War, the business of the army was transacted in half a dozen separate and independent departments, viz. those of:

The Secretary of State for War.

The Secretary at War.

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The Secretary of State for the Home Department, who had control of the Militia and Yeomanry.

The Treasury, which managed the Commissariat.

The Master of the Ordnance.

The Commander-in-Chief.

These six independent authorities with ill-defined powers communicated with each other by letters, and when disputes arose there was no central authority competent to decide them. The Royal Commissioners in 1887 reported that the system was 'exceedingly intricate'—and well they might!

Various changes in the direction of improvement had been effected from time to time, but it appears from the Report of the Royal Commission on the Administration of the Naval and Military Departments issued in 1890 that it was not until 1888 that the responsibility of the Secretary of State to Parliament for all the departments, including that of the Commander-in-Chief, was clearly recognised. The change thus brought about was distinctly for the better, but experience has shown that it was not adequate to provide for the good government and management of the army.

The nation has been reading with amazement and a good deal more the Report of the Royal Commission on the South African War. The warnings of the Intelligence Department, given as far back as 1896, as to Boer preparations and our own unpreparedness, followed by warnings from Mr. Chamberlain, fell upon deaf ears apparently. Urgent advice tendered by the Commander-in-Chief was disregarded, and for him it only remained to return to his desk. The indecision of the hapless civilian Secretary of State prior to the outbreak of the war, alone in his responsibility for the conduct of military affairs, is fully set forth. Orders were given, to be speedily recalled; hesitation reigned supreme when decision was all-important; while the nation, in ignorance, slumbered on in fancied security.

The Commissioners in their Report have made recommendations tending to promote efficiency at the War Office, but these are half-hearted measures such as are familiar to those who have read the reports of previous inquiries, and are altogether inadequate to meet the case. It is to the Note by Lord Esher appended to the Report that we must look for suggestions that go to the root of the trouble.

Lord Esher suggests the adoption in Pall Mall of the system which has worked so long, and on the whole so well, in the case of the sister Service in Whitehall. Let us consider briefly what is the system that Lord Esher thus recommends for application to army management. It will help us to understand it better if we look for a moment into the history of the Admiralty Board.

Previous to the reign of Charles the First the navy was ruled by the High Admiral, the Commander-in-Chief. In the year 1632 this office was placed in Commission, and so it has remained with brief

intervals to this day. These intervals do not amount together to more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years out of the two hundred and seventy that have elapsed, and during more than half of the period embraced by these temporary interruptions, the Duke of York, afterwards King James the Second, held office as High Admiral. At the time this was probably the best arrangement that could have been made in the interest of the navy, for the Duke was not only a capable naval officer, but was, Macaulay tells us, 'the only honest man in his dockyards.' Happily for the nation, the principle long recognised as the most efficient for the conduct of business was at an early period applied to naval affairs; and to this circumstance is largely attributable the unprecedented success which has, on the whole, attended naval administration in this country. It is the principle of management by an efficient Board with a strong chairman.

The members of the Board, it should be explained, are appointed by Letters Patent from the Crown under the Great Seal :

'To be our Commissioners for executing the office of our High Admiral . . . granting unto you or any two or more of you, full power and authority to do everything which belongs to the office of our High Admiral . . . to make orders for building, repairing . . . ships, vessels and fleets and all things belonging to them as to you or any two or more of you according to your best discretion shall seem fit . . . and we do command all our officers of our Navy, and all others in any department of our naval service that they . . . do observe and execute all such orders as you or any two or more of you give touching our naval service. . . '

It will be noticed that no distinction is made here among the Commissioners, nor is any superior authority given to any one of them more than the rest. The equality of authority and of responsibility is absolute, and equal deference is required to be paid to all. It has been the custom, however, to give precedence to the Lords Commissioners according to the order in which their names stand in the Patent, and the first name is invariably that of the Cabinet Minister who is to represent the Cabinet at the Board and the Board in the Cabinet. The position which he thus occupies as the representative of the Government makes the First Lord *facile princeps* among his colleagues at the Board, and as of course their chairman. Under the Patent he cannot overrule his colleagues, but in the event of his differing from them he has the Cabinet to fall back upon, and the decision of the Cabinet is, as in all matters, conclusive.

The powers thus possessed by the First Lord are all that are needful or useful in his position.

The majority of the Board consists of picked officers of the navy, chosen for their knowledge of the Service and its requirements, as well as for individual capacity, and the statesman who would wish to overrule a body so composed in matters in which they are experts, and he is none, is not likely to achieve success at the Admiralty. If the Cabinet should determine to refuse demands which are in the

opinion of the Naval Lords essential to the efficiency of the Service, the Lords have either to resign or to share the responsibility for the Government's refusal; they cannot, as in the case of mere advisers, return to their desks with the consciousness of having discharged their whole duty by giving advice. The mere threat of resignation has brought a Government to its knees before now, and doubtless would do so again. The Government would have either to yield or to face the issue of an appeal to the country.

Failure on the part of the Government to comply with the demands of the experts could not be kept from the knowledge of the country until it was too late to provide a remedy, or until revealed in the pages of a report fifteen months after the termination of the war.

But the naval administration has also had its troubles, and this well-adjusted machinery, the outcome of generations of experience, has been threatened with destruction ere now.

In 1868, on the advent to office of the Liberal Government of that day, a serious danger overshadowed the whole system. There arose a cry for economy in all branches of the public service, and to the navy it was decided to apply the pruning-knife with no sparing hand. Mr. Childers became First Lord, and his energies were at once directed to the suppression of the Board as a working machine. In the language of the period the Board was a screen, and responsibility must be brought home to an individual; it was not sufficient that it should be shared among six. It would not have been an easy matter, moreover, to effect the changes Mr. Childers had in view, revolutionary in character and, to the majority of naval men at least, not conducive to efficiency, if the assent of a Board composed for the most part of naval officers had first to be obtained. To effect the object in view completely the Letters Patent should have been cancelled, but this degradation of the naval element might have roused the indignation of the Service to a dangerous pitch. It was expedient, therefore, to use a homely phrase, to make two bites of the cherry. It was decided to proceed tentatively, by Order in Council<sup>1</sup> (the 14th of January, 1869), ignoring the existence of the Letters Patent, and constituting the First Lord as the supreme authority, the remaining members<sup>4</sup> of the Board being his assistants responsible to him only. For practical purposes the Board ceased to exist: the form alone was suffered to continue. That the second bite would have been taken later on had all gone well there is little room to doubt. A Secretary of State for the Navy with advisers on the War Office model would have been installed at Whitehall in due season.

With the disappearance of Mr. Childers from the Admiralty in

<sup>1</sup> It has been urged that the Order in Council of 1869 should be repealed, and so it should, but in view of the terms of the Letters Patent it seems to be more than doubtful whether the Order ever had the force of law. The Letters Patent are now the more recent authority, moreover, having been frequently re-issued since 1869.



1871, owing to ill-health, and the advent to office of Mr. Goschen, wiser counsels prevailed; meetings of the Board began to be held again, and the Lords gradually resumed their old position.

But to return to Lord Esher's Note. In his description of the composition of the Board of Admiralty there are certain inaccuracies that it is desirable to correct. He mentions Naval Lords and a Sea Lord as being on the Board. No such distinction is known at the Admiralty. They are all Naval Lords together. Further, there is no such official as Under-Secretary of State. There is a Permanent Secretary, however.

Lord Esher in the second paragraph of his Note states that he would not propose to include the Commander-in-Chief in the new Army Board. Lord Esher would have done well to keep the Admiralty precedent in view. The Admiralty Board is the office of High Admiral, in Commission, and this procedure should be closely followed at the War Office. By keeping our heads clear on this point a host of difficulties will vanish. The Secretaryship of State should be placed in Commission, and the first of the new Lords Commissioners would be the Cabinet Minister representing the Cabinet at the Board and the Board in the Cabinet. He would have Military Lords for his colleagues—not advisers only—the picked men of the army, men chosen for their knowledge of the Service as well as individual capacity, and to the First Military Lord would be assigned the principal duties now performed by the Commander-in-Chief. There would be a Civil Lord and a Financial Secretary, both in Parliament, and a Permanent Secretary. The Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief would alike disappear.

It is to be remembered that nowhere is the army so well understood as in the army itself, and under the Board system the army would have the preponderating voice in its management and government. This is the keystone of the edifice. The army would govern itself through its best men as the navy does, and there is no other principle on which either Service can be governed so well.

Under the system that exists at the War Office, the sole responsible manager is a man who, on appointment, knows nothing of the business he has to control. It might be said that, being a capable man, he would acquire knowledge. But no sooner has he had time in which to do this than he is changed for another as ignorant as himself. The most adventurous of mankind, the speculative investor, would refuse to entrust his fortunes to management of this kind; nor would his confidence be appreciably increased were he to be told that the manager would have at hand experts whom he might call in and consult at his option in his private room.

Lord Esher refers to the spirit of criticism of orders that prevails in all ranks of the army, and draws a contrast with the loyalty of naval men. Orders issued to the army in the name and by the

authority of a civilian Secretary of State, acting nobody knows for certain on whose advice, naturally and inevitably invite the criticism of military men. In the navy orders go out in the name and by the authority of the Lords, the majority of whom are known throughout the Service as among its ablest representatives. It is not surprising that in the circumstances such orders should be obeyed with alacrity.

In this paper the administration of the army at headquarters is alone dealt with: no reference is made to the organisation of the army itself. To enter into the measures needed for that purpose is, the writer of the present paper holds, futile until machinery has been created that is competent to deal with the army. You must begin at the top in this case; you must clear out the dust-heaps in Pall Mall before you ply the sweeping brush at Aldershot. In the meantime let who will cry peace there must be no peace until the work of reform is completed. Mr. Arnold-Forster possesses energy and earnestness of purpose, and he will need both, but the nation must stand behind him in this national undertaking; the British public must continue to sound the reveille and to beat the tattoo until the work to which he has put his hand has been accomplished.

It has been suggested by Lord Rosebery that Lord Kitchener be recalled from India to undertake the task. But the work now to be done in Pall Mall is work for a statesman, not for a soldier. It will be time enough to call for Lord Kitchener when there is a vacancy at the War Office Board for a First Military Lord.

GEORGE T. LAMBERT.

## THE SUCCESS OF THE SUBMARINE

IF war ever occurs between Great Britain and France, submarines will play no unimportant part in it. Fortunately such an event has not been further from the range of probability for many years past, but this happy circumstance does not alter the fact that on both sides of the English Channel submarines are being marshalled, drilled, and manœuvred every day with a view to use in case of hostilities. This insidious craft has been adopted as an instrument of war, adopted deliberately after tests of its capabilities, and adopted in the belief that it is yet in its infancy, and that science and mechanical ingenuity will further develop its powers and increase the menace which it offers already to the larger and older types of ships on which in the past both nations have relied for defence on the seas. The submarine has arrived and taken its place in the British and French navies, not as a toy, but as a weapon of warfare the value of which has already been more or less definitely assessed.

It has not been realised in this country how quickly events have been moving in this matter. It is less than three years since the Admiralty astonished everyone by confessing that some months earlier they had ordered five submarines of the type invented by Mr. Holland, an American, and regarded with favour by the Navy Department of the United States. To-day eight boats are in the British service, and eleven others are under construction. Captain Reginald H. S. Bacon, D.S.O., holds the appointment of 'Inspecting Captain of Submarine Boats,' with a large flotilla under his command. The parent ship is the cruiser *Thames*, and as tenders she has the torpedo gunboat *Hazard* and torpedo-boat No. 50. Under the orders of Captain Bacon are no fewer than 31 officers and 300 men, forming a school for training a proportion of the *personnel* of the fleet in the manipulation of these small craft of deadly import, which threaten to revolutionise many of the accepted hypotheses of naval warfare. Week in and week out the completed submarines are exercised in order that officers and men may become familiar with them, and that light may be shed on developments calculated to improve their capacity as fighting machines. The passage of

these amphibious vessels in and out of Portsmouth Harbour is becoming a commonplace to residents at the port, so frequently are they seen. It speaks well for the nerve and mettle of the younger officers and men of the navy that the difficulty has not been in obtaining volunteers for duty with the submarines, but in making a wise selection from the large number who have been anxious to undertake this service. Appointments to Captain Bacon's staff suggest possibilities of adventure and risk which appeal to young men both of the quarter-deck and of the lower deck.

On the other side of the Channel, only seventy miles away, a distance that the more efficient submarines can travel entirely submerged, officers of the French navy are similarly engaged. At Cherbourg eight of these new craft are continually exercising, in the harbour and at sea, and practising, in order to gain experience, sham attacks on unsuspecting ships; at Rochefort four other vessels are under the command of a lieutenant and are utilised for similar drills and exercises; and, in the Mediterranean, Toulon has already three boats, and these will be joined by several more in course of a few months. Others will be stationed at Bizerta, and additions will also be made to the flotillas at Cherbourg and Rochefort as soon as the more advanced boats now building are completed.

In face of this activity who can doubt that the submarine has come and has come to stay, a permanent addition to the navies of these two Powers? There are sceptics in plenty of the utility of these boats. Every new weapon of warfare, especially if it be of a complicated mechanical type, inevitably comes in for a large share of ridicule. If it has a germ capable of development to a standard above the reach of hostile criticism, its mission will become apparent; and if it has no latent qualities worthy of attention, the conservative forces which oppose its use do good service. The automobile torpedo was laughed at twenty or thirty years ago, when it was a weapon of short range and uncertain aim; to-day it has been adopted in all the world's navies, and the larger and more perfect kind now carried in his Majesty's ships has a range of 2000 yards, a speed of thirty knots, and carries its charge of 200 lbs. of gun-cotton to the object of attack with a precision which is certainly hardly second to that of the best rifled artillery. The torpedo has brought in its train a bevy of new types of ships, specially designed for its effective use—first the torpedo-boat; then the 'catcher'; afterwards the 'destroyer,' of flimsy frame and excessive speeds up to thirty-six knots; latterly, 'destroyers' of stouter build and less speed for use on the high seas in the train of squadrons of battleships and cruisers; and, lastly, the submarine so-called. What the torpedo-boat of the original type was, that in a large measure, as to size, speed, and radius of action, the submersible torpedo-boat is now,

with the advantage that when necessity arises it can disappear beneath the waves out of range of gunfire, but still able to navigate at a reduced speed and launch its torpedo at an enemy's ship, out of sight of the vigilant crew and out of reach of any weapon under their control.

Travellers at sea are familiar with the merry gambols of porpoises, which tear beneath the water out of sight, coming to the surface now and again, and then disappearing once more; they immerse themselves in the water while still swimming without any apparent loss of speed. One moment one sees them awash on the surface, and the next they are out of view and manœuvring under the water, appearing next in some unexpected quarter, it may be having passed under the ship on which the spectator is travelling. It is essential that the gambols of the porpoise should be kept in view if it be desired to grasp the menace, the material menace and the moral menace, of the British types of submarines, for their functions are twofold.

The British boats have in a large degree the wonderful mobility of the porpoise. Either of the vessels of the later type can travel at a good speed on the surface, and then while you count one, two, three, four, five, six—six seconds—it has disappeared and not a vestige is to be seen of this threatening weapon of naval warfare. Though out of sight, by means of an ingenious little arrangement of small mirrors on the surface, a kind of camera obscura, it can still watch the object of attack. It manœuvres on the horizon out of the range of the enemy's guns, and at any moment the tiny speck on the water represented by the periscope may also disappear, and the spectator will stand wondering where the craft will appear next. He may never see it. It may make off still submerged, leaving him nervous and distraught. That is the moral menace of the submarine. On the other hand, from bearings taken before it went below the surface, it may decide to risk a torpedo at the ship. The officer in charge of the submarine will speculate as to the speed of the ship to be attacked and steer his little craft accordingly. He may take his chance as to his quarry altering course, relying, if the sea be fairly smooth, on the view of his surroundings obtained through the periscope, or he may come to the surface for a second or two to get more accurate bearings, and then dive once more, before the guns can be brought to bear on him, and make a dash beneath the surface, and when one or two thousand yards distant launch a torpedo at the length of the hull of the ship; if it happens to be a large cruiser it will offer a target 400 to 500 feet long. The automobile torpedo, guided true by the gyroscope, will cleave its way through the water at a speed of thirty knots an hour; in other words, it will cover a distance of 3032 feet in a minute. This represents the menace, moral and material, of the submarine.

If the torpedo does not strike the ship, if no attempt is made, even the presence of the submarine in the neighbourhood will produce a palpable effect on the crew of the large ship; they will realise that if their vessel is struck by the torpedo (it may be a hundred chances to one against an accurate aim), it may sink in a few minutes, or at least may be so crippled that it will be unable to fight, and they will stand in danger of capture by the enemy. The armour belt which is provided as protection against a foe's guns stops short where the torpedo's area of action begins; reliance must be placed on the double bottom for safety.

The first of the British submarines was launched on the 2nd of November, 1901, from the yard of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, & Maxim, at Barrow-in-Furness, where it had been building for several months before the nation knew anything about it. It was constructed on the plans of the Holland Submarine Company; its main features may be thus indicated without attempting a detailed description, since this type of boat is no longer a secret; accounts of its construction have been given frequently.

*Dimensions.*—Displacement when submerged, 120 tons; length, 63 feet 4 inches; width, 11 feet 9 inches.

Constructed of steel of sufficient strength to withstand the pressure of water at a depth of 100 feet.

*Propulsion.*—On the surface propulsion is provided by a gasoline engine of a maximum power of 190 h.p. Submerged, the vessel is driven by an electric motor of great power but light.

*Speed.*—On the surface, eight knots; submerged, seven knots; fuel is carried for a run of 400 miles on the surface at eight knots.

The essential and differentiating feature of the Holland type is the method of submergence, which resembles that of the porpoise. It does not sink into the water on an even keel, but dives like all the fish of the dolphin family, poking its nose into the water and gradually disappearing from view as it travels forward, so that it is not a stationary target for an enemy's guns even during the process of submergence. It is fitted with a horizontal as well as a vertical rudder, and automatic apparatus is furnished for determining the angle of submergence or emergence, and to prevent its taking a dive to an excessive depth, a great danger with submarines of this class; it is provided with a system of automatic water ballast to rectify any want of horizontal stability occasioned by the dive or the freeing of a torpedo.

The first of the British boats was a genuine Holland, but before her four sister craft had been completed it was possible to introduce some minor improvements into them, the desirability of which had been revealed during the early trials of the first boat. In 1902 the Admiralty decided to order four more submarines. By this time

experiments had exhibited certain shortcomings in the early vessels, and, though the principle of the Holland boat was adopted in the design of the later ones, they differed from the American model. It was determined to construct considerably larger boats, since it was impossible otherwise to increase speed and radius of action, both of which were essential if this weapon was to be of maximum service to a Power whose naval policy is offensive in its character. By increasing the size of the boats, giving a length of as much as a hundred feet, the designers have been able to produce four vessels which have almost the speed of an ordinary torpedo-boat of fifteen years ago—sufficient, in fact, to keep up with a battle fleet, with the additional advantage of being able to dive beneath the surface and travel out of sight for several hours.

It is well that the exact details of these boats should be jealously guarded. Several new patents enter into their design, but these are protected by the Official Secrets Act, and the inquisitive foreigner may search diligently at the Patent Office, only to find that no specifications have been lodged there. Inventors along the same line are blocked, since their ideas would have to be submitted to the Admiralty, and if they infringed in any respect on the Government designs the probability is that they would be refused the ordinary letters of protection without any reasons being assigned for the action. These newer and larger boats, known as the 'A' class, have been built by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, & Maxim, in a carefully guarded shed. The first of the four to be launched attained a high speed on the surface, and a greater speed submerged than the original boats. Inferences as to the success of the new type can be drawn from the fact that the Admiralty have ordered nine more to be constructed forthwith, while at the same time an experimental boat of a different character is to be laid down. By next year (1904), Great Britain will have nine submarines in the naval service, while France will have thirty-six.

The point of importance which has been revealed in the past year or so of constant experiment on both sides of the Channel is that the submarine boat, or rather the submersible torpedo-boat, is a weapon of offence. Before the British Admiralty began to build, it was generally assumed in this country that the submarine was the instrument of the weaker Power, that it was useful only to a fleet which would act on the defensive in case of war. Exhaustive trials have shown this assumption to be ill-founded, and we see the result in the decision of the Admiralty this year to lay down ten more boats, and the anticipation generally entertained that next year's naval programme will make provision for at least as many more. The speed of even the latest British boats is not great, but it is almost equal to that of the early torpedo-boats, and no one who has watched the development of instruments of naval

warfare can doubt that the surface and submerged speeds will be gradually increased, and that the British authorities will evolve a type swifter than any yet constructed. The building of torpedo-boats available for surface work only will probably cease, and all the efforts of the Admiralty will be concentrated on the provision of an adequate number of vessels able to cruise on the surface at a reasonable speed and to travel at will below the water. Then the submersible torpedo-boat will gain a prominent place in the plans of the British navy as a weapon of offence—a material and moral menace by night and also by day. This development may entail a considerable growth in the size of the boats, and this may appear to be a disadvantage since the target offered will be larger; but the French hold that the increased size of the target represented by the larger boats is a small matter in comparison with the increased speed.

The tendency on both sides of the Channel to expand the size of the boats is an admission that at present greater power cannot be obtained without more room for the delicate mechanism.

The new French boats of the submersible torpedo type are of large dimensions; those of the *Aigrette* class displace 175 tons, the *Triton* as much as 200 tons; an automatus submarine, now building, 213 tons; while the *Gustave Zédé* has a displacement of 270 tons. Most of the British 'destroyers' are of between 250 and 300 tons only. In size the submarine is approximating to the 'destroyer.' Judging by present indications, the day may not be very far off when the submarine will be as large as a small cruiser. The main details of the various craft now building are shown on the following page.

The French have not abandoned the construction of the genuine submarine. It has small speed and a limited radius of action, it is true, but it is cheap, and has proved its usefulness for defensive action. At the same time, apparently encouraged by the success of the British submersible torpedo-boats of ascertained offensive use, they are building specimens of this type also, and claim that their boats are superior to the British. It may be here explained that the genuine submarine is a vessel built only for travelling beneath the water; electricity stored in accumulators is the motive power, and the distance which can be covered is limited. The submersible torpedo-boat is constructed with a petrol or other engine for use when on the surface, and only at the last practicable moment, probably not until it has reached the scene of action, does it go under water; submerged, it is propelled, like its sister ship the genuine submarine, by electricity. Consequently, the submersible has the far greater radius of action.

Whatever the relative merits of the different types, however, the accompanying synopsis indicates that this new engine of warfare



—	No.	Displacement	Length	Width	Speed on the Surface	Motive Power	Time occupied in Submerging
British submarines (submersible type): Holland type, launched the 2nd of November 1901 Improved Holland type, launched early in 1902 Larger Holland type, launched 1902 Improved Holland type, building Experimental boat, building French submersibles:		Tons	Ft.	Ft.	Knots		
	1	120	63½	11½	8	{ Oil for surface Electricity submerged }	6 sec.
	4	120	63½	11½	10	{ Oil Electricity }	6 sec.
	4	—	100	—	14	{ Oil Electricity }	—
	9	—	—	—	—	{ Oil Electricity }	—
	1	—	—	—	—	{ — Electricity }	—
	1	200 { (106 on surface) }	111½	12½	11	{ Steam for surface Electricity submerged }	15 min.
	4	200	111½	12½	11	{ " " " "	9 min.
	13	175	117½	12½	—	{ " " " "	6 min.
	'X,' 1	168	121½	10½	10½	{ 2 Benzol motors 2 Electrical motors Heavy oil motor Electrically }	—
French automatous submarines (with thermo motors surface and electrical motors when submerged)	'Z,' 1	202	185	9½	11	{ Benzol motors Electric motor }	—
<i>Naiade</i> type, built and building	20	68	77	7½	8	{ Benzol motors Electric motor }	—
French automatous submarine (thermo motor only), building, 'Y'	1	213	142½	9½	11	{ Oil motor, with gas exhaust after compression when submerged }	—
Genuine submarines (using electricity only with accumulators):							
<i>Gymnote</i> , 1888	1	30	59	5½	8 or 10	Electric motor of 55 h.p.	—
<i>Guustave Zédé</i> , 1893	1	270	159	12½	8	2 Electric motors of 720 h.p.	—
<i>Morse</i> , 1899	1	144	118½	9	12	1 Motor of 350 h.p.	—
Improved <i>Morse</i>	2	146	118	9½	12	" "	—
<i>Latou</i> type, 1899	4	185	135½	9½	12½	" "	—

is being extensively built. The utility of the submersibles has been demonstrated to the conviction of the French authorities. Their capacity was shown during some operations between Cherbourg and Brest. They steamed unassisted from one port to the other, a distance of about 200 miles, with complete success, and then, without requiring repairs or revictualling, returned over the same route, thus exhibiting their great radius of action. Commenting on this trial of four boats, the *Sirène*, *Espadon*, *Triton*, and *Silure*, of the improved *Narval* type, M. P. Le Roll, in *Le Yacht*, remarked :

It is thus demonstrated that our submersibles can easily travel 200 miles in a single day with their own means of propulsion with fine weather, that they take the sea in a manner which enables them to resist the wind, that after this long voyage they can without recourse to fresh supplies attack an enemy while anchored or steaming, approaching without being seen, submerged, to a distance favourable for launching torpedoes. Moreover, these 200 miles represent only half the radius of action of these submersibles.

The conclusions to be drawn are these: Portsmouth, the great English arsenal, is only seventy miles from Cherbourg. Nothing is easier than for our submersibles to set out for this port during the night, travelling on the surface, to plunge beneath the surface shortly before reaching the port, and then to wait patiently for the proper moment of attack on the ships going in or coming out of the harbour. We quote Portsmouth as an example, but the same reasoning applies to all the important points fairly near our bases of operations in the Mediterranean as well as in the Channel.

This writer admits that the genuine submarines are defensive weapons, or only offensive within a small radius of action and in fine weather; but he claims that it is established that the French submersibles are real offensive instruments of warfare, and he quotes the opinions of experienced French officers to the effect that to evolve a completely satisfactory submarine it may be necessary to build boats of 300 tons displacement, giving them an auxiliary petrol motor. The importance is recognised of rendering them habitable, so as not to unfit the crew for their task when the time of action comes. He urges that the French authorities should not hesitate to multiply the number of submarines and submersibles, adopting the types which have given the best results, the latter to cruise and to search out the enemy even in his ports, or in the European seas, and the submarines to add to the protection of the French coasts and to operate at convenient times in the neighbouring waters. Until a submarine of great radius of action is evolved, the writer urges that the authorities should press on with the construction of both types, as in fact is being done.

. A statement has been published in the French technical press of the points at which the submersibles should be stationed so as to steal out secretly and begin their work directly war is declared, the objective and the French station being given in parallel lines.

Objective	Corresponding French Station
The Thames	Dunkerque
Straits of Dover	Boulogne
Portsmouth	Cherbourg
Plymouth	Lezardrieux
• Gibraltar	Oran (Algiers)
Malta	Bizerta
Spezia	Villefranche
Balearic Isles (Spain)	Port-Vendres

It is suggested that there should be four submersibles at each of these French ports, or thirty-two in all, and that there should be four submarines at each of the following places: Oran, Algiers, Bone, Bizerta, Ajaccio, Bastia, Villefranche, Toulon, Marseilles, Calais, Havre, Cherbourg, Lezardrieux, Brest, Lorient, and Rochefort la Pallice.

There is every reason to believe that the French naval authorities are in sympathy with this scheme of submarine disposition; in fact, they are already acting in accordance with it as far as the present supply of boats permits, and the utmost energy is being shown in the strengthening of this branch of the country's defence. The plans of the Ministry of Marine for the coming year, which have just been published, show that it is intended to keep in commission at the Channel and Mediterranean ports of France no fewer than 174 torpedo craft, while nearly 100 others will be held in reserve to take the places of any which may break down. In addition, the available submarine craft will be thus disposed:

At Cherbourg: the submersibles *Narval*, *Sirène*, *Silure*, *Espadon*, and *Triton*, and the submarines *Morse*, *Français*, *Algérien*, *Naiade*, *Protée*, *Lynx*, *Ludion*, and 'X,' one of the newest type.

At Rochefort: the submarines *Loutre*, *Castor*, *Otarie*, and 'Z,' one of the newest type.

At Toulon: the submersibles *Aigrette* and *Oigogne*, and the submarines *Zédé*, *Gymnote*, *Perle*, *Esturgeon*, *Bonite*, *Thon*, *Souffleur*, *Dorade*, *Grondin*, *Anguille*, *Alose*, *Truite*, and 'Y,' one of the newest type.

At Bizerta: the submarines *Farfadet*, *Korrigan*, *Gnôme*, and *Lutin*.

From this official programme it will be seen that next year the French Ministry of Marine hope to have thirty-six submarines and submersibles actually serving in the navy in place of fifteen, the present number; seventeen of the boats will be stationed in the Channel and the remainder in the Mediterranean, all ready for instant service. Even if, as is possible, all these craft are not finished in time to permit of this great reinforcement of the defensive forces of France—if only, say, fifteen more can be placed in commission for service next year—the situation thus created,

viewed through British spectacles, is sufficiently remarkable to justify the careful attention of the British Admiralty.

Sceptics may dismiss, if they will, the evidence of chance demonstrations which have been held from time to time on the coasts of France, and which have been the subject of reports of an unofficial character; but what reply can be made to the fast accumulating official evidence bearing on the usefulness of submarine and submersible boats, and the confirmation which is supplied by the orders for fresh craft placed by the British and French authorities? The results of all trials, as far as they are known, point in the same direction. A large measure of success has been achieved, and those who have studied most carefully the problems of submarine navigation believe most firmly that we shall see surprising developments in the near future.

The present position of the craft was very clearly indicated by the commanders of the boats which carried out a series of manœuvres off Cherbourg last autumn and drew up a long and exhaustive report on the lessons to be deduced from the operations. In summary they found:

(1) A squadron will never be in safety at moorings situated within the radius of action of submarines.

(2) Watches on board ship are of no avail, and artillery fire is ineffective against submarines. The supervision of an anchorage, either by means of torpedo-boats or torpedo-boat destroyers, is very difficult, and does not really render the vessel secure against submarines.

(3) A squadron will only be really safe in a closed harbour with the entrance protected by very powerful boom defence.

(4) Attacks in the open or in rough weather must be carried out by submersible boats or by automatus submarines of a large pattern.

(5) Torpedoes carried by destroyers will only be a feeble weapon against submarines, because they can carry only a small quantity of explosives—about twenty kilogrammes—and thus the action of the torpedo would be quite limited. A torpedo exploding at a few yards distant from the hull of a submarine will probably do it no damage.<sup>1</sup>

As in France, so in this country, those best qualified to hold an opinion state that, while the genuine submarine is of service for defence, it is on the submersible torpedo-boat that reliance must be

<sup>1</sup> Since this report was prepared the damage which can be done to a submarine by a torpedo exploded in its vicinity has been the subject of experiment. Some sheep were placed in the *Naiade*, and torpedoes were exploded at from 98 to 150 feet distant: the sheep were uninjured and the vessel suffered no damage. Subsequently the crew and some officers entered the submarine, and the trial was repeated without occasioning any inconvenience. The only defence against the submarine so far tested is known as 'salting' its tail—that is, exploding a torpedo over it; and the French experiment appears to show that this mode of defence is useless, even if the torpedo bursts within a hundred feet or so of the submarine.

placed for offensive action. British naval policy is based on offensive action, so the Admiralty have ignored the weapon which, though cheap, is of limited use, and have concentrated their efforts on the construction of boats which can keep the seas in ordinary weather and will be more or less independent of bases for supplies. The large British boats of the 'A' class will be capable of accompanying a squadron, or, which is more likely, of cruising alone in the English Channel, the Mediterranean, or the North Sea. In the last-named waters this type would undoubtedly prove of the greatest service, since no attack on the German ports and arsenals in the initial stages of war will probably be possible to any but craft of small draught, and the British submersibles seem to meet the requirements admirably, provided they prove sufficiently good sea-boats to stand the strains and stresses of the North Sea. At present neither Germany nor Russia has made much progress in the solution of the problems which the submarine boats present, and therein is cause for satisfaction.<sup>2</sup>

On the other hand, the more immediate matter is the action which must be taken to meet the menace of the submarines which France is collecting along her Channel and Mediterranean shores, a real danger to British ships. Experiments have been carried out with a view to the discovery of an antidote to the submarine, but at present no satisfactory answer has been found. Apparently there is no defence in narrow waters against the submarine. It has rendered the close blockade of an enemy's ports in the old style too risky a proceeding to be attempted. In case of hostilities a fleet near an enemy's port will have to keep on the move, and even in the open sea the threat of the submersible will be present, unnerving the men.

The outlook for the next naval campaign is disturbing. If the submarine fulfils anticipations, if under real war conditions it can repeat successes obtained under simulated war conditions, the terrors and losses occasioned by the use of this weapon will paralyse the imagination and may drive the heavier ships from the narrow seas. It may be that its success will be only partial, and even in these circumstances it will shatter many preconceived ideas. We shall go into action when war occurs with weapons untried—battleships, cruisers, torpedo craft, all of them to a great extent experiments, and of these there is none of which so little is known and so much is expected as the submarine.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

<sup>2</sup> Russia has lately been experimenting with a submarine, which it is claimed realises every anticipation. It is 80 feet long, with a beam of 15 feet. Little has yet become known of its performances during a series of tests to which it has been subjected in the Gulf of Finland, but it is urged that it can remain submerged for several days, all the time maintaining a speed of about eight knots. It has been built in the Baltic Shipbuilding Yard.

## NAVAL TACTICS IN THE PAST

WHEN the scientific strategist has placed his forces, naval or military, in the most convenient position to strike an effective blow, it devolves upon the eminent tactician to decide how, where, and in what manner the blow shall be delivered. The science of strategy, like the common law of England, has been handed down to us from the earliest times. Each deals broadly with general conditions and therefore neither has experienced any great development or vital change; but tactics, like the statute law, is based upon changing conditions and must necessarily vary with them. Obsolete Acts of Parliament lapse or are repealed, new laws are made to meet new needs; and every improvement in the weapons or material of war brings similar development to tactics; for that is simply the science of making the most effective use of them.

For this reason the consideration of modern naval tactics must be left to the modern naval officer, who alone can know the complicated weapons which he has to use. They are changing and developing new powers almost from day to day, and a life-long study of details which never remain long the same is not too much—if, indeed, it is enough—to enable any man to appreciate without actual experiment their relative value as factors in the great problem of warfare. But armed science is a jealous mistress and leaves her servants little leisure for other studies; least of all for the consideration of the ancient history of naval fighting under conditions which have long since passed away. Yet it possesses something more than an archæological interest. The past is the surest prophet of the future, and there may be something to be learnt from a consideration of the gradual process of evolution which has brought us to our present position; where we find ourselves in possession of ships and weapons of enormously increased power which are as yet almost untried in actual warfare.

Speaking roughly, there are four factors which govern and decide all battles afloat or ashore, from a ten-round 'scrap' to a Waterloo or Trafalgar: the power of movement; the power of offence; the power of defence; and the power of endurance. For tactical

purposes endurance must be considered as fighting endurance, for sea-endurance—the power of keeping the sea without recourse to a friendly port—belongs rather to the domain of naval strategy. The first of these—the power of movement—has throughout exercised the greatest influence upon tactics.

Mr. Julian Corbett, in *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, has adopted a convenient method of dividing the whole history of the Navy into three periods according to the means of propulsion: the periods of oars, sails, and steam. The development of offensive power, which has exercised less influence, is marked by the invention of gunpowder; the introduction of port-holes, which doubled the number of guns which a ship could carry; the invention of explosive shells; the increase in the power of the gun and the charge. The power of defence, the last to be considered or developed in the ship, the first to be abandoned by the soldier, has found its expression in side-armour, steel decks, and the protection of gun-positions.

Throughout the whole period of oar-propulsion, when the galley was the typical ship of war, there was little or no difference in the methods of fighting by land and sea. 'Shock tactics'—actual collision followed by a *mêlée*—was the rule in both cases. The ships of Alfred and Edgar, like those of their enemies the Danes, whether they were described as 'long-ships,' 'snekkar' or snakes, 'ceols,' or 'æscs,' were simply large open boats with one mast and sail, ten or a dozen oars on each side, a steering oar aft on the starboard (steerboard) side, and a crew of, at most, fifty or sixty men armed with sword and spear, axe and bow. The gunwales were widened by broad planks upon which the fighting men stood behind the 'shield-row' of overlapping bucklers fixed along the sides. In action they rammed and grappled one another, and the crew fought hand to hand just as they did ashore. The ships of William the Norman were much the same; but the vessels in which Richard the First, that royal knight-errant who was so much interested in Jerusalem that he had no time or attention to bestow upon London, made the Crusade, were somewhat more advanced. The 'busses' or transports were large enough to accommodate forty horses and forty soldiers, in addition to the crew; while the galleys—the fighting-ships—were fitted with platforms or 'castles' with high bulwarks, at the stem and stern, for the archers and men-at-arms. These castles were closed in below, and afforded some cabin accommodation. Engines for throwing heavy stones, javelins, and incendiary missiles, were fitted on the forecastle—'perriers, mangonels, catapults, and scorpions'; and they also carried tubes in the bows through which Greek fire could be spouted into an enemy's ship. Moreover, they carried a boat which seems to have been called the 'cokke' or 'cockett'—hence cockboat.

There is a lively description by Geoffrey Vinesauf, the official

chronicler of *King Richard's Expedition to Jerusalem*, of an action fought off the coast of Syria in 1191, between Richard's galleys and an enormous Turkish ship, the wonder of her time, which is sometimes spoken of as a 'dromon' and sometimes as a 'buss.' She is reported to have carried the impossible crew of fifteen hundred men, and she was well provided with 'balistæ' for hurling stones, beside a quantity of Greek fire in jars, and 'two hundred most deadly serpents for the destruction of Christians'; probably some kind of incendiary missile. She was very stoutly built, had three tall, tapering masts, and her sides were painted green and yellow.

The Turks commenced the action by throwing darts and Greek fire at one of the galleys which was detached to speak her. The whole squadron then attacked, but the dromon's sides were so lofty that the galley-men found it almost impossible to clamber up, while her people were able to sweep the galleys with every shot. The English could make no impression till the Lion Heart, finding himself unable to lead his men on board, proceeded to drive them by the customary threats of death and torture, whereupon some of them, says Vinesauf, *de necessitate facientes virtutem*, leaped overboard and made certain ropes fast to the rudder of the dromon, steering her as they pleased, while the boarders made another attempt and succeeded in clearing the after part of the deck; but a swarm of Turks came up the hatchways and tumbled them into their galleys again. Finding that he could not capture the Turkish ship, Cœur-de-Lion determined to sink her. He commanded the galleys to back away from her and form line abreast. Then all together they rammed the enemy, driving their iron beaks through her sides, and so sank her; but she went down still unsundered. Only fifty-five of the crew were saved, and they owed their lives to the supposition that they might be made useful in the construction of military engines.

Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne, described the naval attack on Constantinople by the French and Venetians in 1202-3-4. The combined fleets consisted of ships, galleys, and vissiers. These last were apparently armed storeships, for while the galleys carried 'knights and sergeants,' the vissiers were laden with 'steeds and rich pavilions,' and were taken in tow by the galleys. The French elected to attack by land, openly admitting their inferiority to the Venetians in naval operations. The Venetians advanced to the attack with all the ships of the allied force in line abreast. The cavalry had been disembarked, and the ships and vissiers carried mangonels mounted on the forecastles, which hurled great stones and huge 'quarrels.' They approached so closely to the walls that specially rigged ladders were raised from their decks, and escalading parties engaged the defenders hand to hand. The assault failed; and the besieged Turks prepared seventeen great vessels filled with



combustibles and started them off, with a fair wind, sails set, and fire bursting through their decks, right down upon the allied fleet. This is the first recorded instance of the use of fireships, which were included in our *Navy Lists* as late as 1816. The Venetians rose to the occasion, grappled the burning hulls with long hooks, and towed them clear.

In April 1204 the besiegers again attacked in force. They had learned upon the previous occasion that the towers were too strongly defended to be successfully attacked by single galleys, so this time the ships that were fitted with ladders were lashed together in pairs. One tower was captured, the curtain wall was scaled and four more towers taken, and then the place was carried with a rush.

The first great English victory at sea was that gained by Hubert de Burgh in 1217. The barons had revolted against King John and offered the crown to Prince Louis of France; but after John's death many of them returned to their allegiance to the boy king, Henry the Third. The forces of Louis were defeated at Lincoln. Hubert de Burgh, King's Justiciary and Governor of Dover, learned that a 'noted pirate' or mercenary, Eustace the Monk, with a fleet of eighty ships, was coming to reinforce the French. The Justiciary appealed to the Cinque Ports, and sixteen well-manned vessels were placed under his orders. Twenty smaller vessels were gathered wherever they could be found, and De Burgh embarked with Sir Philip d'Albini, Sir Henry de Turberville, Sir Richard Suard, and other knights and gentlemen. The enemy's fleet was already at sea; they had left Calais going large before a fresh southerly breeze, and were heading so as to round the North Foreland and enter the Thames. De Burgh kept his ships as close to the wind as they would lie, and stood across the wake of the French fleet, in the direction of Calais. Eustace at once concluded that his object was merely a counter-raid upon Calais: Matthew Paris relates that he expressed satisfaction that he had left Calais so well defended that the attack could not succeed. But De Burgh was a born sea captain and had a greater object in view than a filibustering raid. No sooner had he worked into the weather position than he made his fleet bear up all together, and came down in line abreast (or nearly so) upon the unprotected, unarmed sterns of the slower French ships. The odds against him were heavy; Eustace had twice the number of ships and a still greater superiority in men, for his vessels were filled with troops; but De Burgh's attack was overwhelming. The advantage of the weather position was undeniable in the day of shock tactics, whatever it may have been at a later date, and De Burgh made splendid use of it. D'Albini began the action with a heavy discharge of arrows and crossbow bolts; and men had been stationed in the tops with bags of quicklime, which they emptied at

the moment of contact, so that the wind carried it into the eyes of the French. The English grappled each a foe and boarded; their orders were first to cut the halliards and let sail and yard down with a run, to catch the Frenchmen under it 'like birds in a net.' There was great slaughter and only fifteen ships are said to have escaped. Eustace the Monk was beheaded.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of this, our first victory at sea. De Burgh's ships were the unwieldy, unweatherly craft of the time, and they had not previously cruised as a fleet. Signals were almost, if not quite, unknown; yet De Burgh kept his heterogeneous command together, made them bear up together, and they were still a compact force when they came into action. By superior tactics, better seamanship, and splendid courage a greatly superior force was utterly defeated, and every officer and man in the little fleet must have obeyed his orders and done his duty.

Hubert de Burgh seems to have been the first of the long line of British sea officers whose victories won them the affections of their countrymen, and, like many of his successors, he met with rough discouragement and cold ingratitude from the King and the great officials. Matthew Paris relates that in 1229 De Burgh had lost the King's favour and fallen upon evil days. Upon a number of trumped-up charges he was arrested at Bury St. Edmunds, and a smith was bidden to fetter him for his journey to the Tower. Learning that the prisoner was Hubert de Burgh, the smith flung down his hammer and declared that he would suffer death rather than put irons on the man who had so often 'saved England from the devastation of aliens.'

The Battle of Sluys, fought in 1340, was the last instance of a King of England commanding his own fleet in action. Edward had recently assumed the title of King of France and proposed to support his claim by force of arms, and about 190 French vessels, 'ships, galleys, and great barges,' were lying in the Swyn, as the mouth of the Sluys river was then called, to bar his road into the dominions of Philippe de Valois. Edward sailed from the Orwell in June with 290 ships, many of which were very small. On the 23rd they arrived off Blankenberghe and came in sight of the French fleet. A cavalry reconnaissance across the sand dunes found them at anchor in the estuary in three divisions under the command of Sir Hugh Kyriet, with Sir Nicholas Bahuchet as second in command, while the third division, consisting of Genoese, was commanded by Egidio Boccanegra, better known as Barbenoire. Sir Robert Morley led the English east-coast squadron, 'the Northern fleet'; Sir William Trussell commanded the squadron from the western ports. The tide was ebbing and it was too late to go in that day; but at sunrise on the 24th Edward formed his line of battle, in two divisions line abreast, with the heaviest ships in the van, filled alternately with archers and

men-at-arms. The rear division was defended by archers only, while the transports remained out of action. The whole force stood off the land on the starboard tack till they had fetched well to windward of their port; then bearing up together they came down to the attack. The French ships were drawn up in four divisions in line abreast, each ship lashed to the broadside of the next by cables and chains: the best possible formation to resist an attack by galleys end-on, if only the flanks, the weakest points, were protected from a turning movement. Small boats were hoisted up under the fighting-tops; they were filled with stones to be used as missiles by the topmen. On the flank of the foremost line lay the great *Cog Christopher*, full of Genoese crossbowmen, and near her were the *Edward*, *Katherine*, and *Rose*, all four being prizes recently taken from the English. Perhaps they were moored out of station, or the flood tide left room for an enterprising enemy to get round them; for instead of the bow-to-bow action for which the French had prepared, the first shock of Morley's attack fell upon the broadside of the *Christopher*. When once she was boarded and carried, the English rolled up the whole line, driving the enemy from one ship to another till the van division was crushed. After the pitiless sea fashion of the time, the crews were either knocked on the head or flung overboard. Barbenoire, with some sixty ships of the rear division, cut the lashings, slipped out on the ebb, and escaped to sea.

Mr. David Hannay has pointed out the resemblance between this action at Sluys and the Battle of the Nile. On each occasion the French were attacked while at anchor; one end of the line was crushed at the first onset, and only the rear division escaped. King Edward's despatch to the Black Prince—the only despatch by an English king announcing a naval victory won by himself—estimated the loss of the French at 30,000 men; 400 dead were found in one well-defended ship.

Ten years later Edward won his second naval victory: that action off Winchelsea which is known as 'Les Espagnols-sur-mer.' It is remembered chiefly because of Froissart's picturesque description; it has little or no tactical interest, and was only a reversion to the primitive methods of an earlier time. The Spanish trading fleet sailing as usual for the Flemish ports in the spring of 1350 had encountered ten English merchantmen, and certain Basque ships had attacked and plundered them. The owners appealed for redress to the King. Failing to obtain any satisfaction, Edward sent a chivalrous defiance to the Spaniards, and announced that they would have to encounter him on their way back. He summoned to Winchelsea nearly every knight and nobleman who was then in England—many were, as usual, engaged in the French wars—and embarked them in some fifty ships and pinnaces. The names and

commanders of eighteen of these vessels are recorded in Sir Harris Nicolas' *History of the Navy*, and the King's flag was hoisted in the *Cog Thomas*, William Passelewe, master. Having thus armed himself and despatched his cartel of defiance, the King remained at anchor off Winchelsea, waiting till his enemy came to seek him : very much in the manner of those knights-errant of romance, whose custom it was to take up their quarters at some ford or cross-road when seeking adventures or chivalrous advancement, and to bide there till some other gentleman engaged in similar business came to give them fair entertainment, and perchance a courteously broken head. Froissart relates that the King's fleet cruised for three days between Dover and Calais; if so, they returned home without obtaining any information; for when the enemy appeared, Sir John Chandos was singing a German song for the royal delectation, and King, peers, and gentlemen had to arm themselves in a hurry. Froissart says also that Edward had already explained 'the order of battle he would have them follow,' but they seem to have gone into action without any order at all. In a similar spirit the Spaniards came to meet them. Edward had no look-out ships or scouts, and the Spanish commander La Cerda might have sailed peacefully along the French coast without being observed or interfered with : but having enlisted many mercenaries he desired that they should earn their pay, and had no thought of avoiding an action. When the Spanish ships, larger and heavier than the English vessels, came rolling down before a fresh easterly breeze, Edward had no choice but to accept battle to leeward : so he stood right across the Spaniards' course. His only manœuvre was to get in their way, and he seems to have looked upon the affair as a kind of tournament. 'Lay me alongside that Spaniard who is coming down on us,' said he, 'for I wish to joust with him'; and so they crashed into one another. The Spaniard drove past, but her mast and fighting-top went over the side with the shock of the collision. Leaking like a sieve, with all her seams opening, the King's ship grappled another Spaniard, and the King's men boarded and carried her just before the poor *Cog Thomas* sank under them. The ship of Lord Robert de Namur got fast to a big Spaniard, but was not strong enough to hold her; she made sail and towed Lord Robert alongside. His people cried out lustily for a 'rescue'; but nobody had leisure to attend to them, and they would have been carried off bodily if a certain squire named Hannekin had not leaped on board the Spaniard, and fought his way to the mast. There he hacked through the halliards, bringing yard and sail down on the deck. The English took heart of grace and followed him, and the Spanish crew were driven overboard or slain, for, as usual in mediæval sea-fights, no quarter was given. Fourteen Spanish ships were taken, but the English loss was heavy.

Before this, as early as 1338, the *Mary of the Tower* (the qualification denoting a King's ship) possessed 'one iron cannon with two chambers,' and there is mention in an inventory of 'un petit barell de gonpouder, le quart plein': but these were only 'bombards'—wrought iron or brass tubes mounted on solid beams of timber which could neither be trained nor elevated. The upper part of the tube at the breech was cut away to admit the movable chamber containing the powder charge, and the chamber was set up tight by means of a wedge. At first these primitive cannon exercised little influence upon tactics. The instructions were that they were only to be fired at the moment of collision; the rule was still to ram and board. The first development came from the motive power, not from the armament. In the Italian and Spanish ports of the Mediterranean, where the galley was the only fighting-ship, there was founded a school of naval tactics which was not abandoned till the sailing 'great ship' had established its superiority. To them the bombard was a valuable weapon.

The galley was never a vessel of swift movement; it may be doubted if it could ever stem a strong tide or make headway against a fresh breeze, but in calms and on smooth water it could move freely in any direction. By the beginning of the sixteenth century the evolutions of galley fleets had become exceedingly elaborate and complicated. They marched and countermarched, in line, in file, and in column, exactly as the highly trained tertias of Spanish or Italian infantry manœuvred ashore. In earlier times, when their only weapons were the beak or ram and the crossbows and swords of the fighting crew, they were unrivalled as fighting-ships, and the Cinque Port townsmen could tell mournful tales of their destructive raids; but when some more or less effective form of heavy cannon was mounted in the bows they became irresistible in line of battle. They retained their superiority till about the year 1500, when Descharges, a shipbuilder of Brest, invented port-holes, thus enabling a heavier battery to be carried in broadside. From that day the galley, with its end-on fire, was doomed. It was too slightly built to carry a whole tier of guns even if the oars and benches had left room for them. The sailing ship could always outpace and outmanœuvre the galley in a breeze, and Descharges had given her greater gun-power. Only in the Mediterranean, where calms were frequent, were the galley fleets drilled and organised into a thoroughly effective fighting force; in England the tendency was all in favour of the sailing ship, though oars were still used as auxiliary motive power. The rival types of warships, the galley and the galleon, encountered one another many times during the sixteenth century. In 1513 Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral under Henry the Eighth, sailed to Brest with a fleet of twenty-four 'great ships' averaging 350 tons each. The French fleet of sailing ships had

taken refuge in Bertheaume Bay to await a reinforcement of six large galleys and four smaller galleys or 'foysts' under Pierre Jean le Bidoulx, Knight of Malta, better known to us as Prégent. Howard, desiring to settle with the French before the galleys joined, attacked them at anchor, but the fortune of Sluys and Aboukir Bay was not to be found that time; the attack failed, and one of Howard's ships was lost on the rocks. Leaving his main fleet to blockade Brest for the first time in history, he took a detachment to attack Prégent's galleys in Conquet Bay, where they had brought up in shoal water so that the deep-draught ships could not reach them. Howard made a daring attempt to cut them out with the boats of the squadron. The galleys were all chained together; the admiral led the flotilla in, but he was ill supported; the attempt failed, and Howard died gallantly on the deck of Prégent's galley. It was only natural that this failure should have given Henry cause to doubt if his sailing fleet would ever be powerful enough to overcome the galleys which had the entire confidence of his enemies. Sailing tactics had still to be evolved out of chaos; the unhandy great ships had not learned to work together. They were as yet only an armed mob, while the galleys moved slowly but majestically with 'vanward, main-battle, wings, and rearward,' mathematically correct in alignment and distance as a well-drilled army ashore. Text-books were written upon their formations and movements. Alonzo de Chaves reduced the art to an exact science in the early part of the sixteenth century; he still attached importance to the weather position, but only because the smoke of the guns would be blown in the face of the enemy and cover hostile movements, and because it increased the impact of the ram. At that day the learning and theories of Italy and Spain exercised great influence upon English opinion, while even those Englishmen who instinctively favoured the great ship had not, as yet, any clear conception of the weight and power of broadside fire, and still regarded artillery as a supplement to the ram. Therefore the fleet with which Lord Lisle fought the French under D'Annebault in 1545 was a composite force comprising ships, galleasses, pinnaces, and row-barges. The first and last represented sail and oar power respectively; the second and third combined the two. While the wind was light and variable D'Annebault's galleys did much mischief to the English ships off Southsea, while he kept his own sailing fleet out of action at St. Helen's. When the breeze freshened and Lisle got under way, the galleys were soon out of reach and only the little row-barges were able to attack them in their retreat. When the French fleet anchored off Selsea, Lord Lisle's plan of attack was purely mediæval; he designed to steer straight at them, the wind being strong from the west, and run them down by sheer weight, or force them on to the Owers sand, just under their lee. The French retired before Lisle could put his design in execution.

The battle of Lepanto in 1571 was the crowning triumph of the galley. There were no ships in the action; the galleys were splendidly handled on both sides. As a final elaboration Don John sent his larger galleasses, which mounted a few guns in broadside, ahead of his fleet, linked together in pairs by the stern. When within range of the enemy each one of the pair pulled the oars on one side only, so that they revolved slowly round a common centre, like the sails of a windmill, keeping up a continuous fire. Before the action Don John had all the beaks of his galleys cut away; in his opinion the gun had already made them obsolete. These innovations were justified by the crushing defeat he inflicted upon the Turks.

When the Armada came in 1588 there were no galleys in the great fleet of Howard and Drake: for Drake's experience at Cadiz in the previous year had shown that with all conditions in their favour galleys were helpless against broadside ships. Philip's forces included four great galleasses under Hugo de Moncada.

Not very many years ago the general impression with regard to the Armada campaign was simple in the extreme. A huge well-organised fleet of Spanish ships-of-war, sailing 'in the form of a half-moon,' was beaten and chased from one end of the Channel to the other by a swarm of privately-owned English ships. A few Royal ships, commanded by Queen's officers, fought side by side with them, without order, without any fighting formation, and without discipline. Professor Laughton and Mr. Julian Corbett have demolished, once for all, this singular conception. Philip had no navy, save the ten royal galleons which had been Portugal's, ten galleons of the Indian guard which were maintained by the merchants interested in the trade, four ships of the Flota of New Spain, which were armed traders, and the four galleasses, which were hired from Naples. The rest were armed merchantmen and small oared craft. This heterogeneous collection had no fleet-experience; it was undergunned, and its members had neither fought nor cruised together. Howard and Drake had under them at the first contact twenty-three ships of the Royal Navy, seven private men-of-war, and about seventy armed merchantmen. Many of them had cruised as a fleet, and had only just returned from the coast of Spain. They had far more fighting experience among them than the half-unwilling crews of the Armada, and far heavier armament. The final blow to the picturesque notion of a volunteer fleet is given by Sir William Wynter's letter to Walsingham after the victory.

I dare assure your honour, if you had seen that which I have seen of the simple service that hath been done by the merchant and coast ships, you would have said that we had been little holpen by them otherwise than that they did make a show.

It has often been asserted that the 'line of battle'—the line ahead—

was first formed by Penn and the Dutch in 1653; but it seems impossible that men so practical as the Elizabethan seamen should not have discovered and practised the only formation that could develop the full power of a fleet of broadside ships. It has been suggested by Mr. Julian Corbett that the English formation was not the close-hauled line of battle which was held so sacrosanct in the eighteenth century, but one of groups of ships in line ahead: and in support of his theory he quotes Raleigh's general orders issued to the fleet at Plymouth in 1617.

The whole fleet shall follow the Admiral . . . or other leading ship within musket-shot of the enemy, giving so much liberty to the leading ship after her broadside is discovered as she may stay and trim her sails . . . then is the second ship to give her side and the third and fourth; which done they shall all tack as the first ship and giving the other side shall keep him under a perpetual volley.

This was neither more nor less than that 'concentration by defiling' which was so much in evidence in the actions between Hood and De Grasse. Loading was a slow operation and in Raleigh's day it was not yet thought advisable to lie yard-arm and yard-arm with an enemy and crush him by weight and rapidity of fire. Yet the English ships with their heavier armament could deliver a heavier and more sustained cannonade than the Spaniards. As early as 1574, Requesens, the Governor of the Netherlands, was warned by a Spanish agent in England that 'it would be well to give orders when they approach them (the English) that the ordnance flush with the water be at once discharged broadside on, and so damage their hulls and confuse them with the smoke. This is their own way of fighting and I have many times seen them do it to the French thirty years ago.' Mr. Corbett adds: 'To crush resistance by broadsides aimed low—to hull, and not waste powder on the rigging—to board when the enemy's fire was silenced, and not before,' was the English practice at that day as it was in the time of Hawke and Nelson. The more clearly we consider the ships, armament, and tactics of the Elizabethan Navy, the closer grows the resemblance to the Navy of the Nile and Trafalgar. The differences in hull and rigging were only differences of detail; there is no distinction to be drawn between the ships of 1590 and those of 1790 that can be called vital. The guns were almost identical. The heaviest gun carried in Elizabeth's fleets was the demi-cannon, a 30-32-pounder, 10 feet long, of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches calibre, weighing from 4,500 lb. to 5,000 lb. The heaviest gun of Nelson's *Victory* was the 32-pounder, 9 feet 6 inches in length, of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches calibre, weighing about 55 cwt. The Elizabethan culverin, a 5-inch 18-pounder, 10 feet in length, was about 4,000 lb. in weight; the 18-pounders of Nelson's time of 5-inch calibre were 9 feet long and weighed about 43 cwt. With such similarity of ships and weapons it was only natural that the tactics should be almost identical. From the time of Elizabeth



onward, the only great development, while ships sailed, was in the use and abuse of the line of battle.

A fleet of broadside ships going into action would be almost compelled to adopt the line ahead in order to keep out of one another's way, and to use their full gun-power upon the enemy without endangering their friends. But the sailing ship was then almost a new invention, and seamanship was very far from the scientific accuracy of later days. The rough line that they were capable of keeping could not be compared with the apple-pie order of the close-hauled line of battle which, according to Marryat, meant 'having your flying-jibboom in at the stern-windows of the ship ahead of you.' Still it is impossible to doubt that the root idea was there. Mr. Julian Corbett is of opinion that the traditional 'half-moon' of the Armada was really a slightly modified form of the 'eagle formation' perfected by the galley admirals: an arrangement of groups in line abreast, in which the vanguard represented the head, the main-battle was the body, the supports were the tail, and the two flanking divisions were the wings. A fleet in such a formation might be regarded as a slowly moving fortress; very rigid and unyielding, strong for defence and mutual support; but only useful for attack if the enemy consented to adopt the same cumbrous order of battle. The Elizabethan line ahead, even though it were rough and irregular, with half the ships out of their station, would seem pliant and easily handled in comparison with such a ponderous array. The Spaniards had to learn the lesson they had taught. The lightly armed Spanish infantry had put an end to the steel-clad man-at-arms mounted on an armoured cart-horse; the sailing 'line ahead' swept from the sea the ponderous parade-ground formation of the Mediterranean galley fleets.

We learn from the same authority that Philip thoroughly understood that his Armada would have to encounter an enemy who fought on a system of his own; and he instructed his admiral, Medina-Sidonia, to grapple and board wherever possible, so that his superiority in soldiers might neutralise the English superiority in gunnery. He did not realise that it is impossible to board in face of heavier gun-fire. ●

There is no need to tell the story or analyse the tactics of the Armada battles. Mr. Corbett has said all that there is to be said upon the subject, and he at least has no doubt that the rough line ahead described by Raleigh was used wherever possible. The first mention that is made with any precision of the true line ahead is in connection with the action off the Kentish coast on the 27th of September, 1652. Penn, who served under Blake in that battle, writes thus: 'We ran a fair berth against the head of our General to give room for my squadron to be between him and us.' The sentence is curiously involved: but Mr. David Hannay points out

that when the ships of the squadron had occupied the space left for them they must have been in such a position as made it possible for them to use their broadsides without firing into one another; therefore they could only have been in line ahead. He also quotes Captain Cubitt, of the *Tulip*, who was present under Monk in the action with Van Tromp on the 31st of July, 1653.

The weather being fair and both standing to sea, we tacked upon them and went through their whole fleet, leaving part on one side and part on the other of us; and in passing through we lamed several and sunk more. As soon as we had passed we tacked upon them again and they on us, and as we passed each other very near we did very good execution on them, and some of their ships that had lost all their masts struck their colours, and put out a white handkerchief on a staff. . . . As soon as we had passed each other, both tacked, the Hollander having still the wind and we keeping close by, we passed very near and did very great execution upon each other. In this bout we cut off some of his fleet which could not weather us, and therefore forsook him, and some of them we sunk.

This description could only apply to the manœuvres of fleets in line ahead; but if the order had been closer, it would have been more difficult to break through. Nevertheless, we see both attack and defence in line thoroughly established, although it was not invariably used. Penn told Pepys in 1666, after the Four Days battle, that 'three things must be remedied, or else we shall be undone by this fleet. (1) That we must fight in a line, whereas we fight promiscuously to our utter and demonstrable ruine, the Dutch fighting otherwise; and we whenever we beat them. (2) That we must not desert ships of our own in distress. (3) That ships when they are a little shattered must not take the liberty to come in of themselves.' Discipline was very lax, and there were many instances of captains hauling out of action and going home without waiting for orders, and of rear-admirals who, in defiance of orders for 'mutual support,' engaged in private battles of their own and left the Commander-in-chief to look after himself. After the action off the Texel on the 12th of August, 1673, Prince Rupert wrote to the King, complaining 'that the orders of seconding one another had not been observed; I was left with my division in presence of sixty-six sail of the enemy; the French (our allies) to windward of them in an entire body, and Spragge as far as I could discern his ships to leeward, engaged with a few ships'—Spragge having allowed his admiral to stand on in hot action with the Dutch under De Ruyter and Bankert, while he hove to to await the squadron of Cornelius Van Tromp, with whom he had a private quarrel.

Throughout the whole of this period fireships were much used, and were often effective. Explosion vessels, first used by the Dutch at Antwerp in 1585, were never common, though Benbow used them at St. Malo in 1693, and Lord Cochrane at Basque Roads in 1809.

As the discipline of the Navy improved under such admirals

as Russell, Rooke, and George Byng, the line of battle was drawn more and more closely together. The art of handling ships had grown to such perfection that sailing manœuvres were executed with all the accuracy of the old galley evolutions. Fleets were in no hurry to engage, and it was not unusual for admirals to spend a day or two manœuvring for the windward position; and when they had got that, to devote another hour or two to forming their line; making individual ships exchange places, to the end that when the action began and each captain steered for his opposite in the enemy's line, all might be suitably matched. Then came a succession of mediocre commanders who were seamen and little else; and under their unintelligent rule the line ahead, instead of being a supple and powerful weapon of offence, became a fetish, a superstition to which the fighting efficiency of the fleet was sacrificed. Once formed, woe betide the captain who broke it, or allowed it to be broken! Any officer who presumed to haul out of his station in order to checkmate a new and imminent combination of the enemy, as Nelson did at St. Vincent, would have been cashiered at the very least. Matthews bore up out of his line in 1744 because he could make no effective attack while he remained in it; and Matthews was cashiered. Byng in 1756 remained ineffective in his line because he could not get into action without breaking it; and Byng was shot. Admirals who regarded the preservation of their line of battle as the principal object in action, and the destruction or damage of the enemy as a secondary consideration, were not likely to achieve any striking success. More than a hundred years earlier Monson had warned his contemporaries against this very danger in words that were curiously applicable to the tactics of the early Georgians:

The weather at sea is never certain; the winds variable; ships unequal in sailing; and when they strictly seek to keep their order, commonly they fall foul of one another, and in such cases they are more careful to observe their directions than to offend the enemy, whereby they will be brought into disorder among themselves.

For some reason yet undiscovered, the Augustan age was singularly poor in great admirals. It produced soldiers in plenty; many excellent, and one or two of the very first rank; but its sea-officers seem to have devoted so much time to the handling of ships and the important duty of keeping station, that they neglected the principal object of naval war, which is to inflict damage upon the enemy.

It was a strange thing that the first writer who pointed out the fault and suggested a remedy should be a civilian who had never been to sea. It is true that Hawke and Boscawen in some measure reduced his theory to practice before he propounded it; but it was more by accident than design. They were too busy to write critical essays or found a school for admirals. Born sea-captains, they used

the opportunities that came in their way, and left others to do the same. The works of John Clerk of Eldin were read, approved, and annotated by such men as Rodney, Howe, Duncan, and Jervis; and there is no question but that a great and effective development in the theory of tactics followed after the publication—perhaps it would be more accurate to say the private circulation—of his first pamphlet. Yet many naval officers and naval historians were scornfully incredulous that his ideas, ingenious as they were, could have exercised any practical influence upon professional minds. There had been other writers upon the same subject. Translations of the works of two Frenchmen, Paul L'Hôte and the Vicomte de Grenier, had already appeared in England, and both were known to Clerk; but neither carried the theories of attack and defence to such practical perfection. His pamphlet was privately circulated in the beginning of the year 1782. Both Rodney and Duncan read it as soon as it appeared, and both acknowledged its value; Rodney after his victory over De Grasse in April of that year, and Duncan after Camperdown in 1797.

Clerk observed that though British ships were almost invariably successful in single duels or in engagements between small squadrons, yet in the recent great fleet actions they had invariably been baffled, if not worsted, without ever having lost a ship. The victories of George Byng in 1716, Hawke in 1747 and 1759, Anson in 1747 and Boscawen in 1759, were each the result of a 'general chase' after an enemy sailing off the wind and endeavouring to avoid action. The pursuing British ships seized him by the tail and bit off joint after joint, while his van and centre, being dead to leeward, could give no support to the rear. Whenever the enemy remained in line, close-hauled to the wind, so that either van or rear could come to each other's assistance if necessary, our fleets failed to make any impression. Matthews' action against De Court in 1744, Byng's against De la Gallissonnière in 1756, Pocock and D'Aché in the East Indies in 1759, Keppel and D'Orvilliers in 1778, Rodney and De Guichen in 1780, may be cited as instances.

The recognised plan of battle for the British fleet was to obtain, if possible, the weather position; then to move down to attack in a long 'lasking' line (heading diagonally towards the enemy's course), and to attempt to engage their whole line from end to end, van against van, centre against centre, rear against rear. If they attacked from the leeward the fleets generally engaged on opposite tacks and swept past each other in slow procession, exchanging broadsides; a chivalrous proceeding which combined the maximum of damage with the minimum of result.

The French, on the other hand, deliberately chose the leeward position and defensive tactics. They concentrated their fire upon the spars and rigging of the van ships of the advancing English, who

could only bring a few bow guns to bear in reply. By the time that the English van had reached its position abreast of the French van the first three or four ships were more than half crippled, while the centre and rear were still out of effective range. Then the whole French line usually made sail ahead, pounding the English van as they passed. If their van suffered they withdrew either a part or the whole, and formed a new line to leeward. The rear was rarely engaged at all, and the whole process might be repeated. The object of the French was to preserve their ships from capture or serious damage; the object of the English was to match each of their ships against the corresponding ship in the French line, always beginning with the van. The result was, naturally, a succession of indecisive battles, neither victories nor defeats.

It was John Clerk who pointed out that the only way to force a close action was by cutting the enemy's line, as Monk did. The objects he aimed at were, first, to dispose his fleet so that no part could be attacked without the possibility of support from all or part of the rest; secondly, to attack with great superiority of force upon a part of the enemy, while that part was so placed that it could not easily be supported. Both these desiderata were to be attained by breaking the enemy's line and concentrating the attack on that part which could least easily be supported by the other.

The possible variations of the system were almost infinite; but the idea, so old in land-warfare, then so often neglected at sea, is to be found in every successful naval action.

Rodney's first attempt to force action was unsuccessful. Being to windward of De Guichen's fleet in 1780, he hoisted the signal to bear up in line abreast: a movement which would have brought his whole fleet upon the French rear; but his captains were so wedded to the bad old fashion that the whole van division stood on to get abreast of the French van, and the attack failed. In the following year Sir Hyde Parker attacked De Ruyter and the Dutch fleet from the windward in the usual oblique line. The Dutch refrained from raking him as he came down, and not a shot was fired till the fleets were duly matched, ship against ship. After three hours and forty minutes' action both were beaten to a standstill.

After Rodney successfully broke the line of De Grasse on April 14, 1782, the old fashion was finally abandoned, and concentration upon a part of the enemy's line became the rule.

The French were rarely successful in attack. It is interesting to compare the action between Hood and De Grasse at St. Christopher in January 1782, with that of Nelson at the Nile in 1798. General Fraser was besieged at Brimstone Hill, and De Grasse with twenty-six ships of the line and two fifties lay in Basseterre Road to cover the besieging force. Hood, with twenty-two sail of the line, sailed from Barbados to throw in reinforcements for General Fraser. His

first design, supposing the enemy were at anchor, was to stand on till he was abreast of them. 'After having delivered each ship her whole fire upon the two headmost ships of the enemy, to haul off in succession, then, by tacking to return in the same succession, and again and again to repeat each ship her whole fire,' which might be described as a concentration by countermarch upon the head of the French line. An unlucky collision between two of his ships arrested this attack on the morning of the 24th of January. In the evening De Grasse put to sea in order to have room to bring his whole force into action. Next morning Hood came down in line as if to attack, drawing the French still further from the shore. Then, says he, 'I thought I had a fair prospect of gaining the anchorage he had left, knowing that to be the only chance of saving the island.' Accordingly, he 'made a push for it' and succeeded in getting a good start. As he came down parallel with the anchorage, but outside it, his rear under Commodore Affleck was hotly engaged. Reaching the western end of the roadstead, the van tacked inshore, stood back to the eastern end and anchored, each ship in its station, covered by the centre and rear divisions, which were still passing down outside them to tack in their turn; and the leading ships were already anchored and ready to open fire when the last ship of the rear division passed by them and gave them a clear sight of the French. De Grasse made a furious attack on the whole line, but was beaten off. The anchorage being upon a narrow ledge which dropped suddenly into deep water, Hood had anchored too near the edge to allow De Grasse to find holding-ground outside him, so the French were compelled to fight under sail. Before they could attack again, Hood shifted three of his rear ships to the head of the line. The leading ship was only just clear of the shore, and being further protected by a spit or shoal outside of her, there was no possibility of any French ship passing inside the van. Six of the rear ships were anchored in a line north and south, making a slightly obtuse angle with the rest of the fleet, which was nearly west-north-west to east-south-east, thus protecting the rear from any enfilading fire. On the following morning, De Grasse attacked again, concentrating on the van and centre; and in the afternoon he made a third attempt on the centre and rear, and each time he was driven off by the tremendous broadsides of Hood's fleet. After that he left Hood alone until the island capitulated on the 13th of February and it became necessary for the safety of the English fleet that they should leave their impregnable position and rejoin the main fleet under Rodney, then expected from England, with as little damage as possible. De Grasse's superior force was lying within five miles of them, waiting to attack them as soon as they came out, but Hood could no more be caught than he could be beaten. On the 14th of February, De Grasse, with some of his

ships, went to Neyis for stores and provisions. Hood called his captains on board the *Barfleur*, and made them set their watches by his chronometer, and at 11 o'clock that night every cable was out and Hood made his way out without being discovered, though the lights of some of the French ships were plainly visible. Those operations at Basseterre were the masterpiece of the first great admiral of our great period.

Hood had demonstrated the tremendous power of the British fleet in defence; it was left for Nelson to prove that it was irresistible in attack. At the battle of the Nile the French and English positions were reversed. There were thirteen ships on each side, but Brueys at anchor had one 120-gun ship and three 80's, while Nelson attacked him with twelve ships of 74 guns and one of 50. Brueys had left room for a ship to pass round the head of his line, and took no precautions to protect his rear. Nelson was able to double his ships on the French van and centre and destroy ship after ship while the rear looked helplessly on, out of action. If Nelson could have changed places with De Grasse, or Hood with Brueys, who can say what the result might have been?

After Rodney broke De Grasse's line on the 12th of April, 1782, and gained the most decisive naval victory of the war, there followed ten years of peace; but the seed had been sown. Clerk's theories and the practical demonstrations of Hood and Rodney had brought sailing tactics to the highest perfection of which they were capable. When war broke out again in 1793 we had no longer to contend with the scientific officers of the Royal Navy of France, but with the improvised, undisciplined levies of the Revolution. When Howe met Villaret Joyeuse in the first fleet action of the great war, he hoisted the signal for each ship to pass through the enemy's line and engage to leeward; but the captains seemed to have found more difficulty than the admirals in getting rid of the old superstition of the sacred line of battle; most of them hauled to the wind and engaged their opposites in the French line from the windward, in the old fashion, and half the fruits of victory were snatched from Howe's grasp. Jervis at St. Vincent severed the two parts of the more numerous Spanish fleet, and the *Victory's* broadside stopped a Spanish three-decker in her attempt to cut through the British line in her turn. Had Jervis tacked his fleet 'all together' the Spaniards might have been crushed; but he signalled to 'tack in succession,' whereby so much time was lost that the Spanish van found a clear road round the rear of the British fleet to rejoin the six ships of their lee division then standing to meet them. Nelson with magnificent disregard of signals wore out of the line and threw the *Captain* across their path. Four Spanish ships were taken.

If Hood at Basseterre foreshadowed Nelson at the Nile, Duncan at Camperdown rehearsed in 1797 the manœuvres of Trafalgar. On

each occasion the British being to windward bore up in two divisions, line ahead, and broke through the enemy's line in two places. At Camperdown, as at Trafalgar, one half of the enemy's fleet was taken or destroyed.

Trafalgar was the last great fleet action fought under sail, and that tremendous victory, the culmination of two centuries of naval experience, was at once the glory and the completion of the work that had been begun under the influence of the Tudors, developed under the direction of Francis Drake, and was perfected by Nelson. With that, the old order ended; the day of oak and canvas was over, the day of steel and steam was yet to come. Algiers and Navarino added nothing to tactical science, for the last word had been spoken, the great days were done, the great sailors had passed away. Since the introduction of steam-driven ships, heavy guns, and defensive armour revolutionised the sea service, we are in a new world, where all is strange to us. The only experience that we shall have to guide us when the morning of the next great fleet battle dawns must be gathered piecemeal from the naval history of the American Civil War and the two battles of Lissa and the Yalu. Admiral Dewey at Manila proved once more that an enemy's moral weakness is a factor of no less importance than his material strength; for an admiral can afford to disregard contact mines that will not explode and heavy guns that will not be fired, if he can only distinguish them from the effective variety.

The admirals who command fleets to-day are in much the same position as Drake and Hawkins; the weapon is put into their hands but they must learn the use of it for themselves, and that is not to be done in a day. Our forefathers were busily engaged for two hundred years before they perfected their system of sailing tactics; and there was less difference between the galley and the galleon than between the old three-decker and the first-class battleship of to-day.

W. J. FLETCHER.



## *MACEDONIA AND ENGLAND'S POLICY*

### I

WHO would not wish to see the horrors, which in Macedonia have accumulated upon horror's head, made impossible for the future and a reign of humanity introduced in their stead? To express such an ardent desire in fiery language at a public meeting, where the principles of true humanity are unfortunately often replaced by a bigoted crusading spirit, may be easy enough. To egg public opinion on, in a flamboyant leading article, to the letting loose of the dogs of war against the 'infidel Turk'—a war which, however, not this country, but other Powers, are expected to bear the brunt of: of all this we have had more than enough. But who that knows even the rudiments only of Eastern affairs; who that takes into consideration the racial conflicts and the dangerous rival ambitions which are at work there, could bring himself to long for a clash of arms on a wider field, that might inundate Europe with blood?

It is the fashion to talk about 'Macedonia.' That is a fine classic word, but unknown to the inhabitants of the region so spoken of. There has been, for more than a thousand years, no population in the old Macedonian sense there, but only a confused medley of races, each hostile to, or averse from, the others; most of them with a domineering tendency of their own. There are six or seven of these nationalities; and they are hopelessly at sixes and sevens. There are, not only Bulgars, but Greeks, Serbs, Rumans, Albanese, a good many Turks as well as Mohammedanised sections of tribes; and even, in some districts, a compact population of Jews, who in the East are reckoned as a separate nationality.

In many parts these races are so interlaced that it is quite impossible to unmix them. Yet nationality bitterly divides them. Language sunders them. Religion makes them enemies of each other, not only as between Christians and adherents of Islam or of the Mosaic creed, but among the confessors of the Orthodox Greek Church themselves. Some of the latter look to the Bulgarian Exarch, others to the Patriarch at Constantinople, as their hierarchic head. How strangely 'those Christians love each other' has been seen in several cases during the present rising, when Bulgar

insurgents of the Exarch's flock fell upon adherents of the Patriarch, trying to convert them by force of arms.

What unity, what harmony, what national self-government can be evolved from such a witches' cauldron?

The Bulgars, originally a Tatar race from the Volga—whence their name of Volgars, or Bolgars—but Slavonised in speech, claim 'Macedonia' as their own, and appeal to the traditions of their old Empire. The Serbs, real Slavs, rather look upon them as a kind of disguised Turks. Making war upon scarcely emancipated Bulgaria, the people of Belgrade, in 1885, toasted their own ruler as 'King of Serbia and Macedonia,' crying up the glorious traditions of their own ancient Empire as it was in the days of Stephen Dushan. In his time, Macedonia, Albania, Thessaly, and Northern Greece, as well as Bulgaria, belonged to Serbia.

The Greeks, taking their stand upon a higher antiquity than Serbs or Bulgars can claim, have to say a word to both, and are not inclined to consent to the present attempt at a 'Bulgarisation' of Macedonia. I remember, during the last war of Russia against Turkey, when Constantinople was so near falling into the hands of Muscovite Autocracy, having had a long conversation with a distinguished Greek Ambassador. Spreading out large maps, he indicated where the Hellenic element exists in Macedonia. With an indignation natural in one of his race, he strongly objected both to Bulgaria obtaining that province, and to her proposed extension to the *Ægean Sea*.

Such an extension would indeed have barred out Greece from all future possibilities in the direction of Constantinople. It would have provided the Czar's Empire with an outlet into the Mediterranean; for be it well remembered that the despotic Government of St. Petersburg thought itself sure, in the 'seventies, of getting the practical overlordship in Bulgaria. What State-stroke intrigues, what sanguinary horrors were enacted, even later on, at Sofia by Muscovite agents to obtain that overlordship! And how insecure is the state of affairs at Sofia even now!

I need scarcely say that the Greek Ambassador I have mentioned was right glad when the provisional Convention of San Stefano was revised and altered at the Congress of Berlin. The crafty diplomacy of the Northern Autocrat was thus foiled. The future of the Hellenic cause was so far saved.

To-day the Greek nation and Government are again opposed to Bulgarian claims of supremacy in Macedonia. They stigmatise also what the present Greek Ambassador in London has called, in a public letter, 'Bulgarian atrocities' committed by the insurgents. The Rumanian nation and Government are similarly minded. Have we not here facts which might induce even the rashest to pause before calling for an armed European intervention in favour of the Bulgars?

Are Greece and Rumania to be held of no account, whilst the 'Sick Man,' who shows a most lively vitality, is declared to be doomed to death? Are the new crusaders not aware of these terrible difficulties of the problem in the Near East?

It is idle and utterly wrong to denounce the Greeks as 'pro-Turkish.' That they certainly are not. They have proved it again in their last venture only a few years back, when, urged on by the false hope raised among them of English support, they rushed into war against Turkey. As a member of the old Greek Committee, I may mention that I gave warning at the time, by a letter addressed to its secretary, my late friend Lewis Sergeant, against that expedition as a hopeless one. At present I hold it to be a duty to give another warning, and to state the case of the Greeks in regard to the Bulgarian claims over 'Macedonia.'

It was the Hellenic Premier, M. Ralli, who recently said to a deputation at Athens that there was no alliance between Greece and Turkey; that only a friendly exchange of opinion had taken place between Athens and Constantinople; but that 'to forward the violent attempts of the Bulgars would be a suicidal policy on the part of Greece.' Are English Liberals to ignore such portentous signs—they who have always prided themselves on their strong phil-Hellene sentiments?

Of course, men who are mainly moved by theological hatred against 'the one anti-human specimen of humanity'—that is, against a race which, since the days of the greatest phil-Hellene, Lord Byron, has been described by him, and by all travellers, as an honest, industrious, and worthy people of sterling qualities, barring its corrupt pashas and its despotic Government; or men who, moved by even worse, hidden motives, favour under various *aliases* the designs of Muscovite autocracy in the direction of Constantinople, of the Persian Gulf, or even of India, will care less for the future of Greece than for the immediate overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, which acts still as a barrier against Russian aggression. Such men will not mind whatever evil results might come from a catastrophe in the East for Europe at large. But sensible politicians, not misled by their own more generous impulses, will scarcely wonder what the Greeks are looking a little ahead.

'People in England ask,' the Greeks say, 'why we, who have fought the Turks, are not on the side of the Bulgars. Now, frankly speaking, can a man, or a nation, be expected to be on the side of his, or its, enemy? Do our would-be critics know that there is a considerable Hellenic, or Hellenised, population in those Turkish departments to which the name of Macedonia is given? Do they know that horrid cruelties have been committed by Bulgar bands against our own kith and kin? Do they know the real aim and object of the much-quoted Treaty of San Stefano? Are they not aware

that its intention was to build up a Bulgar wall at the eastern frontier of Greece down to the sea, whilst Russia was to have the practical suzerainty, political and military, over the newly established Bulgarian State, with an ultimate aim of annexing later on that country altogether to the dominions of the Czar? And we should be foolish to play into the hands of those who, wittingly or unwittingly, promote this dangerous policy.'

## II

So much for the Greeks. Now, as to the Rumans who watch these developments from the northern frontier of Bulgaria.

In the war of 1877-78 the Rumans saved the Russian army from annihilation. The thanks given them by the Czar consisted of robbing them of a part of their territory at the conclusion of peace. Had the Rumans not stepped in with their timely help, the Emperor Alexander the Second would in all likelihood have been compelled to retreat. And then, seeing him disgraced by defeat, even the citizens of Holy Moscow would have presented to the Autocrat a petition for the grant of a parliamentary Constitution at the point of the bayonets of the Civic Guard of that old Russian capital.

Be it not forgotten—though the agents and the collusive tools of the Court of St. Petersburg have always done their best to obliterate the fact: the Ottoman Empire itself possessed at that time a Parliament, sitting at Constantinople. More than that: so impressive were the debates of that Turkish representation of the people, so Liberal were its resolutions for the better government of the country, that Russian Progressists naturally felt a deal of envy. Loudly enough, they already began to mutter when things looked bad at Plevna: 'Are we to have less freedom than even the subjects of the Sultan?'

Here we come to the present attitude of the Young Turkish party, whose leaders are in exile, but which still has many adherents at home, even in the army and in the administration. These Young Turkish Reformers, who agitate for the reconvoation of the Ottoman Parliament, are also, like the Greeks and the Rumans, dead against the Bulgar insurgents, attacking them in public manifestoes in unmeasured terms of hostility. Fanatical Moslems the Young Turks certainly are not—as little as the Hellenes are pro-Turks. On the contrary, they are highly cultured men, nourished with Western European civilisation, not a few of them able politicians and writers with a philosophical turn of mind. By race, they are Turks, Arabs, Syrians, Druses. With a number of them I have for years been in correspondence, and can testify to the loftiness of their aims.

Now, are Englishmen to set their faces not only against Greeks and Rumans, but also against the Young Turkish Reformers?

A few words on that party may here be of use. I remember its rise and origin in the sixties, when, between 1867 and 1868, a small group of Turkish exiles—namely, Zia Bey, Ali Suavi, and Aghaia Effendi—lived in London. They published here and in Paris an ably conducted journal, called the *Mukhbir* (the 'Advertiser'), copies of which are still in my library. That paper came out under the auspices of Mustafa Fazil Pasha, the well-known statesman who contributed so much to the spread of public instruction and of Liberal ideas by sending young students and others—among them, a distinguished poet, Kemal—to Paris and London. In the *Mukhbir*, parliamentary institutions and all the other desirable reforms were advocated.

In 1876, the *Softa* rising at Constantinople at last brought about the introduction of a Charter under the young Sultan, who had just come to the throne—the present Abdul Hamid the Second. It was a popular movement, officered by the better educated class of Mohammedans. In a famous rescript, the Sultan said that 'if his sire had lived longer, a constitutional era would have been inaugurated under him. Providence, however, had reserved for him (the son) the task of accomplishing this happy transformation, which is the highest guarantee of the welfare of his subjects.' He went on to denounce 'the abuses which are the result of the arbitrary rule of one or of some individuals.' He then enumerated the various reforms to be accomplished by the National Assembly: responsibility of ministers; parliamentary right of control; independence of the courts of justice; equilibrium of the budget.

All races and all creeds were represented in that Parliament, which sat during 1877-78: Turks and Armenians, Bulgars, Greeks, Albanese, Syrians, and Arabs; Mohammedans, Greco-Catholics, Armenian Christians, Protestants, and Jews. Its debates, through the whole of which I went carefully at the time in the French text of the Constantinople press, exhibited a remarkable degree of ability. I learnt afterwards, from men conversant with Turkish, and who had repeatedly been present at the sittings, that these official reports had even considerably toned down the liveliness of the discussions. ●

I need not refer to the activity of Midhat Pasha, nor go into the many useful reforms then debated, including freedom of the press; equality before the law; liberty in matters of public instruction; admission of all citizens, irrespective of race and creed, to the various public employments; an equal imposition of taxes; free exercise of every religious cult, and so forth. Two English ambassadors, Sir Henry Elliot, who represented England at the Porte in those critical days, and Sir Henry Layard in the same diplomatic quality, have expressed their full appreciation of, and sympathy with, the efforts of that Ottoman Parliament.

Sir Henry Elliot, more than twenty years afterwards, still declared, in a letter to the *Times*, that, instead of being satisfied with denunciations, at public meetings, of the horrors that are occasionally perpetrated in Turkey, the system under which they occur should be put an end to; and that the British people should speak out in this sense, as it 'would afford immense encouragement to the reforming party, from which alone any good result is to be hoped for.' In other words, he pleaded for the reconvoation of the Ottoman Parliament, which is the aim of the Young Turkish Reformers.

How did that Assembly come to grief? When the Russian army arrived before the gates of Constantinople, the Sultan, pressed close by the Czar, and being at issue with the representatives of the people on account of the exile of Midhat and about Budget questions, suddenly *prorogued* Parliament. Alexander the Second, the 'Divine Figure from the North,' was thus freed from the danger of hearing Liberal subjects of his own uttering the cry: 'Let us, by way of reward for our sacrifices in blood and money in this war, have parliamentary government as in Turkey!'

Prorogued the Turkish National Assembly was, let it well be remembered—not abolished; not dissolved even. Ever since, the Young Turkish party has called for its restoration. I regret to say that, in this country, the natural allies of these Reformers—that is, the Liberals—have had little more for them than sneers. Yet the fulfilment of the aspirations of the Young Turks would be the only means—as Sir Henry Elliot avowed—of working out a cure at the very source of despotic mischief.

### III

I have gone into this retrospective explanation for the purpose of shedding proper light upon the recent anti-Bulgarian manifestoes of the Young Turks. These manifestoes are contained in the *Mechveret* ('The Consultation'), edited by their most prominent leader, Ahmed Riza. The son of an ex-Minister, he has, as a youth, made extensive and brilliant studies at Paris, travelled in Europe, and occupied a position at the University in Constantinople and in the department of Public Instruction. Characterised by scholarly habits, a zealous student of philosophy, a freethinker, in fact, he has been for years at the head of the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress. I had much pleasure in making his personal acquaintance, some years ago, at Paris, when his accomplished sister had just arrived there as a refugee from Constantinople.

The last extensive manifesto of the Young Turks fills several columns. Prefixed to it is a strong demand for the deposition of Abdul Hamid. Nine times, in a series of short paragraphs, the

deposition of the Sultan, who has become forsworn to his constitutional pledges, is urged for the sake of the peace of Europe, which is said to be on a volcano. After this, the Bulgarian risings in 'Macedonia' are dealt with.

They are denounced as the forerunners of a future conquest planned by Muscovite despotism. The statements made by the Bulgar insurgents are declared to be in a great measure mere malicious inventions, published in prints which are subventioned by Russians. 'The insurgents themselves,' the manifesto goes on, 'openly avow that their object is to strike public opinion by terroristic deeds, and that they purposely provoke the Turks to reprisals so as to compel Europe (read Russia) to an intervention. With this object the attempt has been made to destroy Salonica by dynamite explosions. Villages have been burnt by the insurgents, Mussulman populations have been killed and plundered, all for the purpose of inciting Turkey to cruel reprisals and calling in foreign Powers.'

'Must not,' the manifesto continues, 'the famous word about the abolition of the penalty of death in criminal cases be applied to the Bulgars: "Que Messieurs les assassins commencent les premiers!" (Let the murderers begin first!)?' 'Wild beasts,' 'bandits,' and so forth, the insurgents are called in this appeal. Stress is laid on the anti-Bulgarian attitude of the Greeks. Russia, with her double-dealing policy, is stated to be behind the scenes; 'her aim being always to weaken and to dismember the Ottoman Empire.' Sofia is described as the central seat of the insurrectionary movement. 'From there also, fabricated news is sent out to agents in connection with the Bulgar Committees.'

I give this simply as another proof of the fierce contentions existing among the races in the Near East. It is not necessary to decide either for or against one or the other of them; nor need the statistics of races given by each be absolutely relied on in order to see the enormous difficulties of a problem, or of a series of problems, too intricate for outsiders to solve by a mere appeal to antiquated clerical passions against the 'Infidel Turk.' Here are Young Turks, more enlightened in matters of creed than many Christian bishops and canons; Young Turks aiming at the reintroduction of parliamentary government in the best English sense. Yet they too, like the Greeks and the Rumanians, turn against the Bulgars in Macedonia; pointing out, in so doing, the dangers threatening from Muscovite despotism and aggression.

How is it—the question is often asked—that with the tyranny in Russian Poland; the perjury committed by Nicholas the Second in Finland; the oppression, political and religious, that is, against Protestants in the Baltic provinces of the Czar's Empire; the persecution of various communities of Dissenters from the State

Church; the sanguinary horrors, unmatched even in the Middle Ages, which have been enacted against the Jews in Kishineff and Gomel; and with numberless other atrocities of a similar kind before their eyes—how is it that the preachers of a crusade for the liberation of race-divided, polyglot, impossible ‘Macedonia’ express no desire to have the sword of Europe fleshed by an attack upon tyranny in Russia?

## IV

There is, before us, another significant utterance in *Free Russia*. It is the periodical organ of exiles, excellently edited by Felix Volkhovsky, who for many years was a sufferer from banishment in Siberia. There we find an article on ‘Macedonia and Russian Diplomacy,’ by a correspondent in Bulgaria; written, it need scarcely be said, as far away as possible from a pro-Turkish point of view.

The number of *Free Russia* in which that article appears contains, on its first pages, most extraordinary revelations about police intrigues of the Government of St. Petersburg in the Labour Movement of Russia. They uncover a perfect abyss of infamies perpetrated by the secret tools and *agents provocateurs* of M. Plehve. The article on Macedonia shows how Bulgarian feeling was craftily instigated by the famous Shipka festivities, when the Grandduke Nicholas Nikolaievitch, surrounded by a score of Russian generals, and accompanied by Count Ignatieff, the ‘Father of Lies’ and author of the Treaty of San Stefano, actually worked up the present insurrection, whilst the Czar apparently put a mild damper upon the efforts of his own men.

It is brought to mind, in *Free Russia*, how, a few months afterward, Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Foreign Minister, himself appeared on the scene at Sofia, handing over sums of money to Macedonians who are so numerous and so influential in the capital of Bulgaria. I may add, on my part, the well-known fact of a large gift of arms being made to the Government at Sofia by Nicholas the Second, the eminent friend of Peace and Arbitration. Officially—*Free Russia* says—Count Lamsdorff was very cool and close-tongued. Unofficially, he went rather far in his contact with the Macedonians at Sofia.

Imperial Russia [to quote once more from that article], feels uneasy when peace and quietude reign around her—when, therefore, there is no pretext for intriguing and meddling with other people’s affairs. She was interested in having the Balkan peninsula in trouble that she might herself profit by the occasion to strengthen her position in Turkey and Bulgaria. . . . Imperial Russia would fain solve the Macedonian Question on the condition that her will should dominate



others, and her share in the results be the lion's share. But to take part in its solution on an equal footing with other Powers—that does not suit her. She would rather wait for a 'more favourable moment.'

This exposition of Imperial intrigues is all the more noteworthy because it winds up with strong anti-Turkish sentences, after having branded the 'typical Russian Imperial politics.'

No doubt, the Bulgar rising in Macedonia has to some extent—as *Free Russia* says—gone beyond 'the limits which were originally planned for it by its initiators.' Here I would point out that at the end of the 'seventies, when the Bulgarian army was mainly under the direction of Russian officers, it suited the Court of St. Petersburg, or the military and bureaucratic ring which so often guides the hands of the so-called Autocracy, to have as large a Bulgaria as possible. At present, seeing that the repeated attempts at State-strokes made at Sofia in the Russian interest (the overthrow of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the gruesome assassination of Stambuloff, and other plots) have not succeeded yet in bringing Bulgaria quite under Russian Imperial grasp, a kind of waiting game is preferred. The Macedonian sore is, however, kept open for possible contingencies. Should an opportune moment arrive, the Government of St. Petersburg would quickly enough come forward with more resolute steps.

Is it not a noteworthy circumstance that a man like Prince Uchtomski, the confidant of Nicholas the Second, who has published the work on his Sovereign's journey in the Far East, should have been bold enough to write an article like the one that appeared recently in the *Petersburg Gazette*? Prince Uchtomski said there that recent events in Macedonia are of only secondary importance in comparison with what Russia had just now to do in regard to Japan. 'Macedonian affairs,' he declared, 'might certainly hasten the solution of our task of the occupation of Constantinople, which must sooner or later become a Russian city,' but that 'it was of even greater importance to crush, if necessary, with a giant's foot, the proud young State of Japan.'

The idea of taking Constantinople, as it were in passing, but to make an end, first, of progressive Japan, is in the best vein of Muscovite ironical haughtiness. It was the same Prince Uchtomski who, in the work written by the order of the Czar, asserted that 'we (the Russians) are exceedingly popular all over India; and its inhabitants, therefore, gathered with natural anxiety along the path of his Imperial Highness (Nicholas the Second).' In the sentences following that assertion, the author speaks of the probability of 'the Russians being expected beyond the Himalayas' by the natives of India. The Indians, he asserts, whilst outwardly professing loyalty to England, 'consider with heartfelt hatred as a burden the law they are forced to accept, the strict and systematic rule, and the destruc-

tion of some of the fundamental pieces of their ancient civilisation.' A hint gross and palpable!

It is the custom even of the official diplomacy of Russia thus to allude to apparently distant problems in a light and ironical manner; to play in the meanwhile a waiting and dilatory game; to recede even for a time seemingly from the object in view; but on a given great opportunity to make a sudden forward spring. After a success thus achieved, the apparent game of tacking to and fro is resumed, until a fresh opportunity arises for long-prophesied, long-delayed, by thoughtless observers often as mere bluff ridiculed, but finally, on a sudden, accomplished action.

## V

To the voices of Greeks, Rumans, Young Turkish Reformers, and Russian Democrats who understand full well the tactics of their own oppressor, the utterance of an Italian leader may be added. It is Amilcare Cipriani, a Republican and a Socialist, whose views about foreign affairs may on several points be properly contested, but who has the advantage of being acquainted with Macedonia. 'I know a little about the mountains of Macedonia,' he writes, 'because I fought there in 1897.' He was then on the side of Greece against Turkey, which he hates with mortal hatred.

Now, he also dwells on the fact of 'Macedonia being split up into many races: Greeks, Servians, Bulgars, Rumans, Wallachs, Albanese and Turks—all enemies of each other.' Whilst upholding the right of the oppressed to use every means of defence against a tyrant, he at the same time writes: 'It is said that Mohammedans are ferocious. Yes, and what about Christians? Have people forgotten the Crusades, when it was a holy duty to extirpate the "Infidels" even in the womb of their mothers? Think of the religious wars, merciless, barbarous, ferocious wars, in which no quarter was given; the extermination of the Albigenses, of the Waldenses, of the Hussites, of the infamous Inquisition and its fires.' He then gives a list of Christian atrocities in our own days, from the repression of the Paris Commune down to the butcheries of Jews at Kishineff.

Those who make at present such fiery appeals in the name of the 'Religion of the Cross,' of the 'Established Church,' or of 'Nonconformist Communions,' for a sanguinary Christian crusade against the confessors of the Mohammedan creed, might well be asked to think about those facts. Without intending to pronounce for any theological system whatever, I may say, at least, that in Islam a clearer monotheistic principle is contained than in any other so-called revealed religion. Young Turkish Reformers, on their part, being mostly of a philosophical bent, are certainly superior in real

culture to those would-be crusaders who appeal, in the name of the 'Sacramental Presence and the Cross of Christ,' to the worst and most antiquated passions of *odium theologicum*.

This only by the way. What M. Cipriani says of the policy of Czardom is of significance as coming from one who would fain see the Ottoman Empire dissolved, but not for the benefit of an aggressive neighbouring tyranny. Speaking of the Treaty of San Stefano, he says :

At that time Russia, having seen that it was not so easy to conquer Turkey, began—helped afterwards by France—her campaign of insinuation, of infiltration, and of intervention in European affairs, of intelligent and constant interference in the Balkan provinces, in order to have a pretext for intervention and for *seizing Constantinople*, the great prize wished for by the Romanoffs since Peter the First, whom obliging history calls the Great, but whom impartial history will call the Executioner. . . . This insurrection (in Macedonia) is hers. It is she who arms it, incites it, and upholds it from Bulgaria. It is she who gives it its best leaders, and who urges them to commit the atrocities which we know. . . . Meanwhile the Latin races are threatened by the Slavs; for, after the Russification of Finland, of Manchuria, of Armenia, of the Caucasus, and the Balkan provinces, if Russia gets hold of Constantinople, it will be our turn soon. . . .

The Italian party leader winds up with this notice: 'In reply to those young men who have written to me, saying that they were ready to follow me if I went to Macedonia, I answer that there is no place in this revolt for volunteers who should fight for the independence and liberty of nations, and not for their enslavement.' He looks upon the Bulgar insurrection in Macedonia as 'a revolt without any definite idea,' and he is apprehensive of evil results even from the present co-operation between Austria-Hungary and ambitiously aggressive Russia.

Here a word may be said about the ideas of those who plead for armed Austrian and Russian interference against Turkey. At Vienna and at Buda-Pesth, thinking politicians are averse from that suggestion. Hungary especially has to fear much from a precipitated break-up of the Ottoman Empire; for, racially speaking, Hungary, like Turkey, contains also a medley of races between whom little love is lost.

The Magyar kingdom—or the dominions of the Crown of St. Stephen, as it is also called—is composed of four chief races: Magyar, Slavonic, German, and Ruman. They are as distinct from each other in blood and speech as are the Turks from the Russians, or, say, the Swedes from the Italians. The ruling Magyar race is even, numerically, in a minority against the combined other nationalities, among whom the Slavonic one is split up into tribal sections, each with a dialect or language of its own, not to mention many minor fragments of races distributed over Hungary.

With a despotically governed, centralised, aggressive Russia at her flank, Hungary would be seriously threatened if Muscovite

autocracy got a strong foothold in the Balkan countries. Some Magyar party-leaders seem to forget, or to make light just now, of this prospective peril. But all those who wish well to an old parliamentary country, as Hungary is, cannot ignore that situation; and this is another argument for a wary treatment of Eastern affairs by thinking English politicians.

There are some who urge the armed establishment of a *condominium*, of a joint partnership in Macedonia, by Russia and Austria-Hungary. What such arrangements easily lead to has been shown in recent times in Schleswig-Holstein. The Courts of Prussia and Austria (which latter, down to 1866, still formed with its Federal provinces an integral part of Germany) being driven, in 1863, by the national sentiment of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, and by the German nation at large, into war against Danish foreign dominion, formed in 1864 such a *condominium* there. The result was, the ejection of Austria from the German Duchies; the 'fratricidal war' (as Bismarck himself called it in later years) of Prussia against the German Confederacy; the expulsion of Austria from it; the disruption of Germany into three parts, which encouraged France to the attack in 1870; and then that gigantic war of 1870-71, in which the aggressor was worsted.

If the wish were to light up, in the East, a war of even more terrible character—'dragging Europe into its bloody whirlwind,' as M. Cipriani says—the suggestion of an armed *condominium* of Russia and Austria may be carried out. Some very ardent theologians would possibly not object to that.

## VI

A few years before the last war of Russia against Turkey, I had an hour's conversation on Eastern affairs with Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) at the House of Commons, where he had heard that I was the guest of a Liberal member, a common friend of his and mine. The Tory leader had expressed a wish for such personal acquaintance; and I may say that, in spite of the greatest divergence of political opinions, the interview passed off most pleasantly; he showing an amiability generally little associated with his character.

What startled me, however, was the apparent lack of knowledge he exhibited about the more intricate affairs of the Near East, and as to the ultimate designs of Russia there, as well as in Central Asia; and towards India. This strange want of information, or of proper appreciation, came out clearly in the questions he addressed to me. He was not aware of the curious ramifications of Pan Slavism in Hungary and Turkey; nor did he know anything of its literary and political advocates and leaders. He did not believe that Russia would soon make another attack upon the Ottoman Empire. He

saw no danger in the forward Muscovite movement through what then still was Independent Tatar. He thought Russia has 'enough on her hands in Central Asia.' He did not imagine that India was her final aim.

On all these points I expressed a contrary view, going fully into details. I will not repeat what I have, years ago, stated in an explicit account. Be it sufficient to say that I distinctly foretold a fresh and early attack of Russia upon Turkey, and a continuous forward aggression of hers in Central Asia, so as to 'come nearer and nearer to India.' Mr. Disraeli listened attentively, and at the end of our prolonged conversation conducted my friend—the descendant of a well-known old family, who was then on the pro-Russian side—and me to the door with kind words. This was the only time I met the famous Tory leader, who had so strangely begun his career as a Radical and even as a singer in praise of tyrannicide, in his *Revolutionary Epick*, dedicated to Lord Stanley.

Lord Beaconsfield lived to see, and to have to ward off, a Russian spring upon Constantinople. He would, no doubt, have gone even further then, had he not been counteracted by his own Foreign Minister, Lord Derby, the son of the man to whom he owed so much gratitude in the beginning of his difficult career. I have sometimes wondered whether Lord Beaconsfield remembered, in 1877-78, the forecast I had made as to the coming Russo-Turkish war.

He even lived to see Russia coming up to the very border of Afghanistan, and to hear of the secret treaty between her and Shir Ali for the purpose of securing a passage 'to Russian troops proceeding to India,' and getting supplies for that army 'if it became desirable that the Russian Government should send an expedition to wage war in India.' So it is stated in an English Blue-book ('Central Asia,' Enclosure 2, in No. 161) referring to that secret arrangement of 1878. Shir Ali thereupon fell; and Lord Beaconsfield, the creator of the Imperial Indian title, may have felt relieved for a time. But—fortunately for his own renown as to foresight—he did not live to see a Cossack troop driving, in 1884, an English general to flight in Afghanistan, who had come as a diplomatic representative of England for frontier regulation. Nor did Lord Beaconsfield live to see Russia actually tearing a piece of Afghan territory from England's ally.

In fact, the Tory leader had formerly been of Lord Salisbury's opinion, that those who were alarmed at Russia's march towards India ought to 'buy large maps,' in order to perceive the vast distance she had still to traverse. That distance has been wonderfully diminished within the days of the late Premier. Again, Lord Salisbury uttered the smart saying that England, in the Crimean war, had 'put her money upon the wrong horse.' Would the right horse have been Czar Nicholas the First, whose aim was the

conquest of Constantinople? Or would Nicholas the Second be now the right horse?

I remember another curious conversation with the late Liberal Cabinet Minister, W. E. Forster. He did not seem to deny the danger accruing from Russia to Europe; but he, too, was then a disbeliever in Russian designs upon Afghanistan and India. Had not England, indeed, received a formal assurance from the Czar Alexander the Second—one of the many similar, most explicit assurances concerning Khiva, Merv, Sarakhs, and so forth—that ‘His Imperial Majesty looks upon Afghanistan as completely outside the sphere within which Russia may be called upon to exercise her influence. No intervention or interference whatever, opposed to the independence of that State, enters into his calculations.’

As to Constantinople, the possession of which by a strong aggressive Power ‘would confer’—in the words of Napoleon the First, who perhaps understood these things—‘the dominion of the world,’ Mr. Forster did not think that England, the great Mediterranean Power—now the actual possessor of Egypt, through which the shortest way to India lies—need trouble herself about it in an active way. With characteristic bluntness, he gruffly said that that was the duty of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

He took no heed of the fact of Germany having, on such an emergency, to fight a tremendous war on two fronts, east and west, with two of the greatest military Powers, who also possess large fleets. Nor did he take into account the complicated race difficulties in Austria-Hungary. But he, who made light of prospective perils to England’s great Asiatic Empire, lived—unlike Lord Beaconsfield—to see the sudden spring of the Cossacks into Afghanistan, the bulwark of India. And possibly he, too, may have recollected afterwards what I had said to him years before.

Enough has been stated to prove that England will do well not to work for a premature collapse of Turkey, as long as the storm-cloud of Russian aggression still hovers over the gate of the Near East, spreading even over the confines of India; not to mention China. Noble and generous, though it is, to denounce atrocities—if it is done, not from clerical bias and bigotry, but from purer motives of humanity—it is often, unfortunately, impossible, in such cases, to proceed to action without giving rise to even worse horrors. The Czar’s Empire is brimful of unspeakable atrocities; but nothing is suggested by anybody as to action there. Nay, his Government is to be entrusted with a lecture for Humanity to the ‘unspeakable Turk.’ This is what in German popular parlance is called ‘appointing the he-goat as a gardener.’

All over the world, atrocities are going on; and more than one nation turns against another with bitter reproaches on that account. But when it comes to the question of righting, or avenging, wrong

done by the very country in which the preachers of humanity are so loud, how seldom is then a strong public opinion to be found either for the denunciation of atrocious deeds done, or for real, active atonement! Yet the self-same men, in their haste, would fain light up—at least by proxy, that is, by urging on other Powers—a conflagration that might desolate the European Continent; and this, by speaking ‘in the name of Jesus Christ’! Little do they reflect, or care, how such violent proceedings might come home upon the greatest Mohammedan Power; that is, England herself.

Certainly, a lecture could be usefully given to the Government at Constantinople. It is true, the ruler at St. Petersburg, among whose official titles is literally that of ‘Autocrat,’ would scarcely be the fitting agent for it. England, however, might undertake the task, by repeating that which former ambassadors of hers once said in their despatches to London and in public letters. The Sultan could be strongly reminded that the *prorogued* Ottoman Parliament should be *reconstituted*, so that the voice of his own subjects should be heard. Perhaps that would lead to a similar demand in Russia, and the peace between nations gain more thereby than by any Power thrusting its hand into the Macedonian hornets’ nest.

KARL BLIND.

## SUN-SPOTS

To judge from the notices that have appeared in the daily press, a considerable amount of public interest in the subject of sun-spots has been evoked on occasion of the passage across the sun's disc of the fine sun-spot group which appeared on his eastern limb on the 5th of October and left the western limb on the 18th of October. The appearance of this great group, which at its maximum period of growth attained an area of about 2,300 units, reckoning in terms of the  $\frac{1}{10000}$  of the sun's visible disc, roughly 1,300 times the superficial area of the earth, and stretched over a length of some 90,000 miles, was not wholly unexpected, for since the middle of the month of September of last year the sun's surface has shown decided signs of a return of activity, manifested not only in the greater number of sun-spots that have appeared, and in their greater size, but also in the occurrence of larger and brighter groups of faculæ, the brilliant white floccular phenomena, which are both premonitory signs of the outburst of sun-spots, and the glowing embers of past disturbances. According to the Greenwich observers the increase in the area of the faculæ has been very striking, more particularly in the last four solar rotations of the year 1902 and in those for the present year. Taking the number of groups of spots seen on the sun's surface as an index of his general activity, the records of the British Astronomical Association show a gradual decline from 285 groups observed and described in 1893 to 73 in 1899, 45 in 1900, 21 in 1901, 21 again, though much larger groups, in 1902, and as many as 42 to the end of June 1903. The number of days too on which the disc of the sun was without spots rose from 0 for the period 1892-95, and 3 in 1896, to 166 in 1900, and 264 in 1901, but fell to 255 in 1902. From the Stonyhurst drawings the deduced mean spotted disc area for 1900 was 0.55 unit; for 1901, 0.29 unit; and for 1902, 0.33 unit. So that we may regard the year 1901 as the minimum year of solar spot activity in the past cycle, and the latter half of September as witnessing that recuperation of spot-producing energy which will probably culminate in 1904. From the numbers given it will have been observed that whereas the decline in spottedness was gradual, and occupied some nine years,



the return to activity has been very rapid, a trait which is not peculiar to this particular sun-spot cycle, but is a characteristic of all the cycles so far observed. Were the results plotted as a curve, while the descending limb would show a gradual slope the ascending limb would be abrupt and steep. It is worthy of note that this too is the form of the light curve which gives the fluctuations in visible or telescopic brilliancy of a great number of variable stars, an analogy which suggests that were the sun so far removed from us as to bear a resemblance to a fixed star, it would not impossibly be a variable.

The discovery of the existence of sun-spots was one of the very first fruits of the use of the telescope in the early years of the seventeenth century, being made by Galileo in October 1610, though earlier instances of spots visible to the unaided eye were recorded, such appearances having been invariably attributed to the passage of small bodies across the sun's visible hemisphere. The discovery was independently made by Fabricius, who was the first observer to publish accounts of sun-spots, and by Father Scheiner of Ingolstadt. It is related that when the reverend father reported his discovery to his ecclesiastical superior the latter, with commendable caution, advised him that the appearances were probably due to some inherent defect in his glasses or in his own eyes, as the authority of Aristotle was against him, who had declared the sun to be the type of spotless purity. Scheiner, however, pursued his studies, and though at first inclined to believe that the sun-spots were bodies distinct from the sun and revolving round him like planets, yet he very soon convinced himself that they were attached to the solar surface, and from his observations deduced approximately correct results both for the period of rotation of the sun on his axis, roughly twenty-five and a half days, and for the position of the sun's axis in space. These early observations of Father Scheiner were made by means of a primitive telescope mounted on an axis which pointed to the Pole Star, and on a second which was parallel to the plane of the earth's equator, equatorially, as it is called, so that the telescope having been directed to the sun it could follow his apparent diurnal motion through the sky by simple rotation around the polar axis. In modern instruments this turning is effected by clockwork.

In order to observe the spots Scheiner projected their images on to a screen attached to his equatorial, a method which is still followed at observatories where drawings and eye observations of solar phenomena are made.

For viewing the solar surface and its ever-changing network of dark meshes enclosing bright spaces the method of projection is undoubtedly the best, especially if the eye-end of the telescope be either placed in a darkened chamber or protected from the glare of scattered light by suitable dark screens. This mottled appearance

of the solar surface is very striking, especially on days when the atmospheric conditions are most suitable for good seeing, being most conspicuously evident in the central regions of the solar hemisphere, when the line of sight impinges more directly at the disc, for at the sun's limbs there is a darkening due to the greater depths of the solar vapours and gases that constitute what may be termed his atmosphere, which has to be traversed by the oblique rays that come to the eye from those regions. But it is precisely in these shaded regions at the solar limbs that by contrast the bright patches or sinuous branches of the brilliantly white faculæ are most easily observed. Monsieur Janssen of Meudon has produced some magnificent photographs of the sun's mottled surface by means of an especially designed telescope, and after long experiments as to the proper time of exposure, and as to the most fitting chemical coating of the plates used. The network of dark lines and knots which appears to be laid over the solar surface alters its shape and size of mesh, according to this observer's discussions of his photographs, with a periodicity consonant with that of the sun-spot cycle. It has been my own good fortune on days of excellent seeing to clearly perceive the mottled surface of the sun by means of the spectroscope, and the appearances presented by a succession of horizontal alternate bright and dark lines running athwart the lines of the spectrum are just such as would be given by a meshwork of small spots and faculæ. If this is so it follows that the photosphere, or surface of the sun which we see with the unaided eye, or telescopically, is built up of minute spots and faculæ, and that the large spots and faculæ to be observed at times of greater activity of the solar surface are only extraordinary local developments of the ordinary constituents of the solar surface. The recent wonderful photographs of the vapours covering the solar surface taken by Professor Hale of the Yerkes Observatory, Chicago, by means of his ingeniously devised instrument called the spectroheliograph, which show a meshwork of calcium, hydrogen, iron, and other vapours extending all over the sun, and which too are particularly brilliant and large and disturbed in the neighbourhood of sun-spots, and conform in their main outlines to those of the surrounding faculæ, would seem to lend countenance to this view. Moreover Janssen's photographs show the granulated structure not only on the solar photosphere but even in the faculæ and spots.

The birth and first appearance of a sun-spot group occurs in this wise: First the region of the sun in which the greater group is subsequently to appear is disturbed for some considerable time before the actual outbreak of the spots, the disturbance being evidenced by the appearance and disappearance of intermittent smaller groups of spots and faculæ. Thus in the present instance the Stonyhurst drawings show that as far back as last July a small

group of dots—they could hardly be called spots—was born on the sun's visible disc in the same southern latitude and within twenty degrees of longitude of the position of the great spot group of October. This disturbance occurred in a region of the sun that had been previously quiescent for several months. At the next rotation of the sun a small spot was seen near the eastern limb, but in the same region, which had disappeared before the 17th of August. Yet again on the 15th of September the disturbed region was occupied by a small spot, and by some smaller dots. These separate groups were evidently connected, and marked the position of a focus of future great disturbance. The culminating point of the disturbances was reached in the bursting out of the great spot group of October, which, though of smaller area than the great group of February 1892, and slightly less than that of November 1882, exceeded the individual spots of the two great groups of April 1882, and is the greatest spot that has appeared since August 1898.

The immediate precursor of a great spot is generally the appearance of a small but bright patch of faculæ. In the faculæ a few black dots are subsequently to be seen, which after one or two days coalesce into two principal spots with smaller companions, the leading or preceding spot of the couple being generally the more compact, while the following spot presents a broken appearance, though it may in many cases cover a larger area than its fellow. At this stage the leader darts forward with a large proper motion, often to be reckoned in hundreds of miles an hour, while at times the two spots of the group seem to exercise a repelling force upon one another. The space thus left vacant is filled up by a train of smaller spots, the process being completed within five to seven days after the birth of the groups. The longitudinal axes of these trains of spots are generally approximately parallel to the sun's equator. This train of spots between the two principal spots of a group is absorbed, covered perhaps by the photospheric matter, in two or three days, leaving the two chief spots more or less isolated and quite distinct and separate. The spot of last October was one or two days old when it made its appearance on the sun's eastern limb on the 5th; by the 7th the two-spot phase was more or less distinct; the intermediate train had fully formed by the 10th, its disintegration was far advanced on the 13th and complete on the 15th, and the reversion to the two-spot phase was very evident when the leader had almost reached the sun's western limb on the 17th. If the group follows the normal course the following spot of the two will break to pieces and disappear, while the leader will become a round dark spot, sometimes followed by small companions and sometimes not, so that in all probability about the 31st of October, when the rotation of the sun will have brought it again into view, unless in the meantime it has suffered dissolution, a contingency

not very likely in the case of so large a spot group, we shall see it either still as two spots or as a single round black spot. We would beg, however, to call attention to the proviso, if it follows the normal course, which so far it has done. This normal course of development and decay, with its well-marked succession of phases and types, has been deduced from a detailed study of some four thousand drawings of the solar surface and spots on a scale of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches to the solar diameter which have been secured at the Stonyhurst College Observatory, since the year 1881, when the series was inaugurated under the directorship of the late Father Perry. Among the groups represented on these drawings some 300 were especially selected for study, which belonged to or were connected with 120 greater disturbances. We may confidently assert that in general all sun-spot groups pass through this succession of phases, and that they can all be accordingly classified under four main types, a fifth type being added to include those irregular groups which sometimes, though rarely, appear, abortive groups possibly whose normal development has been unduly arrested. So that the law of order is found to exist amid all the seeming turmoil and tumult of a large sun-spot group.

After the sun-spot group has attained the calm rotundity of middle life, as represented in its single remaining member, it may persist in this state for two more solar rotations, and in one case in 1897 this form was retained for five successive rotations, or four months. It then gradually becomes smaller and smaller, and finally dies, as it was born, in the shape of a few scattered dots. We have already called attention to the fact that the curve of sun-spot frequency rises abruptly, but falls gradually. The form is reflected in each member of the groups that contribute to this result; they attain their maximum area with a display of energy, but are slowly and quietly dissipated.

One unmistakable sign of the age of a sun-spot group is the condition of the faculæ that surround it. For in the earlier days of its life history the faculæ present a very compact appearance and cling closely to the spot-group. But as the spot-group grows in age, but is reduced in size, they extend in beautiful luminous branches over ever-increasing areas of the solar surface. But with their greater extension they suffer the loss of their brilliancy. Even when the spot has finally disappeared, the faculæ marking the seat of the disturbance may still persist for yet two or more rotations. At times of sun-spot maximum, as often as not, a new outburst will take place in the faculæ, and very nearly in the position of its departed predecessor, evidencing the existence of a focus of disturbance. Multiply this process, and it is evident that we shall see faculæ extended over large areas of the solar surface, generally in the form of belts, at times of greater solar spottedness. If the average

or mean be struck of the duration of all the greater solar spot disturbances observed at Stonyhurst the result is fifty-two days, or two solar rotations; 17 per cent. have lived for three, 4 per cent. for four or five, and 2 per cent. for five to seven rotations. One area of the solar surface was the seat of continuous disturbance, manifested by four big solar groups, culminating in the giant of February 1892, and several smaller ones, from the middle of September 1891 to the beginning of March 1893, or for a period of twenty-seven solar rotations, and, moreover, was intermittently disturbed for months afterwards.

A sun-spot does not present the appearance of a cloud of uniform blackness upon the solar disc, but has parts marked by darkneses of varying intensity. The central portion is called the umbra, and appears very black, especially in a large round spot; at the edge of the umbra is a luminous ring, and from this luminous ring run brilliant lanes of matter which are separated one from the other by streaks of darkness, the boundary edge of these streaks being quite definite and generally of the same form as the edge of the umbra. This second portion of the spot is called the penumbra, its tint being much lighter than that of the umbra. Penumbral patches, however, may exist independently of umbræ, but of a uniform darkness and not intersected by lanes of light. Such patches are very noticeable in the third phase or type of a sun-spot group. The appearance suggests the flowing in of the bright photospheric matter to fill up a cavity, or contrariwise rivers of luminosity flowing down the sides of a black mountain. If the sun-spot be carefully scrutinised with a direct vision eye-piece, such, for instance, as the excellent Thorp polarising eye-piece, which enables the whole aperture of a big object glass to be employed, it will be seen that the umbra itself is not of uniform blackness, but contains nuclei or darker patches. To my own eye it appears as if a semiluminous faculous veil were spread over the floor of the spot, through the rents in which the inner black core can be perceived. This position, however, is controverted. Nevertheless it seems to be consonant with the phenomena shown on the truly marvellous photographs recently secured by Professor Hale by means of the spectroheliograph. These show that the calcium vapour clouds—floculi, Professor Hale calls them—when looked through at their greatest depths completely cover up the spots of a group, being piled up in luminous masses over these presumably centres of disturbance. To the eye also when aided by the solar eye-piece the bounding edge of the umbra seems to send out bright tongues which sometimes reach right across the spot, but more often extend only a part of the way across. There is also sometimes seen an appearance of bright heads clinging to the edge, suggesting the analogy of a beetling cliff crumbling into the dark cavern below. But is a spot a cavern or hollow in the photospheric clouds? Such was the idea first broached

by Dr. Wilson of Glasgow in 1769, on account of the behaviour of the penumbra of a regular round spot which he observed in the November of that year. Remembering that the penumbra is continuous with the umbra in such a spot, it is evident that if the spot be a cavity the effect of perspective when it is near the eastern and western limbs of the sun will be that the arc of the penumbra nearest the limbs will be in full view, while that turned towards the sun's centre will be hidden. The opposite effect would occur if the spot were a mountainous elevation above the photospheric level. The question is not solved by the appearance of a notch in the sun's limb, which is occasionally to be observed when a big spot crosses the edge. Evidently a cavity, say the upholders of one view; an elevation blocking out our view of the edge of the sun, reply the others. A discussion of six hundred cases of spots made by De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy gave 75 per cent. of all cases in favour of Wilson's hypothesis of a cavity. The Rev. F. Howlett, however, from a fine series of large drawings of separate spots, extending over a period of thirty-five years, declared against the Wilsonian hypothesis, and Father Sidgreaves from, not all cases of spots, but from one hundred and eighty-seven instances on the Stonyhurst drawings which were carefully selected as fair tests of the hypothesis, found forty-seven in favour of it and one hundred and forty against it. This at least can be said, that if the spot is a cavity then it is not a very deep one, but rather like a saucer-shaped opening in the sun's surface. Might not the seemingly divergent views be reconciled if the spot were mountainous at one period of its life history, possibly the earlier period, and saucer-like in the closing stages of its career? But the perspective test cannot be safely applied in the earlier stages of a spot's life, on account of the rapid and frequent changes of penumbral contour to which it is subjected. However, be it cavity or elevation, the spectroscope tells us what it is composed of—namely, of vapours of metals, among which vanadium and titanium are specially predominant—and moreover as these vapours show the lines of their spectra to be widened it seems that they are under pressure. A sun-spot is in fact something intensely bright, but appears to be black by contrast with the more brilliant luminosity of the photosphere, and also very possibly on account of the absorption of the light from the photosphere which the vapours composing it exercise. A sun-spot too, as we can observe when it is on the limb of the sun, by means of the spectroscope, is surrounded by beautiful prominences of hydrogen gas, and at times by those eruptive and violent prominences or flames which are composed of brilliant metallic vapours. In fact, extremely few of this class of prominences occur independently of spots.

For twenty-five years Heinrich Schwabe, an apothecary of Dessau, directed a small telescope which he possessed to the sun

on every available occasion, and made a count of such spots as were to be seen. These seemingly humble observations led to the detection of a most important law, that of the periodicity in the number of the spots, the mean period being about eleven years. As Schwabe himself remarked, like Saul he went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. It was Humboldt who in 1851 called attention to the value of this achievement, and since that time the collection of statistics with regard to sun-spots has formed a large part of the work of observatories devoted to astrophysical research. A very fine series of photographs of sun-spots is every year made under the direction of the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, with its two associated observatories of Mauritius and Dehra Dun, in India, and the positions and areas of all spots or faculæ recorded are measured by elaborately designed instruments of great accuracy, and published in tables which are simply invaluable in all researches bearing upon this special topic. A supplementary law to that of Schwabe was first published by Spoerer, who showed that as spots become few and small their mean latitudes approach the equator, the minimum occurring when their latitudes reach the value  $8^{\circ}$  to  $10^{\circ}$ . The new cycle, however, begins, before the old one has quite run its course, by the appearance of spots in latitudes  $30^{\circ}$  north and south of the equator. The zones of spots then gradually draw in towards the equator, the maximum occurring when the latitude is about  $16^{\circ}$ . The latitude of the big spot of last November was  $21^{\circ}$  south, so that if Dr. Lockyer's hypothesis of a further periodicity of 'thirty-five years' duration is correct we may expect an exceptionally fine maximum in the present cycle, something perhaps like that of 1870.

It is a natural surmise, though so far unconfirmed by any experimental proof, that a periodic variation in the sun's radiation, including his yearly output of light and heat, is indicated by the fluctuations in the number, size, and positions of the spots, quantities which are subjected to the eleven-year period. Hence the variation in all kinds of phenomena has been attributed to the presumed potent agency of the sun-spots. These include magnetic and electric changes on the earth, the aurora borealis, air temperature, barometric pressure, humidity, the winds, cloudiness, rainfall, depth and quantity of discharge of rivers, retreat and advance of glaciers, number of shipwrecks, bank failures and commercial crises, the crops, the prices of grain, famines, wars, and even the flights of butterflies, according to an enumeration recently made by Mr. C. G. Abbot, to which we may add fluctuations in the quantity of ozone and the occurrence of volcanoes and earthquakes. We would especially commend to the notice of our fiscal reformers that fathered by the late Professor Jevons, namely, fluctuations in the price of corn, and consequently in the world's trade; for if Jevons is right trade does not follow the flag, nor even brain power, but the sun-

spot. Of all these the connection of sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism is undoubted, whether we consider the diurnal range of the instruments which record the intensity and directive force of the earth's magnetism, or the number and intensity of those abnormal movements of the self-recording magnetographs at fixed observatories which are called magnetic storms. With regard to these questions, the discussions of the magnetic curves from the Greenwich Observatory for the period 1841-1896, made by Mr. Ellis, are conclusive. A year of great sun-spots is a year of large diurnal range in the swings of the magnets, and of great storms; a year of few sun-spots is a year of almost evanescent diurnal range and of no great storms. The curves of the fluctuations of the two phenomena are quite coincident. Moreover every great sun-spot—and by great we mean such as that of October—is accompanied by a greater magnetic storm. In the present instance the diurnal range of the declination magnet recorded at Stonyhurst on the 12th of October was fifty-one minutes of arc, with the February spot of 1892 the needle swung through eighty minutes of arc, while the November spot of 1882 was accompanied by a swing through two degrees, twenty-three minutes of arc. But, as Lord Kelvin has shown, it is dynamically impossible that this connection should be one of cause and effect. Father Sidgreaves too, by a most laborious comparison of all the magnetic storms recorded at Stonyhurst with our sun-spot drawings and the Greenwich Tables, has observationally confirmed Lord Kelvin's theoretical conclusions; and a similar result is the outcome of a discussion of the Kew magnetograms for a period of eleven years recently concluded by Dr. Chree. The truth seems rather to lie in the direction of two effects, and not necessarily related effects, of one common cause which sometimes affects the sun, and sometimes the magnetism of the earth, and sometimes both together, possibly, according to the theory of Father Sidgreaves, swarms of electrions which act electro-dynamically on the earth causing magnetic storms, and electro-statically on the sun darkening the vapours which constitute the spots.

As to the connection of the sun-spots with the weather, no certain conclusions can as yet be said to have been reached. The subject is a most complicated and difficult one. Nevertheless the researches conducted by Sir Norman and Dr. Lockyer as to the connection of barometric pressure and sun-spots are most hopeful, and should it be indeed possible to predict famines in India by a knowledge of the relations between the curves of sun-spottedness and of barometric pressure, then a vast boon would have been conferred upon a large portion of mankind from the enumeration and classification of those seemingly dark smudges on the surface of our centre of energy, which are called sun-spots.

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## CHARLES DICKENS

LET it be granted of any given writer that his prose style is as bad as possible. Let it be granted that his sentimental passages are nauseating; that he did not understand women, that his would-be fine writing is absurd, and that his melodrama too often makes us yawn. There would not be much left of the reputation of an ordinary writer after postulates as numerous and as damaging as these had been granted.

Nevertheless, we may say all this of Charles Dickens and yet leave his reputation unharmed. Clearly, if lovers of Charles Dickens can afford to allow their idol to be stripped of all that makes the fame of smaller men, Charles Dickens is greater than most.

Lovers of Dickens the world over find in their worship a veritable freemasonry of mirth. Care drops from our shoulders and anxiety from our brows when we remind each other that Mrs. Nickleby decided to call Smike 'Mr. Slammons.' In moments of depression, and even of misery, life becomes less wearisome when we murmur: 'The Baron Sampson Brasso and his fair sister are (you tell me) at the Play? Ha! 'tis well, Marchioness! but no matter. Some wine there, ho!' Delightedly we cap passages; and while listening with joy to some reminiscence of the Fat Boy, we await the moment when we can slip in, 'If the law says that, the law is a ass.'

To say that Dickens is popular is a good deal less than complimentary. Rather we should define his position as that of a man whose words are household words, and whose creations are part of the English language, and no inconsiderable part of the mental inheritance of the race. Probably, at the present moment, he is not a popular writer, and that much is to his credit. If, however, we look abroad and seek for the writer whom readers of other nations appreciate as typically English, it is always Dickens whose name is to the fore. Gratifying though this may be as a tribute to the man's greatness, it is also, perhaps, a little mortifying when we learn on what grounds the world has decided to regard Charles Dickens as the typical English prose-writer. But, if mortifying, it is again instructive.

Let us consider. In the early days of the *Daily Graphic* that enterprising journal published an illustration of its own correspondent interviewing M. Jules Claretie on the question of a possible British Academy. The *Daily Graphic* emissary, in the correct overcoat of the period (a kind of revived and modified Inverness cape), is standing in front of a table behind which M. Jules Claretie, also standing, is dealing with the different literary methods of England and France. He cites Dickens and inquires, convincingly:—‘Pouvez-vous imaginer Dickens Académicien?’ Well, no, we cannot; and while we spend half a minute in wondering why so eminent an authority as M. Jules Claretie should have overlooked the long roll of Englishmen whose presence would have adorned and illuminated the Academy of France in its most illustrious moments, we yet rejoice that at least one Englishman should have overcome the insularity of the Continent and found his way to the hearts of Frenchmen. Instinctively we say ‘to the hearts of Frenchmen;’ he leaves their intelligence untouched, as indeed is not wonderful.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the admiration of Charles Dickens cherished by citizens of the United States. We all remember what Bret Harte rhymed of the rough man of the West who loved to hear what the master wrote of Little Nell; and although we must needs admit that the weakest part of Dickens’s work was that which most readily found its way to the hearts of Western miners, yet, nevertheless, there is the patent fact that there is something in the work of Dickens which is not to be disregarded.

Yet one more reminder of the wide borders of Dickens’s empire, and then let us find our way, if we can, to the heart of his mystery. We have been often reminded that Gaboriau was the favourite reading of the late Prince Bismarck. More recently we have learnt that Moltke solaced the leisure of his declining years with passages from Dickens; it must be admitted that the taste of the great soldier was at least as sound as that of the Iron Chancellor.

What quality, then, in Charles Dickens—in whom his most ardent admirers admitted faults, many and grave—commended our Englishman to men so diverse? Surely it was his abounding love of his kind. If the inspiration of Thackeray was mockery, the inspiration of Dickens was love. To say that is not to say the last word. When the late Mr. Matthew Arnold somewhat condescendingly remarked that to France much must be pardoned because she loved much, the late Sir James Stephen commented that it was precisely France’s way of loving mankind that most irritated him. He did not use the expression that I am about to employ; but his comments clearly pointed to the conclusion that, if love is a great and admirable fact, there is a certain parody of love called gush, which is neither great nor admirable.

Here we have, perhaps, the strength and weakness of Charles

Dickens explained. His love of mankind, tremendous driving force as it was, invested his creations with a vitality unparalleled in fiction; it also drove him into writing passages that make us feel positively ill.

For example, towards the close of *Dombey and Son* it is Florence Dombey who speaks; she is about to address Walter Gay.

She sat looking at him for a moment, then timidly put her trembling hand in his.

'If you will take me for your wife, Walter, I will love you dearly. If you will let me go with you, Walter, I will go to the world's end without fear. I can give up nothing for you, I have nothing to resign, and no one to forsake; but all my love and life shall be devoted to you, and with my last breath I will breathe your name to God if I have sense and memory left.' He caught her to his heart, and laid her cheek against his own, and now, no more repulsed, no more forlorn, she wept indeed, upon the breast of her dear lover.

Blessed Sunday bells, ringing so tranquilly in their entranced and happy ears! Blessed Sunday peace and quiet, harmonising with the calmness in their souls, and making holy air around them! Blessed twilight stealing on, and shading her so soothingly and gravely, as she falls asleep, like a hushed child, upon the bosom she has clung to.

Oh! load of love and trustfulness that lies so lightly there! Ay, look down on the closed eyes, Walter, with a proudly tender gaze; for in all the wide wide world they seek but thee now—only thee!

Words fail one to do justice to a passage like this. Fortunately another passage from the master's pen may be cited to save the situation. 'And what did Lord Nobley say to that?' 'Why! he didn't know what to say. Damme, sir, if he wasn't as mute as a poker!'

A certain proportion of this revolting gush could not be avoided in the years through which Dickens laboured. It is to be found in full blast in the ballad *She Wore a Wreath of Roses*, and still more in the concluding blare of *The Three Fishers*. Even so fastidious an artist as Tennyson could not altogether keep clear of it; 'The stentorian martyr of Locksley Hall' is a woeful person. The 'nice' women of Thackeray are made impossibly slow by reason of the overpowering sentimentality which he deemed inseparable from virtue, and once or twice he came perilously near to drivelling. When he writes, 'Ho, Betty! my gruel and my slippers! And go, ye frisky merry little souls! and dance, and have your merry little supper of cake and ale!' or again, 'God bless you, honest William!—Farewell, dear Amelia, grow green again, tender little parasite, round the rugged old oak to which you cling!' we are relieved to find that these are in each case the concluding words of the chapter. Daudet, in his most sentimental moments, knew how to restrain himself. 'Je me sens au cœur l'amour de Dickens pour les disgraciés et les pauvres,' he wrote of himself, 'même en un temps où je ne l'avais pas lu.' It is not unfair to even him with Dickens for many reasons. Probably *Jack* is even more sentimental than *Oliver Twist*, though it is harder to read, because the story is not relieved by any such tremendous creations as Sikes and Fagin. The

instinctive taste of a Frenchman saved Daudet from actually maundering in the manner of Dickens, just as the remorselessly critical attitude of Thackeray towards everybody and everything (including his own style) prevented him from doing more than treat himself occasionally to a short outburst of drivel; which, for the rest, was in the air and could hardly be avoided. Now Dickens was devoid of taste, and had none of the academic fastidiousness of Thackeray. Consequently there was nothing to check the riot of gush which he found so congenial an indulgence. Thackeray, as we know, liked everybody to be alike. 'If he saw "a celebrity" with a turn-down collar (now so general), a moustache and a beard (now worn by half the population), he set him down as an ass. He liked nothing out of the way—either in manner, dress, or style.'<sup>1</sup> Dickens liked contrasts, in particular he liked oddities. Dickens would never have called a man an ass for dressing differently from himself. If there was anything characteristic, or funny, about a man's dress, he would note it carefully, but he was too fond of his fellow-creatures to abuse them. He loved them as much for their weaknesses, their eccentricities, their faults, perhaps, as for any other qualities. It is to his careful and affectionate study of men that we owe the memory of Mr. Bailey's tops. Who can ever think of Montague Tigg without recalling the shabby gentility of his early days, or the costly flamboyance of his fraudulent prosperity? We cannot think of Mr. Pecksniff without his wonderful collars, or of Mrs. Gamp without her terrific bonnet, or of Mr. Pickwick without his spectacles. Dickens has a place in the world of art, all untrained though he was, and in spite of M. Claretie's denunciation of the unacademic nature of his work. His method had great successes and equally great failures. In *Dombey and Son*, for example, Walter is a failure, Florence is a failure, the Dombey's father and son are both failures, Carker is a failure, and Edith Dombey is the most striking failure of all. Why his method should fail in some directions, and secure him immortal success in others, is not so easy to say. It is not a question of his understanding men and not understanding women; for Carker and Dombey are just as great failures as Edith and Florence. Perhaps the immortal Joey B. in the same book may help us to understand.

'Dombey,' said the Major, 'I'm glad to see you. I'm proud to see you. There are not many men in Europe to whom J. Bagstock would say that—for Josh is blunt, sir; it's his nature—but Joey B. is proud to see you, Dombey.'

'Major,' returned Mr. Dombey, 'you are very obliging.' 'No, sir,' said the Major, 'devil a bit. That's not my character. If that had been Joe's character, Joe might have been by this time Lieutenant-General Sir Joseph Bagstock, K.C.B.' and so on.

Or again :

'Dombey,' said the Major with appropriate action, 'that is the hand of

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<sup>1</sup> 'Recollections of Thackeray,' by his cousin, Richard Bedingfield, *Cassell's Magazine*, vol. II. N.S. p. 113.

Joseph Bagstock, of plain old Joey B., sir, if you like that better! That is the hand of which his Royal Highness the late Duke of York did me the honour to observe, sir, to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, that it was the hand of Josh; a rough and tough and possibly an up-to-snuff old vagabond.'

Here is a man with an oddity: the kind of man that Dickens loved and Thackeray loathed, and the consequence of Dickens's study of Major Bagstock is that millions of people who probably could not tell you in what book the Major was to be found can always remember that 'Joey B., sir, was tough and devilish sly.'

The extreme care with which Dickens observed odd and eccentric people found its affinity in Cruikshank's or Phiz's distorted presentations of humanity; and because these men illustrated (more or less successfully) much of Dickens's work, we have grown accustomed to bracket the three men as brother artists. Now Browne and Cruikshank were caricaturists; therefore Charles Dickens was a caricaturist. Let us consider how far that conclusion is fair. Phiz did no harm by drawing Mulberry Hawk and Frederick Verisopht, because those distinguished men about town were themselves nothing but caricatures, and the illustration exactly suited them. Also Phiz was successful with Squeers and Quilp, and people who were naturally deformed. But it is not through Phiz that we remember what Tom Pinch looked like, or Montague Tigg or Pecksniff or Sairey Gamp. It is true that the weakest part of Dickens's work found adequate interpreters in Cruikshank and Phiz; but Fred Barnard, a considerable artist, had to be enlisted for the more vital types. To a certain extent Dickens was undoubtedly a caricaturist; but most of his work is better than caricature. He had little or no sense of beauty; and when we seek in the world of painting for some brother artist whose name may be experimentally bracketed with that of Charles Dickens, we instinctively think of the Dutchmen.

That is all very well so far as it goes, but we ought to remember the vulgarity of much of Jan Steen, and Ostade, and Teniers, and the grossness of which even greater men could be capable. Dickens had none of this, and while we can hardly venture to place him with Rembrandt, we must cordially admit that he was superior to all but the first-rate Dutchmen.

That helps us. If he had no sense of beauty, and no more of taste than saved him from grossness, if his idealisations are unconvincing, at least his naturalism is unrivalled. As an example of the failure of his idealisations let us recall Turner's *Rain, Steam and Speed on the G.W.R.*, and then contemplate the following passage:

Away with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, from the town, burrowing among the dwellings of men and making the streets hum, flashing out into the meadows for a moment, mining in through the damp earth, burrowing on in darkness and heavy air, bursting out again into the sunny day so bright and wide; away with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, through the fields, through the woods, through the corn, through the hay, through the chalk, through the mould, through the

clay, through the rock, among objects close at hand and almost in the grasp, ever flying from the traveller, and a deceitful distance ever moving slowly with him; like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

There is a great deal more of this exclamatory prose: perhaps four times as much again as the passage above cited. It is clear that Dickens himself watched the railway train—a new thing when he wrote—with the most intense delight. It is also clear that he gives us not the faintest impression of the Romance of the Railway. An enumeration of the component parts of the engine would be equally effective. Yet the runaway train at the end of the *Débâcle* shows how tremendous can be the impression conveyed by a skilful artist (and Zola could be a consummate artist when he chose) in prose, with no more interesting subject than an express train.

Dickens was very fond of passages like this, and they passed in his day for fine writing. There is the passage describing Mr. Carker's return to England after his ridiculous elopement with Mrs. Dombey, a passage in which he commences twenty-eight out of thirty-two consecutive (and unfinished) sentences with the word 'Of.' There is, also, the famous passage in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, describing a ship at sea, which used to be set as an example of English prose in boys' books of elocution, and which was surely as tiresome a piece of writing as one would care to encounter. In all these cases there are the elements of good writing: an intense interest in his subject and fluency of language. Art alone is lacking. Alike in sentiment and in rhapsody, 'what not to say' is what Dickens never learnt. Indeed there was very little temptation to subject himself to the painful process of discipline which every writer must undergo if he would achieve success in style. The public would buy any sentence that Dickens chose to sign; why then should he not write as fast as his pen would travel? He was as great a sinner, in this respect, as Lytton himself; only, being exclusively a man of letters, he put more soul into his work than Lytton, and much of it lives. Even in *Dombey and Son* we have Captain Cuttle, whose 'Stand by!' after the lapse of fifty years is still a household word. We have 'Joey B.' who may or may not be a caricature, but who is so exceedingly funny that people will not let him die. These are for all the world; there remain in the second rank of the characters of *Dombey and Son* a few more whom Dickens-lovers remember fondly, though the world has forgotten them. One of these is Paul the child, who has vitality, and whose affection for his sister survived in the distressing duet, *What are the Wild Waves Saying?* We were liable to be treated to this melancholy performance in out-of-the-way drawing-rooms as recently as twenty years ago. But by now even Dickens-lovers have agreed to love Paul for his relations with people like Mrs. Pipchin; with anybody, in fact, except his

tedious sister. Another is Cousin Feenix, who is overlooked when it is too confidently said that Dickens could not draw a gentleman. Cousin Feenix is amusing and well-bred. He is also interesting because it is really impossible to say whether Dickens intended us to laugh at him or not. There is that touch of greatness about Dickens's treatment of his many characters; we do not see Charles Dickens for ever at their elbows pulling the wires to make his puppets move—each has its individuality.

'Dombey,' says Cousin Feenix, 'upon my soul, I am very much shocked to see you on such a melancholy occasion. My poor aunt! She was a devilish lively woman.'

Mr. Dombey replies: 'Very much so.'

'And made up,' says Cousin Feenix, 'really young, you know, considering. I am sure, on the day of your marriage, I thought she was good for another twenty years. In point of fact, I said so to a man at Brooks'—little Billy Joper—you know him, no doubt, man with a glass in his eye?'

Mr. Dombey bows a negative. 'In reference to the obsequies,' he hints, 'whether there is any suggestion—'

'Well, upon my life,' says Cousin Feenix, striking his chin, which he has just enough of hand below his wristband to do; 'I really don't know. There's a mausoleum down at my place, in the park, but I'm afraid it's in bad repair, and, in point of fact, in a devil of a state. But for being a little out of elbows, I should have had it put to rights; but I believe the people come and make picnic parties there inside the iron railings.'

Mr. Dombey is clear that this won't do.

'There's an uncommon good church in the village,' says Cousin Feenix, thoughtfully; 'pure specimen of the early Anglo-Norman style, and admirably well sketched by Lady Jane Finchbury—woman with tight stays—but they've spoilt it with whitewash, I understand, and it's a long journey.'

'Perhaps Brighton itself?' Mr. Dombey suggests.

'Upon my honour, Dombey, I don't think we could do better,' says Cousin Feenix. 'It's on the spot, you see, and a very cheerful place.'

Then there are Toots, and Susan Nipper, and Dr. Blimber, and last of all Cleopatra. 'Those darling bygone times, Mr. Carker,' says Cleopatra, 'with their delicious fortresses, and their dear old dungeons, and their delightful places of torture, and their romantic vengeance, and their picturesque assaults and sieges, and everything that makes life truly charming! How dreadfully we have degenerated!' In fact when we recall Mrs. Skewton's 'There is no What's-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-may-call-it is his prophet,' we are almost tempted to place her in the first rank of Dickens's creation among the immortals.

*Oliver Twist* contains six immortals, if not seven: Fagin, Bumble, Charley Bates, the Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and Nancy, and Oliver Twist himself. The melodrama is wandering and the sentiment dreary as ever. The book as a whole, however, is intensely interesting as showing us what a dirty dangerous city London was sixty-five years ago. There are still a few Dickens-like bits in the

nearer suburbs that Dickens-lovers visit, and compare with the scenes of *Oliver Twist*; but as a city the London of to-day is hardly recognisable as the London of 1838. Even more remarkable than the transformation of the scenery has been the transformation of the burglar. Bill Sikes is a very different person from the highly respectable Peace. He had a ruffianly expression, wore a fur cap<sup>2</sup> of the most compromising appearance, carried a wicked-looking bludgeon, and was accompanied by a fierce and faithful dog. The 'mob,' of whose presence we are conscious in the early novels of Lytton, must have been both more numerous and more ruffianly than any crowd of to-day; otherwise no able cracksman would have ventured abroad in this conspicuous garb. After Peace came Raffles; and although Peace actually existed, while Sikes and Raffles are but creations of genius, yet all three are equally present in our minds as types. If the type changed (shall we say improved?) in the forty years between Sikes and Peace, how much further has the profession advanced when we recognise Raffles as the typical burglar of to-day? Mr. Hornung's hero had rooms in the Albany, played for the Zingari, dined out a great deal, and did his burgling in the most gentlemanly manner.

The remorse of Bill after the murder of Nancy furnished many startling passages to the book, and is really thrilling to read even to-day. The question whether remorse is inevitably as deep and uncontrollable as Dickens painted it has often been raised. A common opinion is that there are many undetected murderers living, and that a man who will commit murder is not likely to feel much distress when he thinks of his victim. We have perhaps to remember the low and brutal type of Sikes, and the extreme difficulty of a criminal leaving the country in those days. Few things reveal the vitality of this creation as clearly as the anxiety with which we discuss, even to-day, the probability of Sikes being haunted with Nancy's dying eyes.

Fagin is as real as Shylock. How long he will remain real is a fair question. There is one remarkable difference between the two: Fagin is a rascal through and through, whereas Shylock behaved very well while receiving disgusting insults, and is really the nearest approach to a gentleman in the play.

We may note, as significant, that of these seven six are men, and even Nancy is only remembered as the girl whom Bill Sikes murdered. Bumble is perhaps even better remembered than Sikes or Fagin. 'Bumble' and 'Bumbledom' stand for everything that is pompous and petty and retrogressive, and his famous remark that 'the law is a ass' is one of those phrases that we all repeat without considering their origin—they are part of our language. Again, we note the comparatively feeble vitality of Dickens's female characters;

<sup>2</sup> Actually a hat in the book; but he is nowadays portrayed in a cap.



how far below Bunble is Mrs. Corney! *Oliver Twist* is remarkable for containing six or seven characters of first-rate vitality, while the rest are shadows: perhaps Noah Claypole may be allowed into the second rank. Inevitably we think of *Thérèse Raquin* and of *La Bête Humaine*. In considering the remorse of Bill Sikes and the probability of the burglar allowing his superstitions to bring him to a fearful end, we cannot but feel that the psychology of the subject is as yet hardly touched. One might begin by postulating that highly strung natures would be more likely than the brutal types to suffer. That seems reasonable; but then Bill Sikes was the lowest type of ruffian imaginable; and his remorse was hideous. Perhaps the rejoinder would be that these low types are often dominated by superstitions which do the work of disordered nerves in finer natures. Most people content themselves with saying, firmly, 'Of course murderers suffer remorse;' the conclusion being hardly distinguishable from the premiss that they ought to do so. But the premiss is unsound. Observation tells us that nothing but the death-penalty restrains men from committing murder. The figures for Italy and England; which I was at pains to compare for the year 1887, tell their own tale. In Italy (where the death-penalty is not inflicted) the number of murders in one year was 2,805; in England and Wales 152. The idea of murder clearly becomes less and less terrible in proportion as the crime is more frequently committed. In England, where a murderer is hanged, there can be no opportunities of discovering whether he might not, if released, lead a prosperous and happy life. In Italy, where so many convicted murderers emerge on society after paying a penalty, not always severe, there must, therefore, be quite a considerable body of men who are in the position to affirm (as they probably do) that after all remorse is not a very terrible thing to face, and is quite worth facing at the price of removing a detested being from the face of the earth.

For the purposes of the novel, remorse in all its phases is invaluable. The concluding scene of *Thérèse Raquin* is terrific; the end of Bill Sikes hardly less so. Nevertheless there must be impressive possibilities in the character of a man who murders without remorse. R. L. Stevenson pierced to the heart of the mystery when he drew the character of Huish, and made him say to the vacillating Captain: 'You want to kill people, you do; but you want to do it in kid gloves. Well, it ain't to be done that way. Murder ain't safe, it ain't easy, it ain't genteel, and it takes a man to do it.' Yes: 'it takes a man to do it;' one with nerves of steel; and not necessarily a low type. That which De Quincey touched with inimitable grace, 'Murder as a Fine Art,' yet awaits the ample treatment of a great artist. John Silver is good; great even; but greater work remains to be done. Dickens could not have done it. He lacked the

necessary patience; and, to do him justice, he loved to make his work teach a moral. Not that the work, when done, will not be a superb moral study; but it certainly will not be a study in the obviously didactic manner which Dickens preferred, and of which he was, perhaps, only capable.

Something very near to work of this kind was done when R. L. Stevenson produced *The Wrecker*. 'Mine is a beastly story,' said Carthew, 'you will wonder that I can sleep.' Yet he could sleep for all he was a murderer; and could lead a quiet life without taking to drink or opium. He painted, 'rather well;' and consoled himself in many harmless ways. No doubt he was sorry for his crime; but he did not deem it necessary to drink himself to death, or to give himself up to justice when there was really a great deal to be said for him, although nothing that would have availed him at the Central Criminal Court. He remained capable of strong friendship, and he was a kindly if somewhat saddened companion. Hence, when we remember the abominable wretch to whose murder he was an accessory after the fact, we arrive at the startling conclusion that the world was actually the better for the presence of a murderer and the absence of his victim.

The narrative of *Oliver Twist* is of no consequence; the only interesting passages occur when groups of rascals come together to plan some villany. There is, really, a story in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Although Dickens published it as a study in selfishness, one would never divine the fact from the way the story runs. Nor is the story any more interesting when we learn what is the moral that it is intended to enforce. But that does not matter, for it is an almost perfect story from beginning to end. There are, probably, fewer *longueurs* in *Martin Chuzzlewit* than in Dickens's other works. He succeeds even with the girl Ruth Pinch; and as for the immortals they are many. Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig and the imaginary Mrs. Harris are part of our language. Who does not remember 'The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company Limited,' with its capital of 'the figure two and as mahy oughts after it as the printer can get into the same line'? Who can ever forget our Mark Tapley? We say instinctively 'our' Mark Tapley; for he belongs to all of us with his courage, his cheerfulness, and his simplicity. Above all, who can forget Pecksniff, the Tartuffe of England, a creation as great as Molière's?

If we need evidence that the inspiration of Dickens's work was love of his kind, we cannot do better than consider his relations with the citizens of the United States. Surely no people on the face of the earth are more sensitive, more touchy even, on the point of their national honour, than citizens of the United States of North America. The more stolid Briton accepts with meekness remarks that would instantly rouse the ire of his cousin over the water. There are

many explanations of this, some favourable, some unfavourable. The late Edmund J. Phelps, who knew us as well as any of his compatriots, did not find it so easy to diagnose us. At the time of the first great navy scare of our generation he remarked: 'You English are the most extraordinary nation. People may say to you that you are in the most critical position, that your navy is wholly inadequate to your needs, and that your great Empire may collapse any day at a touch; and you listen with all courtesy and then say, "Yes, I know it's very bad; but I've got a luncheon engagement, and must be off now; we'll talk about that later." ' There is, in this, a touch of Drake over his game of bowls, with the Armada in the offing, and also a touch of the too boisterous Harold before the battle of Hastings.

Let any one out of his own experience recall the two or three occasions on which he may have ventured remarks of one-tenth of this pungency to a citizen of the United States: was the citizen content to listen? or did he not deem it a point of honour to put us in our place on the spot; by way of vindicating the honour of his country? 'We are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream of human natur', and the flower of moral force. Our backs is easy ris. We must be cracked up, or they rise, and we snarls. We shows our teeth, I tell you, fierce. You'd better crack us up, you had,' so says Mr. Hannibal Chollop. Mr. Chollop, Mr. Scadder, Elijah Pogram, in how many more characters did not Dickens fearlessly lash the conceit and ignorance of the citizens of the great Republic as he knew them? And yet they loved him. They forgave him all; they worshipped his genius, and endured from him more than they would have endured from any other critic in the world. How can we explain this except upon the hypothesis that the sheer loveliness of the man overcame all resentment and all acrimony?

In the United States, as in England, it was the lowly, or the moderately well-placed people who attracted his attention. The great Southern aristocracy might not have existed, so far as Dickens was concerned. When it is lightly said that Dickens could not draw a gentleman—or at least did not draw gentlemen—it is true that what the French used to call 'le hig-lif' was a closed book to him. He had an eye for the essential qualities of a gentleman, but it would almost appear that he had a mission to prove that these qualities were exclusively, or at least more frequently, found among the lowly than among those who are conventionally termed 'gentlemen.' Sir Leicester Dedlock is hardly less of a caricature than Sir Mulberry Hawk, and hardly less of a shadow than the Coodles and Doodles of the imaginary Cabinet. That does not mean that these people are not very amusing studies, but it would appear that Dickens intended them to be more than that, for in the fuller study of Eugène Wrayburn, who may fairly be claimed as one of

Dickens's 'gentlemen,' we find that his career ends happily and satisfactorily by marriage with Lizzie Hexham. Now Eugène Wrayburn was a barrister of good family, and Lizzie was a girl literally out of the gutter. We are clearly to understand that these artificial distinctions are of no consequence, and that the essential lady and gentleman can mock at them. This is so lamentably the contrary of human experience, that nothing but misery can await the Wrayburns in their married life; each would be for ever torturing the other, and Wrayburn would be socially ruined. As a social teacher (and many people took him seriously as one) Dickens could have done nothing but harm. That pernicious line, 'A man's a man for a' that,' which has debauched the minds of three generations of Britons, may be said to have been the unwritten text on which, when he decided to sermonise, he preached eloquently. Dickens was not at his best in the pulpit, and his text calls for more casuistry than he commanded if anything is to be made of it. In the sense in which 'A man's a man for a' that' is true, it is not important; in so far as it aspires to be important, it is horribly misleading. 'A tree's a tree for a' that' is an equally sound position; yet if the fleets of England had been built of timber selected upon democratic principles, our admirals would have had some wonderful adventures.

Dickens himself was ready enough to mock (and quite rightly) at the besotted habit of regarding important work merely as so much opportunity for providing employment for incapable people who happen to be 'in the swim.' 'Then there is my Lord Boodle, of considerable reputation with his party, who has known what office is, and who tells Sir Leicester Dedlock with much gravity, after dinner, that he really does not see to what the present age is tending. A debate is not what a debate used to be; the House is not what the House used to be; even the Cabinet is not what it formerly was. He perceives with astonishment that, supposing the present Government to be overthrown, the limited choice of the Crown in the formation of a new Ministry would lie between Lord Coodle and Sir Thomas Doodle, supposing it to be impossible for the Duke of Foodle to act with Goodle, which may be assumed to be the case in consequence of the breach arising out of that affair with Hoodle. Then, giving the Home Department and the Leadership of the House of Commons to Joodle, the Exchequer to Koodle, the Colonies to Loodle, and the Foreign Office to Moodle, what are you going to do with Noodle? You can't offer him the Presidency of the Council; that is reserved for Poodle. You can't put him in the Woods and Forests; that is hardly good enough for Quoodle. What follows? That the country is shipwrecked, lost and gone to pieces (as is made manifest to the patriotick of Sir Leicester Dedlock) because you can't provide for Noodle!

'On the other hand, the Right Honourable William Buffy, M.P.,

contends across the table with some one else, that the shipwreck of the country—about which there is no doubt; it is only the manner of it that is in question—is attributable to Cuffy. If you had done with Cuffy what you ought to have done when he first came into Parliament, and had prevented him from going over to Duffy, you would have got him into an alliance with Puffy, you would have had with you the weight attaching as a smart debater to Guffy, you would have brought to bear upon the elections the wealth of Huffy, you would have got in for three counties Juffy, Kuffy, and Luffy, and you would have strengthened your administration by the official knowledge and the business habits of Muffy. All this, instead of being as you now are, depending on the mere caprice of Puffy.'

This is very funny, and probably hardly an exaggeration, and might, perhaps, apply to other days than the days of Sir Leicester Dedlock. It is in *Bleak House* that we find the famous Chancery case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, which ended by the whole estate disappearing in costs. It is in *Bleak House* that we encounter Chadband, the twin-brother of Stiggins of *Pickwick*. In close connection with Sir Leicester Dedlock, and investigating the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn, is the incomparable Bucket. Probably, however, the memory of Bucket, the burly and well-fed detective, has been destroyed by the intenser and nearer presence of the lean gentleman, the ascetic and scientific Mr. Holmes. In *Bleak House* we find a very tiresome personage, Mr. Laurence Boythorn, whose noisy manners have had so unfortunate an influence on only too many imitators. Mr. Laurence Boythorn was supposed to be a portrait of Walter Savage Landor, just as Mr. Harold Skimpole was supposed to be a portrait of Leigh Hunt. In *Bleak House* we are much concerned with Poor Jo, who was always 'a movin' on.' Jo and Little Em'ly (in *David Copperfield*) are perhaps the most vital of Dickens's sentimental and pathetic creations.

It was intelligible that Dickens should take up the case against the ruinous and heartbreaking delays of the Courts of Chancery, and his work was most skilfully done. Whether or no he produced any effect is hard to say. What is not so easily intelligible is his famous case of 'spontaneous combustion.' What could it have mattered to Dickens (one reflects) whether spontaneous combustion was a possible phenomenon or not? Perhaps some contemporary controversy (now forgotten) gave him the cue. However that may be, he made quite a point of upholding the possibility of a death which most medical men agree in wholly disbelieving.

The Lord Chancellor of the Court, true to his title in the last act, has died the death of all Lord Chancellors of all courts, and of all authorities in all places under all names soever, where false pretences are made, and where injustice is done. Call the death by any name your Highness will, attribute it to whom you will, or say it might have been prevented how you will, it is the same death.

eternally—inborn, inbred, engendered in the corrupted humours of the vicious body itself, and that only—Spontaneous Combustion, and none other of all the deaths that can be died.

As in everything else that he undertook, he 'took up' spontaneous combustion with an energy and a plenitude of conviction that is, in itself, refreshing in our more languid days. The detail is truly Zolaesque, and the catastrophe tragically loathsome; it transcends in horror even the galvanised corpse of Edgar Poe's tale. What with spontaneous combustion and Chancery procedure, one would suppose that Dickens had found enough to occupy his attention through the course of one novel. But, in addition, there is the case of Tom All Alone's; the denunciation of rotting tenements and overcrowded cemeteries. Both of these reforms profited, in all probability, by his championship. Not that Mr. Dickens would have been quoted as a sanitary expert or a great authority on municipal organisation, so much as that his large public—composed of the solid voting middle-class (negligible to-day, all-powerful sixty years ago)—adopted his ideas. For them, when Dickens spoke, it was as though a prophet spoke. He did not exactly dogmatise, but the persuasiveness of his humanity, his energy, and his boundless popularity, produced much the same effect as (and perhaps a greater effect than) the 'Thus saith the Lord' of the great Hebrew reformers.

Unlike *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House* contains but one immortal—Chadband—and a number of characters in the second flight whom Dickens-lovers remember with delight, but who have, in all probability, passed away from the memory of the present generation, if indeed the present generation reads *Bleak House*. But whether it reads *Bleak House* or not, it cannot help knowing the name of Chadband. It is not only in the case of types of character that the work of Dickens has attained what for the present we must call 'immortality.' There are institutions and phrases that we cite while ignoring, very often, their origin. The 'Don't presume to dictate' of Mr. Alfred Jingle, and the use of words 'in a Pickwickian sense,' are examples of phrases that have passed into the language. 'The Circumlocution Office' is an example of an institution that we all know. How vivid are the types: the flippant, the pompous, the merely insolent, and all, all, incompetent!

Take the pompous type. 'May I inquire,' says the unhappy victim, 'how I can obtain official information as to the real state of the case?'

'It is competent,' said Mr. Barnacle, 'to any member of the—Public,' mentioning that obscure body with reluctance as his natural enemy, 'to memorialise the Circumlocution Department. Such formalities as are required to be observed in so doing, may be known on application to the proper branch of that Department.'

'Which is the proper branch?'

'I must refer you,' said Mr. Barnacle, ringing the bell, 'to the Department itself for a formal answer to that inquiry.'

The miserable Clennam returns to the Department and encounters Tite Barnacle junior: 'I want to know,' he begins.

'Look here! Upon my soul you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know,' remonstrated Barnacle junior.

'I want to know,' said Arthur Clennam, . . . 'the precise nature of the claim of the Crown against a prisoner for debt named Dorrit.'

'I say, look here! You really are going it at a great pace, you know. Egad, you haven't got an appointment,' said Barnacle junior, as if the thing were growing serious.

After other agreeable experiences of 'how not to do it'—the art of the Department—the applicant arrives at a Barnacle, 'on the more sprightly side of the family,' who says: 'Oh! you had better not bother yourself about it, I think!' but on being pressed, indicates the not very hopeful form of procedure to be adopted by the Public. 'Arthur Clennam looked very doubtful indeed. "But I am obliged to you at any rate," said he, "for your politeness." "Not at all," replied this engaging young Barnacle. "Try the thing, and see how you like it. It will be in your power to give it up at any time, if you don't like it. You had better take a lot of forms away with you. Give him a lot of forms!"'

*Little Dorrit* has contributed less to the language than most of Dickens's novels. The 'Circumlocution Office' stands; and many people still quote 'There's milestones on the Dover Road,' that very funny ejaculation of 'Mr. F.'s Aunt; but the rest of the book is probably forgotten.

As a rule the dialogue in Dickens's novels is not very remarkable. There is one exception, constantly overlooked, in *Barnaby Rudge*. This novel, if remembered at all, is perhaps remembered as the book in which the Lord George Gordon riots are introduced. This part of the work is well done: as well depicted with pen and ink as Louthembourg might have depicted it on canvas. Dolly Varden has vitality; and numerous agreeable fashions have been named after her. In the second flight comes Sim Tappertit, and Dickens-lovers cherish endless choice memories of the 'Maypole' and the raven. But all alike overlook the really masterly portrait of Sir John Chester. This is the more striking because of the contrasted portrait of Haredale in the same book. In these two men Dickens has exemplified the principles that receive his approbation. Haredale, we are constantly told, is honest, though poor; with rough and forbidding manners, but kind-hearted. He dresses badly. Sir John Chester is elegantly built, carefully dressed, impeccable as to his exterior; but we are given to understand that he is a whited sepulchre. All this is in line with Dickens's ideals—the ideal of

essential honesty, with carelessness as to appearances ; in short, that 'a man's a man for a' that.'

To elaborate the figure of Sir John Chester must have cost Charles Dickens a great deal of trouble, and the result is probably not by any means that which he anticipated. For Chester stands out brilliant and charming, while the portrait of Haredale, hardly distinct, is unimpressive. We have a confused impression of violent language and brutal gestures, and we have the author's assurance that Haredale is a very respectable man ; but that is all. In the dialogues between Chester and his two sons, Hugh and Edward, between Chester and Sim Tappertit, in short, in every scene where he appears, Chester is the striking figure, the dominant figure, the attractive figure. He is made to do a number of shady things, such as intercepting letters ; but the amazing result of Mr. Dickens's work is that, far from reprobating these lapses, we gladly forget them for the sake of being in such agreeable company, and even take pleasure in the acquaintanceship of such a polished person by way of contrast with the clumsy savages who surround him. If honesty and essential worth can be so extremely silly and boorish as the virtuous characters of *Barnaby Rudge*, well, we shrink from the conclusion, but we cannot help shrugging our shoulders.

The best judges have agreed that the two most vivid works of Charles Dickens are the *Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield*. *Pickwick* was published sixty-seven years ago, and is not only read with delight to-day, but has furnished countless figures and phrases which are part of our language. The whole of the Pickwick Club, all the characters in the trial of Bardell v. Pickwick, Mrs. Leo Hunter, Count Smorltork, Mr. Stiggins, the Wellers—father and son, Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen, and The Fat Boy. There are few people who do not know all these people better than they know their living neighbours. Nevertheless the world to which they belonged has wholly passed away. This makes their survival the more striking ; and is evidence, surely, of Dickens's passion of love for his kind. Nothing else and nothing less could have breathed vitality into such a collection of oddities.

*David Copperfield* is generally accepted as the autobiography of Charles Dickens. The 'immortals' are Uriah Heep, Mr. Micawber, and Mr. Frooks of Sheffield. Betsy Trotwood is successful ; but, as is nearly always the case, the sentimental part of the book is not only heavily touched but unconvincing. Dickens-lovers enjoy the atmosphere of *David Copperfield* intensely. We love to set each other questions in examination form, such as 'amid pillows for how many did David fall asleep in the Golden Cross Hotel?' Our affection for the book is the answering echo of the love which inspired it. We dwell in the Dickens scenery and amid Dickens characters and Dickens memories, not critically, as we might in recalling the work



of more academic people, but in scenes where we are at home and may take our ease, sure of our welcome. Rightly did M. Claretie refuse Mr. Dickens academic rank. But though that was fair and true, it is hardly final. There have been many Academicians, but there is only one Charles Dickens, and when will there be another?

We may say of his work, as a whole, what Tourguéneff said of *Le Nabab*, that it may be described as being in some parts very great, while much of it is hackwork. If there is something in Dickens that we would prefer to forget, there is at least as much that we cannot forget if we would. He is often a caricaturist, but at least as often he is far above all caricaturists. His place is not with the greatest artists. He does not live with the Veroneses and the Titians, but he is far apart from the Caraccisti. He is hardly Rembrandt, but we cannot leave him with the Jan Steens and the Ostades. He is not academic, he remained to the last untrained, undrilled, recognising no models, consciously or unconsciously, one would even say that he despised them. As a result he often created, and he often drivelled. He cheers us beyond any other writer that ever lived; and he bores us worse than the daily newspaper. He stands alone: Charles Dickens.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

‘THE DELETERIOUS EFFECT OF  
AMERICANISATION UPON WOMAN’

*Victrix causa Deis placuit.* It is obvious indeed that the gods are on the side of the biggest battalions. Otherwise the whole purpose of history, whatever that may be, would be a monstrous jest, in which, however, it would be difficult to discern any satisfactory sense of humour. Yet that history must be understood to signify a final, or ultimate, triumph, and not necessarily the result of any intermediate battle, however remarkable and signal. It is, of course, impracticable for us to stand on some Pisgah and survey the goal of human progress as through a telescope. At most we can make out things but a little way ahead, and often not even that. The impenetrable mists of fate envelop the horizon, as they have swallowed up also the unrecorded past.

The impossibility of determining the eventual goal of human evolution should make us chary of prophecy, even over small periods of time, but it should not paralyse intellectual investigations into the future. After all, we have the records and experience of some thousands of years, in a more or less completed form, and we may certainly argue from redoubt to redoubt, as it were. At great cost—human blood and human tears—we have advanced our forces against the forces of the night, and these hardly-won points of vantage are not to be lightly abandoned. The common ground of logic is irrefragable, founded as it is on the simplest laws of nature; and we may well engage in feeling our way by its means still farther ahead. What lies in the mist matters not; that which is our concern is the visible battlefield. A survey of the historical period of human evolution discloses a series of abrupt changes to the philosophical observer. These are fairly familiar to all. The civilisations of the Orient perished in succession; on them followed the Aryan civilisations of Greece and Rome. Later the course of history was changed by the swamping of Europe by the fair Northern races, and it was not until the Renaissance that Europe reached the point at which civilisation had been dropped at least twelve hundred years before. During all those centuries, although

Aryan Europe had been heterogeneous, and although her political conditions varied, the sundry nations and races had remained at the same level, because subject to the same influences. Indeed, the feudal system practically achieved a kind of homogeneity, in Western Europe at any rate. The same ideals moved the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the German. Their forms of government might be different, they might practise varying religions; but they were involved in the same stage of evolution and kept pace roughly with each other. The formulas of feudalism are well known. It involved a system of caste which, while not very rigid, mapped out the nation with exemplary thoroughness. The caste system, as in force among Eastern nations, never had its counterpart in the West. Elasticity, greater or less, has always characterised the social divisions of Europe, because those social conditions *are* social, and not religious. Even hierarchies in the West have never effected an Oriental system of caste, and the nearest approach to one was probably reached in the segregating conditions just prior to the French Revolution, which were the product of class arrogance.

Class then has never passed into caste in this western part of the world. But feudalism established the boundaries of class pretty firmly. Society was organised on a military basis, and kings looked for service from nobles, nobles from their feudatories, and these feudatories from the churls and peasants of their demesnes. As a practical system it was nearly perfect, certainly more perfect than any system before or since devised by the ingenuity of man. It was, however, arranged for a pastoral and agricultural country, and with the passage of the various European nations into mercantile communities feudalism was necessarily dissolved. This naturally took place first in England, where the rules and distinctions had been less severe than on the Continent, partly owing to the character of the people, and partly owing to the public spirit of the barons. The revolution was not accomplished without disorder, and was assisted by the bloody conflicts of the Roses which broke up the power of the nobles; but on the whole it may be regarded as a silent revolution, and it was not completed for many centuries.

With the rise of trade began a new era in modern civilisation, an era to which I shall refer presently. In the meantime it is necessary to remark shortly the general effect of the feudal system on human character and human conduct. It is manifest that a system which in the ultimate appeal rested on militarism and the strong arm must have differed greatly from that which obtains to-day. Wealth was not a consideration, since authority had its seat in the prestige of fighting qualities. A great noble was respected and feared and courted, because he could put into the field so many men-at-arms with esquires and captains. This was not a question of money, but of territorial lordship. Wealth might

possibly buy over this baron or that baron to one interest or another, but the chances were rather in favour of their being influenced by ambition only. In any case the machinery of feudalism moved independently of money. Hotspur and the Percies quarrelled with Henry the Fourth and raised the standard of insurrection, because they considered the King had slighted their House. And Hotspur marched on his fate with 15,000 men. The mental properties evolved by this atmosphere were clearly strenuous and manly, whatever was the walk of life. All classes were called upon to bear arms, which should develop their physique and render them of a healthy robustness; and to this feudal age must be attributed such qualities as are common to perpetual warfare, for example bravery, obedience, quickness of decision, endurance, stoutness of frame, and certain generous instincts that seem to thrive in martial air. On the other hand, they had the defects due to the same conditions.

Trade did not make good its claims to the attention and respect of the world until the nineteenth century. It might have done so earlier, at least in England, had it not been for the interruption of the eighteenth century. Progress, so far as we know it, consists of ebb and flow, and the eighteenth century was a period of ebb, during which the demarcation of the classes was more distinct than had ever been the case. Sir Walter Besant has pointed out that, whereas up to the close of the seventeenth century it was a common practice to send younger sons of gentlemen into trade, during the next century this habit dropped altogether. The city and the gentry were two separate communities, which did not mix, and which were actuated by mutual antagonism. It was not until the destruction of the Napoleonic system gave Europe breathing space and leave to look about and reckon up the results of those twenty years of warfare that trade finally challenged consideration. That was precisely one of the changes which Europe had to reckon up. After Waterloo, trade advanced in influence and prestige. In England it made particular strides, and the reign of Victoria may be said with little exaggeration to be the reign of trade. Trade undoubtedly has had its victories. It has lacked those trappings of gilt and glory, and those romantic traditions, which belong to militarism; but in despite of these defects it has achieved much and advanced greatly in social consideration. Trade indeed has taken to itself wings, and from its pinnacle is engaged in looking down upon the decaying military systems of Europe. There has even crept into the pursuit of it a kind of romance which emulates the older romantic glory. With the invention of that phrase and that fact, 'merchant princes,' the aspect of trade was formidably changed. It took a new standing, put on fresh habiliments, and began to swagger among its ancient superiors in the guise of an equal. One can imagine (if they ever saw it with clear prophetic eyes) how our fathers stared in dismay

and chagrin at this ugly invasion. The ranks of the aristocracy were broken, a press of newcomers poured in and would take no denial. The whole face of society changed. Nay, more than that; for if the case be examined rightly it is clear that the whole of modern civilisation felt the shock. The *real* revolution, which was only adumbrated in the French Revolution, had begun.

In Great Britain, at any rate, the enfranchisement of trade consequent upon the Napoleonic wars and England's undisputed command of the sea was followed with vast national prosperity. English people have been so long accustomed to congratulate themselves on the blessings of the Victorian Age that it has become a commonplace. Napoleon called us a 'nation of shopkeepers,' and we are now proud of the title. It was by our trade, we boast, that we saved Europe from the tyrant. Trade in the wake of the adventurer has scattered the British flag into all quarters of the globe, has founded an Oriental empire, and established strong young nations overseas. If these feats were indeed the work of trade, there would be reason enough to be thankful. But it is not wholly clear that the expansion of trade is altogether responsible for these conditions. It synchronised with them, but it did not produce them. Indeed, it is more true that the conditions produced the expansion of trade, although it cannot be disputed that trade interacted on the extension of the British Empire. My point is, however, that trade did not make the British Empire. There is no more fallacious idea current in this country than the belief that the Victorian Era was the sovereign epoch in the history of the British nation. It was the centuries preceding, the centuries which came to their grand climacteric at Waterloo, the centuries which decided the international struggle in Europe—it is they that deserve the epithet and the credit. The nineteenth century merely inherited what had been earned by its predecessors. What in Great Britain Pitt and Chatham rendered possible, Melbourne and Palmerston enjoyed in comfort. There is no more misleading phrase than that of 'the glorious Victorian Era,' for in the Victorian Era the English people turned smug and complacent and self-satisfied, having entered into the inheritance won by their hard-fighting fathers. Wealth and orthodoxy became the standard, and heterodox ideas, which, after all, have been the basis of all progress and of every fresh discovery, were discarded.

It would seem, then, that the victories of trade are not, in this direction, all that its advocates claim. Here it will be advantageous, as in the case of militarism, to make inquiry into the influences of a *régime* of trade on human character and conduct. For good or ill the old order is passing; has, indeed, quite passed in the United States of America and in the British Colonies, and it is well to 'take stock' of the new. The main distinction between aristocracy and trade had been founded on money. The landowning classes inherited

their money and did not make it. The commercial classes earned it by traffic. The recognition of trade at once weakened this distinction, and has practically destroyed it by now. But with this breaking down of the barriers and this growing accessibility of the upper classes dawned the age of the snob. Snobbery was the product of the nineteenth century, the fungus, that is, on the enfranchisement of trade. So far, it is not clear that we have made a good exchange in stepping into the new era. But what other results are obvious? The agglomeration of masses of humanity into large cities has been the direct result of the commercial epoch, and this had kept pace with a physical degeneration, noticeable in spite of improved sanitary science. This is a definite disadvantage which seems likely to continue under the commercial *régime*. It has been often stated that modern life, in its freedom from the dangers and tyrannies of mediæval conditions, in its increased respect for humanity and in its law-abiding character, is an object for philosophic admiration. It would be idle to deny the immense importance of some of the changes which have taken place in history, but this claim is unduly magniloquent. Cruelty, for example, stalks in modern commercial life as darkly as it was frank in mediæval. One must judge the new *régime* by its most perfected example, and that is the United States of America. Let us accordingly pass across the Atlantic for an inspection.

In the United States the system has had almost a clear field for its development, for that country has roughly shaken itself free of all the traditions and ancient trappings of the Old World. If, therefore, Europe is to pass definitely into the commercial age, the condition of the United States should be at this moment of the intensest interest to us on this side of the Atlantic. Free of all hampering restrictions, her cable weighed, her decks clear, and in full sail, the ship puts forth upon an unknown sea. What is there before her—and us? An amusing volume was issued some time ago, purporting to be the letters of a Chicago packer to his son. It would be equally possible for some satirist to depict the views and morals of a London or a Manchester merchant, but it is certain that they would not be so frankly commercial, just as a similar picture drawn from epochs before the dawn of the present age would have been still less commercial in its aspect. London to-day stands between Chicago and the past. The question of interest is whether London will ever reach the condition of Chicago. The ideal of Chicago, as represented in the letters I have spoken of, is naïvely, openly, almost brutally practical. Education is only valued if it helps a man to make more money. Everything is set forth in terms of dollars and cents, and even the choice of a wife is viewed from that point. The wife will ‘help along’ the household, and keep things all right so that the husband can make more money. The Chicago

ideal, which, with variations, and, of course, exceptions, is the American national ideal, recognises one force and one force only in the world, or rather makes other forces inferior to money, and mere denominators of that great, supreme, and ultimate force. Not culture, not art, not beauty, not wisdom, not humanity, not death itself is the final consideration in those eyes which see beyond all such trifles the omnipotent symbol of power evolved by the genius of modernity. A dollar represents so much—so much authority over all these other things. The silver of a dollar will purchase this much of culture, that much of wisdom, this much also of health. There is some reason in the worship of a thing which is so authoritative. Men have worshipped it down these long centuries, but never has the cult become a national, a state religion before. It is a matter of debate how far climatic influences have affected the original stock from which the American derives, and made a breach with the Anglo-Saxon blood and character on this side. Obviously the difference has appeared, and is growing wider. The reason may be climatic, or it may be partly the result of newer social, economic, and industrial conditions. It is, however, impossible to distinguish between what in the tangible issues comes of racial changes, and what of economic conditions. American civilisation is presented to us to-day as the type of the new order to which effete Europe must approximate or perish, and as such has to be considered gravely.

The pursuit of new ideals, then, under the economic and climatic conditions existing, has revolutionised the outlook of the American man. He has abolished leisure and pleasure save for his woman-kind, a point on which I shall touch presently. The natural animal owned and enjoyed a great deal of time apart from the avocations to which necessity called it. So, too, natural man did and does the same. Americans who come to London, and still more to Paris or any Continental centre, laugh at the easy hours and comparative indifference devoted to business. Their idea is 'hustle' and haste. That there may be other objects than to make money they recognise as a fact, but as an incomprehensible fact which is to be found only in the decadent countries of Europe. This restless temperament offers to its specific gods the most devout worship. Its devotion, indeed, is fanatical, and can, like all fanaticism, so twist the natural sweetness of man as to make him inhuman. Hundreds of people perish in these islands every year, in order that the American magnates of a monopoly in oil may add to their millions. I will repeat that this in a lesser degree is true of Great Britain; I am dealing with America because it is there true in a greater degree. The same spirit is witnessed in the operations of the Chicago wheat pit. A Mr. Leiter some years ago attempted to corner wheat with the object of making so many million dollars. The result of

this deal, if successful, would have been to raise the price of bread in Europe and incidentally increase the margin of starvation. Latterly some brokers in the United States have 'cornered' cotton, with the result, we were informed, that many small firms are ruined. Instances could be multiplied if there were any object in mere multiplication and repetition. My point is frankly this—that the Age of Trade, as it exists in America, is as callous, as selfish, and as reckless of human life and human suffering as was the Age of the Sword which we are leaving behind. In some respects, indeed, it is more callous and more selfish; for those engaged in the ruin and destruction of their fellow-creatures did not in former days take classes in Sunday schools, and make great and ostentatious business of charity. I will ask any person without prejudices to consider if these strictures are not justified. Modern civilisation has brought better sanitary conditions, it has brought fuller medical and surgical knowledge, and it has also brought a revulsion against war, as something which is not only barbarous, but interferes with the comfort of some and the business of others. But these benefits are more than outbalanced by the deterioration of other conditions. The country is denuded of its population, towns swarm with human creatures as if with vermin; and whereas once kings sacrificed the pawns in their selfish interests by the ordeal of battle, now it is the commercial tyrants who condemn to ill-health, starvation, and death.

I have already alluded to the effect of this new competition of trade upon the human body. This requires some further remarks. The experience of individual men, particularly in America, is undoubtedly that the wear and strain of modern commercial conditions is deleterious to health. In point of fact, the Americans have more widely departed than any other nation from the conditions suitable to the normal healthy man. A well-known American man of letters, Mr. Merwyn, has recently pointed out that 'the English, though the older people, are much the more primitive, closer to the vigorous savage from whom, after all, the dynamic force of a race is derived.' And this frailer nervous development of the American, this retrogression from the savage (if I may put it in that way) is notable in both sexes. The character of the American woman to-day is, like that of the man, a product partly of racial modification and partly of the social conditions of the commercial age. Observation, as well as humorous satire, has made us in England very familiar with one who is claimed as the crown of creation, as the very ripest and most delicious fruit on the tree of Life. We have many opportunities of studying the American woman, for she has undertaken to annex as much of Europe as is practicable, and has succeeded very fairly. Moreover, she is revealed to us every day by the literature of the United States, as well as by the confessions—perhaps I should say the vaunts—of the vernacular press. In any case, it is impossible for Europe to



remain ignorant of her qualities, as impossible as to remain ignorant of her existence. A little time back some enthusiastic journal in New York was at the pains to compile a list of American women who had married not Europeans merely but Europeans with titles. I have forgotten the precise number, but I remember it was a very extensive list. The large majority of these ladies were confessedly wealthy, and it would be absurd to ignore the obvious bargain upon which many such matches are based—on the one side money, on the other influence or position. It is considered by the taste of the day quite a creditable thing that some pork-packer's dollars from Chicago should buy a coronet in Mayfair. I have only to read the daily papers of my own city to discover how largely American women, whether married to Englishmen, or imported otherwise, bulk in the social world. It is not to be doubted that there is a vast number of Englishwomen who attend what we know as 'social functions' and whose names do not get into the papers; and consequently one can only surmise that it is by some additional notoriety that the fair Americans become conspicuous. In the height of the London season this year a great charity ball was given at which it is calculated that over 4,000 people were present. In an account of this in one of the papers that cater for those who hanker after knowledge of smart society, there were thirteen names mentioned, of which ten were American.

The American woman is claimed by her admirers as being independent. But she is more than that; she is anarchical. The State has been built upon certain sociological facts as foundation; the American woman is destroying these, and with them therefore the structure of the State as it exists now. Another system may conceivably be erected on other foundations, and this may be demonstrated to be superior, but the influence of the American woman is revolutionary as far as the present order goes. An American lady, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who is held in great repute, informs us that American women love titles because they are 'striving always to have the best of everything, including society.' We are also told by this undoubted authority that the American girl 'seldom loses her heart, and never her head.' In that confession I see the main source of the anarchy which she effects, and the degeneration which she represents. One more quotation from Mrs. George Cornwallis West may be useful:

The American woman has often been taxed with being extravagant, and, if this be true, her bringing up must be held mostly responsible. The hard-working busy man of Wall Street, steeped all day in the making of dollars, wants when he comes home to find his women folk beautifully dressed and their surroundings in keeping; for them he slaves—that is the object of his life and work. They dip into the coffers and ask no questions.

I have written above the word, 'degeneration,' because from one

particular point of view the state of things created by the American system, as even set forth by Mrs. George West, spells degeneration. The most exact obedience to nature means the greatest health and the greatest happiness. The evidences that American women are deliberately turning their backs on natural laws have accumulated of recent years. Their cold-bloodedness is, in effect, a signal of degeneracy, testifying to the desiccation of natural sentiment. And that this exists in all classes, and not alone in the moneyed classes, is apparent from a perusal of the instructive book, *The Woman who Toils*, by Mrs. Van Vorst and Miss Van Vorst, to which President Roosevelt recently contributed a prefatory note. The attitude of the factory girl is represented as something like this: 'I ain't ready to marry him yet. Twenty-five is time enough. I'm only twenty-three. I can have a good time just as I am.' That is precisely where the mischief lies, in the good time! 'What part,' asks Mrs. Van Vorst, 'did the love of humanity play in this young egoist's heart? She was living, as she had so well explained it, "not to save, but to give herself pleasure."' The mere ethical questions involved here do not concern my investigation. It is something deeper and more fundamental than mere ethics that is involved. Mrs. Van Vorst discovers her factory girls to be cold and lacking in sentiment, just as Mrs. George West discovers her wealthy young compatriots to be. Mrs. Van Vorst declares that she never heard of a baby in Perry, the factory town in which she worked. She says 'the American woman is restless, dissatisfied. Society, whether among the highest or lowest classes, has drawn her towards a destiny that is not moral. The factories are full of old maids; the colleges are full of old maids; the ball-rooms in the worldly centres are full of old maids. For natural obligations are substituted the fictitious duties of clubs, meetings, committees, organisations, professions, a thousand unwomanly occupations.'

This inevitably opens up a grave problem, on which Mr. Roosevelt has not hesitated to speak his mind. Mrs. Van Vorst says: 'Among the American-born women of this country the sterility is greater, the fecundity less, than those of any other nation in the world, unless it be France.' She considers, however, that the causes of this increasing sterility are 'moral and not physical.' Mr. Roosevelt agrees with her in this, that 'there is' no physical trouble among us Americans. The trouble with the situation you set forth is one of character.' The statement that it is mainly moral is probably correct, although those climatic conditions as well as the increasing departure from the healthy savage, noted by Mr. Merwyn, might suggest a physical explanation in part. But the real point is that, if it be merely moral, it is no less an unhealthy sign, and amounts, as President Roosevelt states, to 'decadence and corruption.' In a recent number of the *North American Review*, Mrs. Bisland, who

has devoted her life to the special study of questions relating to her sex, endorses and reinforces the arguments of Mrs. Van Vorst. According to her, 'this failure in natural and wholesome increase among our white natives is due to nothing more or less than the over-education and abnormal public activities so ardently encouraged among our women since the close of the Civil War.' Again: 'The most marked and deleterious effect of Americanisation upon woman is the false energies and abnormal ambitions it excites in her life. Her endeavour is no longer toward the realisation and glorification of her sex in its femininity. The education she receives tends to render her either contemptuous of or indifferent to her own peculiar forces, and their normal expression.'

It would seem that while the American man unnaturally devotes all his days to money-making, the American woman as unnaturally devotes her days to pleasure. Even in the lowest class, the factory girls, according to Mrs. Van Vorst, work, not in order to keep themselves or help the family, but to bedeck and bedrape their bodies. History knows of no such strange *bouleversement* as this development in the relation of the sexes. The women of the Germani, who were not, of course, merely the Germans, are described by Tacitus as chaste and fair, and as resembling the mothers of ancient Rome. *Ibi corrumpere nec corrumpi sæculum vocatur*. In that sense one does not look for corruption among American women either; but is that only because of the coldness of which Mrs. George West speaks? That the human spirit should vibrate with passionate human feeling and fall, is to me, I confess, more estimable than that it should starve of coldness in virtuous orthodoxy. But the ideal of the Germani is gone, and gone also is the ideal of the feudal times. We are face to face with a newer type. Whereas the savage woman acted as beast of burden to her lord, the American man works like the beast of burden beside his triumphing lady.

I have written that the conquering cause must always please the gods; to that I will add *sed victa Catoni*. I lay no claim to be considered a Cato, if only because he was of a conservative type which was perpetually at war with change and progress. It is only departures from the norm that divide or trouble a progressive mind. The new era, as represented in the United States, certainly affects me personally with distaste and misgivings. If this is to be the development of Europe also, it would almost seem as if the late Mr. Charles Pearson was right in prophesying the ultimate predominance of the yellow man. But it is permissible to ask if the final victory is, after all, so certain. The cause is not decided yet, and there are certain considerations which suggest the advisability of suspending judgment. The facts which I have touched upon in these pages seem symptomatic of a life not wholly in harmony with the designs of nature. Overworked men and nervous women tending

to sterility, and living upon an artificial plane, do not promise a brave future for a nation. At present immigration is keeping up the life of America, but American writers complain that the immigrants are infected with the American faults and characteristics very soon. That great cauldron reduces all things to a consistency. When we read with astonishment of the strange mental developments across the Atlantic we must attribute them to the new conditions which we on this side have not yet reached. Americans are the victims of quack medicines and quack religions and quack theories. No country since the beginning of time was so abject before false pretensions and false prophecies. And here they touch that ancient savagery with which they have no other connection. Mr. Merwyn, the keen observer whom I have already quoted, says that 'the problem of civilisation is to train and cultivate the noisy sensual savage existing in every man, without refining away their instincts of pride, of pugnacity, of pity, which make men strong and effective.' He adds that 'perhaps the English, of all races in the world, have come the nearest to doing this.' This reminds one that Emerson concluded that 'England is the best of actual nations.' It is not possible, as I started out with saying, to determine the ultimate goal of civilisation, and it is absurd to suppose that all progress is in a straight line. The eventual triumph of the yellow man may be the design now in process of working out. Races have been extinguished before now, and kingdoms and empires have passed away in plenty. So that it would be rash to assume that the American civilisation was destined to be the civilisation of the future. I have given my reasons for coming to a different conclusion. History is full of interim civilisations, which are, one may conclude, rough experiments on the part of Nature. Is America a rough experiment? If so we may be assured that she will be discarded, and that she will not be allowed to interfere with our ultimate destination. The defects of American civilisation, which is the purest and most significant exponent of commercialism, are such as derogate from the virility of man and the fecundity of woman. Unless it materially alters it would seem, therefore, to be doomed, doomed despite all its intelligence, its immense natural gifts, and its subtle insight, doomed as was that Martian civilisation of Mr. Wells, which with all its gifts, and knowledge and power, perished on Primrose Hill, before the natural forces of a world which it had despised and would have conquered.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

## *THE LADIES OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE*

IN his excellent study on the French and Italian women of the Renaissance, the late M. de Maulde la Clavière drew a clever parallel between the ladies of the fifteenth century and those of our own times. The comparison holds good in many respects. In the frank assertion of their own individuality, in their love of graceful and luxurious surroundings, in their keen enjoyment of hunting and outdoor life, in their eagerness to see and hear the last new thing—above all, in their resolute determination to have ‘a good time’—the great ladies of the Renaissance differed little from the English or American women of our own day. But there was one marked difference between them. Italian ladies of rank in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries received a classical education and were remarkable for the wide range of their culture and keen intellectual interests. The young princesses of Mantua and Ferrara, of Milan and Urbino, were all educated with their brothers and enjoyed the same advantages. That model teacher, the great Mantuan, Vittorino da Feltre, educated boys and girls alike in his famous Casa Giocosa, and Cecilia Gonzaga was the most accomplished of all his pupils. At eight this marvellous child read and wrote both Latin and Greek fluently; at twelve Ippolita Sforza, the Duke of Milan’s daughter, recited a Latin oration before Pope Pius II., and at a still earlier age Caterina Sforza, afterwards known to fame as the Virago of Forlì, welcomed her future brother-in-law, Cardinal Riario, in Latin verses of her own composition. Isabella d’Este read Cicero and Virgil from her earliest years at Ferrara, and pursued her classical studies with undiminished ardour amid all the stir and gaiety of her married life at Mantua.

The deep-rooted conviction that classical learning was the chief ornament of life, as well as the sense that in these unsettled times women might at any moment be called to govern their husbands’ subjects and administer affairs of state, no doubt led to this result. ‘A young girl,’ said Bembo, ‘should learn Latin. It adds a finishing touch to her charms.’ This wide-spread admiration for intellectual attainments showed itself in the very fashions of the age. In their

anxiety to appear clever and give breadth to the forehead, ladies dragged back their hair and shaved their brows, as we see, for instance, in Pisanello's picture of Margherita Gonzaga, or Piero della Francesca's portrait of Battista Sforza. A truer sense of beauty soon led to a change of fashion in hair-dressing, but the enthusiasm for learning remained the same.

The education of a lady, Castiglione maintains, should be such as to place her on a level with her husband. She should be sufficiently familiar with all branches of art and science, and with the principles of law and government, to be able to form an intelligent judgment on any subject that may be brought before her. But neither the domestic virtues nor the graces of womanhood are to be sacrificed. The perfect lady will be a devoted wife and mother, attending to every detail of her children's education and the management of her household. Above all she will be gentle and womanly, charming and agreeable in all her ways. Castiglione's ideal, it must be owned, was singularly realised in two of the chief ladies whose presence adorned the Court of Urbino. Both Isabella d'Este and Elizabeth Gonzaga were highly cultivated women, equally well versed in classical learning and current literature, in French and Spanish romances or Italian prose and poetry. But they were neither of them in the slightest degree pedants or blue-stockings. Charm indeed was the especial gift of these Renaissance women. 'A beautiful woman,' says a speaker in the *Cortegiano*, 'is one who never fails to please.' And, first of all, this refinement of soul will appear in her dress, which will always be at once suitable and becoming. Dress was certainly a subject of the first importance among these accomplished ladies, a task which demanded their best intelligence and most serious consideration. The highest authorities in matters of taste, the most distinguished poets and painters, were consulted when a new robe or mantle was to be designed. Both Isabella d'Este and her sister Beatrice were renowned for the elegance and variety of their costumes. The Moro's young wife is described by the annalist Muralti as *novarum vestium inventrix*, and the fashions adopted by the Marchioness of Mantua were eagerly followed both in France and Italy. The secret of these new designs was jealously guarded. We find Susanna Gonzaga humbly asking leave to copy a fringe of little gold pistols worn by Isabella, and Beatrice writing to beg her sister's permission to reproduce a certain *fantasia* of interlaced links invented by Messer Niccolò da Correggio, in gold and enamel on a purple velvet robe, which she proposed to wear at an imperial wedding. All manner of quaint designs, Arabic letters and Spanish mottoes, Oriental patterns and musical notes were introduced in the borders of robes and mantles. One of Isabella's gowns was embroidered with seven-branched candlesticks, the vest and sleeves of another were decorated with representations of the light-

house of the port of Genoa, woven in cloth of gold. Countless were the sumptuous robes of satin and brocade, and trimmed with costly furs or gold and silver lace, and the plumed and jewelled hats to match, worn by these ladies on great occasions when they entered Milan or Ferrara in state, or paid visits to Venice and Urbino. Not only their own clothes and jewels, but those of the courtiers and ladies who attended them on these journeys, occupied their minds for weeks beforehand, and no doubt the impression which they produced on French ambassadors or Venetian senators was often a consideration of high political importance in the eyes of their husbands.

Their great anxiety to retain youth and beauty as they advanced in life led these Renaissance ladies to spend much time in collecting recipes for washes and cosmetics. At the close of her troubled and eventful life we find Caterina Sforza sending to a Jewess for the secret of a certain *acqua a far bella* which she possessed, and the same warlike lady left a large manuscript volume, in which recipes for keeping the hands and teeth white, dyeing the hair gold, and giving a beautiful carnation to the cheeks, are mingled with prescriptions for curing headaches and heartaches, driving away melancholy, making nineteen-carat gold, or turning tin into silver.

Music and singing were accomplishments common to all ladies of rank. 'Music,' exclaims Castiglione, 'is the light and joy of life—as excellent a thing as love itself,' and the art of Giorgione and Raphael, of Costa and Dossi, shows us how great a part it played in the courtly life of those days. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the manufacture of musical instruments attained a high degree of perfection, and the viols and clavichords made by Lorenzo da Pavia, 'the master of organs,' for the Este princesses were as remarkable for beauty of shape and material as for the sweetness of their melodies. Duchess Elizabeth, we know, sang Virgil's lines to the music of her lute, and Isabella d'Este charmed the guests at Lucrezia Borgia's wedding by her singing and playing. The foremost scholars of the day, Bembo and Niccolò da Correggio, Galeatto di Carreto, and Gaspare Visconti were proud to write *strambotti* or arrange Petrarch's *canzoni* to be set to music at Mantua for the fair Marchesa, and the great humanist Trissino addressed a sonnet to Madonna Isabella playing the lute.

Dancing was a still more universal accomplishment. The Estes, Gonzagas, and Sforzas learnt to dance almost as soon as they could speak, and a certain Lorenzo, who was said to be a past master in the art, travelled from court to court teaching these little princesses in turn. At six years old Isabella danced before the Mantuan envoy with the most fascinating grace, and long afterwards when she paid Louis the Twelfth a visit at Milan, she was described by a French chronicler as 'une belle dame qui dansait à merveille.' Charles the

Eighth was so delighted with Beatrice's dancing, when the young Duchess came to meet him at Ancona, that he begged her to dance before him not only in the Italian but also in the French fashion, which she did, we are told, with infinite grace and charm. Muralti describes this lively young princess as fond of spending the whole night in songs and dancing. Corio relates how she watched her ladies dance in her rooms in the Castello of Milan till within a few hours of her tragic death. Occasionally these high-born ladies were present at rustic festivals in the neighbourhood of their country houses, and Leonora Gonzaga, the young Duchess of Urbino, after being fêted by Pope and cardinals in Rome, enjoyed nothing so much as a dance with the peasant girls on a village green in the neighbourhood of her old home at Mantua.

All the sister arts, music, poetry, and dancing, were combined in the dramatic representations which formed so important a part of Christmas and carnival festivities at the courts of Italy. Ferrara was in an especial manner the home of the drama, and Duke Ercole's daughters and granddaughters shared their fathers' taste for theatricals, and looked on with equal interest at the *Menæchmi* and *Amphitryon* of Plautus, or the comedies of Ariosto and Strozzi. The play might be dull and tasteless, the plot tedious and complicated, but it was enlivened by interludes of masques and dances, by the music of lute and viol, the best painted scenery. Mantegna's triumphs were more than once employed to decorate the stage at Mantua; Raphael painted the scenery when Ariosto's *Suppositi* was performed before Leo the Tenth at the house of Cardinal Cibo; and when an operetta was performed at the Duke of Milan's wedding, Leonardo constructed a revolving sphere with actors in appropriate costume representing the different planets. These mechanical effects filled our cultured ladies with childish delight, and nothing pleased them better than to see Daphne transformed into a laurel, or Herodias with a rope round her neck dragged down by little black devils to hell fires, Perseus slaying the Gorgon, or golden balls exploding to reveal armed Moors and Turks. If in these mimic shows we see the precursors of the Christmas pantomime, Castiglione's description of the first performance of Cardinal Bibbiena's *Calandra* at Urbino reminds us curiously of the Wagner festivals at Baireuth. The orchestra was kept out of sight, the audience sat on carpets on the floor, lustres and garlands of flowers decorated the walls, and stucco fortifications surrounded the stage and auditorium. A prelude acted by children was followed by a series of tableaux of the *Story of Jason and Perseus*, and the bulls with nostrils flaming fire, and the swans at Juno's feet, were so real that for a moment Castiglione believed them to be alive! At the close of the play Cupid recited an epilogue, to the music of violins, and a quartette of unaccompanied voices sang the praise of love. Perhaps Bibbiena's play, with its broad jokes and



doubtful situations, could hardly be fitly compared with Wagner's Trilogy, but the intention of both music dramas was the same, and the aim alike of the Urbino performance as that of the Baireuth festival was the glorification of ideal love.

If the ladies of the fifteenth century had their Baireuths, they also had their Ammergaus. Sacred plays were still common in Italy, and the story of Joseph and of John the Baptist shared the popularity of Apollo's loves or Hercules's labours. Pilgrimages to Loreto afforded Isabella d'Este a frequent excuse for gratifying her love of travel. Many were the pleasant journeys which she took in the fair springtime through the Umbrian hill country, by St. Francis's home at Assisi to the sanctuary on the Adriatic shores, returning to spend Easter with Duchess Elizabeth in the famous palace on the heights of Urbino or among the delicious gardens and fountains of Gubbio. The Santo at Padua and the Annunziata at Florence were popular shrines with all those great ladies, while a trip to Venice afforded opportunities for those water pageants and serenades in which they took delight. Isabella was the most indefatigable of sight-seers, and since fêtes and formal receptions by the Doge and Senate occupied too much of her time on her first visit to Venice, she went back there a few years later with the Duchess of Urbino *incognita*, climbed the Campanile, saw the Arsenal and Treasury and all the chief palaces and churches as thoroughly as any modern tourist. For many years, however, her wish to see Rome remained unfulfilled, but at length this great desire was gratified. In 1514, she spent the autumn in the Eternal City, and was magnificently entertained during the following Carnival by Pope Leo the Tenth and her cardinal friends. Many years afterwards she returned and became the unwilling witness of the siege and sack of Rome. On one occasion this enterprising lady crossed the Alps and visited the shrine of St. Mary Magdalene at Marseilles, although she was never able to accomplish her intended pilgrimage to Sant' Iago of Compostella. And when affairs of state or family duties kept her at Mantua, there was always the possibility of spending a few days on the Lago di Garda, reading Catullus and Virgil on the shores of Sirmio or among the lemon groves of the lovely Riviera di Salò, where she felt herself, as she wrote to her friend Trissino, 'altogether disposed to poetry and contemplation.'

The culture of these Renaissance ladies made its influence felt on all around them. It diffused an atmosphere of sweetness and light through the society in which they moved. It threw a glamour over state functions and court pageants and lent a charm to the common details of everyday life—the small particular concerns of hearth and home.' When a daughter was married or a child was born, the best painters of the day were called in to do honour to the occasion. Ercole Roberti designed the wedding chariot and nuptial bed of

Isabella d'Este, and painted the *cassoni* for her trousseau. Another Ferrara master prepared the gorgeous cradle which Duchess Leonora presented to her daughter Beatrice for the use of her first-born son, and which Lodovico Sforza declared to be a gift worthy of any emperor. When a pet dog died, the foremost scholars of the age wrote epigrams and elegies, in Latin and Italian, for its grave. When a new dinner-service was required, painters and goldsmiths took counsel together and prepared designs from the best antique models. The Duchess of Ferrara's service of gold and crystal dishes and flagons, supported by dolphins, griffins, and fauns, was the envy and admiration of all her guests, and Isabella d'Este's majolica plates of finest Faenza ware, painted by the best masters of Urbino, are the ornament of our public museums and private collections. The doll which Leonora of Aragon sent to Milan for her son's child-bride, Anna Sforza, was dressed from designs prepared by court painters, and her parrot's cage was gilded and decorated by the same artists.

Even the field sports in which these ladies took part, their hawking and hunting parties, had a touch of romance about them. We read of Caterina Sforza, in the flower of youth and beauty, setting out at the head of her ladies, clad in scarlet caps and jackets, to chase the deer and wild goats on the Roman Campagna, and resting at noonday in a shady ilex-grove by a running stream, where refreshments were served by court pages to the music of flutes and guitars, and one cardinal recited a Pindaric ode, while another invoked Diana in Latin verse. And we think of Duchess Beatrice riding out, in her green velvet habit embroidered with gold, or her cap and vest of rose colour and silver, to meet that mighty hunter, Kaiser Maximilian, in the mountains of Tyrol, and seeing the long procession wind down the steep hillside to the sound of the merry hunting-horns. But these hunting-parties were no mere pageants or idle shows. Many of these princesses were fearless riders, who often ran desperate risks in hunting the stag or wild boar and narrowly escaped with their lives. In a letter to his sister-in-law, Lodovico describes one occasion in which his young wife found herself engaged in a fierce conflict with a savage boar, and another when a wounded stag gored her horse and lifted her in the saddle a lance's height from the ground, to the terror and alarm of all her companions. Then, as now, there were not wanting fastidious persons who took objection to hunting as a perilous and unfeminine occupation for ladies. Giuliano dei Medici and Cesare Gonzaga agreed in condemning riding, hunting, and playing at *palla* as alike unsuitable for women, although Giuliano owned that he had seen ladies of rank indulge in these sports with grace and skill. Here and there a young and high-spirited princess, such as Beatrice d'Este, might play *palla* with her courtiers and brothers in the

frescoed gallery of the Castello of Pavia, but as a rule ladies of rank were content to look on, while the men took part in what Burckhardt calls the classic game of the Renaissance.

Card-playing, on the other hand, was the commonest and most approved amusement of all these ladies. The manufacture of playing-cards was a recognised industry at Milan, Mantua, and Ferrara, and some of the dainty packs of cards used by these princesses, and adorned with designs and devices of every variety, are still preserved. Isabella d'Este and Elizabeth Gonzaga were as inveterate gamblers as any fashionable ladies of the present day, and spent whole mornings playing *scartino* together. Besides this favourite game, which was probably a form of *écarté*, we find *trentuno*, *imperiale*, *nichino*, and 'raising dead men,' frequently mentioned among the round games in which these fine ladies indulged. One of Isabella d'Este's favourite card-games was *flusso*, the 'bridge' of the period, over which they lost large sums of money, and which went by the name of 'the cursed game,' because of the certain ruin it entailed on the luckless gambler. Her sister Beatrice wrote gleefully on one occasion to tell her husband how much money she had won from her mother and sister-in-law at *buttino*, another card game with which these august ladies beguiled the hours of the journey from Ferrara to Venice. This short-lived princess had the reputation of being exceptionally lucky at cards, and in the course of a single year won no less than 3000 ducats, 'which I for one,' remarked her husband, 'cannot believe has been all spent in charity!'

Gardening was another taste which fifteenth-century ladies shared with women of the present time. The gardens of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, on the lagoons of Murano or on the breezy heights of Asolo, those of the Duchess of Ferrara at the stately Belvedere villa on an island of the river Po, and the magnificent grounds of the Castello of Pavia and Milan, were objects of endless delight and interest to the princesses of Este and Aragon. The services of architects and artists were employed in laying out these terraced gardens decorated, after the fashion of the day, with grottoes and tempies, with porticoes and fountains, and with bronze and marble statues. Leonardo da Vinci designed the pavilion in Beatrice d'Este's garden at Milan; Genga and Bronzino painted the loggias and colonnades of Leonora Gonzaga's sumptuous villa on Monte Imperiale, near Pesaro.<sup>1</sup> ●

Isabella d'Este took especial interest in the gardens of her favourite villa at Porto, and applied herself with her usual energy

<sup>1</sup> In the frescoes of the Borromeo Palace at Milan, an unknown follower of Pisanello has left us a charming picture of these pleasure-gardens, where gay cavaliers and fair ladies in rich brocades play bat and ball on green lawns watered by crystal streams, or 'talk sweetly of love' in the shade of cypress groves and box-trees cut in quaint shapes and devices.

to the more practical side of the art. She imported rare exotics and foreign trees from all parts of Italy, and sent her gardener to Venice to study the best way of cultivating certain shrubs. Plants and flowers were among the gifts with which she rejoiced the heart of her old tutor Guarino, and once, at the earnest request of the poet Trissino, she allowed her head-gardener to go to his Palladian villa at Cricoli near Vicenza and show him how to plant and trim his box-trees. But she was careful to inform him that the man must not stay more than a few days, since the gardens at Porto require his whole attention. It was in this delicious country retreat that Isabella's brightest and happiest days were spent, and that the brilliant Marchesa gathered the choicest spirits of the age around her. Here Frate Francesco Silvestri, the learned General of the Dominican Order, came to soothe his tired soul, weary of striving with men and with the evil of the world, in 'these fair and delicate places'; here Bibbiena and Bembo recited their poetic effusions, and Castiglione brought the latest news from Rome. Here they studied those exquisite volumes of Petrarch and Dante, of Virgil and Horace, which Aldus printed at Venice on choice paper for the especial use of the Marchesa, or heard the gay Dominican friar, Matteo Bandello, tell his last new story. Here, one summer evening after supper, at Isabella's request, the young novelist read aloud Livy's old tale of Lucrezia's death, and a long argument followed on the expediency of the Roman matron's action.

Good talk was, after all, the chief end and object of these meetings, the favourite pastime and most unfailing occupation of all Renaissance women. One and all they threw themselves into these literary discussions with their whole heart, often prolonging them through several days and even carrying them on by letter. The memorable controversy which began in the park of Pavia, a day or two after Beatrice d'Este's wedding, between Isabella and Messer Galeazzo di San Severino, on the respective merits of the Paladins Roland and Rinaldo, was prolonged throughout the following summer, with a keen exchange of witty repartee and brilliant irony on both sides. Captains and ladies, court poets and princes, alike found themselves drawn into the fray, and so eager was the young Marchesa to maintain her hero's cause, that she wrote to the old poet Boiardo to beg for a sight of the latest cantos of his unfinished epic, and sent to her ambassador at Venice for all the French and Italian romances on the subject which he could discover. We can hardly conceive ladies of the present day taking so lively an interest in a debate on the heroes of the Nibelungen Ring or the Knights of the Round Table. But these poetic tournaments and duels of intellect were of the very essence of Renaissance society. The bravest soldiers, the foremost scholars and artists, Bramante and Cristoforo Romano, Castiglione Galeazzo, and San Severino, alike took part in them with the same keen interest, and

Michelangelo himself did not hesitate to join in the discussions which took place in Vittoria Colonna's rooms in the Roman convent of Santa Caterina. It was the task of Duchess Beatrice, or Marchesa Isabella, or whoever the presiding genius of the place might be, to choose the theme and set the ball rolling, and then, with delicate and instinctive art, guide its course, deftly avoiding doubtful or perilous turnings, and gently approving or checking the speakers by look or smile, by word or motion. This art it was, Castiglione tells us, that flourished in the highest perfection at the polished court of Urbino, where a chosen group of accomplished scholars and fair ladies met on summer evenings in the Duchess's rooms to talk of art and love, of painting and poetry, and of all the thousand gifts and graces which belong to perfect courtier or peerless lady. Then Madonna Emilia and the Magnifico Giuliano, Messer Pietro Bembo, the future Cardinal, and the courtly Baldassarre himself, argued over these and kindred themes, while the gentle Duchess was, as it were, a chain holding all lightly and pleasantly together. Thus, in eager and animated discourse, the hours flew past, until the speakers found to their surprise that the short summer night was already over, and the rosy dawn was breaking over the peaks of the Apennines.

'All inspiration comes from woman.' In these words Castiglione sums up his ideas and theories on the subject. Hers it is to inspire man with hope and courage on the battle-field and in the council-chamber, in the pursuit of art and learning, in the higher paths of virtue and religion, to point the way upwards and lift hearts from earth to heaven. So it was that the boy Raphael grew up in the enchanted air of Urbino under the fostering care of the good Duchess; so Isabella d'Este heard young Ariosto recite the first cantos of his great poem, or gave Mantegna and Costa themes for their pictures in the studio of the grim old Castello that looks down on the Mantuan lakes and the windings of 'smooth-sliding Mincius.' So Veronica Gambara smiled on the early efforts of the painter of Correggio, and Vittoria Colonna soothed the loneliness of Michelangelo's weary old age. By their delicate culture and refined taste these noble women brought art into close touch with life. By their gracious and kindly sympathy they cheered the artist-souls that were struggling towards the light, and helped to produce immortal works.

Will posterity, we wonder, say as much for the ladies of our own age?

JULIA M. ADY.  
(*Julia Cartwright.*)

## CRITERIA

As Greek is already in its death-grapple even in that home of lost causes, Oxford University, it may be as well to begin by explaining what a Criterion is. To most English people, to most Londoners at all events, it naturally suggests a theatre or restaurant; or, if they have been blessed with the rudiments of a classical education which time has half obliterated, they will class it with the Lyceum as one of the buildings of ancient Athens. As a matter of fact, the word means nothing more than the test by which a man apports praise or blame; but since the word 'test' is somewhat suggestive of religious disabilities or chemical laboratories, it is safer to use the term 'Criterion,' despite its unfamiliar look, when we wish to indicate the touchstone by which we determine whether a man is true or base metal.

Saints and sages may denounce the practice of judging one's fellows, but it is difficult to see how social life is to be carried on without it. Certainly the Great Teacher who pronounced the commandment 'Judge not' cannot be taxed with carrying out his own precept, if the received accounts are to be relied on; for probably none of the great ones of the earth, with the possible exception of Mr. Ruskin, have been more outspoken in their criticism or less sparing in invective. But doubtless the commentators have discovered that the command has some esoteric meaning, for taken literally it can only be carried out by the egoist whose self-engrossment has reached so sublime a pitch that he is unconscious of the existence of anyone outside himself. All others, if they have any opinions about their fellows—and most people have a great deal too many—are bound to have some standard by which to measure them. Not that they will necessarily know themselves what that standard is. It often happens that a man is no more conscious of an active Criterion in his mind than he is of the working of the thyroid gland in his body; but his ignorance has no effect on his constitution in either case.

As a rule each man has fundamentally only one Criterion, and it is amusing as well as instructive to see what an enormous number

there are of these in the world, even in the little world of one's own surroundings; how A will pass over as of no importance whatever what is an utterly damning circumstance in the eyes of B. In fact no small part of the humour, which anyone gifted with a decent digestion finds in this human comedy, lies in the study of one's neighbours' Criteria—not, of course, one's own, which are based on a real sense of what is right and proper, and supported in most cases by Revealed Religion and Mrs. Grundy. Besides, it is bad form to laugh at oneself; the man who laughs at himself is generally in a parlous state, and ought to be locked up by his friends for forty-eight hours to prevent his committing some act of which he might afterwards repent. But, while maintaining a respectful sobriety in presence of our own standards, we can get a vast fund of enjoyment from the contemplation of other people's, those points on which they fix their attention in deciding, for instance, whether their neighbours are 'charming' or 'impossible,' whether they are 'so nice' or 'not quite nice' or even 'dreadful.' And though these particular epithets are more usual among that sex which is—presumably on physical rather than mental grounds—termed 'fair,' yet the sentiments at the back of them are equally common to either sex, while the corresponding masculine adjectives are unfortunately not always such as can appear with propriety in print.

One of the first points that strike the scientific observer of Criteria will be, that not only is the pass line drawn at very different levels by different people, but that one and the same man will damn A beyond all hope of redemption for an action which he will wink at in the case of B. It is an old proverb that one man may steal a horse, while another may not even look over the hedge; and this not, as the cynic will persuade us, because the horse-stealer is rich or powerful, for frequently he (or she) is neither the one nor the other. What is it which makes us condone an act in one person which seems outrageous in another? Why, when taxed with inconsistency, do we assert with warmth that the two cases are different, quite different—and then rack our brains to find out what the difference is, usually with very poor results? Probably there is no answer but that conveyed in the word 'personality'; A can do something of which in the abstract we disapprove because—well, simply because he is A, while B cannot because he is not A. This is not a very satisfactory conclusion to come to, but it is questionable whether there is a single human being who is not influenced to some extent by the fact that A is not B. The impersonal outlook is one of the most difficult things in this world to attain, i.e. the capacity to award praise or blame to an action quite irrespective of the doer. History furnishes examples of men who would appear to have reached this high level, but the impartial man is perched on a very narrow wall, and, if he has climbed up on the side of undue favouritism, stands a

very good chance of toppling down on the side of undue depreciation. Though Brutus ordered his son to execution, it will never be known, till he is interviewed in the Elysian shades, whether he was not rather urged thereto by the tie of relationship and felt that he was taking up a very superior position in playing the heavy father to such tremendous purpose. I once knew an excellent bishop who told a curate that, with every desire to present him to a living, he was of course debarred by the fact that the curate had married his (the bishop's) cousin. Without advocating nepotism in high places, one may remark that the good bishop was as far from the top of the wall on one side as, say, Lord Halsbury on the other.

Justice is a magnificent ideal; born with us, as we may almost say, for it is certainly the first of the righteous instincts to manifest itself in the young, it yet remains throughout life for the majority of men as unrealisable as happiness, a deity to be passionately invoked when we ourselves are injured, but otherwise, like the family practitioner, not to be called in till we are suffering. Strict justice would of course require that we should apply exactly the same test, for instance, to the wife of our bosom as to the wife of somebody else's. But, I appeal confidently to anyone with the most rudimentary knowledge of life, would this tend to domestic harmony? Is it not infinitely more becoming to make allowances for one whose infirmities are so entirely outweighed by her abounding virtues—one, moreover, who has it in her power to make the atmosphere so exceedingly murky if those allowances are not made? But, were one to extend the same toleration to the world at large, would not the whole social fabric be endangered? Impartiality becomes the most dangerous of doctrines when driven to its logical conclusion; it is so much safer to exclaim 'Oh! that is quite different,' and so persuade ourselves that we have reached a satisfactory settlement of the question.

Granting then that, whatever the standards are, human nature must not be pinned down too accurately in the application of them, if we go on to examine the standards themselves, we shall find a most delightful and incongruous variety of them. Everybody 'draws the line' at something—a rather wobbly line, perhaps, with convenient gaps in it for the passage of isolated instances—but if one takes the people one knows and tries to discover at what theoretically they draw it, it is then that the real humour of the investigation begins. One most excellent man I know draws his line just above people who smoke cigarettes; cigars and pipes come, of course, in quite a different category, but he will unhesitatingly consign to Tophet anyone, from a duke to a gutter-snipe, who indulges in the pernicious custom of cigarette-smoking. I have watched with interest the gradually dwindling circle of his associates, and am anticipating the day when I shall be the sole representative of my own sex who is honoured with his friendship.



Another man has an infallible means of detecting the character of his acquaintances in the thickness of the note-paper they use; he is good enough to make an exception in the case of foreign letters, but if domiciled within the four seas it is only at your peril that you write to him on anything less than 'treble thick.' I have known him, on the occasion of a sad family scandal, gravely shake his head and say he always felt sure, from the inferior quality of her note-paper, that that woman would come to no good.

But *à propos* of correspondence, far more general than this Criterion—and here my pen falters from a feeling that the hitherto complaisant reader is all too likely to deem me a subverter of true morality—far more general is the belief that the use of scented note-paper stamps a woman at once as being without the pale. In this way the virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies, can infallibly scent out one who would let herself go for a garnet; the sniff interrogative gives place to the sniff supercilious, and the unknown correspondent is forthwith condemned for what may be after all merely a harmless, if rather unpleasant, attribute in an eminently virtuous person. For it is a mistake to suppose that only 'horrid' people indulge in 'horrid' habits. Why, you yourself, my dear sir, do not you perchance wax your moustache or put some sticky substance on your hair? You, my dear madam, a model of your sex, do not you, perhaps, powder your nose? But no doubt that is different, or even possibly, like the rest of the world, if I may be pardoned for quoting the only two lines of *Hudibras* you have probably read, you are prone to

Compound for sins you are inclined to  
By damning those you have no mind to.

Of course a man's Criteria are determined for him in no small degree by his occupation; it is not merely the dyer's hand but his eye that gets tinged with the contents of his vat, so that it is hopeless to expect clear vision from him for the future. To his four famous sources of error Bacon might well have added Idols of the Shop, seeing that to the lawyer every man is a potential false witness, to the parson a brand to be plucked from the burning, to the school-master an ignoramus who needs instruction all the more because he resents it, just as to the grocer he is a machine for the consumption of sugar and currants; to the Chancellor of the Exchequer a sponge to be squeezed, and to Dennis the hangman a pretty subject to be 'worked off,' each man seeing what his trade has taught him to look for and no more. I once fell in with a commercial traveller who had recently visited for the first time a certain cathedral city famous for the beauty and historic interest of its buildings; but it had failed to impress him, he deemed it a much overrated place; 'In fact, sir,' he raised an impressive finger, 'if you will believe me, there was not a really good draper's shop, not what you would call a first-class one,

from one end of the town to the other!' After which it was easy to guess of what the bagman's luggage consisted.

But though this good man's standard of valuation may seem to those of us who are not drapers a little absurd, is it one whit less foolish to separate the sheep from the goats by the test of whether they do or do not love Mozart, admire the writings of Miss Marie Corelli, wear a single eye-glass or a made-up tie, eschew animal food, go to church, play bridge?—the list might be extended indefinitely of the tests which men apply, justifying themselves meanwhile by the assertion that a man's attitude on this one point may be taken as an index of his whole character; in defence of which position they will hurl Shakespeare at your head, and tell you that the man who is not thrilled by a fugue of Bach's is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and an entirely undesirable sort of person. Whereas the whole of experience goes to show that all such little peculiarities are but external facets and afford no clue whatever to the nature of the man within. In fact, so far as music is concerned, Mr. Gilbert has outweighed Shakespeare in his knowledge of the human heart, when he remarks that the burglar, in his leisure moments,

Loves to hear the little brooks a-gurgling  
And listen to the happy village chime.

So that to dub a man a lover of music is merely to tie on to him a label—as misleading as labels generally are, whereof has been treated more fully elsewhere—and really asserts no more than that he loves music, but gives no information as to whether he is or is not a wife-beater, dipsomaniac, propounder of conundrums, or any other type of objectionable person.

Externals, of course, play a large part in influencing opinion; the kernel is so hard to get at that men are prone to judge by the shell. It is only when one has attained to a certain eminence in art or literature that one is entirely free from such trammels as considerations of clothing. Probably no famous poet has ever yet been cut on account of the seediness of his attire; in fact some of the Immortals have been heard to declare that the chief advantage of having achieved fame was the freedom gained thereby in the matter of clothing—and certainly their appearance does not remind one either of Solomon or the lilies of the field. But the 'mute inglorious Milton' will go shabby at his peril; that in the successful man is but an eccentricity of genius which in the commonplace person betrays rank slovenliness.

The untravelled Englishman is as a rule distinguished by one very simple Criterion; so well schooled has he been in Union Jack lore, so familiar with the history of all our national heroes from King Alfred to Lord Kitchener, that for all people and practices he has one unvarying test—are they or are they not English?—for if not he will have nothing to say to them. The legend 'made in

Germany' is enough to condemn anything in his eyes, from a kitchen utensil to the higher criticism. Think of the depth of contempt underlying the word 'un-English'—is there in the mouth of a Saxon any term whereby he can express more fitly the utmost repudiation and contempt? As commonly used it is a synonym for all that is bad, with the added advantage of not obliging the user to particularise the special form of badness he has in mind. Less favoured nations cannot boast of a term which will in the same breath vilify an action and extol their own nationality, but of course such a term would be meaningless in any other country. Oh blessed effect of insularity! that we, the only nation who can afford to look with complacent contempt on the rest of the world, should be—among civilised peoples at all events—the only one who does so!

There is, however, fortunately, another side to Criteria, which prevents their being wholly mischievous, for though the touchstone a man carries with him will, for the reasons aforesaid, tell him very little about the men he meets, it will prove invaluable for the purpose of telling them something about him. There is no better clue to a man's character than to know at what he draws the line; not only will you learn hereby how to avoid his gravest censure, but—what may some day prove even more important—should it ever become desirable to cut yourself adrift from him, you will have found the most expeditious means of doing so. For acquaintance—not to misuse that noble 'friendship' which is too often profaned by its application to a mere surface contact—acquaintance is more often shunned by the average man, not from moroseness or want of the social instinct, nor yet from shyness or want of manners, but solely from a fear that the stranger should prove, like a cold in the head, much more easily caught than got rid of. If ever this occurs, a knowledge of the way in which he can be most easily and irrevocably offended will prove invaluable.

But the study of Criteria leads to results far deeper and more effectual than either temporary amusement or the escape from passing annoyances. No one can search out and compare the varying standards and fetishes to which the human race has in different ages and places bowed the knee, without being led to wonder which of them all find favour with the great Power that lies behind this visible universe; and thence the mind is led inevitably to a spirit of almost boundless toleration, realising that each man is passing through his own necessary course of development, and that his standards are the only ones possible for him at the stage he has reached. For if, as Pope might have said,

An honest god's the noblest work of man,

it is no less true that a stunted or childish or bestial nature will make its gods after its own image and measure all things by the

ignoble standard it has itself set up. The toleration begotten of a wide and searching analysis of human standards is not, as some would have us believe, a mere euphemism for indifference. It is easy for those who have never suffered and never sinned—the only ways, probably, whereby the mind of man can be induced to think—to assert that in proportion to the strength of a man's convictions will be his condemnation of his opponents; but one who has dared to probe the recesses of his own heart and impartially set down the bewildering inconsistencies, the criminal potentialities he finds there, will come to the wiser conclusion that however true or necessary a certain fact may be to him, it is universally neither necessary nor true. And as for the whole army of busybodies, quacks, fanatics, and savers of other men's souls who hold the contrary opinion, he will deal gently with them and recommend a short course of Criteriology, whereby at the end of three months it is to be hoped they will have learnt that there is no one standard whereby a good man can be distinguished from a bad one. Some weeks later they may be expected to make the same discovery with regard to a woman. By which time—were the practice universal—the whole social life of the civilised world would have been so altered that the Millennium might be confidently expected.

C. B. WHEELER.

## THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS

*FROM THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL, • BOOK IV. LINES 315-566*

WHICH of the gods, ye Muses, which of the gods  
Forged for mankind the magic art—or whence  
Came this new venture for the sons of men?

The Shepherd Aristæus—he it was  
Forswore the fairest valley in the world,  
Sweet Tempe, watered by Peneän rills,  
(For he had lost, so runs the tale, his bees  
By plague and famine) and he stood, forlorn,  
Hardby the holy fountain, whence the stream  
Wells through the vale; and lifted up his voice  
To her that bare him with a bitter cry:

‘Mother, Cyrene, Mother, who dost dwell  
In the still deeps beneath this restless pool,  
Why didst thou give me life, and call me son,  
Sprung from the mighty gods,—if, as thou sayest,  
Apollo, lord of Thymbra, be my sire—  
That I should be the scoff and scorn of fate?  
Whither, O Mother, whither hast thou thrust  
Thy love for me and mine? Why prate of heaven,  
And bid me hope to take my place on high?  
When, here on earth, the crown of all my toil  
Slips from my brow—the crown I barely won  
After long years of universal quest,  
And tireless vigil over fields and flocks?  
And yet—and yet thou art my mother!

Nay,

Spare me no more—but with that mother’s hand  
Uproot my teeming forests—kill my crops,  
Set all my byres ablaze with ravening fire,  
Cast all my bosky nurslings to the flames,

And with a cruel hatchet hew my vines,  
 Since, as it seems, the glories of thy son  
 Wake in thy soul but weary depths of scorn !

He spake ; and lo ! the murmur of his words  
 Fell on his mother's ear far down the flood ;  
 As in the caverns of the crystal stream  
 She sat : and, all around, a choir of Nymphs  
 Spun the rare fleeces of Milesian wool,  
 Aglow with deepest hues of hyaline.

Children of Nereus they ; Phyllodoce,  
 Ligeä, Xantho, Drymo ; and their locks  
 In loosened sunshine fell o'er necks of snow.  
 Cydippe, golden-haired Lycorias,  
 The one a maid, a novice-mother one,  
 Fresh from her travail at Lucina's shrine :  
 And Clio, and her sister, Beroë,  
 Daughters of mighty Ocean were they both,  
 And both engirt with zones of gold, and both  
 Draped in a dappled hide : and Ephyre,  
 Opis, Deïope from Asian fields.  
 Swift Arethusa, last to leave the chase,  
 Lays bow and quiver down, and joins the throng,  
 Who, one and all, are listening to a tale  
 Of Vulcan's follies, told by Clymene,  
 And stolen kisses, and the wiles of Mars,  
 Counting the chronicles, from chaos down,  
 Of all the thousand loves of all the gods.

And as they sat, and sped their fleecy toil  
 Around the spindles, drinking in the song,  
 Behold again there smote Cyrene's ear  
 The cry of Aristæus far away,  
 And all the nymphs sprang from their crystal thrones.  
 But Arethusa, foremost—ever fleet  
 Beyond her sisters—reared a golden head  
 Above the topmost wave, and gazed around.  
 Then from afar she called :

‘ O sister mine,  
 Cyrene, sister ; truly not in vain  
 Was thy affright, nor vain that bitter cry.  
 For by the stream sad Aristæus stands,  
 Thy son, thy chiefest care, beside the brink  
 Of sire Peneüs, ever making moan,  
 And “ Mother, cruel mother,” cries aloud.’

Then a strange terror of a sudden smote  
The mother's heart and, 'Dally not,' she said,  
'But lead him hither: he is of the race  
Whose feet may tread the gateways of the gods.'  
And straight she bade the waters stand aside,  
Cleaving their depths on either hand, to make  
A pathway for her boy. Whereon the stream,  
Uplifting mountain-wise, arched o'er his head,  
And welcomed him within its spacious breast,  
And sped his footsteps deep below the flood.

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Now through the kingdom of the waves he goes  
And wonders at his mother's dwelling-place.  
Marvellous pools in rocky caverns pent,  
Strange forests, echoing the ceaseless surge,  
Till, with the whirl of mighty waters dazed,  
Before him roll the rivers of the earth,  
Each from its several source in endless flow,  
Beneath the girdle of this vast world.  
Phasis, and Lycus, and the fountain head,  
Whence deep Enipeus bursts in foaming flood,  
Whence Father Tiber pours his yellow waves,  
Whence Anio flows with kindred rivulets,  
Whence roaring o'er the rocks comes Hypanis,  
Caÿcus from far Mysian plains, and he,  
With a bull's brow, and span of golden horns  
Royal Eridanus, whose vehement tide  
Surpasses all, as through luxuriant glebe  
He tears a pathway to the purple sea.

Now does he tread at last Cyrene's bower,  
A cavern vaulted o'er with buoyant stone,  
And to a listening mother tells a tale  
Of idle tears. A band of sister nymphs  
Bring limpid water for his hands, and some  
Proffer the softest napery, and some  
Heap high the tables with a dainty feast,  
And bear the dainty goblets charged anew;  
The altars kindle with Panchæan fumes,  
And cries Cyrene—'Bring Maeonian wine,  
And brim the beakers; meet it is we make  
Offering to Ocean': and, so saying, prays  
To Mighty Ocean, father of the world,  
And to the sisterhood of Nymphs, who guard  
A hundred forests, and a hundred streams.  
Then thrice she scattered o'er the sacred fire

Translucent wine, and thrice the flame leaped high  
And lit the rooftree with responsive sheen.

So with these kindly omens of good hap  
Cheering her son, she thus begins her tale :

' Nigh Carpathus in Neptune's boisterous realm  
There dwells a certain seer, Proteus by name,  
Who bears the azure livery of the sea,  
And speeds his chariot o'er the mighty main,  
Caparisoned with monsters of the deep,  
Half-fish, half-steed—lo ! even now he seeks  
Emathian harbours, and his fatherland,  
Pallene—and to him we sister Nymphs,  
And ancient Nereus too, do reverence :  
For to this wondrous seer all things are known,  
What is—what has been—and what lagging time  
Has yet to bring. So did his master will,  
Great Neptune, whose uncouth and monstrous flocks  
Of ocean-calves he shepherds in the sea.  
Him, O my son, your hands must seize and bind  
So shall he tell the secret of the plague,  
And speed your trouble to a happy goal :  
Seize him and bind him, son, for naught but force  
Shall win his counsel—bootless are your prayers,  
He will not yield—force—iron force is all.  
Fetter his limbs with manacles of steel,  
And you shall see in time his baffled wiles  
Break, like a shattered wave, against his bonds.  
And I, thy mother, I will lead the way,  
When the sun lights the torches of the noon,  
And drouthy is the herb, and cattle greet  
The welcome shade—lo ! I will lead the way  
To the sequestered cavern of the sage,  
Where oft he sojourns wearied with the waves,  
And you shall seize him, sleeping, as he lies.  
But when you hold him gripped and fettered fast,  
Straightway will he assume phantasmal shapes  
Of divers beasts, and seek to cheat your toils,  
Now in the semblance of a bristled boar,  
Or grisly tigress, or a dragon, mailed  
In panoply of scales, or lion's dam  
With tawny gorge, or like a sudden flame  
Slip through his bonds with sound of crackling fire,  
Or flow, as fleeting water, from your grasp.  
The more his shape in countless change dissolves,



The closer, son, thy grip upon the chains,  
Until at last his form transformed appear  
As when light faded from his curtained eyes.  
Thus spake the Nymph ; and shed a lucent stream  
Of odorous ambrosia all around,  
Steeping therein the body of her son :  
And from his garnished locks, behold there came  
A fragrant breath and all his limbs waxed full  
With supple strength.

There is a mighty cave,  
Cleft by the waters in the mountain-side,  
Where many a wave is driven by the winds,  
And flows far inland, breaking on the bay,  
Safe refuge for storm-beaten mariners.  
Here, shrouded by a wall of massy rock,  
Proteus was wont to bide, and here the nymph,  
Within a nook that turned its back on day,  
Stationed the Youth, whilst all aloof she stood,  
Weaving a hiding-place of dusky mist.

Now does the ravening dog-star glow aloft  
With rays that parch the folk of thirsty Ind :  
Now half its fiery course the sun has sped ;  
The grasses wither ; and the rivers gape,  
Their sultry channels scorched to beds of mire,  
When Proteus, journeying homeward from the deep  
Sought, as his wont, the shelter of the cave ;  
While round about him leaped a dripping brood,  
Born of the sea, and scattered briny showers  
With frolic bounds : then laid them down to sleep,  
Calves of the ocean, up and down the shore.  
So Proteus (like some herdsman of the hills  
Warding the folds, what time the evening star  
Calls home the grazing steers, what time the wolves  
Hark to the bleating lambs with hungry maws)  
Sits on a rock and numbers o'er his herd.

Now was the very nick of time at hand,  
And Aristaeus, with a mighty cry,  
Scarce waiting till those weary limbs were couched,  
Pounced on the man of eld, and bound him fast  
With shackles as he lay.

Then in his turn,  
Mindful of well-known wiles, doth Proteus change

In ever-varying and portentous shapes,  
Monster, and flame, and water flowing free :  
But when his magic failed him for escape,  
Mastered and in his ancient form, he spake  
With human lips : ' How now, presumptuous boy.  
What askest thou of me ? Who bade thee come  
To my domain ? '

Then he : ' Thou knowest well,  
O Proteus, knowest of thyself, for naught  
Can cheat thy knowledge : cease thou from thy wiles :  
'Tis by the bidding of the gods I come  
For my spent fortunes seeking words of sooth.'

So far he spoke : and at his speech the Seer,  
Wrought by a giant stress, with eyes that gleamed  
The colour of wild ocean, gnashed his teeth,  
And from his lips there poured the voice of fate.

' A god it is—none other than a god  
Who visiteth his wrath upon thine head :  
Grievous the fault whose penance thou dost thole.  
Lo ! Orpheus—hapless Orpheus—ever cries  
For vengeance—ay, a vengeance all too scant  
On thee and thine, should Fate not hold her hand—  
And with mad passion ever moans a bride  
Torn from his arms. She—truly—she it was  
Who on a day beside the river's brink  
Foredoomed, poor sweetheart, to untimely death,  
As headlong from thy hated grasp she fled,  
Saw not the monstrous serpent in her path  
Couched in lush grass, and guardian of the stream.  
Then from her comrade choir of woodland nymphs  
A wail went up and filled the topmost peaks,  
A sound of weeping swept the Thracian hills,  
'Pangaea's height, and Rhesus' warlike realm :  
Grief fell on Hebrus, and the Getan steppes,  
'And Attic Orithyia mourned aloud,  
'Whilst the lone Orpheus, by the empty shore,  
To the sad music of his hollow shell,  
Soothed his distempered love with songs of thee,  
O sweetest wife ! when first the daylight dawned,  
O sweetest wife ! when daylight passed away.  
Then through the jaws of Taenarus he passed,  
The cavernous gates of Dis ; the grove of gloom,  
Wherein the horror of the darkness broods,

And stood before the powers of nether Hell,  
With their dread King : and wrestled with the hearts  
That know not pity for the prayers of men.

There, startled by his song, wan spectres flocked  
Forth from the utmost deeps of Erebus,  
Dim phantoms that had lost the light of day,  
Swarming around like flights of myriad birds,  
Who seek the sheltered wood when winter storm  
Or chilly evening drives them from the hills :  
Matrons and husbands, and the forms long dead  
Of high-souled heroes, boys and spouseless girls,  
And well-loved youths who in their parents' sight  
Were laid to rest upon untimely pyres.  
All these were they whom black Cocytus binds  
With darkling ooze, with fringe of loathly reeds,  
With sleepy waves that lap the loveless shore :  
They whom abhorrent Styx for ever chains,  
Girt with the ninefold fetters of its flood.  
The very denizens of deepest Hell  
Listened, astonished, to the strains he sang :  
The Furies with their locks of livid snakes,  
Grim Cerberus with triple mouth agape,  
While the hushed whirlwind stayed Ixion's wheel.

And now, all hazards o'er, he journeys home.  
Eurydice, whom death had rendered up,  
Wending her way back to the airs of heaven,  
Follows his happy footsteps from afar,  
(For such the compact with the queen of Dis)  
When on the recklessness of love there fell  
A sudden folly—folly of all else  
Most meet for grace, could grace be found in Hell :  
He, pausing, turned, and on Eurydice,  
Once more his own, now near the brink of day,  
(O mindless mind ! O vanquished will !) he looked.

In that one moment all his toil was sped,  
Rent was the covenant of the ruthless King,  
And thrice the thunder crashed and crashed again  
Along the stagnant shores of black Avernè.  
Then came her voice : " Orpheus, what hast thou done ?  
What fatal madness moved thee—we are lost—  
Lost—I—alas—and thou !

O cruel fates !

That call me back once more—now do mine eyes

Grow strangely faint, and shroud themselves in sleep.  
Farewell, my Orpheus—I am borne away  
And through the pall of vasty night I stretch  
These poor weak hands towards thee—hands once thine own,  
And never—never—to be thine again."

She spake; and suddenly she passed away  
Like mists that mingle with the subtle air :  
And he—with hands that sought in vain to grasp  
Her fleeting shadow—he—with lips that longed  
To say so much—so much—saw her no more.  
Nor would the Ferryman of Death anew  
Ply him across the bar of sleepy Styx.  
What was there left to do? Where should he take  
A life twice widowed of his love? What tears  
Could move the shades? What prayers the gods? And yet  
On Charon's bark she floats across the stream  
In the chill clutch of death!

For seven moons—  
So do they tell—he wept his heart away  
By Strymon's lonely waters, where the cliffs  
Tower to high heaven: and poured his grief aloud  
Beneath the icy caverns in such song  
As melted savage tigers, made the oaks  
Follow his music—such a song, methinks,  
As the sad nightingale wails for her young,  
Beneath the darkling poplars—when her nest  
Some churlish clown has lit upon and reft  
Of all its tender fledgelings: and she weeps  
The livelong night; and, nixed amidst the boughs,  
In piteous burdens iterates her woe,  
And with melodious sorrow fills the fields.

No lust of love or passion swayed his soul  
As ever more in loneliness he roamed  
The icy North, the snows of Tanaïs,  
The hoary wastes indissolubly bound  
To a bleak wedlock with Rhipæan frosts,  
Mourning aloud his lost Eurydice,  
Mourning the gift of Pluto given in vain,  
Till on a time the wanton dames of Thrace,  
Deeming their womanhood too lightly scorned  
By such a tribute, happened on the Youth,  
The awful night of mystic sacrifice,  
The night of orgies at the Bacchic shrine,  
And tore his limbs, and strewed them o'er the plain.

Ay—but even then—as on its native tide  
That comely head, rent from the marble neck,  
Floated adown mid-Hebrus, lo! a voice,  
A tongue that in the very chill of death  
Kept calling, calling, as the life-blood ebbed,  
“Eurydice!—my poor Eurydice!”  
And all along the stream “Eurydice!”  
“Eurydice!” the echoing margins wailed.’

These were the words of Proteus, and forthwith  
Headlong into the sea he cast himself.  
And where he plunged he clove a wreath of foam  
Beneath the whirling eddies of the wave.

But by the trembling youth Cyrene stayed,  
And straightway spake: ‘Be of good cheer, my son,  
For now thy soul is free from carking care:  
This is the very secret of thy woe,  
Hence comes it that the Nymphs, her comrade choir,  
With whom erstwhile she danced in woodland deeps,  
Have sent such hapless ruin on thy bees,  
Thine be the task with humble hands to bear  
The offerings of atonement; sue for peace;  
Kneel to the gentle Sisters of the glade,  
And they shall stay their wrath, and grant thee grace.

But first in due array must I disclose  
The manner of thine orisons. Choose thou  
Four goodly bulls, excelling all the herd,  
Such as on high Lycaeus’ greenest sward  
Thou pasturest to-day: and heifers four  
Whose necks are virgin to the yoke of toil.  
And by the temples of the woodland Nymphs  
Four altars rear, whereon to slay the kine,  
Shedding the sacred lifeblood from their throats.  
But leave the bodies of the victim steers  
Amidst the leafage of some lonely grove,  
And afterward, when the ninth dawn unveils  
The nascent day, send thou to Orpheus’ shade  
Poppies of Lethe as a funeral rite,  
Slay a black sheep, and seek once more the grove,  
Then shalt thou find Eurydice appeased,  
And with a slaughtered heifer pay thy shrift.’

With a fleet foot doth Aristaeus speed  
To do his mother’s bidding—seeks the shrines,

Builds the appointed altars—leads the steers,  
Four goodly bulls excelling all the herd,  
Heifers whose necks are virgin to the yoke :  
And afterward, when the ninth dawn revealed  
The nascent day, he sends the funeral gifts  
To Orpheus' shade, and seeks once more the grove.

And there, behold, a sudden marvel greets  
The eyes of man, wondrous beyond all words ;  
For from the bodies of the victim steers  
From end to end the inlaid paunches teem  
With buzz of bees, and through the riven bones  
There seethes a turmoil of tumultuous swarms,  
Swaying in endless clouds across the sky.  
Till on a treetop mustering they mass  
And hang in clusters from the heavy boughs.

This is the song of husbandry I made,  
A song of fields, and flocks, and trees, what time  
Great Caesar hurled the thunderbolts of war,  
Across the deep Euphrates, and declared  
His sovereign statutes to a willing world,  
Cleaving a pathway to the heights of heaven.  
These were the days I nestled in the lap  
Of sweet Parthenope, and culled the flowers,  
The careless garlands of my modest toil,  
I, Virgil, in the heyday of my youth,  
Who carolled with the country-folk, and piped  
On jocund flute, O Tityrus, of thee,  
Beneath broad canopies of beechen shade.

BURGHCLERE.

## WOMEN IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

BY AN OUTSIDER

LONG ago, in the classic days of Grecian Empire, there lived a lady—Agnodice by name—who desired to study the ‘healing art’ under the distinguished physician Hierophilus, so that she might practise as a doctor among Athenian women. But, alas! a law existed, in effect, ‘to prevent women and slaves practising medicine in Athens.’

So to accomplish her end she was obliged to disguise her sex in man’s attire—perhaps not so very difficult a proceeding then as it might be now. For, after secretly sacrificing her long hair on the Altar of the Goddess of Health, she had only to shorten her tunic, doff her woman’s peplum and don the pallium of the man, and there she stood, in appearance a youth who—undiscovered—might very well study the medical charts and votive tablets in the Temple of Æsculapius with the rest of them. And so indeed she ‘walked the Temple’ without hindrance. But study among unperceptive men was only taking the gates—the fort was held by women. Agnodice knew it would not be so easy a matter to deceive her own sex, so she boldly confided her secret to them and began practice. All went well at first. The young doctor was so successful in the treatment of ‘his’ patients, who entirely respected ‘his’ secret, ‘he’ became so much beloved and trusted, that the jealousy of ‘his’ fellow practitioners was at length aroused—just as it might be aroused under similar circumstances in these days of British Empire, some two thousand years after, only that in those classic days, when Greek met Greek in tug of competition, they carried things further.

To compass ‘his’ downfall these ignoble followers of Æsculapius concocted a scandal, and poor Doctor Agnodice was summoned before the judgment-seat of the Areopagus on a charge of corrupting the morals of ‘his’ patients, and thus breaking the famous oath of Hippocrates. These patients, the wives and daughters of the Athenians, were not ungrateful. The wives of the chief men staunchly took her part, and then, though not till then, was the secret divulged—

their young doctor was a woman! Evidence was indubitably conclusive of her innocence on one charge. But her enemies, determined on her downfall, now proceeded on another: they impeached her with breaking the above-mentioned law against women and slaves practising medicine in Athens.

Then we may imagine that Agnodice, having taken the medical profession by strategy, to keep it, invaded that of the Advocate by storm, and by her eloquence convinced her judges, arguing that though it might be said she had broken the letter of the law, yet, as its spirit was directed against the supposed incompetency of women, which incompetency she, by successful treatment of her patients, had demonstrated did not exist, therefore in breaking the law she had refuted its existence. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Agnodice, who had so courageously proved to the Athenians that a woman could make a good physician to her own sex—Agnodice triumphed, and with the help of those good women, her patients, succeeded in getting the arbitrary decree which debarred women from practising repealed.

It was a bold stroke, a true *coup de grâce* effected through and by the means of the perfidious plot of her rivals, directed in the first place not against her as a woman, but against one they deemed a successful male practitioner.

To-day, in England, as in the other chief countries of Europe, there is no law against women practising medicine and surgery; on the contrary, it is encouraged by the authorities, and almost every advantage of study offered to men is open to women also, if they have private means at their disposal to enable them to make use of it. The distinguished and better class of medical men are not antagonistic, and, when necessary, meet qualified women amicably in professional consultation. For the latter have been trained, possibly by these medical men themselves, and their capabilities have been proved.

One may suppose there could hardly be two opinions as to *nursing* being an appropriate calling for the woman who has to work for a livelihood; and, in fact, men and women alike do not question her attendance in that capacity on either sex. Yet when it comes to the profession of medicine, which is in fact but a higher, more theoretical and learned development of the same science of medical nursing, I venture to say she is still, in spite of plenty of testimony to her efficiency, looked upon dubiously, even as medical attendant to those of her own sex, by the majority of English people—which majority, as we know, consists chiefly of women.

It is strange; for since the beginning of the world women have practised medicine and surgery combined with nursing. It is also true that as far back as the times of the early Greeks they met, as



we have seen, with opposition. But that opposition was from men—not from women, who were their patients. To-day it is tacitly from the women who are not their patients.

Concerning the position of the medical women in this country, in a retrospect of the last century, we find that the London School of Medicine for Women was opened in 1874; that three others have been inaugurated in the Metropolis since then; that there are now six schools in England where they can study with men, and, though Oxford and Cambridge are closed to them, six universities where it is open to them to take degrees and diplomas equally with men. Therefore it will be seen that women have had full opportunity of study and hospital practice for close on thirty years. And the result in numbers, according to the last Census returns for England and Wales, is that there were then 212 fully qualified medical women registered in this country; as a matter of fact there are now, including Ireland and Scotland, 249. Whether, though fully qualified, they are all in full practice is another thing which it might be worth while inquiring into, in view of the fact that they doubled their number within ten years; for in 1891 it was 101.

It is interesting to learn that fully half of the 249 are registered as holding some public medical appointment in attendance on their own sex. Thus, as is only natural, the New Hospital for Women, founded by a woman, is entirely officered by them; also the Royal Free Hospital has women house-surgeons and physicians in collaboration with men on its staff, and a female registrar. A number of poor-law infirmaries and county asylums employ medical women in their female wards. And some appointments are made under School Board and other local authorities. But we only hear of there being one female medical officer for vaccination, and one lady bacteriologist (for Derby Town Council), and of only two or three semi-official appointments as medical examiners or referees for friendly or insurance societies, which is rather surprising. But it is encouraging to find that women are appointed as medical attendants on the employees by the Post Offices in London, Liverpool, and Manchester. The Church Army and such organisations, in some districts, employ salaried medical women.

Indeed, like the medical men, it would seem that men engaged in public work (and the minority of intelligent women associated with them on some boards), who have the making of these appointments, have confidence in the fitness and ability of medical women or they would not elect them.

But, granted that they are efficiently equipped, and that they have proved themselves to the medical profession and various public bodies to be as intelligent and conscientious as men in the same public positions—does the general public prove its trust in these 249

medical women so far that as labourers in the vineyard they can all make a fair living out of their profession?

Or is it only the officials and two or three distinguished specialists who are not, perforce, standing idle? In plain words, as general practitioners in this country, do women make headway in their profession? Are the moiety, of some 120 unappointed to official positions, fully occupied in practice? The answer may be a serious matter, looked at in the light of that other engrossing question: 'What to do with our girls?' made by middle-class parents who may possibly be led astray by glowing accounts of what two or three exceptionally eminent women (who may not be entirely dependent on their profession) are said to be making.

And another very prevalent idea, by the way, is that women doctors find a fine field of enterprise in our Indian Empire or in the lands of the Zenana, where unless women can have female medical attendance they can have no other. But recent official reports show that the Dufferin Hospitals undertaking is overstocked already. They have plenty of resident doctors on the spot. And we may leave India out of the question. There, probably, they will soon have an efficient staff of native medical women, and dispense with European aid altogether.

But the good work our countrywomen have done in India, and other Eastern countries, does not end in the examples and the incentive they will leave behind to native women to take up the work and follow in their footsteps. They have shown the world that they are competent to attend others of their own sex in illness. And we may well ask the question 'Why should it have been necessary for Englishwomen to have to give practical and objective evidence of their efficiency abroad, in attendance on women of foreign race (who though not differing physiologically, yet presumably have physical tendencies to a different order of diseases peculiar to their native countries), before they were privileged to gain the full confidence of their fellow-countrywomen at home?'

Why should the lady doctor's services be recognised as useful abroad and meet with such meagre recognition at home? Surely an Englishwoman should be as competent to tell the symptoms of the case of an Irishwoman, a Scotchwoman, or an Englishwoman as to diagnose that of a high-caste Hindoo lady.

It is not a lucrative field that lies open before our medical women; but there is a field of work, and it is in this country, though the ground is not fully prepared. Indeed, the barriers and fortress of the prejudices of their own sex have yet to fall before they can enter fully into possession; for unlike Agnodice, in England, as yet, they have only taken the outer gates of the citadel—witness the

fact that for the following great towns with their enormous populations there are registered as women doctors in Liverpool, only six; Manchester, four; and Birmingham, three.

There is a strong prejudice existing in the minds of most women which is manifested at the mere mention of a lady doctor. Nerves (probably their own) seem to be at the bottom of it. They say something vague about 'nerve' and 'nerves' as though men invariably held a monopoly of one, in the good sense, and women a superabundance of the other, in the bad sense, forgetting that there can be nervous men and also women of nerve.

In answer, can we not point to the fact that since 1882, when two women were first permitted to obtain medical degrees from the University of London, among others who have taken degrees, seven have won the gold medals offered by that University:—for Anatomy 1881; for Obstetrics 1882; *Materia Medica* 1890; Obstetrics 1891; Obstetrics 1892; and two gold medals for Obstetric Medicine and Medicine in 1900? In 1892 a lady took first-class honours; the same lady in 1893 was marked qualified for gold medal in surgery, and in 1896 achieved distinction as the first woman to take the degree 'M.S. London,' the highest possible degree to be obtained by a man or woman in surgery.

We may imagine, indeed realise, that it took some 'nerve' as well as brain to win those distinctions. And yet (so little do women allow of efficiency in their own sex), when it was suggested to one that she might with advantage consult a woman doctor she exclaimed:

'Consult a lady! Why, I shouldn't feel as if I had been examined at all.' She was contemplating joining an insurance society, and had been informed that a doctor's certificate of health would be a preliminary necessity.

'Go to a *lady* doctor!' scornfully says another; 'not I! I'll go to a man or not at all.'

These people would probably have no scruple about consulting a Bond Street clairvoyante as to their future fortunes; but the idea of consulting a serious, fully qualified woman M.D. or M.S. on the state of their health strikes them as the height of absurdity. These ladies, of course, are quite at liberty to please themselves and consult a medical man.

But do such people realise that out of the list of two hundred and forty-nine qualified medical women no fewer than sixty-six hold the high degree M.D., and some of them that of M.S.? and is it not a higher percentage (in proportion to their number, of course) than that held by medical men?

'But these are exceptional women,' someone will exclaim. Well, we may reply that it is only exceptional women who even think, in the first place, of entering the medical profession, and still more

exceptional women who pass successfully their five years or more of training. The man who enters the medical profession may, or may not, have special aptitude—it is almost certain he will have his future living to get; but the woman must feel intensely that it is her vocation or she would never attempt its (to her) special difficulties. She, also, may ultimately be dependent on her profession for a living; yet it is more likely that she enters it, *con amore*, without thought of that. The father who will spend the necessary capital on his daughter's medical education and 'start' is pretty certain to be able to leave her future sufficiently provided for.

Apart from the above class of women who prefer to consult the medical man, unhappily there is another, numbering many thousands (particularly unmarried women), who would rather suffer for years than describe their symptoms to a man, who neglect their health because they have a repugnance to consulting a doctor, until their ailments, slight at first, through neglect have become incurable. Many long illnesses, painful operations, and supervening deaths might probably have been avoided in the past, if these women had had either less modesty about consulting a medical man, or, retaining that old-fashioned characteristic—and why should they not?—enough confidence and faith in their own sex (which they have not) to consult a qualified woman in the capacity of doctor. Indeed, many of them think they have no alternative. They hardly realise there *are* medical women, and judging by the census they must be few and far between. Two hundred and forty-nine is a very small number in proportion to our entire population of women. It may well be half absorbed in the list of hospital and other officials, leaving hardly any over for private practice.

This latter class of women, thinking they have no alternative, indiscriminately take drugs, in the form of one advertised patent medicine after another, reckless of the effect of the continued habit of using preparations of cocaine, kola, etc., etc.; drugs, some of them no doubt good, when taken at the right time, in due proportion, under medical advice; but taken for long periods on the sufferers' own initiative—in how many cases may we not suspect that they have helped those who trusted in them down the dim, dreary ways of insanity to its ultimate asylum?

Probably the manufacturers of patent medicines make a good percentage of their fortunes, and lunatic asylums recruit a goodly proportion of their populations, from this description of women, rich or poor: it applies to all classes who, in the first place, disliking to consult a medical man, for one reason or another, doctor themselves.

And the evil may not end with themselves, for such women, having the drugs handy, may be tempted to doctor their families too.

My point is this :

Probably every town (and village) of consequence in this kingdom is now provided with its staff of district nurses, and an excellent work they do. Would it not be possible for Boards of Health and local authorities to go a step further than they already have done, and appoint in every township of importance a qualified medical woman Officer of Health, who, without encroaching on the duties of others, would be at hand to minister to the needs of her own sex when required? Doubtless one result of such public appointments would be that women in general would soon begin to place more confidence in doctors of their own sex, and would make use of them. Then probably the nervous diseases of women, so prevalent to-day, treated by medical women, who may understand how to deal with them almost better than doctors of the opposite sex, would decrease; and men, as well as women, would ultimately reap the benefit of the innovation, in happier homes, made possible by the improved health of their womankind.

In conclusion: It has been said, 'It is not the cowl that makes the monk,' and yet we know that the monk, in the public eye, would be barely a monk without his cowl; and probably half the authority and all the proverbial majesty of the law abide not in the judge but in his wig and gown. *Ergo*, it should be remembered that Doctor Agnodice worked up her practice among Athenian women, wearing not the peplum of the woman but the pallium of the man; and albeit that the ladies knew her sex, still, as proverbial philosophy implies (by contradiction), dress counts for something—indeed, it counts for a great deal, as the sage of Chelsea allowed. The nun and the hospital sister know full well that the habit and the uniform carry weight. In Agnodice's case, the pallium, it may be, impressed, with the appearance, the mental attributes, and abilities of man. Not that one would have our sober-minded lady doctors of to-day go about their duties in other than feminine attire; but, instead of dressing like ordinary folk, might they not wear some quiet, distinctive uniform, that would in time come to carry to the public mind a very true and strong conviction of its wearer's proved efficiency and ability in every fold?

MARY L. BREAKELL.

## AT MEERUT DURING THE MUTINY

A LADY'S NARRATIVE OF HER EXPERIENCES DURING THE  
OUTBREAK

[The following narrative, not originally intended for publication, is interesting as being written by the lady who sent the famous telegram giving the only news for several days together of the outbreak of the Mutiny at Meerut on that fatal Sunday, the 10th of May, 1857, a telegram referred to by Mrs. Steel in her book, *On the Face of the Waters*, as 'the strangest telegram that ever came as sole warning to an Empire that its very foundation was attacked.'

The writer was a girl of eighteen then, living with her mother at Meerut, where her brother—not uncle, as Mrs. Steel has it—was postmaster.]

YOU ask me, dear nephew, to give you some account of my recollections of the outbreak at Meerut on Sunday, the 10th of May, 1857.

As you know, Meerut was the place where the Mutiny began in earnest, and where it might have been nipped in the bud. The immediate cause of the outbreak—which, it is supposed, took place a month earlier than the time fixed on—was the refusal of some seventy or eighty sowars or troopers of the 20th Native Cavalry stationed at Meerut to use their cartridges, and the sentence of some years' imprisonment passed on them for this offence by the court-martial. For weeks before this, however, there had been a great deal of commotion and unrest among the natives. My brother was postmaster of Meerut at the time, and we heard a good deal of seditious language used by the orderlies of the different native regiments, who used to meet at the post-office two or three times a day when they came to fetch their officers' and regimental letters. My brother often warned the officers of the seditious language he himself heard these men daily use; but the officers made light of the matter, saying it was only the excitement caused by the court-martial then going on.

Just about this time, early in May, my father was asked to go to Agra, then the capital of the North-West Provinces, to edit the *Mofussilite* newspaper, until an editor arrived from England. He

knew the natives to be in a state of unrest, and thought some outrage likely to occur when sentence should be passed on the sepoys then awaiting their trial. He was naturally anxious to have news of anything that happened for publication in his paper; so, on leaving for Agra, he asked me to be sure to send him the earliest intimation of any disturbance that took place.

Thus things went on till Sunday, the 10th of May, the court-martial having a day or two before passed sentence, which was, I think, read out to the assembled troops on Saturday.

While we were getting ready to go to church on Sunday morning an old cook, a Mohammedan, who had been in the service of the family so many years that he used to call my mother and aunt 'Babas,' came to my mother and begged of her not to let us children go out of the house that day. However, we gave no heed to his earnest entreaties and went to morning service: but when he found us ready to go in the afternoon again, he became still more urgent; and on my mother's saying that we were only going to the House of God, he replied that that was perhaps the worst place we could go to. The poor old man went nearly mad, and threw himself on the road before our horses to try to prevent us from leaving the house; but even then, however, we did not take warning, but thinking that the faithful old servant was getting into his dotage, had him moved out of the way, and drove off.

When we had driven about half-way to the church a gentleman (Mr. W—— T——, a brother of our old friend E—— T—— of Lahore) rode up to us and told us for God's sake to return home at once, for the sepoys had broken out into open rebellion, and he was riding as fast as he could to the church to warn those already assembled there of their danger. Of course this warning was sufficient for us. The coachman was told to turn and drive home as fast as he could, for already we heard a great din and commotion in the Native lines, which were a long way off from our side of the Station. As we got home we saw a poor soldier of the European cavalry, whose lines were just across the road from the post-office, run by our back gate with his back cut open, having been mobbed and wounded by the 'budmashes'<sup>1</sup> in the Bazaar. My brother meanwhile had mounted his horse and ridden off to see what all the noise and confusion was about; and he was just in time to guide a newly arrived detachment of European cavalry sent to guard the Government treasure, to the 'Kutcherry' Treasury Office.

One of the first things the sowars of the 20th Native Cavalry had done on their breaking out into open mutiny was to make a rush for the gaol where the men of their regiment were imprisoned, and to release them as well as all the other prisoners. Finding that their brother sowars had been kindly treated by Mr. Dorrett, the

<sup>1</sup> The city 'roughs,' who joined the mutineers.

European gaoler, they did not harm him or his family, but told them to make their escape as fast as they could while the sowars were still there to see that the other convicts did not molest them.

From this time the din grew louder and louder, and what with the shouting and yelling of the human fiends and the barking and howling of dogs, it seemed as if hell itself were let loose on earth. As, too, the evening drew to a close, the firing of houses commenced, and we could see house after house blazing up, till we seemed to be enveloped on three sides by the flames. It was then that I thought it time to let my father at Agra know of what was taking place, and I wrote this message, as far as I can remember: 'The 20th have mutinied, killed several of their officers, and are setting fire to the Station round us. Don't let aunt start till you hear from me again.' We had at first believed that only one regiment had revolted, but had heard that several murders had been committed.

The driver of the *dāk-van*, too, who had left the post-office for Agra with the mails about six o'clock in the evening, in the company of two or three European soldiers travelling to Agra, came rushing in, having himself had a very narrow escape, to tell us they had been attacked near the city, the Europeans murdered and the mail-bags looted. It was this latter piece of news that made me add the warning to my aunt in my telegram: she had gone on some business to Agra a few days before my father, and contemplated returning to Meerut on the 11th or 12th of the month.

Mr. S—, the telegraph master, was at the time in the post-office with his wife. He took my message, scaled the wall which separated our house from theirs, and despatched it himself, coming back to tell me that he had done so, and that it had been received. It was then just about eight o'clock in the evening. 'And now,' he said, 'I must send a message on my own account.' But when he got back to the telegraph office he found the wires cut; so if I had happened to have been five minutes later with my telegram, no message at all giving warning would have left Meerut that night.

On my father receiving the message at about 8 P.M. (as I said), the manager of the *Mofussilite* suggested having up the printers there and then and circulating the news that very night; but my father thought the morning would be time enough. So the first thing the next morning this message of mine was circulated all over Agra as an 'Extra' to the paper. By 7 or 8 A.M. the printing office was crowded with indignant officers inquiring by what authority the Press dared to publish such an unfounded story, and demanding its immediate withdrawal. 'What! Could this have happened at Meerut and they, the Authorities, not have heard of it?'

My father and the manager refused to withdraw the 'Extra,' being quite confident of the correctness of the news; and the posse of officers left, vowing vengeance. They went straight to the



telegraph office, but of course found there was no communication with Meerut. Thence they proceeded to the post-office; but, strange to say, no mail had been received from Meerut that day. So things went on till the morning of the 13th, when, finding there was still no telegraphic or postal communication with Meerut, they went once more to the *Mofussilite* office—this time to beg for a copy of the telegram to send to the Supreme Government at Calcutta, as the only news they had had from Meerut Station for three days. These particulars of what took place at Agra ever my message we of course only heard on my father's return to Meerut at the end of September or October.

To resume my account of the dreadful doings at Meerut:—

Among other intending travellers on the evening of the 10th of May were the native officers who had come from Delhi to sit on the court martial of the men of the 20th Native Cavalry. They were returning to Delhi, and came to the post-office to start thence by the dāk or mail van, but were stopped by the outbreak and by the fate of the travellers who had previously started for Agra. Not knowing where to seek shelter, they begged my brother to let them remain on the post-office premises. Thereupon his whole staff came to him in a body, entreating him not to grant the request, since it would endanger all our lives, as the sepoys had vowed vengeance on those who had condemned the prisoners, and were already hunting them down to murder them. But my brother replied that, as long as the post-office sheltered us, these officers should stay also if they chose; and they remained with us in hiding till we removed for safety to the Dum-Dumma, when my brother handed them over for protection to the military authorities. Later on, I think, they accompanied the force sent from Meerut to the siege of Delhi.

We had no regular fort in Meerut, and this Dum-Dumma, I must explain, was a square of buildings in which the ammunition and stores of the Royal Artillery were kept; it was called after Dum-Dum, the great arsenal near Calcutta.

So passed this whole night of Sunday the 10th of May, with no rest for anybody. The European cavalry and infantry were under arms patrolling the Station, but old General Hewett would not sanction their firing a single shot at the mutineers, saying the poor misguided men would return to their senses and their duty 'to-morrow.' So the wretches were allowed to carry on their murderous work all through the night until they were perfectly satiated with the blood of Europeans, more than forty of whom had been murdered when morning dawned on the 11th of May. Then they left for Delhi, which lies forty miles by road south-west of Meerut, on the other side of the River Jumna. That town they took by surprise, no warning of any kind having been sent; and

an even worse massacre of Europeans took place there. It was Delhi, you may remember, which became the key of the situation.

It was heart-rending the next morning to hear of all the outrages that had been committed in Meerut the previous evening and night.

One poor lady, the wife of Captain C——, had been mobbed on her way home from church and most brutally murdered, being cut up into little pieces. Another lady, a Mrs. E——, also a captain's wife, was escaping with three little children from her bungalow near the Native lines, and had got as far as the gate of the compound, when she thought of taking a change of linen for the children; so telling the ayah to go on with the little ones, she returned to the house, only to find it surrounded by the rebels and to be cruelly ill-treated and murdered. The ayah escaped to her hut with the three little children, and kept them in hiding for weeks before she dared venture to bring them out; and when she did they were a pitiful sight to see, perfect living skeletons, particularly the youngest, the baby. Poor little mites! Their father too had been killed on the parade ground. I have often thought of them, and have wondered what became of them afterwards. At the time, they were taken charge of by the authorities, and sent to England to their friends as soon as this could be safely done.

Colonel Finnis, of the 11th Native Infantry, was, I believe, the first officer murdered. Hearing a great hubbub on his parade ground, he went to see what the commotion was about, and was immediately fired on and riddled by about a dozen bullets. Three officers—I forget their names—finding matters perfectly hopeless in the Native lines, got into a tum-tum, or dog-cart, and drove towards the Artillery lines. They were followed by a mob of fiends, and two of them were dragged from the cart and murdered on the way. The third, the driver, getting near the Artillery houses, sprang from the cart, and doubling and twisting on his pursuers through the houses and compounds, managed to escape them and got safely to the Dum-Dumma. Another young officer, a Lieutenant E——, I think, was found the next morning lying in his garden terribly wounded, but living, with, I think, thirteen dead natives round him, showing how he had fought before he was overcome. He recovered from his wounds, but what became of him afterwards I do not know.

In those days European non-commissioned officers used to be attached to Native regiments, and generally had their quarters very close to the Native lines. Most of these were murdered, with their wives and children, some while sitting at dinner, stabbed by their own servants with their own knives and carvers.

One gentleman and his wife lived in a large house some distance from other dwelling-places. His servants warned him that some mutineers and budmashes were coming towards the house, fetched

a ladder, and assisted their master and mistress to get upon the roof of the house, in order to hide themselves, while the servants carried the ladder far away out of sight, so that it might not arouse suspicion. The wretches soon surrounded the house, abusing the Feringhees and calling to the servants 'Mâr! Mâr!'<sup>2</sup> The servants laughed and asked them if they expected the Sahiblogue to wait there until they came to 'mâr' them, adding that the Sahib and Memsahib had escaped long before. Thereupon the rebels looted the place, smashed the furniture and crockery, and set fire to the house, waiting till it was half burnt down before they left to commit further atrocities elsewhere.

As soon as they were gone the servants brought up the ladder again, and got down their master and mistress half dead with fright and suffocation, and hid them in their houses until later, when they escaped to the Dum-Dumma disguised in native clothes.

Another poor creature, a Mrs. G——, on her way home from church, fell into the hands of a party of sepoys. They kept her on her knees for about an hour begging for her life, while the wretches stood jesting and jeering at her; at last they told her to get up and run for her life, and if she escaped their bullets they would not pursue her. She did escape, although they fired a volley after her.

How many and terrible were similar incidents of which we heard the next day! We remained in our house all day, not knowing what would happen next; but towards evening were warned to take shelter in a barrack near the arsenal, where all the women and children of the Station had already assembled, wives of officers, soldiers, civil servants and clerks, all pell-mell. The whole length and breadth of the barrack-room was filled by them; there was hardly an inch of room to spare. We were rather late in going, and so had to pick our way, stepping over and between the sleepers, until at last at the extreme end of the room we found a little space to put down our bundles of bedding. Here we sat on them the whole night through.

In the morning we returned to the house to pack up and lock away our things, preparatory to leaving our homes indefinitely for shelter in the Dum-Dumma. While doing so a rumour reached us that the convent at Sirdhana had been burnt down, and that all the nuns and children, indeed every Christian soul in the place, had been massacred.

The Roman Catholic church and convent at Sirdhana were erected by the wife of the notorious adventurer Walter Reinhart, nicknamed the 'Sombre,' and remembered for his cruel massacre of the British at Patna. She was a remarkable woman, once a 'nautch girl,' who, after her husband's death, settled, a convert of the Church of Rome,

<sup>2</sup> Kill! kill!

at Sirdhana. The estate was held by her descendants, the Dice-Sombre family, till within a few years ago, when it was brought under the hammer.

You can imagine our state of mind at hearing this, since my two little sisters were boarders in the convent.

While we were still in the house, Major Waterfield, the Assistant Adjutant-General, came two or three times to urge my brother to hurry us away, as we were the only Europeans left unprotected, the rest of the Station having all assembled in the Dum-Dumma, which was being hastily fortified.

Within this square of buildings were included a barrack or two and some of the Staff quarters, and a deep trench was dug round them, the earth being thrown up in an embankment and forming bastions at the corners. In the narrow limits of this Dum-Dumma and of the Infantry Hospital, which had also been to a certain extent fortified, all the Europeans of Meerut had to live for weeks—nay, months—together.

Well, as soon as my brother, who had been out, returned home and was told of the warnings of the Assistant Adjutant-General, he at once started us all off to the Dum-Dumma, giving us not even time to eat our dinner, which was ready on the table, but having it all packed away in a postal van occupied by our servants.

At the Dum-Dumma we had to encamp on the open ground for two days without even a tent to shelter us from the sun. We managed, however, to knock up a little protection by placing four carriages in a square, and throwing a large 'durrie' or cotton carpet over them. Here we had to remain until at last a small building, a store-room of some kind, was made available for the convenience of the post-office staff and their families.

This building consisted of one large room with verandahs all round. The room was divided into four compartments, which gave shelter to four families, while one verandah was partitioned off for my brother's office, and the other three were screened off and made into bedrooms for several other people, who would otherwise have been left without shelter. Altogether, if I remember rightly, there were about fifty-six of us, grown-up people and children, packed into that small building.

In the meantime we had no further news from Sirdhana, and scarcely dared hope that my sisters were safe. Until the post-office was fairly set going again, all that my brother could do was to send a letter by a secret messenger, begging them and the nuns to keep up their courage, and adding that he would come for them as soon as he could, probably on the Thursday afternoon.

When it became known that F—— intended going out to Sirdhana, he was asked by the military authorities to carry an urgent

despatch to the officer commanding the Sappers and Miners, who were then on their way from Roorkee,<sup>3</sup> and who, it was expected, would be near Sirdhana on that day, warning him that his men were suspected to be ripe for mutiny. My brother replied that he would take the despatch if an escort were given him, and on condition that it did not take him out of his way, as he was going to rescue his sisters and any delay might be fatal.

'Oh yes! he should have a European escort.' But when the time for starting drew near, he was told that the Europeans could not be spared, but he could have a native escort. Eventually only two sepoy sowars appeared; and these, on being told the duty required of them, set spurs to their horses and were never seen or heard of again.

Well, my brother started off at four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 14th of May, driving our own closed carriage and pair, and having beside him on the box a trustworthy native from his office. They took with them plenty of loaded fire-arms and ammunition; and he also had two of his 'chuprassies' or 'peons' riding one on each side of the carriage with drawn swords. My poor dear mother scarcely expected to see him again when she said good-bye; and it can be well imagined what we all went through until, just at eight o'clock—exactly four hours after he started—we heard first the clatter of the horses' hoofs, and then the rolling of the carriage, which at last drove up with my brother safe and sound on the box, and my two sisters with three other girls packed carefully inside. Oh! how rejoiced and thankful we were to see them again after the awful suspense we had been in since Tuesday's terrible rumours!

It seems that on his way to Sirdhana my brother met several parties of mutineers and budmashes from fifty to even 500 strong.

Well, on meeting such a party, he made five, ten, or even twenty of these men run on before the carriage, threatening to shoot them down if he was molested, and only dismissing them each time when he was well past the main body. So, thanks to his courage, he safely reached Sirdhana. Here he could see hundreds and thousands of the wretches already surrounding the Convent walls, but as he drove up they vanished like magic. Probably they thought he would not have ventured there at all unless backed up by a large force.

They had been surrounding the Convent for three days, threatening to sack it and kill all the inmates. The gates were fast locked, the doors and windows all bolted and barricaded. The nuns and children had taken shelter in the church steeple, while the three priests with all the native Christians were on the roof, where they

<sup>3</sup> Sixty-five miles north of Meerut. To Sirdhana the road branches off from the Roorkee road near the ninth mile, and in another five miles reaches Sirdhana.

had mounted a large-mouthed stone jar used for churning butter, which from below looked like a small cannon. By this device they kept the cowardly crew in check, particularly after one of the priests, to the horror of the others, had fired a gun and shot dead a man in the threatening crowd. Even when my brother drove up, the gates were not unlocked till my sisters recognised him and the carriage.

Some refreshment was given him, and he was allowed to take his departure with five of the girls, all belonging to Meerut. He also carried a letter from the nuns to the General commanding the Station demanding, as British subjects, an escort to bring them into Meerut.

But General Hewett would not spare a single man, and but for my brother F—— the poor nuns and children would have been left to be massacred. He went round to the officers of the mutinied regiments, who had nothing to do, and to our own friends and acquaintances, and so raised a volunteer escort of about seventy men. With this escort and as many private carriages as he could collect, and all his dāk vans and bullock carts, he went out to Sirdhana again on Saturday, and brought in all the nuns and children, with all their goods and chattels.

They were given half the Infantry Hospital to live in, and remained in Meerut till the country settled down again, when they dispersed, some to the Convent at Agra, some to Mussoorie, others again to Sialkot. They never had a boarding-school in Sirdhana again.

For his rescue of the nuns and children my brother received a letter of thanks from the Pope and Roman Catholic clergy, and was presented with a pair of handsome silver cups. His eldest son, now in the Bengal police, has them as heirlooms.

A story is told, by the bye, of a clever rescue by the nuns in the convent at Sialkot, which I mentioned just now. When the regiment at Sialkot mutinied, one of the European officers escaped into the convent and the gates were locked; but the mutineers became so threatening, promising to spare the convent only on condition of being allowed to search it for the officer, that at last the poor nuns were obliged to let them in. Dinner had just been served for the children, and the nuns made the hunted man lie flat, face downwards, on one of the benches while the girls sat upon him, covering him over with their frocks, and went on quietly eating their dinner. The fields meanwhile searched for him in every hole and corner of the building, passing and repassing through the room, but not disturbing the children; at last they gave up the search, and took themselves off, imagining he must have escaped over the walls.

Some days after my sisters were brought in from Sirdhana we got the farewell letter which they had written when they were locked up in the church steeple, and were expecting every moment to be massacred.

A most pitiful letter it was, and it was well for our dear mother that she had her girls safe under her wing before she read it, or it might, I fear, have broken her heart.

All this time rumours of the frightful massacres, first at Delhi, then at Cawnpore, and then at Jhansi, were reaching us day after day.

At the last of these places a cousin of ours, the wife of a young Assistant-Commissioner named C——, was murdered with her husband and three or four little children—and how cruelly murdered! The unfortunate parents were bound and made to look on while their poor innocent children were literally torn to pieces. Then the father was killed, and last of all the miserable wife and mother. And so it was with many families there. Who can wonder that a bitter feeling against the natives remained with many old Anglo-Indians? Some native servants, however, like our own, showed a faithfulness and devotion to which many Europeans owed their lives.

Day after day unfortunate refugees from Delhi and the surrounding small stations came straggling in, in most woeful plight, almost starved and naked, the very clothes torn off their backs.

Now and again, it is true, the escapes had a humorous side. There is a story, for instance, that the residents of a small civil station in the Meerut division met at a magistrate's house and took counsel how they might escape. It was decided, in order to avoid observation as much as possible, that they should go off by twos at different times and by different routes.

Now it so happened they were all married people but two—a widow and a bachelor; and as husband and wife naturally wished to escape together, the question was, what was to be done with these two? At last some one suggested the best thing they could do was to get married, and this was no sooner said than done. The Magistrate or Assistant-Commissioner, or whoever the civil officer happened to be, went through the civil marriage contract with them, and, like the others, they set off together, and at last found their way to Meerut. After a little time they fell out, and on making it up again they attributed their difference to the fact of their marriage not having been blessed by the Church, went off to the Protestant church, and were remarried there. A little later they again fell out, and on making friends again were married for the third time in the Roman Catholic church, as one of them was a Protestant and the other a Roman Catholic. So that they found themselves very much married by the time they had finished.

A few days after the outbreak at Meerut the 'syce' who had been with poor Mrs. C—— as she drove in her buggy from church, on the day when she was so cruelly murdered, recognised one of the murderers, the ringleader, in a butcher who used to go round almost daily to the house selling meat. The man was arrested, and, as martial law had been proclaimed, was tried by the General

commanding and his Staff. As it was the first trial by martial law it created great interest, and the room was crowded, my brother being amongst those present. After hearing the case the General was of opinion there was not enough evidence to convict the man, and was about to let him go, when Captain C——, who was present and almost distracted at his poor wife's cruel treatment and death, stepped forward, and, drawing his revolver, cried out: 'General, unless that man is ordered away for instant execution, here's a bullet for him, a second for you, and a third for myself.' 'For God's sake, take and hang him on the first tree you come across!' said General Hewett; and the man was taken off there and then and strung up to a tree just outside the Dum-Dumma.

My eldest half-brother, E—— T——, arrived at Meerut some time early in June. He was Inspecting Postmaster in the Lahore Division, and his anxiety to know how we had all fared at Meerut brought him all the way from Lahore in those dangerous times. Fortunately he fell in with Captain Hodson of famous memory, and travelled the greater part of the journey in his company.

On his return to his Division a few months later my brother had a skirmish with some mutineers near Jhelum. It seems that he and two or three of his men came across a number of mutineers, and took refuge in a little fort; there they were besieged by a large number, and after some hard fighting succeeded in driving them off with loss.

But to return to Meerut.

Finding it very uncomfortable in the Dum-Dumma, where so many people were packed into one small house, we formed a large party to reconnoitre the Stations. We had about a dozen carriages and several horsemen, the men of our party being all well armed; and we drove round the Station to see what damage had been done.

After driving through the Cantonments and Civil Lines we went round by the city and 'Suraj Kund'—the Sun Tank, or Monkey Tank, as it was commonly called, on account of the troops of monkeys always to be seen there. The city people had been warned that if they were found harbouring any budmashes, guns would be brought to bear on them, and the whole place shelled. No doubt they had neglected this warning, for when they saw our carriages and riders coming towards them they got into a state of great excitement and alarm, and were evidently under the impression that the day of reckoning had come. Long before we got near the gates we could see them peering out to reconnoitre, and as we came nearer the gates were closed against us—not that we had any intention whatever of entering the city.

Now there was a house generally used for the Methodist and Scotch Kirk prayer meetings. It was about a hundred yards from the large gateway, the main entrance into the Hospital barricades, where there was always a strong European guard. Well, as the



place was so far quiet, we and another family got permission to occupy it, and we moved into it early in July, most people thinking us very foolhardy for venturing out of the limits of the fortifications. We were rather nervous ourselves; but the help at hand gave us courage; and we warned the children, in case of alarm, not to wait for directions, but to make as fast as they could for the Hospital.

An amusing, though at the time very alarming, event took place one morning. Mr. B——, the head of the family sharing our quarters, had a Mohammedan 'chuprassie' whom we all disliked and distrusted. Well, just at dusk one evening when my brother and Mr. B—— happened to be out, we heard a great commotion not far from the house, followed by loud cries of distress from the compound behind us. We told this chuprassie, who happened to be the only servant about the house just then, to go round and see what it was all about, and the wretch returned with the one word 'âgaya,' meaning 'they are come.'

The children, of whom there were a dozen, waited for no more, but darted at once to the enclosure, running so swiftly past the guards that the latter even forgot to challenge them. My mother and I rushed to the assistance of Mrs. B—— and her daughter, one of whom was an old lady hardly able to move, the other in bed with her baby two or three days old. Mother helped the invalid to get up, while I caught up the baby on one arm and with the other assisted the old lady. We all got as far as the gate of the compound, when, stopping to think what it was we were all running away from, we decided that we had been too hasty and went back to the house. And what was it, after all? Only the volunteers moving out on some raiding expedition! Every now and then they were suddenly ordered off to destroy some budmash village in the neighbourhood of Meerut; and it was they who had caused all the commotion. As to the screams we had heard, the 'mali' or gardener of the next compound had begun thrashing his wife at the same moment.

In the meantime the news had spread like wildfire over the fortifications, and Mr. B—— and my brother came tearing home, expecting to see most of us killed, but finding us instead in fits of laughter. But you may be sure we got rid of that chuprassie the very next day for giving the false alarm.

A few nights later we were alarmed by hearing, as we thought, a number of horses furiously galloping over the parade ground, and guard after guard challenging, and then, on getting no answer, firing.

All this turned out to be nothing but a loose horse careering over the plain half-maddened by the shots fired after him.

But one must have lived through such a time to realise the infection of such a panic at the moment, even though one can afford to laugh at it afterwards. Certainly many ludicrous incidents did happen.

One story that always has specially amused me was that of the

bandmaster at Mooltan. Here the authorities had for some time feared a rising; and even the bandsmen went armed to practice and stacked their rifles while they were playing. One day when the European bandsmen of the First Bombay Fusileers (nicknamed 'Dirty Shirts'; afterwards the 101st) were at practice in their barrack-room, their Adjutant rode up and gave them the order to fall in. Almost while he was giving it he was fallen upon by the mutineers and killed right in front of the room. The bandsmen of course charged and rejoined their regiment, after which for some hours there was severe fighting. It was only towards evening that the bandmaster was missed and could not be found anywhere. At last the bandsmen gave up the search for him, and went to collect their instruments and put them away, when, on taking up the big drum, they found the poor old man crouched under it. In his terror and alarm when left alone in the practice room he had staved in the head of the drum and drawn it down over him, and there he lay huddled up the whole day, afraid to stir lest he should be found and killed.

It was certainly a time of intense excitement, and danger too. All our available fighting men were before Delhi, whence—forty miles off as it was—we could frequently hear the distant boom of the siege guns.

We were left in Meerut with barely a hundred able soldiers and not an hour's ammunition. The Gwalior Contingent, about 15,000 strong, who had risen and were going to reinforce the mutineers at Delhi, passed Meerut on their way and were encamped within three miles of us for several days, debating whether they should attack us or not. It was only the rumour that Meerut had been undermined, and that they would be blown up the moment they put foot in the Station, which saved us.

We lived in the Meeting House till early in September, when we removed to one of my father's houses in the Artillery lines and close to the Arsenal. Two of my sisters had nearly died, one of cholera and the other of fever, in the Meeting House, and as soon as they could be moved we went to the Artillery lines. Here we remained until my father joined us on his return from Agra in October, when we went back to my brother's at the Post-office in order to settle and arrange his house for him on his approaching marriage.

We then rented a small house just across the road in the Hussar lines, as it was still considered unsafe to live far from the neighbourhood of the garrison. After the fall of Delhi in September 1857 the country indeed gradually settled down; but it was not till well on in the summer of 1858 that Meerut returned to its normal condition, and we were able once more to inhabit our old house in the Civil lines.

KATE MOORE.

## *MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SCHEME*

THE essence of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, as definitely, or at all events provisionally, outlined in his Glasgow speech last month, is neither protection, nor reciprocity, nor retaliation, but the consolidation and unification of the Empire. It is in ignoring the fundamental principle of his proposal to reform the fiscal system that adverse critics both wander from the point and become unjust to the reformer. It may be true—it doubtless is true—as Sir Henry Fowler says, that we as a nation have been free traders from purely selfish motives, and not in order to educate the world in economic orthodoxy. It will be not less selfish on our part to modify the practice of free imports in order to draw together in indissoluble bonds all the members of the British Empire. To those who do not care for Imperial unity, or who do not believe that any closer tie than the bond of sympathy can be devised to hold together the Empire, Mr. Chamberlain's appeal is naturally as that of a voice crying in the wilderness. But to those who are convinced that, if the bond be not tightened by material considerations, it will loosen and slacken and gradually fall away, the question is not how Mr. Chamberlain's scheme consorts or conflicts with accepted doctrine, but how far it will serve to consolidate. It is a pity that so many ardent and sincere free traders should have no limit to the scorn with which they attack other free traders, quite as ardent and sincere as themselves, who contend that free trade as a means to an end must be adapted to the conditions which now exist, and to the future which portends. Eager combatants who never gave more than passing thought to fiscal affairs before the present controversy, and whose acquaintance with Colonial matters is limited to the communications of 'Our own correspondent' in the daily newspapers, now equip themselves as they rush into the controversial fray from the well-stocked armoury of economic and statistical literature. The weapons are excellent, and the enthusiast for orthodoxy can make splendid play with them. But to those who, like the present writer, have spent a lifetime in the study of practical economics, of the variations of commercial exchanges, of the industrial developments of the world, of the vicissitudes of trade, of the growth and consequences of foreign

tariffs, and in close and constant intercourse with the Colonies, the matter is far beyond the flights of statistical legerdemain. The whole gospel of economic truth is not enshrined in Blue-books or tabulated in repelling columns by the King's printers.

To those of us, indeed, who have been for a lifetime engaged in matters the contemplation of which now convulses the novices, the present controversy has long seemed inevitable. Not yesterday, but twenty years ago, some of us thought, and had the courage to say, that if Imperialism meant anything it meant fiscal reform. In these twenty years Imperialism has become a dominating force, though not yet expressed in Federation, and whether it is to live or to die must depend on how the British citizen defines his duty to economic tenets. If he insists upon adhering to free trade as it exists now and is supposed to have made our prosperity, his decision will be from pure selfishness. If he decides upon adapting the national fiscal system to the claims of Imperialism, his decision will also be from pure selfishness. In the one case, however, the issue will be narrowly national, in the other splendidly Imperial.

It is as easy to trip up Mr. Chamberlain as any other reformer with his own previous speeches and his own former opinions. It is as natural for Mr. Chamberlain as for his opponents to make occasional slips in dealing with masses of statistics. It is foolish for those who dissent from Mr. Chamberlain's scheme to 'chortle' over any little flaw they discover, or imagine, in it as proof of his incapacity to deal with the matter. If, for instance, Mr. Chamberlain's predictions as to the Imperial consequences of neglect of the fiscal reform he advocates are to be held as of no worth because his expectations with regard to the industrial cost of the Workmen's Compensation Act were not quite fulfilled, what becomes of the Cobdenite's faith in Cobden, who predicted within five years an international reaction in favour of free trade—which is further off than ever? It is as true now as when Mr. Chamberlain told it to the Colonial Premiers last year that 'our first object is free trade within the Empire.' It is as true now as then that free trade within the Empire does not necessarily mean the total abolition of Customs duties. It is also true that a preferential tariff designed to promote free trade within the Empire must have a protective effect in some instances to begin with. Without dealing just now with Mr. Chamberlain's political arguments in favour of a change in our fiscal policy, let us see, in brief, what his present scheme is. It is founded on the proposition that in order to give preference to the Colonies we must tax food.

The proposal, then, is not to tax raw materials, but to tax food, and in such a way that the tax on food would not add to the cost of living in this country. Mr. Chamberlain would, in the first place, impose a low duty on foreign corn, and no duty at all upon corn

coming from British possessions. The duty upon foreign corn would not exceed 2s. per quarter, and maize would be exempt from duty because it is used by farmers for feeding stuff. He would make the duty on flour such that it would be a substantial preference to the British miller. He would put a tax of about 5 per cent. on foreign meat and dairy produce, but he would not tax bacon, because it is largely used by the poorest of the population. He would give a substantial preference to our Colonies upon Colonial wines, and perhaps upon Colonial fruits. Against these imposts he would take off three-fourths of the duty on tea and half the duty on sugar, and he would give a corresponding reduction on cocoa and coffee. If the whole of the new duties were paid by the consumer, Mr. Chamberlain estimates that the net result of the new duties imposed and the old duties repealed would be that the agricultural labourer would be half-a-farthing per week better off, and the artisan would be neither better nor worse off. The whole of the duties would not, however, be paid by the consumer, and the agricultural labourer would, in fact, gain 2d. per week, and the town artisan 2½d. per week. The Treasury would lose about 2,800,000l. per annum, and Mr. Chamberlain would make up for this by putting a duty on all manufactured goods, not exceeding 10 per cent. on the average, varying with the amount of labour employed in the manufacture. The object in imposing a higher duty where much labour is employed would be to secure for this country the kind of manufactures which employ the largest amount of labour here. A duty of 10 per cent. on manufactures, he estimates, would yield the Exchequer at least nine millions a year, and one-third of this sum would go to make up for the loss suffered by the Exchequer in remissions. The remainder would be employed in reducing other taxation. It is not of material moment whether these calculations are literally accurate or not.

The cry was immediately raised that this is an attempt to put the equivalent of 2s. per quarter of wheat upon the 'poor man's loaf.' It is not so. The duty is to be on foreign wheat alone, and out of 81 million cwts. imported in 1902 we imported over 22½ million cwts. from Canada, Australasia, and India. In any case, then, more than one-fourth of our imports of wheat would be untaxed, and that proportion is quite sufficient to influence the selling price in our markets. Moreover, the proportion of untaxed wheat is bound to increase immediately, and to progress steadily as Canada develops and as the States of the American Union grow up to their own food-producing capacity. The foreign countries with a surplus of wheat to dispose of must send it here, because there is no other importing country of any magnitude. Wheat cannot be stored indefinitely, and there can be no object in a producer storing one year's surplus when the next year's surplus is bound to add to the stock. Moreover, wheat must be turned into cash. It cannot be kept in the form of dead capital

by the producers. The same, of course, has to be said of meat and dairy produce, on which a duty of 5 per cent. is proposed. That duty will not fall upon the vast products of the cattle ranches of Canada, the sheep runs of Australasia, and the dairy farms of both British possessions, but it will stimulate the export from them. More especially ought a tax on dairy produce to do something to revive the agricultural prosperity of Ireland.

To the proposed remission of half the existing duty on sugar it is objected that the sugar duty was imposed as a war tax, which ought now to be all repealed. But a tax upon foreign sugar has always been in contemplation as a means of breaking down the bounty system, and under the Brussels Convention a countervailing duty must be placed on all bounty-fed sugar in the future. The proposed remission of three-fourths of the duty upon tea will be a saving, though a doubtful blessing, to the working-classes, who already consume too much of it. In the tea duty might be found some compensating preference for India, but it cannot amount to much, seeing that, out of 294½ million lbs. imported last year, only 30 million lbs. were from countries other than British possessions. The most that India can hope for in this connection is that the reduction of the duty will increase the consumption of the better-class teas. And that may be no inconsiderable advantage in the long run.

There is a good deal of wildness in the discussion about who pays the taxes on imports. The Chinaman, says Sir Henry Fowler, does not pay the tax on tea, nor the American that on tobacco. Perhaps not, though the Indian planter has a pretty strong conviction that he pays the most of the duty on his own production, or why should he be so pressing to have it reduced or abolished? But the comparison here is fallacious. The proposal is not to tax all the corn and meat and dairy produce we import, but only the quantity we import from foreign countries. This is very far from being the full supply, and the price, therefore, will be dominated, not by the tax, but by the untaxed producers anxious to place their wares on our market. It is a well-known commercial fact that 'the turn of the market' is given by a very small shortage or a very small excess supply of a commodity. In the case of wheat it will not be America which will make the price *plus* the tax, but Canada, or Canada and India and Australia. They cannot hold their wheat any more than America can, and the price at which they will sell is what Americans will have, proportionally, to accept. Who pays the export coal duty, levied by one free trade Chancellor of the Exchequer and supported by another? Certainly not the foreign consumer, when he has supplies of local or other foreign coal to choose from. It falls upon the carrier, the middleman, the British coal-owner, and the miner. So will a British impost on wheat fall upon the foreign railway

carriers, the middlemen, and the farmers, all anxious to get the crops to market.

It is not so very long since we were dependent on Russia for the main portion of our corn supply. Then the United States by the development of internal communication, as well as by the cultivation of her vast prairie lands, was enabled to displace Russia. It is within the power of Canada in turn to displace the United States. She has the largest unoccupied area of the best wheat-growing lands in the world, but she wants the people to cultivate them and the means to bring the crops cheaply to oversea markets. These means will be found under a preferential treatment which would put a modest premium on her agricultural resources. Not a large premium, for a too rapid filling up of the Dominion, before its internal communications are complete, would unduly raise the price of land and overtax the nascent abilities of the country. It would be a grave social and economic error to attempt to make Canada the immediate alternative to America as our corn supplier, but it is the part of wisdom to improve the way for her becoming so in the fulness of time.

With curious perversity it has been insisted that Mr. Chamberlain's proposed preferences in favour of Colonial foodstuffs will disunite the Colonies, because they cannot all get the same allowance. Canada, for instance (it is said), will draw the major portion of the preference in wheat, and Australia will draw so little that she will be discontented and demand a preference in wool. But if Australia cannot as yet get much out of the preference to Colonial wheat in the Mother Country, until her agricultural system is more thoroughly developed and equipped, she can obtain as much of the preference as she cares to compete for in butcher meat, dairy produce, wines and fruits. It is not necessary that all the Colonies should benefit under the same schedule. There is a wide range open to them without touching raw materials, and yet there is a good deal to be said in favour of a tax upon foreign wool (which forms 20 per cent. of our imports of raw wool) for the encouragement of Australia, New Zealand, and Cape Colony. With a suitable system of drawbacks on exports it would not affect our export trade in woollen manufactures at all. And then as regards Australia, what she needs in order to become one of the greatest wheat producers and exporters of the world is a large system of irrigation to overcome the difficulty of periodic droughts. With advantage secured in the British markets for her wheat over that of foreign producers she would easily get all the money required for such a purpose. And this presents a view of preferential tariffs which does not seem to have occurred to British investors in Colonial property.

It has often occurred to the present writer, when professionally engaged in delving into tariffs and treaties, that the economic

importance of tariffs is generally over-estimated. A new tariff may dislocate relations and divert some current of trade, but it does not impair the well-being of the country imposing it. Let us not forget that our own commercial eminence was established before we adopted free trade. After we became pre-eminent other countries went in for protection of their own industries to compete with ours—and they have succeeded. At all events, America and Germany are growing up to us, France has held her own, and Russia is progressing. We cannot suppose that the peoples of these countries love high tariffs for their exactions. If there were no benefits the tariffs would not be preserved. The peoples who maintain them are quite as eager for business as we are, quite as fond of money as we are, and quite as capable of balancing profit and loss as we are. Certainly high tariffs have not prevented the economic development of America and Germany. But neither have high tariffs created that development. It is the result of the character and capacity of the people, as well as, but more than, the natural resources of the countries. How the qualities of a people tell in the commercial struggle may be seen in the case of Holland with her few natural resources, and in the comparative slowness of the progress of France with even greater natural resources than Germany. Within the British Empire we have seen protective Victoria prospering simultaneously with and alongside of free-trade New South Wales. If political causes be indicated as explaining the large and rapid growth of America and Germany and the comparative industrial stationariness of France, it may be asked how political causes affected Victoria as against its free-trade neighbour? No; the progress of the two Australian Colonies was not due either to the presence or the absence of tariffs, but to the qualities of the people inhabiting both, in utilising the natural resources of their countries.

The argument is used that the United States has flourished under protection not because of protection but because it is a country which embraces every climate, from the Arctic to the Torrid zone, every class of food, and every variety of other commodities essential to industry. And it is contended that because of this variety no comparison can be made between America as it has been and the British Empire as it may be. But the British Empire contains as large an assortment of climates as the United States—nay, larger—and produces as great a variety of food and of the materials of industry. Protection has certainly not prevented the phenomenal development of the United States, and, since there is such a propensity in these days for argument by analogy, it may with perfect force be contended that reciprocity cannot retard the development of a consolidated British Empire, containing all the resources that America has, and possessing all the external relations that she has not. There are no duties at all between the several States of the American Union, but there is a heavy land carriage. By-and-by,



when preferential tariffs have done their work, there will be no duties at all between the several States of the British Empire, and there is comparatively cheap sea carriage. The let-well-alone advocates reject the idea that intra-Imperial commercial interchanges can ever be of a character and quantity sufficient to dispense with inter-State tariffs. Such critics do not take wings of foresight to catch the gleam of the future. As has been done between the formerly separated British Provinces of North America, as has more recently been done between the British Colonies of Australia, so can be done between all the members of the British Empire. There are any number of opposing statistical arguments, no doubt, but statistical arguments will not prevent the growth of Empire and the redistribution of industries. It is the future we have to provide for, and we cannot do so by merely clinging to the practices of the past, as if they are necessarily good for all time.

These are the considerations which strike one in connection with Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to make good the losses on preferences to Colonial foodstuffs by a duty of 10 per cent. on foreign manufactured goods. This tax would not be a fixed *ad valorem* one, and would vary according to the amount of labour in the goods, but the idea is to arrange it to average 10 per cent. To make up for the preferences to the Colonies this would be a revenue tariff.

On this point Mr. Chamberlain has, since his speech, announced that he spoke of an *average* duty of 10 per cent. on manufactured and partly manufactured goods. In some cases the duty would be higher and in others lower than the average, and it would be determined in all cases by the amount of labour expended upon them. Thus, if there were a tax on boots and shoes, the tax on leather, which is partly manufactured, would be much less. What would happen if the policy were adopted would be (he says) that an expert committee would be appointed to collect evidence from all the manufacturers before fixing the tariff, and to take into consideration the specific circumstances of each trade and the part played in its success by the different articles used in the production. This is the scientific spirit in which the Germans work, and this is what Mr. Chamberlain wants to imitate. Of course, it seems a formidable task to people not accustomed to tariff revision, but it will have to be faced if we do not want to be submerged. It will be a difficult, but not an impossible task; yet the results can hardly be as Mr. Chamberlain estimates if it is to have the effect he desires—of restraining the imports of such manufactures as compete with our staples. Obviously the more such imports are checked, the less will the tax produce. While, however, it would be unsafe to depend for nine millions a year on such an impost, it can always be made to yield enough to compensate the Exchequer for the losses under the preferential scheme. Mr. Chamberlain is, perhaps, too sanguine in expecting

enough surplus revenue from manufactures to relieve taxation materially otherwise. In the first place, an average of 10 per cent. is too much to exact; for there are many items, and perhaps those the most frequent and most high-priced, on which even 5 per cent. would be too much. And, in the second place, this impost will have to be utilised in making reciprocal arrangements with foreign countries. This, however, is a consideration which affects the finance, not the principles, of the whole scheme.

With regard to these principles it is not to be questioned that Great Britain has prospered to a wonderful degree with free imports. It is also not to be denied that America, Germany, and even Russia, have prospered to a remarkable degree under protection. But America and Germany have become keen competitors with us in less than a generation, and, though we are not altogether stationary, they are increasing apparently at a greater rate. Their increase is not due to protection, but why should they increase at all if protection is essentially hurtful? It is quite evident that our free trade does not prevent them from assailing our citadels, and assuredly our free trade did not make all foreigners our friends when we were in the throes of a war for the maintenance of the Empire. Are we to be deterred from according preferential treatment to our Colonies, and from doing all that seems to us good for the strengthening and enriching of the Empire, by the fear of offending those who had not even a word to say in our favour when we were in trouble? And is it to be supposed that the United States would even in spirit resent our doing for our home and overseas trade what they do for their own, and deride us every now and again in a friendly way for not doing? If free trade in the United Kingdom has not made for us friends among all nations, Imperial preference will not make us enemies. But even if it did, a tariff war or two, to guard the portals of Empire, would be less disastrous than a military war or two to defend its outposts.

It will be, however, as difficult for any nation to engage us in a tariff war because of our preferential duties as it is at present for us to offer reciprocity to any nation because of our want of such duties. All the leading industrial countries have already tariffs practically as high as they can make them. That of America is well-nigh prohibitive, and the feeling in the United States now is in favour of reducing, not of increasing or abolishing, the imposts. Moreover, the market offered by the British Empire is the largest in the world for all the products of the world, and it is not the practice of business people to quarrel with their best customers. All our foreign competitors know very well—better than some of our British commentators seem to do—that we have more power to injure them than they have to injure us. But why should they even want to injure us for merely doing what they do themselves? Mankind may be mostly fools, but nations do not go to war for the mere sake of fighting. The world is large, and even if one or two countries did

'cut up rough,' that would not affect our trade with others. It is the wildest folly to suggest that all the nations of the world, or even all the industrial nations producing goods similar to our own, would enter into a fiscal alliance against us. They could not do it if they would, and they would not do it if they could—because it would not pay. It is not a case of risking collision with hundreds of millions of foreigners for the sake of ten millions of Britons, but of enabling these ten millions to make the most of their heritage and to increase the strength and prosperity of the Empire.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has invoked the prophets to tell the people of this generation 'of the misery, the low wages and the starvation, the despair, the turbulence, the rioting, which prevailed in this country so long as the prosperity of the country was hide-bound by protective laws.' Well, the people of this generation have seen the farm lands and factories of America, the industries of Germany, blossom and bloom under hide-bound protective laws without either misery, low wages, starvation, despair or turbulence. We believe in free trade, but we also contend that the progress of nations is not obstructed by tariff policies. This country has not prospered under free trade more than other countries are prospering under protection. Moreover, it is not the case that Great Britain was in an industrially decrepit and commercially stagnant condition before she adopted free trade. In the first half of the nineteenth century England was practically the only manufacturing country in the world; she wrested the command of the seas from the Dutch; her commerce covered the globe; and she was the banker of the world. All that was the case long before the protective tariff was abandoned. We do not claim it for protection, but neither do we allow all the advance made after the repeal of the protective laws to free trade. History and actual experience demonstrate that it is as possible for any nation to thrive under the one system as the other. We believe that the free trade system is the better for this country, but only if that system is applied with due consideration of our Colonies and with preparation for the future of the Empire.

*Imports into United Kingdom*

Year	Total Imports	Manufactured and Partly Manufactured Goods	Percentage of Manufactured and Unmanufactured on the 1901 basis
	£	£	
1893	405,000,000	98,100,000	68.7
1894	408,000,000	101,700,000	71.3
1895	417,000,000	107,700,000	75.5
1896	442,000,000	117,800,000	82.4
1897	451,100,000	123,800,000	86.8
1898	471,000,000	125,100,000	87.7
1899	485,000,000	135,900,000	95.2
1900	523,000,000	145,200,000	101.8
1901	522,000,000	142,700,000	100.0
1902	523,000,000	148,907,000	104.3

The preceding table, compiled from the recent Board of Trade Blue-book on British and Foreign Trade and Industry, shows the total imports into the United Kingdom since 1893, the value of manufactured and unmanufactured goods imported, and the percentage of the latter to the former on the basis of the 1901 figures=100.

Note the progressive increase in the imports of foreign manufactured and partly manufactured goods. We will now marshal the exports in the same manner :

*Exports from the United Kingdom*

Year	Total Exports	Exports of Manufactured and Partly Manufactured Goods	Percentage in Exports of Manufactured and Partly Manufactured Goods on 1901 basis
	£	£	£
1893	218,000,000	188,900,000	85.5
1894	216,000,000	183,700,000	83.1
1895	226,000,000	195,000,000	88.2
1896	240,000,000	208,800,000	94.5
1897	234,000,000	199,900,000	90.5
1898	233,000,000	198,000,000	89.6
1899	255,000,000	213,800,000	96.7
1900	283,000,000	224,700,000	101.7
1901	271,000,000	221,000,000	100.0
1902	278,000,000	227,600,000	103.0

Here we see the comparative smallness of the proportional growth of the exports of British manufactures.

It is true that while articles of food and drink are not included among the manufactures, many of them are really the products of manufacturing industry, such as beer, whisky, jam, confectionery, &c. But we shall have a further look at the exports. First, let us see as to the distribution of them. Not to multiply figures we will take those for 1890 and those for the latest commercial year, showing the principal foreign countries and British possessions separately (see p. 849).

In the twelve years our total exports of manufactured and partly manufactured goods have declined by over one million sterling in the recorded values. The encouraging feature is the large increase in the shipments to British Colonies and Possessions. In 1890 we sent 65 per cent. of our exports of manufactures to foreign countries, and in 1902 we sent only 58 per cent. In 1890 we sent 14 per cent. to British India, and in 1902 13 per cent. In 1890 we sent 16 per cent. to our self-governing Colonies, and in 1902 23 per cent. In 1890 we sent 5 per cent. to other British Colonies and Dependencies, and in 1902 6 per cent.

As free traders we resent the disingenuousness of those who endeavour to impression the minds of the people the fallacious idea that it was free trade alone that has given us cheap food, not improved facilities of production and transport, and the opening-up of new sources of supply. The craving for cheapness is a mark of

*Exports of Manufactures alone from the United Kingdom*

To	1890	1903
	£	£
Germany . . . . .	15,950,000	16,442,000
Belgium . . . . .	6,768,000	7,081,000
Holland . . . . .	9,392,000	6,829,000
France . . . . .	12,537,000	10,250,000
Russia . . . . .	4,649,000	6,209,000
Italy . . . . .	5,246,000	3,578,000
United States . . . . .	29,089,000	19,468,000
	83,629,000	69,837,000
All foreign countries . . . . .	149,651,000	131,686,000
British India . . . . .	32,089,000	30,873,000
Self-governing colonies . . . . .	35,516,000	52,211,000
Other dependencies . . . . .	11,549,000	12,875,000
	79,154,000	95,959,000
All countries . . . . .	228,805,000	227,645,000

immaturity of conception. Against the 'cheap loaf' which the platformer erects as the idol of the working man, he neglects to place the decay of our agricultural industry, the depopulation of the Highlands and of Ireland, the overstocking of the towns from the rural districts, and the consequent overloading of the urban labour market. To the complaints of the effects of the 'dumping' of trust-born and tariff-bred foreign manufactures, it is answered with shallow levity that it is good for us to profit on the losses of our foreign competitors. The cheaper we can get anything and everything, it is claimed, the better for the whole community. This is the merit of free imports, but it is not the philosophy of free trade, nor the fact of real experience. The British shipbuilder, for instance, welcomes the importation of German ship plates at a lower price than either the German or the British manufacturer can make them. He says it enables him to build ships cheaper than either Germany or America. Perhaps it does, though it is evident there is a great deal more than in the price of steel material which enables us to build ships more cheaply than Germany or America, the one of which has various State subsidies to cheapen material, and the other of which has the cheapest steel in the world. But even if it does, the prosperity of the shipbuilder and the activity of the shipyards are not for the greatest good of the greatest number when gained at the expense of our own iron trade. The forces and interests converged in the production of every ton of steel ship plates are greater and more widespread than the forces and interests converged in laying foreign steel plates together to form the hull of a ship. There are the steel factory, the rolling mill, the blast furnace, the coal-mine,

the iron-mine, the lime-kiln, and the various agencies of transport. On every 1,000 tons of steel rods imported from Germany into this country, the British manufacturer of steel-wire saves, perhaps, 5s. per ton on the material, say 250*l.*, but the community loses the employment of the labour required for the mining and transport of 3,000 tons of ore, of 1,500 tons of coal to be converted into coke used in smelting that ore, of 450 tons of coal to convert the pig-iron into billets, and of 550 tons more to make the billets into rods, besides the labour of the iron works. It is impossible that this country can benefit by obtaining foreign iron or steel or any other manufactures below the fair cost of competitive production, if the effect of the cheapness is to restrain or destroy our own industries. Of what profit can it possibly be to Great Britain or the Empire to build cheap vessels with German or American steel, if our own steel works are compelled to put out their furnaces and close their doors? The free trader of shallow views will try to find an answer in the plasticity of labour, and point vaguely to indefinite employment in hypothetical industries for the displaced workers. But skilled labour is not so plastic as the academic economist supposes. You can neither make a silk purse out of a sow's ear nor a shipwright out of an iron smelter.

The fair cost of competitive production is not found in the products of American trusts, or even of individual American producers, or in the products of German syndicates with their 'pools.' They all produce under the shelter of protective duties which enable them to obtain sufficiently profitable prices at home to permit of their placing surplus production abroad at a loss. The trusts are the children of the tariffs, and it is probable that the trusts will break down under their own overgrowth. But while the tariffs remain they will afford a bounty on the exports of the countries which compete with us. There is no analogy between the American combine or German trust and our own combinations of trading companies. The plain truth is that by our present system of free imports we provide a system of protection for foreign producers to the detriment of our own, and at the same time we treat Britain-beyond-the-Seas as a stranger and would-be interloper.

Now, how far have our exports been affected by the tariffs of foreign countries? This it is impossible to answer with perfect accuracy, but it is possible to see how our trade with protective and non-protective countries has compared, period by period. Taking the protective countries as Russia, United States, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy (with Belgium and Holland thrown in because so much of the trade of Germany passes through them), and taking Canada and Victoria as protective Colonies, we have the following distribution :

• *Exports of British Produce.*

All Articles	To Protected Countries and Colonies	To Non-protected Countries and Colonies
	Per cent.	Per cent.
1850	56	44
1860	51	49
1870	53	47
1880	49	51
1890	46	54
1900	45	55
1902	42	58

Manufactures only	To Protected Countries and Colonies	To Non-protected Countries and Colonies
	Per cent.	Per cent.
1850	57	43
1860	50	50
1870	50	50
1880	47	53
1890	44	56
1900	42	58
1902	38	62

The percentage of manufactured goods to our total exports to the foreign protective countries was 96 per cent. in 1850, 90 per cent. in 1860, 86 per cent. in 1870, 85 per cent. in 1880, 83 per cent. in 1890, 72 per cent. in 1900, and 73 per cent. in 1902. The small increase in 1902 over 1900 seems to have been due to the abnormal demand last year from America, and to the decline in the value of coal exported. It does not, therefore, affect the fact that our exports of manufactures to the protected foreign countries are falling off continuously. The decline in the shipments to the protected Colonies has not been so great, viz. from 93 per cent. in 1850 to 91 per cent. in 1900 and 87 per cent. in 1902.

We give these figures because Mr. Chamberlain has been sharply criticised for taking 1872 as the basis of the comparison he made in his Glasgow speech. It was an unfortunate year to select, not because it vitiates his argument, but because it gave his opponents a point to aim at. But, as a matter of fact, the declared annual values of imports and exports do not properly reveal the actual movements in trade because of the fluctuations in price. Note, for instance, in the second table above, how the large advances in coal and iron in 1900 raised the total value of the exports of that year. One way of getting at an accurate comparison is to recalculate the values on the basis of prices in one normal year. Another is to take the quantities only—not by any means an easy thing to do from the Board of Trade returns. We resort, therefore, to a series of elaborate calculations made by the ex-President of the Chamber of Shipping, Mr. John Williamson, who has cast into tons weight the British exports over a long series of years. In the following table are given the whole exports in

*tonnage*, and separately the quantity of coal and coke, which being deducted, shows the exact quantity of manufactured goods :

Year	Exports	Deduct Coal and Coke Exports and Bunkers	British Manufactures
	Tons	Tons	Tons
1869	16,086,258	- 10,588,435	= 5,497,823
1872	19,798,378	- 13,198,494	= 6,597,879
1878	24,768,937	- 19,512,643	= 5,251,294
1879	26,909,418	- 20,843,420	= 6,065,998
1880	30,943,748	- 23,628,627	= 7,315,121
1881	32,232,806	- 24,819,186	= 7,413,620
1882	34,651,152	- 26,533,984	= 8,117,168
1883	37,614,889	- 29,171,942	= 8,342,947
1884	37,652,621	- 29,958,692	= 7,693,929
1885	37,725,828	- 30,448,634	= 7,277,194
1886	37,506,205	- 29,983,198	= 7,523,007
1887	39,750,094	- 31,823,397	= 8,426,697
1888	42,815,469	- 34,089,855	= 8,525,614
1889	45,687,963	- 36,760,923	= 8,927,040
1890	47,070,170	- 38,226,432	= 8,843,738
1891	47,450,724	- 39,620,211	= 7,830,513
1892	46,248,555	- 39,057,745	= 7,190,810
1893	44,171,702	- 37,171,486	= 7,000,216
1894	49,371,961	- 42,367,215	= 7,009,746
1895	49,892,118	- 42,519,449	= 7,372,669
1896	52,193,360	- 44,199,382	= 7,993,978
1897	55,875,023	- 47,557,896	= 8,117,127
1898	55,480,723	- 47,810,356	= 7,670,367
1899	62,554,178	- 54,611,404	= 7,942,774
1900	65,584,548	- 57,860,544	= 7,724,004
1901	64,565,996	- 57,362,745	= 7,203,251
1902	68,188,570	- 60,045,962	= 8,142,608

These figures strikingly reveal what most of us are apt to forget, how very large a proportion of our exports consists of the crudest of raw material—coal. No doubt it is a material the 'winning,' conveying and shipping of which give employment to a very large amount of labour and to an enormous mercantile fleet, but the supply is not inexhaustible. Of actual manufactures our exports in 1902 were nearly 800,000 tons less than in 1889, yet 1902 was a peculiarly good year, enriched by the exceptional demands of America. The period of decline has been the last decade. Suppose we go to the year before the Franco-German war (since 1872 has been objected to), and omit 1902 because of the abnormal conditions then due to the boom in the United States, we have the following comparison :

Year	Total Exports	British Manufactures
	Tons	Tons
1869	16,086,258	5,497,823
1879	26,909,418	6,065,998
1889	45,687,963	8,927,040
1899	62,554,178	7,942,774
1900	65,584,548	7,724,004
1901	64,565,996	7,203,251



Surely these figures, relating to wholly different years from those cited by him, amply support Mr. Chamberlain's contentions. A very serious thing is that our export trade in textile manufactures, on which such an enormous proportion of our industrial population and wealth depend, has been practically stagnant for the last twenty years. Taking the same years as above we have :

Year	Exports of Textile Manufactures	Exports of General Manufactures
	Tons	Tons
1869	812,608	4,683,222
1879	868,354	5,197,644
1889	1,326,683	7,600,357
1899	1,278,161	6,664,613
1900	1,189,426	6,544,578
1901	1,249,020	5,954,231
1902	1,234,493	6,908,115

In this case we add 1902 just to show that notwithstanding the exceptional run caused by America on heavy manufactures the exports of textiles still further declined in that year.

There is another consideration with regard to our oversea trade. What we have with foreign countries we hold in a measure on sufferance. It is in the power and it may be in the policy of any one of the industrial nations to deprive us of all we have that is worth having of that trade, by imposing prohibitive tariffs on our products. It is not probable but it is conceivable. But by fiscal arrangements with our own Colonies we shall always have our trade with them and they with us, a trade which must go on becoming steadily and immensely greater. It is not necessary to prove decay in the past; it is quite enough to indicate decline in the present, in order to emphasise the propriety of providing for the future. There is nothing in history to compare with the conditions which exist now, nothing in economic records or authority to teach us what will result from these conditions in the future. What we may reasonably expect, however, is that if our Colonial territories are opened up and utilised as the States of the American Union have been opened up within the present generation, we shall have an analogous growth in Imperial population and wealth.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

## FOREIGN TARIFFS AND WELSH INDUSTRIES

THERE exist in England two industries of considerable importance, depending upon the property possessed by iron or steel, of being rolled when red hot into thin sheets, and of the sheets being then coated with a film of tin or zinc, the permanency of the coating being due to the formation of an alloy of either of the two white metals with the iron base. The covering of tin protects the iron sheet from the action of vegetable acids, and that of zinc from atmospheric oxidation.

By means of these properties the tinplate finds a universal use as a cheap unbreakable packing material for various foods, oils, tobacco, and other commodities; and the zinc-covered plate, under the title of galvanised iron, is widely used wherever a scarcity of slates or timber calls for a cheap metal roof or permanent building materials are not cheaply procurable.

The special interest attaching to these two industries at the present time is due to the large proportion they form of our metal exports, the immense use they have made of the cheap steel imported from Germany, Belgium, and the United States, below the cost of domestic production, and the check the first-named received, almost amounting to ruin, from the McKinley tariff of the United States.

The danger of thereby forming too narrow a view often tempts our economists to pay scant attention to such concrete examples a particular industry may afford of the economic results of our fiscal policy that might yet prove instructive if regarded in their true proportion.

These two industries are capable of furnishing us with actual demonstration of some of the effects on our commerce, of the protective policy adopted by all other manufacturing nations, of the loss a British industry can suffer by a tariff levelled against it, and of the gain we may derive from a foreign country so protecting its industries that its producers are able to export to our own shores their surplus output at less than the cost of production in either the exporting or importing country.

I will first deal with the tinplate industry, which provides much food for reflection in the combination it presents of the two above-mentioned effects of the varying fiscal policies adopted by the great manufacturing countries. This important industry was located in South Wales more than a century ago, finding in the coal and iron there produced the fuel required for its manufacture, and the raw material that comprises 98 per cent. of its substance; the remaining 2 per cent., consisting of tin, was first transported from Cornwall, and later from the Straits Settlements and Australia, and was consequently no less accessible to South Wales than to any other locality on the seaboard. As the trade increased the Welshmen became proficient in the skill the manufacture demanded, and, as skilled labour accounted for 20 per cent. of the total cost, the industry, once established, was not easily removed from its first home.

The low cost at which foods, such as meat, fish, and fruit, could, by means of the tinplate, be packed in the countries most favoured by nature for their production, and afterwards distributed, permanently preserved, in small units throughout the world, gained for the tinplate industry a rapidly increasing demand.

By 1880 the inventions of Bessemer and Siemens had provided mild steel as the base of the tinplate, in place of hammered iron, and thus the decreased cost of production further extended the uses to which the article was adapted, and by 1890 the export had assumed the important total of 430,623 tons a year.

To supply the industry with the raw material it now needed, steel works were built, the valleys along the coast of Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, and Carmarthenshire were developed, and the prosperity of these three counties rapidly advanced with that of their chief industry. Each year new works were erected and new districts opened, and it appeared that no limit could be set to the ultimate development of this peculiarly Welsh craft.

The check, however, came in 1891, from America, in the form of the McKinley tariff. Previous to that date South Wales had practically supplied the world's requirements of tinplates, and the United States, with their superabundant food supply demanding distribution, had become by far our largest customer, as the following figures indicate:—

Total Tinplate Exports		Proportion taken by United States	
1889 . . . .	430,623 tons	331,311 tons	
1890 . . . .	421,797 "	329,435 "	

The United States had long endeavoured to establish this manufacture for themselves, and their large consumption of it, and the outlet it would afford for their growing steel production, determined them to make any effort to secure the trade. This they did in 1891

by levying a duty of 2½ cents per lb. on imported tinplates; the immediate effect of which was to stop, for a time, the importation from Wales, their consumers having heavily stocked themselves with Welsh plates in anticipation of, and prior to, the date of the enforcement of the duty.

The closing of many Welsh works and loss of employment followed, and numbers of our workmen, deprived of their means of livelihood at home, crossed the Atlantic to seek employment in the United States, where the government and the capitalist were straining every nerve, by offering free sites and bounties to Welsh manufacturers, to teach their own people the art of tinplate making, and to found a tinplate industry of their own.

Aided by the skilled labour thus procured, they were soon successful, and the measure of their success may be gauged by an examination of their yearly production since 1890:

	Tons		Tons		Tons
1891 . . .	552	1894 . . .	74,260	1897 . . .	256,598
1892 . . .	18,803	1895 . . .	113,666	1898 . . .	326,915
1893 . . .	55,182	1896 . . .	190,362	1899 . . .	397,767

But what America gained, England lost. The tinplate industry in America does not depend on cheap materials or cheap labour, but on the tariff alone. At any period during the succeeding years, which comprise several of great overproduction in the United States, the Welsh plate freed from duty would have considerably undersold the American made article in that country.

Thus did the blow fall on the chief industry of South Wales, instant in its dire effect, and rendering the manufacture of tinplates unprofitable there for many years.

The export to the United States did not, however, actually cease, the margin between the prices of the Welsh tinplate *plus* the duty and the American product was small, prejudices existed in favour of well-tried brands, and the American manufacturer had many difficulties to overcome before he could place the needful quality in sufficient quantity to satisfy his market. Under the Dingley tariff also a rebate of 99 per cent. was given on imported tinplates that were afterwards re-exported with their burden of food and petroleum, by the canning and oil industries, and this portion of the American demand is still preserved for the Welsh maker, though arrangements were last year completed between the United States Steel Trust and its workmen to counteract this advantage now held by Wales, should a fall in their home demand threaten their production with diminution. The effect on our industry of the McKinley tariff is seen in the following figures of our exports to the United States since 1890.

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Tons	Tons	Tons	Tons
1890 . . 329,435*	1893 . . 253,155	1896 . . 119,545	1899 . . 58,915
1891 . . 327,882	1894 . . 215,068	1897 . . 83,851	1900 . . 60,386
1892 . . 268,472	1895 . . 219,545	1898 . . 67,222	1901 . . 77,395
			1902 . . 60,120

In spite of the steadily increasing demand of our Colonies and South America for tinplates with which to pack their food exports, and of Russia and the East to export their oil, and of home consumers to distribute their biscuits and cocoa, the trade has never recovered from this blow, as the following table of our total exports from 1890 to 1902 bears sad witness :

Tons	Tons	Tons	Tons
1889 . . 430,623	1893 . . 379,233	1897 . . 271,909	1901 . . 271,657
1890 . . 421,797	1894 . . 353,928	1898 . . 250,953	1902 . . 311,985
1891 . . 448,379	1895 . . 365,982	1899 . . 256,629	
1892 . . 395,449	1896 . . 266,955	1900 . . 273,955	

As I write I can call to mind the failure or closing down of no less than twenty-eight works during these years, resulting in the cessation of work at 190 mills, nearly half of those in existence being thus affected at one time or another, and their sale at break-up values representing an immense loss of capital ; and but for the enterprise of many of the manufacturers who altered their machinery, and adapted it to the rolling of roofing sheets, in competition with the Midland districts of England, these figures would have to be added to. The workmen, who in the days of their prosperity had largely built themselves houses, suffered greatly, and had not the rapid development of coal-mining, in all the tinplate localities, gradually absorbed those whose former occupation was gone, public attention could not but have been directed to this unfortunate industry.

The exports to other countries than America, however, slowly but steadily increased during these years of stress, and by 1900 the demand once again approximated the supply, curtailed as the latter was by the number of mills permanently dismantled, or adapted to other uses, and during the last three years the trade has again become a profitable one, though of much smaller dimensions than ten or twenty years ago.

It is therefore abundantly demonstrated that the McKinley tariff, against which we could offer no effective protest, checked the progress of our prosperous tinplate industry, stopped from that day to this the erection of new works, and enabled the United States to manufacture, by 1902, 400,000 tons a year, which would otherwise have gone to swell—nay, double—our Welsh production, since every ton of American tinplate has been purchased by the American consumer at a price approximately equal to that of the Welsh product with the duty added.

So far it is manifest that the effect of foreign tariffs has been

disastrous to this industry; but another result of their operation demands investigation, namely, the opportunity they afford the tinplate maker to buy his supply of raw steel from a highly protected country by means of the 'law of surplus,' as Mr. Carnegie has termed it, at a price less than the cost in his own country or the one that produces it.

We have material for an inquiry, as since 1900 we have been constantly importing raw steel from America and Germany at the ports of Swansea and Newport, the whole of the former and a great part of the latter being used in the manufacture of tinplates.

Imports of Foreign Steel Bars at Newport		Swansea
1899 . . .	7,754 tons	4 tons
1900 . . .	27,146 "	24,024 "
1901 . . .	29,322 "	12,437 "
1902 . . .	89,615 "	24,511 "
(seven months) 1903 . . .	122,092 "	—

The importation from the United States was of short duration, and was occasioned by a great rise of values in Europe, due to a scarcity of coal, occurring when the Presidential elections had disturbed the American markets, and since then we have obtained none of our raw material from that country.

Those who control the United States Steel Trust, however, predict a recurrence of their steel exportation when the phenomenal demand that has existed for two years in their home market begins to decline.

From Germany, however, we may expect the exportation of semi-finished steel, in the form of sheet bars and billets, to assume a more permanent character.

The production of steel in Germany has grown by leaps and bounds, ten years witnessing an increase of 300 per cent. compared with our 65 per cent., until now its total has almost doubled our own.

In order to secure markets for so enormous an output the German manufacturers have combined together to keep their home prices at a profitable level, and deliberately to sell their surplus outside their own country at below the cost of production.

Their admirably cheap water transit to and down the Rhine, and the proximity of their ports to our own, will probably enable them to compete in our home market with less sacrifice than confronts the United States in a similar onslaught on England.

Since the tinplate maker has made use of this supply, he has usually been able to procure German steel at a price ten shillings a ton below British, and it is manifest that if he could have increased his profits by an equal figure, or by thereby reducing his selling price, stimulated consumption, and increased his sales, not the manufacturer alone, but the whole trade and the producing districts

would have benefited by the present virtually made him by the whole of the German people.

In either of these events the gain to our country would have to be measured solely against the loss occasioned by the closing of the Welsh steel works that had grown up with the tinplate industry.

But experience shows us that neither of these events occurred.

Tinplates are exported from no country except England, and their price is therefore governed entirely by the demands of the markets and the supply by this country, and is not affected by that of a foreign exportation. From this cause and also because the cost of a tinplate as a packing material bears so small a ratio to the value of the oil or food to be packed in it, an ordinary rise in price has never yet diminished, nor a fall stimulated, its consumption.

The margin of profit has always been very small since the passing of the McKinley tariff, and the financial resources of most works have therefore been insufficient, and the knowledge of these facts by the great buyers and merchants in the trade has largely placed the market under their control. This probably accounts for the undoubted fact that each period of cheap foreign bar importation has been coincident with a corresponding fall in the selling price of the tinplate. The immediate result therefore has been detrimental to the trade as a whole, since the fall in the selling price affected all manufacturers, while the reduction in cost only those who were able to use the imported steel; and that the peculiarities of the trade prevented all tinplate makers taking advantage of this cheap import is proved by the fact that throughout this period some thirteen Welsh steel works, producing only raw steel for the tinplate and sheet industries, regularly turned out for Welsh consumption about 10,000 tons a week, at a price necessarily governed by cost and usually 10s. a ton higher than that of the German bars. There is therefore cause to doubt very gravely the value to this industry of the bounty-fed steel of Germany and America; and that in other respects our country suffers loss is evidenced by the stoppage to-day, in South Wales, of no less than nine steel works all built within the last twenty years for the production of steel for the tinplate industry, of which seven were in operation when the foreign influx commenced.

When to this list we add the numbers of furnaces that are now lying idle in the works that are still manufacturing, we are confronted by an alarming total and the undoubted fact that a larger proportion of the potential power of steel production is at present in disuse in South Wales than in any other iron district in the world; and bearing in mind that each furnace, of which each of the idle works contains from two to seven, is assessed for local rating pur-

poses at over 120*l.*, and represents when in full work a yearly wages bill of more than 5,000*l.*, the loss now being suffered by the Principality is very obvious.

I have shown that the cheap foreign steel, when available to the tinplate maker, is of very doubtful value to this particular industry at large, and I propose to cite a few facts which indicate that its value to the nearly allied manufacture of galvanised sheets is equally open to question.

The rolling of iron into sheets and the subsequent coating of the sheets with zinc, and corrugating, to add strength for building and roofing purposes, were until recent years confined to the Midlands, principally Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

The necessity forced on the Welsh tinplate makers, by the passing of the McKinley tariff, of finding new uses for their capital induced some of them to commence the manufacture of galvanised sheets, utilising the steel that South Wales produced so cheaply, in place of the puddled iron of the Midlands, as their raw material.

The trade, being chiefly an exporting one, also found in South Wales a convenient locality from which to distribute its product over the world, and this consideration has contributed to its development in Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, and Carmarthenshire.

The principal markets are our Colonies and our Eastern possessions, and probably none of our exporting industries is so directly affected by our Colonies' prosperity as this one. The effects of the South African war, the Indian famine, the proclamation of peace, the drought in Australia, and the bounteous harvests in Canada, are all to be observed by an examination of our exports of this article.

Until the latter part of 1899 this industry purchased its raw material entirely from British producers of iron and steel, but since that date it has made considerable use of the German, American, and Belgian steel bars, imported at Newport, Liverpool, and the north-east coast, and thence transferred to the Birmingham district, or absorbed by the rolling mills in the vicinity of the ports.

In the former case the importation was followed by the closing down of the iron forges, and in the latter of the Welsh steel works. To judge, therefore, whether this direct loss to the country has been met by an indirect gain, we must observe the effects of the foreign bounty-fed import upon the particular industry that used it as raw material.

The following table will assist us, the supply of cheap foreign steel available for the industry each year being represented by the imports at Newport.

This table shows a steady increase in the yearly exports from 1898 to 1901, and a phenomenal one in 1902 which requires explanation before the table can prove of value for our purpose.



Bars Imported at Newport	Total Export of Galvanised Sheets	Value per Ton		
		£	s.	d.
1898 . . . —	226,594 tons	11	3	8
1899 . . . 7,754 tons	238,853 "	13	1	10
1900 . . . 27,148 "	247,247 "	15	6	5
1901 . . . 29,322 "	250,287 "	12	15	3
1902 . . . 89,615 "	331,272 "	12	2	8

The early part of 1902 witnessed a great demand for galvanised sheets for blockhouses in South Africa, and the latter part of that year a call for material with which to rebuild the damaged houses and farms, when the end of the war rendered repairing operations practicable.

Disregarding this phenomenal year, we see that the price of this article bears no relation to the demand existing at any time for it. A steady yearly increase is observable, unaffected even by the 50 per cent. rise in value during 1900.

This is doubtless due to two causes :—

(1) England being the only exporter of galvanised sheets, the colonial and foreign consumers have to obtain their requirements from us at whatever cost.

(2) Since no one would willingly build a house or even a roof of corrugated iron if other material were available at anything approaching equal cost, the presumption is that the consumer's demand is less affected by the ruling price than by his necessity.

Therefore it is probable that the country has not, by the use of a cheaper raw material than it can itself produce, materially increased its export.

That the selling price of the finished article has not been greatly reduced by the use of cheaper raw material is also probable, since the proportion of German steel to the total used by the galvanising industry is still small, and the selling price must be chiefly governed by the cost of the larger proportion of the raw material consumed, and the home supply is usually 10s. a ton dearer than the foreign.

The generalisations of our economists must ultimately be based upon the observed results of varying causes, and the object kept in view throughout this paper has been a statement by a manufacturer of the actual effects upon a particular industry of the unequal fiscal conditions existing in the different manufacturing countries of the world, and an addition of fact to the premises from which, in conjunction with other considerations, the economist can draw the true conclusions.

It is admitted that the outlook of the manufacturer is too limited by individual interests to permit of his forming a comprehensive judgment, but it is claimed that the facts herein narrated do imply a doubt of the value of free imports, in certain cases, even to the industries that use them as raw material.

F. W. GILBERTSON.

*POOR LANCASHIRE*

It is nearly forty years since we heard much of poverty in Lancashire. Certainly for the last thirty years 'Manchester' has been a synonym for wealth, but to-day circumstances are unpleasantly reminiscent of the years between 1861 and 1864, when North and South were at war in the United States. In those days we heard a great deal of Lancashire 'clemming.' There is perhaps little actual widespread 'clemming' to-day, but there is very considerable poverty, especially in certain portions of the County Palatine, which formerly were famed for their exceeding prosperity. Rossendale, for instance, which up to quite a recent period was familiarly known as 'The Happy Valley,' is now suffering greatly from real want. Guarding ourselves against taking an unduly depressed and depressing view of things, a visit to such typical towns as Bacup, Bury, and Rochdale, or the Burnley district in Lancashire, to Glossop in Derbyshire, and crossing the Cheshire border to Macclesfield and Congleton, is sufficient to subdue the spirits of the most rampant optimist. Those of us of Northern blood are, perhaps, the most touched sympathetically with the pathetic position of a people who hate begging even more than they hate 'clemming,' too proud to proclaim their suffering from the house-tops. Speaking generally, the mill-hands are bearing their trial bravely with Northern reasonableness, understanding that it is nobody's fault and everybody's fault. For the root of the existing trouble has really been want of foresight on the part of the men as well as on the part of the masters, an inability to discern the logical necessity that given causes must produce given effects. They have been too extravagant, and have not put by sufficient savings against a rainy day.

Independently, moreover, of these outlying and particularly afflicted districts which I have named, Manchester itself is anything but happy, though at a first glance after an absence of thirty years one is more than ever impressed with the crowds of well-dressed people, the lively movement in the streets, the wonderful number of electric cars, the gorgeousness of the great new Midland Hotel. These are all superficial evidences of wealth and prosperity, but after a few hours' rambling about listening to the talk of men and

women, after going on 'Change or to Parker's Restaurant, one becomes aware that a very defined though subtle change has come over the spirit of the dream. The difference between the state of affairs now, compared with forty years ago, is that it was very obvious in the years 1861-4 that there was a *real* famine of cotton and that the price of middling Orleans had risen from 2½d. per pound in 1860 up to 2s. 6d. per pound in 1864. There was *no* supply of American cotton for Lancashire during those three years. But, for this year just closed, there is a crop of nearly eleven million bales in the United States as compared with the five million bale crop of 1860 which was then a record crop, so much so that people in those days, before the American War, began to say that cotton in the future would no longer be sold by the pound but by the hundredweight. The difficulty that is in all men's minds to-day is how to explain satisfactorily the existing state of things. There are optimists who attribute all the trouble to the recent American corner in cotton and who believe—or affect to believe—that as the new crop comes forward and the corner is broken Lancashire will revert immediately to its former prosperity. On the other hand, many sound-judging manufacturers and merchants are doubtful whether the disease does not lie far deeper than any corner, and they dwell on the fact of the enormous increase of new machinery all over the world and particularly in the United States and on the Continent in the last fifteen years especially. They are well aware that whereas in 1860 Great Britain was by far the greatest consumer of cotton in the mills, to-day the relations of the cotton-manufacturing countries are fundamentally altered. Even up to the latter part of the seventies, Lancashire took the lion's share of the American crop; the Continent (*i.e.* Germany, France, and Switzerland) took a much smaller share; and the United States themselves took the smallest share of all the three great consumers. In those days the whole of the United States' consumption was confined to the Eastern States—Rhode Island and Massachusetts particularly. There was no cotton manufacturing, to speak of, in the South; and the most remarkable development of that very remarkable country is that the consumption in the Southern mills has, for some years, been increasing by such leaps and bounds that for the season just closed (1902-3) it is exactly equal to the consumption in the Northern mills, with the result that the total consumption of the United States is now the greatest in the world. The Continental consumption has also increased very much more rapidly than the British. In a word, whereas forty years ago Great Britain was first, the Continent second, and the United States third; now the United States is first, the Continent second, and Great Britain a bad third. The question of the future supremacy in the trade therefore resolves itself into the survival of the fittest. All the mills with old-fashioned machinery

must go to the wall. It is the old story of stage-coaches *versus* railways. It is easy for economic philosophers to say that these improvements in the methods of production are in the long run all for the benefit of the world; but it is cruelly hard upon the people, whose bread is taken out of their mouths, during the period of transition. It is to be feared that there are a great many mills in Lancashire still equipped with old-fashioned machinery, and it is difficult to see what will become of them in the future. But, over and above this difficulty with machinery, there is another more deeply-seated difficulty which is the resultant of a deteriorating tendency in the character of a considerable portion of the inhabitants. Betting and drinking have increased to an alarming extent during the last fifteen years. Lancashire is not peculiar in this respect, for all through Great Britain, and in every section of society, from the highest in the land down to the casual costermonger, these two vices, which are intimately and inevitably allied, are eating like a cancer into the heart of the body politic among the women, now, unfortunately, as well as among the men. Under these circumstances it seems passing strange that a distinguished English statesman should go into the witness-box, before a Parliamentary Commission on betting, and assert publicly with all the weight of his authority that in his opinion betting is really doing no harm to the English people, but is rather encouraging a manly taste for sport. A typical Lancashire woman of the lower class, in whose company I travelled the other day from Manchester to Oldham in a third-class carriage, told me, in reply to a question, that trade was very bad in her district, 'partly perhaps on account of t' war, but mostly because t' women bet a shilling on nearly every race, and they take t' bread out of t' children's mouths to obtain the shillings, and that was a thing unknownst in Lancashire fifteen years ago, as it was also for women to be seen drinking in the public-houses'; and half a dozen fellow-travellers in the same carriage all confirmed her statement.

There are very many causes at work differentiating the place that Great Britain holds to-day in the world's productive capacity, compared with the position she held less than half a century ago, but certainly not the least important causes are betting, drinking, and the exaggerated importance attached to sports, particularly when the term sport is enlarged to connote all the loafers who go to *look on* at football or cricket matches, taking no part themselves in the games. The hearts and minds of the British people, unhappily, are no longer in their business, but are rather in aimless amusements; and as the hearts and minds of the people of the United States *are* very much in their business, the result may be predicted with considerable accuracy, unless we speedily and determinedly reform our bad habits and put away childish things.

The other day it was said by a speaker at the British Association

at Southport that we need have no anxiety as to any decrease in our export trade, and, with special reference to the cotton-manufacturing export trade to India and China, it was asserted that, even if this export trade were to fall off, Manchester could do still better by increasing her output of electrical appliances or some other form of industry. Now it is obvious that a considerable sum of American money has been expended in the plant of such a concern as the Westinghouse Company, and it is also evident that there has been an enormous expenditure of English money on municipal enterprise, and on the Manchester Ship Canal, for instance, all which outlay for the time being conduces to the apparent prosperity of Manchester and the districts around. It increases the demand for labour and keeps up the rate of wages. But we have to consider that the only way in which we can ultimately pay for our gigantic imports of food is by our exports of commodities, and it is therefore idle—nay worse than idle, it is mischievous—to assert that it is a matter of comparatively small moment whether or not the export of manufactured goods from Lancashire (which form our largest item or exports) goes on increasing or remains stationary. And the most important point of all is that the export trade shall be profitable, which it certainly has not been for the last twelve months in Lancashire's speciality of cotton manufactures; indeed, I am informed by a very high authority amongst the manufacturers that as a matter of fact there has been no really profitable margin between the cost of the raw material and the finished article for the last fifteen years, with the exception of the five years 1897–1901, which, curiously enough, included the three years' war. The position, as I understand it, has been that profits have too frequently been declared by many mill-owners which were not real profits at all, because the revenue accounts were not debited with the due amount for depreciation in value of machinery, buildings, &c. Besides which, many of the mills with old-fashioned machinery have actually been making losses instead of profits for years past, but they have been carried along—are now being carried along—on borrowed money. Of course, with the violent fluctuations of late years in the price of raw cotton, a few mill-owners have made great profits by laying in large stocks of cotton at the beginning of a season when it may have been selling at  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$  per lb. for example, and selling their yarn or cloth later on in the year, when the price of raw cotton may have advanced to say  $4\frac{1}{2}d.$  per lb., and the prices of yarn and cloth would then of course be considerably higher than when the raw cotton was at  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$  But in reality such a profit is not a genuine manufacturing profit, but is rather a profit on a speculation in cotton, for which it is not necessary to run a mill. Such a speculation can be made on the Liverpool 'flags' without even the expense of a clerk or a desk. In a gambling transaction of this sort, however, as in all gambling

transactions, it must ever be borne in mind that there are sure to be losses as well as profits, and in the long run most people find that there are more losses than profits. It is not business.

Then, in regard to any future exportation of electrical apparatus, how do we stand in competition with the United States and Germany? I am afraid the answer must be, 'Very far behind.' Surely, then, the profitable export of cotton manufactures is absolutely essential to the prosperity of this country as a whole, and in order to export profitably, not only the skill of the manufacturer but also the intelligence of the merchant is necessary. As regards skill, Lancashire will always be hard to beat, for there is the hereditary adaptability of the workman, during many generations, and the climate is particularly favourable; but the trade suffers somewhat perhaps from harassing Governmental interference in the matter of inspection of the machinery, &c. in the mills; unfortunately, too, the general intelligence of the British merchant is a memory of the past.

Of late years they seem to be very often either too late, or premature, in their purchases of raw cotton, and whichever way they time them they generally turn out to be mistaken. Nor have they their eyes half open to what is taking place in the general trade of the world outside Lancashire. Many of the old firms have been going for generations. The grandfathers and fathers made the money, and the sons are now chiefly occupied in spending it, on Scottish moors or playing polo. A considerable number have converted their businesses into limited companies, very rightly and sensibly from many points of view, but unfortunately a salary-managed concern is seldom good enough to win in a fierce competitive struggle. This general slackness of directors and managers in attention to business—making it a secondary rather than a primary consideration and matter of interest—is one of the danger-signals up against us and, in my view, another danger-signal is the growing excess of our general imports over our exports. For what is the position? Taking Sir Robert Giffen's estimate of 178,000,000*l.* per annum as the amount of our 'invisible exports,' and adding this amount to the visible exports during the five years 1898–1902, we have just been able to pay for our imports; *i.e.* during these last five years the two sides of the account are balanced and no more, whereas previous to 1898 there was always a surplus of exports over imports, amounting from 30,000,000*l.* up to 70,000,000*l.* each year.

And this brings us to the question whether Mr. Chamberlain's reliance on the consuming power of our self-governing Colonies has a solid basis in fact. What has really happened, and what is really happening, is that these eleven millions of people borrow money in London in order to pay for a considerable proportion of their imports every year, and these imports go to help the unemployed in Melbourne and Sydney. The urban labour parties in the Colonies vote

for whatever Government borrows the most money from Mr. Bull-Cohen. Great Britain has done her level best to spoil her children by this prodigality in lending, and anyone who has an ear to hear must be well aware that there are already mutterings from the British public foretelling the knell of British lending, outside our own island, except on a much smaller scale than heretofore. Perhaps some day we shall learn to apply an ancient Scottish adage which is very much to the point; though a little coarse or homely in expression: 'Keep your ain fish-guts for your ain sea maws.' There are unemployed in Manchester and London, as well as in Sydney, Melbourne, or Johannesburg. What if we were to curtail our loans to our Colonies? Then, at any rate, we should be in a position to ascertain accurately the amount of British commodities that can be profitably exchanged for Colonial commodities. That is the basis of sound trade—commodities exchanged for commodities, rather than commodities exchanged for paper promises to pay. It is quite true that it is one of the functions of an old and rich country to develop the resources of the new, poorer countries. We have done this for the last century, particularly in the case of the United States, in the case of Canada, in the case of Australasia, and, last but not least, in the case of South Africa. But *est modus in rebus*. Our lending abroad ought always to be conditioned by the growth of the loyal white population amongst the borrowers, and it must also be conditioned by the amount of available liquid capital in Great Britain. It will be fatal for us to go on relying on cash borrowed on call from the Continent. And if we look at things as they are to-day, and as they are likely to be, casting a glance always a little ahead, so far as may be, we shall find that there is a great danger lurking in the 'Shylock' part. 'The present by the future, what is that?' We must not lose the 'art of production' of commodities, whilst we make ourselves more and more dependent for our incomes on our loans abroad. One of the great triumvirate of world-poets warned us more than 600 years ago against the danger of 'sudden gains,' *i subiti guadagni*, and in a memorable passage Dante, who was a great political economist as well as a supreme poet, has told us how 'Your art is, as it were, God's grandchild, and it behoves mankind to gain their life and to advance, but since the usurer takes another way, Nature herself and in her follower disdains he, for elsewhere he puts his hope.'<sup>1</sup> It is always dangerous for anyone who is not a Dantist to quote the great Florentine. He is so easily misinterpreted, and readers put into his verses many meanings which he himself would never have imagined; but 'Art' in this passage certainly carries a wider signification than Dante's own art of poetry, or the art of painting (we know that 'Dante once prepared to paint an angel'), or the art

<sup>1</sup> *Inferno* xi. 105 et seq.

of music, which is so frequently referred to in the *Divine Comedy*. 'Art' in this widest sense may be taken to include the 'art of production,' whether of cotton manufactures or steel manufactures or anything else to which human labour, intelligence, and skill are applied, as opposed to the mechanical operation without labour, intelligence, or skill of the coupon-cutter. Florence had not yet invented coupons, but the City of Flowers was then the financial centre of the world and the great lender of cash to poorer countries abroad, particularly to the England of those days; and this excess of lending presaged the decadence of the famous city on the Arno 600 years ago, just as a like excess may presage the decadence hereafter of a still more famous city on the Thames unless we have a care, and from the same causes, as all will remember who call to mind the famous passage where Cacciaguida describes Florence in the olden time when she 'abode in quiet, temperate and chaste.' History repeats itself sometimes, though always with a difference; and another interesting parallel may be found in Bruges and Ghent. But if we sound to the depths the heart of the great English people it is right enough yet. The chief trouble is that we have been too rich and are too luxurious, and the remedy for our ills—prospective ills rather than present ills—is simple to a fault. It can be summed up in the one little word 'economy,' not only the economy that prevents waste of money and substance by our Imperial Government, by our municipalities, and by private individuals, but also economy of time, too much of which is dissipated by a business people in racing, betting, polo, golf, bridge, &c. instead of 'minding the shop'; for, however grandiloquently we may talk of our Imperial mission, our Imperial greatness, and our great organising qualities, we are *au fond*, and must always remain, to our great honour, a nation of shopkeepers. The danger of the immediate future is that we may be inveigled into too great reliance on 'The Government,' instead of the old-fashioned reliance of the individual on himself, and it is difficult to foresee what the answer is to be if a 'clemming' Lancashire comes to demand help from the Government, considering that this same Government is prodigally lending hundreds of millions of pounds to South Africa and Ireland.

What Lancashire is thinking to-day all England will be thinking to-morrow. The problem in front of us is not really, or principally, a fiscal problem. 'The world in every part is pregnant with the new creed,' and the serious question is how to steer warily, for we have already pointed the nose of our ship towards State Socialism, and it may be difficult now to alter the course.

J. W. CROSS.



## LAST MONTH .

MR. GLADSTONE, who to the day of his death continued to blame the Cabinet of 1892 for having resigned on the Cordite Vote, has left on record his opinion that a Ministry, so long as it can command a majority in the House of Commons, need not, under any circumstances, relinquish office. I do not know whether the present Prime Minister was one of those to whom Mr. Gladstone during his lifetime communicated this opinion, but recent events seem to show that it is one which he shares with the old Liberal leader.

When I closed my chronicle of last month it was known that four members of the Cabinet had resigned—three because they could not support Mr. Balfour's policy on the tariff question, and one because he wished not only to support that policy but to carry it much further than the Prime Minister was, for the moment, prepared to go. It was, of course, the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain that caused most excitement in the public mind. To say that people were, in the first instance, bewildered by it, is not to over-state the case. But very quickly an explanation of the step taken by the Colonial Secretary was forthcoming. It became evident that his retirement from the Government was, as it was wittily put, of the nature of a collusive divorce. He and Mr. Balfour had parted company for a time, but only in order that they might work for a common end, and with a view to a happy re-union whenever the circumstances were favourable. Their friends in the press made no secret of this fact; indeed, with a curious maladroitness which shows that even the hand of a journalist may sometimes lose its cunning, they exulted in it and poured contempt upon the simple creatures who had not seen all along that a brilliant 'game' was being played by the Prime Minister and his most powerful colleague. I do not pretend to know how Mr. Balfour relished the compliments which were paid to him on this score by the *Times*; I can only say that they were not the kind of compliments which English Ministers would have accepted with equanimity in other days. But whilst the public was still trying to digest this ominous revelation, something else occurred that disturbed it still more. Mr. Balfour had been praised extravagantly for the cleverness of the manoeuvre by which

he, acting conjointly with Mr. Chamberlain, had got three free traders out of his Cabinet, whilst retaining the fourth and greatest, the Duke of Devonshire. It was perhaps not unnatural that Mr. Ritchie and the two other victims of this performance should hardly regard it in the light in which it was viewed by the Prime Minister's admirers. At all events they insisted upon letting the public know their side of the story. When the 'fateful' Cabinets were held in the middle of September, Mr. Balfour went to them carrying in his pocket the letter in which Mr. Chamberlain resigned office. Of that letter he made no mention to Mr. Ritchie or Lord George Hamilton, or, so far as appears, to Lord Balfour of Burleigh. These gentlemen saw Mr. Chamberlain occupying his usual place at the table and taking his accustomed part in the debates. It never occurred to their simple minds that he was already a defunct Minister, and that if they remained within the sacred body to keep up the struggle on behalf of free trade, they would no longer have to fear his formidable opposition. They looked upon him and his cause as triumphant, and accordingly they tendered their resignations, which the Prime Minister accepted with a promptness that was undeniably eager. But, reticent as he was to them, Mr. Balfour was more communicative to the most powerful champion of free trade in the Cabinet, the man without whose co-operation everybody believed that the Ministry could not go on, the Duke of Devonshire. Where Mr. Ritchie and his two modest companions were left out in the cold, and were induced to resign under a misapprehension as to the facts, the Duke was taken freely into the confidence of the Prime Minister, and in consequence consented to remain in the Ministry—for a time. Whereupon great joy was displayed in the camp of Mr. Chamberlain's journalistic followers. To have got rid of Mr. Ritchie, Lord George Hamilton, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, but to have kept 'the Duke'—that was indeed a triumph which called for outspoken praise of the 'adroitness' by which it had been achieved. In fairness I must record the fact that one member of the Cabinet has come forward to defend Mr. Balfour from a charge that unquestionably throws a shadow upon his sense of honour and good faith. This is the Earl of Onslow, a man whom everybody knows to be absolutely incapable of wilfully misrepresenting any transaction for any object whatever. Lord Onslow declares that during the Cabinet meetings Mr. Chamberlain used words which convinced him that he meant to resign. This we may take it was the honest impression formed by Lord Onslow. But it is impossible to forget that, unlike Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton, he is new to Cabinet office. He has not yet had time to learn how often in the solemn secrecy of the Cabinet-room Ministers threaten to resign, and how seldom they carry those threats into execution. 'A very fair Cabinet to-day, only three resignations,' wrote Mr. Gladstone on one

occasion. It was at another Gladstonian Cabinet that a member was only prevented from resigning by being dragged forcibly back from the door which he was on the point of opening, and thrust into his chair, where he was pinned down by his colleagues whilst Mr. Gladstone lectured him upon his conduct. Old hands like Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton might well be excused if they paid no attention to words that seemed to the new Cabinet Minister to portend a certain resignation. At any rate they are as sincere as Lord Onslow himself in the impression they formed of what passed at these truly 'fateful' Cabinets, and it was on the strength of that impression that they tendered the resignations so joyously accepted by their chief.

In some respects the most melancholy feature of a painful story is the fact that it was all in vain. It kept the Duke of Devonshire in the Cabinet for a few days longer than his free-trade colleagues, but it led to his resignation at a moment when that event was far more painful to the Prime Minister than it would have been if it had taken place earlier. The first of October was the day fixed long beforehand for that meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations—in other words the Conservative caucus—at which Mr. Balfour was at last to expound his policy to the world. The meeting was held at Sheffield, and on the afternoon of the day on which the Prime Minister was to speak a conference of delegates took place. In spite of all that is said about the superior discipline of the Conservative party as compared with their opponents, it does not appear that a Conservative caucus is much behind a Liberal one in the freedom with which it speaks its mind. At all events this particular caucus became the scene of a discussion of the wildest and most disorderly character. The official representatives wished to pass a resolution of the usual official type, studiously vague and colourless. But the rank and file seemed to be in no mood for tolerating platitudinous affirmations of this description. Some of them—and apparently a majority—insisted that Mr. Chamberlain's programme and that alone should 'fill the bill'; others, including such representative Conservatives as Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill, boldly stood up for free trade. In the end the conference, we are told, was adjourned, amid much disorder, until the next day, to resume its discussion of the thorny question after the Prime Minister had spoken.

Mr. Balfour's speech was in some respects remarkable. Though clever, and even brilliant, it was certainly not the kind of speech we have been accustomed to get in times of crisis from English Prime Ministers. Briefly stated, his declaration amounted to this, that free trade had failed to attain the success expected from it; that he knew of no cure for existing evils, and regarded a tax on food as not being within the limits of practical politics; at the same time, he wished to 'reverse the fiscal tradition of the last two

generations,' and to secure the right to establish retaliatory tariffs against nations which refuse to deal fairly by us. It is necessary to read between the lines in order to ascertain the true meaning of this declaration of policy. Read in this fashion, it is manifest that Mr. Balfour found himself stopped from going as far as Mr. Chamberlain only by his knowledge that the country was not yet ripe for this step; but he practically expressed his agreement with the late Colonial Secretary, and intimated that his own policy was, in reality, a half-way house to Mr. Chamberlain's. Finally, in a speech to an overflow meeting, he made one declaration which had, at least, the merit of being clear and specific. This was that if his policy were not accepted by his party, he would retire from the leadership. I suppose it was this declaration which secured for him the victory that he undoubtedly won on the following day, when the storms which had agitated the conference of delegates suddenly subsided, and the colourless official resolution was adopted with practical unanimity, Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill being, apparently, the only delegates present who refused to vote for it. In this fashion it was that the Unionist party arrived at a state of union, so-called. By mutual agreement, free trade on the one hand and Mr. Chamberlain's food-tax on the other were ignored, and the party united in supporting Mr. Balfour's demand that the Government should be armed with that power of threatening hostile nations with retaliatory tariffs which, as a matter of fact, it already possesses.

Once again we heard loud praises of the skill which had enabled the Prime Minister to override an awkward crisis in his party. He had undoubtedly prevented an open schism in the conference, and upon this, at least, he may be congratulated. But it is not easy for an outsider to congratulate him on the means by which he had attained this end. The hollowness, indeed, of his device for securing peace became apparent at once to everybody, and the followers of Mr. Chamberlain were absolutely justified in their contention that the Prime Minister of England had become his real, though not his avowed, follower.

The echoes of the applause which greeted Mr. Balfour's dexterous manœuvre at Sheffield had hardly died away when he had to bow before another heavy and unexpected blow. This was the announcement that the Duke of Devonshire had after all left the Cabinet. I need not dwell upon the correspondence between the Duke and the Prime Minister which accompanied the announcement. The Duke made no secret of the fact that it was the Sheffield speech which was the determining cause of his retirement, and the Prime Minister showed that he felt himself deeply aggrieved by the Duke's decision. If his letter acknowledging the resignation was hardly characterised by the dignity or self-possession that we might have expected a man in his great

position to show, we must make due allowance for his chagrin at the discovery that, despite the incense of the press, the 'game' which he and Mr. Chamberlain had played in the Cabinet had failed disastrously. It is given to few men to accept such a failure with equanimity. One can sympathise, however, with the difficulties with which he found himself confronted. Five members of his Cabinet, including the two most powerful men in it, had retired from it, and he was left to patch up the leaking vessel as best he might. It would be in the highest degree unfair to deny the courage which he showed in performing this operation. He went outside the conventional ring in order to find the materials for the reconstructed ship. In obedience to the demands of the newspapers, he promoted Mr. Arnold-Forster, who, barely three years before, had been a private member, to the great office of Secretary of State for War, Mr. Brodrick being transferred to the calm of the India Office. Mr. Arnold-Forster, as everybody knows, has long been an unsparing and courageous critic of War Office administration, and the Prime Minister's pluck in thus placing him at the head of the department which, in his private capacity, he had judged so severely, deserves recognition. The choice of a successor to Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office was still more original, and was a genuine surprise to the country. Mr. Balfour selected Mr. Alfred Lyttelton for this office. The newspapers apparently knew so little of Mr. Lyttelton's qualifications for one of the greatest posts in the Administration that they were driven to expatiate upon his achievements as a cricketer. Fortunately, Mr. Lyttelton has many other claims to consideration, though whether they are such as to justify his remarkable promotion, time only can show. Whatever may be the case with regard to Mr. Lyttelton, it must at least be apparent to everyone that the Cabinet has not been fortified by the drastic process of reconstruction which it has undergone. After all, to have lost such men as the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and to have gained in exchange Mr. Arnold-Forster and Mr. Lyttelton, is hardly likely to impress the public with the idea that it has been increased in strength. But there is another feature of the reconstruction which it is impossible to ignore. This is the fact that whilst Mr. Chamberlain has ceased to be available in the councils of the Administration, he remains, though occupying a position of absolute independence, the master of its fortunes. Mr. Balfour's own declarations leave us in no doubt upon this point, and it is one that is distinctly ominous for the future. Power divorced from responsibility has always been the most dangerous element in our public life.

The great battle of the platforms over the fiscal question began, immediately after the Glasgow conference, with Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Sheffield, and it has since been maintained with a vigour

not unworthy of the best days of political controversy. My readers will neither expect nor desire that the speeches on both sides should be reproduced, however briefly, in these pages. Comparatively few speakers of note in addition to Mr. Chamberlain have taken the field on his side in the great disputation. The cause of free trade, on the other hand, has been defended with uncompromising earnestness by Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Spencer, Mr. Bryce, Lord Goschen, and Mr. Ritchie—all men of the front rank. If Lord Rosebery brought to the controversy his brilliant eloquence and almost unrivalled power of touching the imagination of the masses, Mr. Asquith, and others whom I have named, made it their business to meet Mr. Chamberlain's allegations fact by fact, and to deal with them in the dry but convincing light of actual statistics. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain, it must be admitted, has known how to plead his own cause in his own fashion, and with all his old force and fertility of resource. None the less the situation, whilst this battle is being waged, continues to be an almost intolerable one. The fiscal policy of the country so unexpectedly disturbed by Mr. Chamberlain is kept in a state of most injurious suspense. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, has gone so far as to hint at a Budget which is to be framed, not in the interests of the country, but of the policy promulgated by his father. Everything relating to the future tariff policy of the country is consequently in a state of doubt and confusion, and nobody pretends to know whether the next Parliament may not build a tariff wall round us as high as that which surrounds the United States, 'protecting' every industry and every interest except that of cheap food for the people. The future commercial policy of the greatest commercial country in the world is thus 'hung up' for an indefinite period. Can it be wrong to describe such a state of things as intolerable?

Of the minor consequences of the events of the month, so far as concerns our domestic politics, one only need be mentioned. The Duke of Devonshire has followed up his retirement from the Ministry by his acceptance of the Presidency of the Free Food League,\* a body composed of those Conservatives and Liberal Unionists who are opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. It is true that he has done so upon conditions which seem to afford some consolation to those with whom he has parted company. He does not commit himself to opposition to the policy of the Government so far as it is confined to the intention of proposing to Parliament tariff legislation for the purpose of the negotiation of commercial treaties, and the mitigation of hostile tariffs. But to every step beyond this he is resolutely opposed. He will not approve the 'ambiguous declarations' of the Prime Minister at Sheffield, still less will he support the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain. It is curious that in

face of this statement of his views the Protectionist press should profess to find comfort for themselves in his announcement. The comfort will hardly survive a dispassionate examination of the Duke's position. To the world at large it is apparent that the historic Liberal Unionist party, which has played so great a part in our history during the last seventeen years, is now threatened with death by the joint action of the two men to whom more than to any others its creation was originally due.

Turning to events outside the limits of our domestic policy, it is pleasant to have to record, in the first place, the conclusion of a treaty between this country and France, providing for the submission of questions of a certain class that may arise in future between the two countries to the arbitration of the Hague Tribunal. The treaty is strictly limited in its scope, but it is at least proof of the existing good feeling between ourselves and our nearest neighbours on the Continent, and it may fairly be regarded as the forerunner of agreements of still wider bearing and greater importance. The tribunal to which the long-standing dispute between this country and the United States on the subject of the Alaska boundary was committed, has completed its work, and the result is mainly unfavourable to Great Britain and Canada. We must accept the result, however distasteful it may be, consoling ourselves with the reflection that it has at least set at rest one dangerous dispute with our American kinsmen. But whilst we have been thus clearing the decks in one direction new questions of gravity have been arising in other parts of the world. The Macedonian crisis, which a month ago was so threatening, has happily been mitigated since then, and the mitigation is due in no small degree to the action of the English Government, which has pressed certain proposals for the future government of Macedonia upon Russia and Austria that have found favour with those Powers, and are likely to be incorporated in their proposals to the Porte. In the Far East, however, the course of events is not so favourable to the cause of peace. Again and again during the past few weeks rumours have been widespread of the imminence of war between Russia and Japan. It is most improbable that the stories of a Japanese ultimatum to Russia on the question of the evacuation of Manchuria have any substantial foundation. But there is no doubt that the question of Korea is one on which the Japanese feel acutely, and the warlike preparations which both they and the Russians are making are sufficient to cause a general feeling of alarm. In the meantime it is to be noted that the 8th of October, the date finally fixed for the withdrawal from Manchuria by Russia herself, has come and gone, and the forces of the Czar remain as firmly fixed as ever in their occupation of territory which they have seized in defiance of the rest of the world. Nearer home rumours have been current as to the conclusion of a French treaty with

Morocco of a far-reaching character. The rumours have, however, been denied semi-officially, and there is no reason to suppose that France meditates any action with regard to Morocco that does not meet with the approval of the other countries interested. One curious incident of the month has been the sudden postponement of the visit of the Czar to Rome, for which all the official arrangements had been made. Various reasons for this unusual breakdown of a proposed interchange of civilities between two monarchs have been alleged. It is safest to assume that the reason most generally given is the true one, and that the Russian Emperor's journey was put off in consequence of the unmannerly speeches of certain Italian Socialists, who declared their intention of organising a hostile demonstration on the occasion of his visit to Rome. Since then the King and Queen of Italy have paid their long-promised visit to Paris, and have met with a reception of unusual cordiality.

One grave loss has befallen the country during the past month. This is the death of Mr. Lecky, the eminent historian. In the House of Commons, of which he was induced to become a member a few years ago, Mr. Lecky was not a success. But if we regard him, not as a politician but as a great historical writer who had the power, too rare among historians, of grasping for himself and conveying to others the philosophical lessons taught by the facts which he recorded, everybody must admit that he was without an equal among his contemporaries. His death is a real loss not only to letters but to the science of history.

Is it, I wonder, a sign of advancing age and a growing distaste for the acrid controversies of contemporary politics that so many men, during the past month, should have turned with relief from the heated columns of the daily newspapers to the volumes in which we have had given to us the story of a noble and distinguished life? One, at least, can speak for himself of the unfeigned sense of relief with which he has torn himself from the vortex of Birmingham electioneering in order to find refreshment in the perusal of Mr. Morley's biography of his illustrious chief. This particular chronicle is not the place in which to indulge in a formal criticism of the *Life of Gladstone*; but at least I may say here that Mr. Morley has produced a really admirable book, a model of what a political biography ought to be. Of the difficulties of his task only those who have themselves practised the art of the biographer can fully judge. Never, indeed, had any writer such a task as that which lay before Mr. Morley when he undertook this work. Letters by hundreds of thousands to be read and digested; sixty years of English history to be brought into direct relationship with a single life; the secrets of half a score of Cabinets to be handled generously, yet discreetly; a thousand speeches to be marshalled in their proper order, with nothing omitted that could throw light upon



the central subject; and, above all, a character at once simple and complex—simple in its great underlying motive, and in the moral force which gave it life, but infinitely complex in its variations, its catholicity of tastes and sympathies, and the genius which displayed itself in a hundred different forms—to be adequately and vividly portrayed. This is to sketch but barely and briefly the rude outlines of Mr. Morley's task. Its accomplishment is almost a marvel; for the biographer has overridden all his difficulties with what seems to be triumphant ease, an ease, however, secured by an expenditure of labour hardly to be described in words. As a political biography, which perhaps is almost more of a history than a biography, I repeat, Mr. Morley can rightly claim to have produced a masterpiece. If the book is long from the point of view of the average subscriber to *Mudie*, it is yet one from which no thoughtful man would have wished to see a line omitted. It is the fullest, the most complete and authoritative record of the Gladstonian era that has ever been given to us, or that ever will be. Its deficiency—for, like every work of the human hand and mind, it falls short of perfection—is only that which was inevitable considering the vastness of its subject. Throughout, it is the story of a great historic career, told with the simplicity and—paradoxical as it may seem to say so—the brevity of a man handling a great subject, not for the readers of to-day, but for all time. There are no fringes in Mr. Morley's strenuous and nervous style. He indulges in no rhetoric, and in no outbursts of sentimentalism, whilst 'picturesque' writing he manifestly regards as an abomination. Some of us might have liked to see a fuller picture drawn of the more human side of Mr. Gladstone, of his charms as a man, of his brilliant qualities as a conversationalist, of those graces of manner which won for him whilst he still lived the admiration and affection even of his opponents. But Mr. Morley has refused to allow himself to be drawn aside from his great task by any of the temptations which must have beset him to present to us the lighter side of his picture. He has given us the materials from which even the dullest can form their own idea of the complete man, and he has done so in a work which, in its unadorned simplicity and completeness, may fairly take rank as a modern classic.

To pass from the book to its subject is to find ourselves confronted by innumerable lessons, each of which has its bearing upon the questions of to-day, and upon the state of political life in the country of which Mr. Gladstone was so long the foremost citizen. Those of us who have never wavered in our allegiance to him, or ceased to be proud of the fact that we were his followers in those spacious days of stress and conflict in which he played so great a part, have abundant reason to be grateful to his biographer for having explained so fully those doubtful points in his career which

have puzzled the world, and, above all, for having brought into such strong relief the great motive power of his life. So far as the latter point is concerned, none of those who knew Mr. Gladstone, whether they were his friends or his opponents, have ever entertained any doubt. Lord Salisbury, in the fine and generous speech which he made at the time of Mr. Gladstone's death, struck the keynote in half a dozen words of striking truth and simplicity: 'He was a great Christian statesman.' The man who rode triumphantly so long on the crest of the political wave amid all the seething cross-currents of intrigue, self-seeking, bitterness, and insincerity, which have at all times played their part in political life, was one whose nature was rooted deeply and unalterably in a moral basis. The optimism of his nature, and his deep religious faith, bound him securely to that moral basis, no matter what storms might rage about his head. He believed that, like every other man, a divine commission had been entrusted to him when he entered upon life, and that it was his business at all times and in all circumstances to do what in him lay to serve the great cause of righteousness. There was, as the extracts from his diary show, a touching simplicity in the way in which he strove to connect every public action and every utterance with that cause as he understood it. Day by day he found comfort for himself in recalling some text or passage of Holy Scripture. It was, indeed, upon the 'impregnable rock,' as he himself had styled it, that he founded himself from year to year. Here was half, nay, far more than half of the secret of his greatness, and of that unmatched influence which he wielded so long over so large a body of his fellow countrymen, and indeed, over no inconsiderable portion of our race. The man of the world is too apt to make light of the great force from which Mr. Gladstone derived so much of his strength; and if, in addition to being a man of the world, he is one of those flippant cynics who do not believe in the reality of emotions and creeds in which they have themselves no part, he is too ready to confound piety with hypocrisy, and to put down any expression of religious faith and conviction as mere cant. I doubt if even the most hardened of these cynics will continue to judge Mr. Gladstone in this way\*after reading the unmistakably sincere revelations of his inner nature which are to be found in Mr. Morley's pages. I remember now a little incident which I would hardly have ventured to mention before the publication of the *Life* had made the truth so evident. In 1881, as Mr. Morley has told us, Mr. Gladstone paid a visit to Leeds which, even in his remarkable life, was memorable in its character. He stayed only two days, but in the course of that time he made a dozen different speeches, all of them of importance. But by common consent the most important of all was one which he delivered at a great banquet in an immense hall specially erected for the occasion. His subject was Ireland, at that time the burning

question of the day, and he discussed it with a fulness and earnestness that cannot have faded from the memory of any who were present. By arrangement, he did not dine with the public company, but came in quietly when dinner was done, and took his seat by the side of the chairman. He had hardly done so when he covered his face with his hands, and remained with his head bent for several minutes. The next evening I sat beside Mrs. Gladstone at a private dinner-party, and she, naturally, was full of the many incidents of the visit. By-and-by she said to me, 'Did you see him, last night, when he came to the dinner-table, and how he covered his face with his hands?' I said I had done so. 'Well,' she said, 'he was praying. That was the most important speech of all, and he was so anxious that he might do good, rather than harm, by what he was about to say.' And then she added, 'When we went to our bedroom last night, he said, "My dear, if I were twenty years younger, I should go to Ireland myself."' It is a simple story, and perfectly true, as indeed no one who has read the Life will doubt.

To the ordinary politician a great part of the interest of this book lies in the explanation which it gives of those points in Mr. Gladstone's later career around which the largest amount of controversy has been waged. I do not know how the party man of to-day will regard the revelation that the surrender of Majuba Hill, which has been so often urged as a stain upon his character, both as statesman and patriot, was, in reality, not his work so much as that of the whole Cabinet, and that none defended it so ardently as the late Secretary for the Colonies. The case of Gordon and Egypt is another upon which a light that must be wholly surprising to those who have not been behind the scenes is thrown by Mr. Morley. It was not Mr. Gladstone who was responsible, except in a strictly Ministerial sense, for the ill-starred mission of the heroic Gordon to Khartoum. Here, again, the action was that of more impetuous colleagues; whilst the 'desertion' of the hero which, for the remainder of his life, was made a reproach against Mr. Gladstone, was, as we now know, no desertion at all, but simply the failure of a most brave but almost hopeless enterprise on the part of the British army. It is of course the duty of a man at the head of an Administration to bear the full brunt of responsibility for its failures as well as its achievements, and he would be justly despised if he attempted to evade that responsibility by laying it upon the shoulders of his colleagues and subordinates. No one can say that Mr. Gladstone ever attempted to do this. He did not even attempt to deny the malicious newspaper falsehood which represented him as having gone to the theatre on the evening of the day on which he heard of Gordon's murder. But now the pen of the biographer—of the historian—comes in, and he is vindicated.

Still more complete is the vindication which is furnished of his

action with regard to Home Rule. Even the amiable 'Civis Britannicus,' who occupied so many of the congenial columns of the *Times* not long ago in the attempt to prove that Mr. Gladstone took up Home Rule for the idle and unworthy purpose of securing the Irish vote after the 1885 election, must be put to silence by Mr. Morley's simple and straightforward narrative. 'Civis Britannicus,' and the worthy people who agreed with him in imputing the basest of motives to a great English statesman, will hardly set themselves as authorities above Mr. Morley. Perhaps, in the light of the truth as it is now made known to them, they will endeavour to revise their charitable judgment upon the character of the dead, and will admit that there are some things, the motives of statesmen amongst them, which are not dreamt of in their philosophy. But, indeed, I think that we should all of us learn to exercise a little more of the virtue of charity in our judgment of public men, from a perusal of these volumes. It is so easy to lie, and so easy to accept the lie when it has once been spoken or printed; and then all the rest, the misunderstanding, the misrepresentation, the hopelessly embittered prejudice, becomes easier still, and the noblest of characters may be lost to sight under a mountain of calumny. Those who remember the versions of Mr. Gladstone's conduct, on many occasions of hot contention, that were current among his adversaries, and who now learn the whole story on indisputable authority, will be slow, I think, very slow, in future to accept the rhetoric of partisan journalists as being the truth.

There are, of course, many lessons to be learned from Mr. Gladstone's life that have a direct bearing upon the politics of to-day. It is amusing, for example, to observe how completely the recent action of Mr. Chamberlain was forestalled by his conduct in 1885, when he gave his unauthorised programme to the world without any consultation with his colleagues. There are several letters in the book—and I imagine that, if he had chosen to do so, Mr. Morley could have added to the number—in which Mr. Gladstone discusses Mr. Chamberlain's peculiar theory of Cabinet responsibility. In 1885, as in 1903, Mr. Chamberlain seemed to believe that a member of a Cabinet has a right to propound policies and make declarations of his personal opinions on questions of practical politics, without stopping to consider whether his own views are in agreement with those of his colleagues. I need hardly say that Mr. Gladstone regarded this as a very serious matter; but it is evident that he had a high opinion of the ability of the redoubtable Birmingham politician, and was most unwilling to quarrel with one who was at that time the idol of advanced Radicalism. All the same, he makes it clear that he did not consider Mr. Chamberlain a good bedfellow for the other members of the Cabinet, and that this dangerous theory of personal independence on the part of a single member of that

august body was one with which he had little sympathy. History repeats itself, and I should not be surprised to learn that the pages of Mr. Morley's work which deal with this particular subject had been read with sympathetic emotion by more than one leading member of the Unionist party.

Even more striking, perhaps, in their application to the existing situation are those pages of the book which deal with the formation of the Government of 1880. It was then that the troubles and divisions which have afflicted the Liberal party ever since may be said to have begun. Mr. Gladstone found himself at the head of a Party in which two distinct elements of thought were represented. He was not, of course, the first statesman who has had to deal with the conflicting views of Liberals of the ordinary type, and of advanced and militant Radicals; but he was, perhaps, the first who had to contend with the determination of advanced Radicalism to have its own way without regard to the interests of the party as a whole, and with scant recognition of the duty which every member of that party owed to its leader. He had, as Speaker Brand declared, a 'difficult team to drive.' Fortunately, his unequalled prestige and his own personal qualities enabled him to overcome the initial difficulties of his task. He got his men together in a Cabinet conspicuous for its average level of ability, and for several years he kept them together in spite of the almost unconcealed disaffection which prevailed amongst certain of their number. But, as everybody knows, he was beaten in the end, and the great Cabinet which came into existence with such a flourish of trumpets in 1880 fizzled out ingloriously on a Budget division in 1885. From that time onwards, it may be said with accuracy, the task of the Liberal leader has been one of growing difficulty. It may have reached its culminating point immediately after Mr. Gladstone's resignation in 1894. Let us hope that it did so, though appearances are against the theory. But whatever may be the truth on this point, it is clear that the Liberals of to-day will have to learn the lessons taught by the story of Mr. Gladstone's life from 1880 onwards, if they are ever again to make Liberalism the organised force which it once was in the history of our country. A party which consists of a number of sections each determined to push its own views without regard to the interests of the common body, or the deference due to authority and experience, is a party that can hardly expect, and certainly does not deserve, to have a statesman at its head.

One thing I miss in Mr. Morley's book is any adequate account of what may be called the Napoleonic side of Mr. Gladstone's character, the almost terrific force with which he could express himself and enforce his will upon others in times of stress and difficulty. The outer world did not see much of this side of the great man, but it was apparent enough to all who had much to do with him, and

those who saw it were not likely to forget the revelation which it afforded of the volcanic depths below the surface. Who, for example, among those who heard it, is likely to forget the almost savage outburst of wrath with which, during the Midlothian campaign of 1892, he met a certain candidate who had been unfortunate enough to be the cause of a split in his party and to lose his seat, and had the still greater misfortune to obtrude himself upon Mr. Gladstone's notice immediately after the catastrophe? 'I am astounded sir, at your audacity in presenting yourself to me,' are said to have been the words with which this gentleman was received by the great general who saw in him only an officer who had lost an engagement that ought to have been won. There was another gentleman, now dead, who was once on terms of social intimacy with Mr. Gladstone, and who told me a story that illustrated the Napoleonic side of the statesman. My friend held a position of importance in the Civil Service. His immediate chief died, and he believed that he himself was the fittest man to succeed him. With a temerity that was born of inexperience he wrote to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, asking for an interview. He received an immediate and favourable reply, and on being ushered into the presence of the Minister, was most cordially greeted. But he had hardly faltered out his reason for seeking the interview than a terrible change took place. 'What!' cried Mr. Gladstone rising from his seat and confronting his visitor. 'You have dared to come to me for such a purpose as this——' My poor friend declared that he never heard the end of the sentence. 'Mr. Gladstone's eyes seemed to send out scorching flames, and I turned and ran for it, thankful when I had shut the door of his room behind me.' Touches of this kind are needed to give completeness to any portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Gentle, courteous, and amiable in all the ordinary relations of life, he was not one with whom a wise man ever ventured to take a liberty that touched in any degree his sense of public duty.

Mr. Morley says much, but not too much, of that wonderful power of detachment which was one of Mr. Gladstone's greatest qualities. He never allowed himself to be absorbed at any moment, even in those burning questions in which he was himself playing the leading part. He always had different interests to occupy different compartments of his wonderful mind, and he could turn aside at a moment's notice from a crisis involving the fate of his Government to discuss the poetry of Horace or Dante, or some humbler topic which had chanced to attract his attention. I can myself furnish an illustration of this feature of his character. In the narrative of the events which attended that divorce case of Mr. Parnell's which shipwrecked the Home Rule cause, Mr. Morley pays special attention to two days in November 1890, when the Liberal leader was striving with all his might to avert

the great disaster. They were Monday and Tuesday, November the 24th and the 25th. On both those days Mr. Gladstone was deep in consultation with his most trusted colleagues, and with those Irish leaders who were faithful to him. He wrote the famous letter to Mr. Morley which was to be presented to Mr. Parnell if he refused to retire from the leadership of his party, and Mr. Morley makes it clear that at no point in his long career was he involved in a crisis so grave as that which now confronted him. On the morning of Tuesday, November the 25th, he sent to ask me to call on him at Carlton Gardens. I went at once. As I entered the door, the postman arrived with the midday mail, and I got some idea of what a statesman's correspondence may be during a great crisis. The man did not deliver the letters in the usual fashion to the servant who was admitting me. He had a sack on his shoulders, and leaning forward he opened its mouth, and discharged its contents in a great pile on the floor of the hall. When I was admitted to Mr. Gladstone's room, I found him writing at a table, Mrs. Gladstone being seated beside him reading. He explained why he had sent for me, making many apologies for having done so. He had just written an article for *The Speaker*, of which I was then editor, and he had learned that a certain lady—an old friend of his—objected to a phrase he had used in it. Before withdrawing that phrase he wished to consult me on the subject, and he did so with his usual fulness and frankness. Then he took the proof of the article, and began to correct it carefully, ever and anon stopping to explain the meaning of some sentence, or to ask what I thought of a suggested amendment. I had never known him talk more freely or more lightly, nor had he ever been more full of anecdote and reminiscence. It seemed as though he had absolutely nothing on his mind but that little anecdote, and this was the day that was big with the fate of his last and greatest enterprise! As I left the house I encountered two of the Irish members in the hall. They had come upon a fateful errand. I wondered in what mood they would find the great man whom I had just left playfully discussing the exact meaning of the phrase 'a clerically-minded person.'

I have one small, perhaps very small, criticism to make on one portion of Mr. Morley's fascinating narrative. It concerns, however, the reputation of another great man of the Gladstonian epoch, for whose vindication as his biographer I was personally responsible—I refer to the late Mr. W. E. Forster. Mr. Morley, in his account of Mr. Forster's latest days in Ireland, speaks of his 'supersession' by Lord Spencer. There is no justification for the word. It was first printed in a journal bitterly hostile to Mr. Forster, which I need not further particularise. It was hailed at the time with great delight by Mr. Forster's enemies. The truth, however, is that the first suggestion of Lord Spencer's appointment as Viceroy in place of

Lord Cowper came from Mr. Forster himself; and I do not think that Mr. Morley, who pays a just tribute to Mr. Forster's character and qualities, is at all likely to regard him as a man who would have arranged for his own supersession. Mr. Forster's resignation, as I have fully shown elsewhere, had nothing whatever to do with the appointment of Lord Spencer to the Viceroyalty. Even Mr. Morley, apparently, is not wholly exempt from the weakness of accepting as the truth the journalist's gloss upon events which he only partially understands.

But here criticism ends. *The Life of Gladstone* is not only an admirable piece of work, achieved with consummate ability and with unimpeachable sincerity of purpose; it is a living picture of a man whose greatness even his contemporaries, dazzled as they were by his genius, did not fully comprehend, and a lesson from which public men of every party and rank may derive an inspiration that was never more needed than it is to-day, when party politics seem to be in the melting-pot, old foundations are slipping away, and the greatest interests of our national life seem to be in danger of being forgotten in the embittered struggle of rival politicians. From all this turmoil and chaos it has been a relief to many of us to turn during the last month to this convincing record of a statesman's life.

WEMYSS REID.

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*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.*



THE  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY  
AND AFTER



No. CCCXX—OCTOBER 1903

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*A COLONIAL VIEW OF COLONIAL  
LOYALTY*

If there is one thing of which the Englishman is inalterably convinced, it is that he is the finest fellow in the human race.

If there is one conviction which the colonial holds as indubitable, it is that in all the qualities that make up his ideal of manhood he is the Englishman's superior.

It is not here the place to indicate the validity of the grounds upon which each section of the race—the home-dwellers and the adventurers—bases its tenaciously held belief of its own racial superiority. But it may be mentioned in passing that probably the causes of this divergence in sentiment lie, on the one hand, in the assured belief in himself that centuries of supremacy have given as a

legacy to the Englishman, and on the other, in the assertive local patriotism of the colonial that resents the complacent approval of the Englishman as mere patronage.

But the implied contempt for each other undoubtedly exists; it exists in the Colonies where the local specimens of the 'new chum' do not tend to induce in the colonial youth a deep respect for the Englishman's native qualities; it exists in England in the delicate patronage of the Englishman that finds expression in such phrases as 'We are very proud of you colonials!' or 'You colonials are so loyal!' Beneath such remarks the super-sensitive colonial smarts, however stupid and petty may be his resentment. And despite the glowing accounts of fraternal feelings between the colonial and his brother 'Tommy' in the field, between the rough, alert, energetic colonial officer and his more refined British brother, that recognition of the jarring characteristics of the other existed upon the veldt. That during that long campaign, where for the first time in the history of the Empire the two branches of the Empire, the home-dwellers and the adventurers, met on equal terms, both engaged on a common task, in the intimacy of that compulsory companionship many of the misconceptions due to their mutual aloofness were annihilated, I do not deny; but the fact does not need proof that at the present moment there is between these two branches of the race a serious divergence of sentiment.

And it is the purpose of this article to show that this difference of outlook, this lack of tolerance and mutual respect augurs for the Empire that is their mutual care a future of grave and perilous issues; and to suggest a scheme of empire federation on the only basis that in the present temper of the Colonies will be possible of acceptance to all. And in order to effect that final federation of the Empire it will be necessary for the Englishman to recognise certain facts of colonial sentiment which he is either ignorant of or culpably ignores.

And it is the present writer's opinion that unless a reconsideration of the relations between the two great sections of the Empire—the Islanders and the Outside—is made, unless the Englishman is prepared to admit a greater measure of equality to the colonial, to grant him a more responsible share, a more honourable position, in the government of the Empire, unless he is prepared to abdicate some part of the title of 'Predominant Partner' which the history of the past has naturally enabled him to assume, this vast agglomeration called the British Empire will prove to be not a living organisation but a mere aggregation of units, bound together by no common tie, and liable to destruction at the first moment of stress.

And we cannot wait for the time of stress to suggest means to consolidate a dissipating Empire. The need is now, when that Empire is at peace, when throughout all the units of that wide sway

there is for the idea of Empire a keen and confident enthusiasm, a patriotic belief in its stability and power.

But in the present haphazard government of a series of 'self-governing' States and colonies by a Parliament situated in a small island in the North Sea—in which assembly not one inhabitant of nearly twelve million 'self-governing' whites is represented—at any moment the inevitable conflict between a colony and the Imperial Cabinet may come, and in the passions that such a conflict may raise there would be little chance of the equable consideration of warring claims and patriotisms necessary to ensure its peaceable and honourable settlement.

In order to clear the ground, let us consider the present position of the great world-wide business trust called the British Empire. It is composed of four great divisions, the small group of islands known as the United Kingdom, comprising a population of forty-two millions, dominating the whole concern. One of the other groups, that comprising India and Egypt, is not colonised, but occupied, and therefore is excluded from the suggested federation of the whites. The other three groups, the South African Federation (of the future), Canada and Newfoundland, Australia and New Zealand, are occupied by about twelve millions of the same race. The respective territories of the United Kingdom and that of the great self-governing colonies are 121,000 square miles and 8,000,000 square miles. Thus forty-two millions manage the affairs of themselves and of twelve millions of their fellows, and an island-group rules an Empire which in area is sixty-four times as big.

To the council from which the board of directors chooses itself, the twelve millions of the race who have left England are unable to send a single representative. They are disqualified from a voice in the management of the common business. The board of directors, too, directs the destinies of vast domains of which hardly one member has taken the trouble to catch even a glimpse. Nay, we have the further absurdity of a great department expressly set up for the management of the affairs of these twelve million outsiders, the head of which has at an advanced age just begun his education by personally visiting one of the most accessible of those vast domains. With the practical genius of the race for government, it is extraordinary that any man could occupy the position of Secretary for the Colonies who has never set foot in Collins Street, Melbourne. And at the present moment, so blinded is the board of directors by the localism of its politics, that in the popular view the Premier of England is a more important person than the real Prime Minister of the Empire—the Secretary for the Colonies. And a huge congested council, called the Imperial Parliament, whose chief concerns are not imperial at all, and which is so unwieldy, so absorbed in its little party struggles that it cannot settle the century-

old discontent of a small island at its door, nay, that it cannot put an end to a trade dispute that is devastating a whole district within its borders, is the final court of appeal to which these disfranchised Englishmen must appeal.

It is true that the small central board of directors has tacitly recognised the non-representation of the excluded twelve millions. England pays most of the expenses of this gigantic business; and the present wealth of the central governing body proves that in the past England has evidently found it profitable to incur this huge expenditure. At the present moment the forty-two millions within the United Kingdom pay each 29s. 3d. per annum for the management expenses of the business, while the twelve million non-voting shareholders in the firm pay an annual amount varying from 2s. per head in Canada to 3s. 5d. per head in New South Wales. This money is spent on necessary items for the upkeep of the business, the most costly of these being fragile things called battleships. But in the control of these expenses not one of the twelve millions has the power to interfere even to the extent of his very small contribution to the general fund; even the battleships for the common protection are manned only by members of the forty-two millions that pay so much per year for the privilege.

But in the past the United Kingdom did not find this burden excessive, for its money returned to it with interest in the form of trade and banking profits.

It is obvious that a business conducted on such paternal and irresponsible lines cannot long continue without reorganisation. This fact is recognised nowhere more clearly than in the mind of the chairman of directors, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. At the conference of Premiers last year, Mr. Chamberlain very clearly enunciated his belief in the necessity for a change in the conduct of the firm. Pointing out the discrepancies in the respective amounts contributed by the Colonies and the United Kingdom, he said:

No one, I think, will pretend that this is a fair distribution of the burdens of Empire. No one will believe that the United Kingdom can for all time make this inordinate sacrifice. While the Colonies were young and poor, it was perfectly right and natural that the Mother Country should undertake the protection of her children. But now that the Colonies are rich and powerful, that every day they are growing by leaps and bounds, so that their material prosperity promises to rival that of the United Kingdom itself, I think it is inconsistent with their position—inconsistent with their dignity as nations—that they should leave the Mother Country to bear the whole, or almost the whole, of the expense.

And during his recent noteworthy tour of South Africa Mr. Chamberlain recurred again and again to this thought. At Kimberley he said, 'Are you satisfied to be sleeping partners in the Empire? (Cries of 'No!') Then you will share its burdens and obligations,

and so it will become the greatest factor in securing the future peace and civilisation of the world.'

And in his speech to the Capetown Chamber of Commerce, he summed up his convictions in a noteworthy phrase that has awakened throughout the Colonies a loud and persistent echo. His declaration that 'the burden of Empire was greater than the Motherland could bear alone, and that as the Colonies grew in influence and wealth they must either abandon the idea of forming part of the Empire or take their full share of their responsibilities,' forms the *clou* of his deliverances upon that subject. In such a declaration the *Sydney Bulletin* sees 'a notice to quit' and characteristically accuses Mr. Chamberlain of being 'a preacher of sedition, secession, insurrection, and treason'; while the leader of the Roman Catholic Church in Australia, Cardinal Moran, merely remarks that it would not be for the interests of Australia to break away from the Empire at the present moment, though he cryptically concludes that 'in another fifty years the Hibernians of that day will state what their sentiments will be.'

There is, then, no possibility of doubt as to Mr. Chamberlain's convictions. The question is whether Mr. Chamberlain means to act upon those convictions.

Undoubtedly these anachronisms cannot long continue to exist. The paternal method of the past was necessary in the days when the Colonies stood to the Motherland in the relation of puny children to their mighty-muscled parent. The head of the business took all responsibility, protected his children from interference from other trade rivals, and used his children's growing intelligence and ability in the extension of his business. But now that the children are admitted by their parents to be full-grown it is inconceivable that they can still be treated as children. For good or ill they have out-grown their status; and now they must either be taken into the joint business on terms that recognise their responsibilities and also their rights, or they must withdraw and set up business for themselves.

'But,' says the Englishman, 'that happily cannot occur. The Colonies have shown their loyalty to us in unmistakable terms; they sent us contingent after contingent with the utmost readiness and enthusiasm. If a war broke out to-morrow they would unhesitatingly throw in their lot with us.'

That is a pleasant and a comfortable faith. The only unsatisfactory point about such a complacent bulwark of self-satisfaction is that such a belief is quite unfounded. Here the Englishman suffers from that radically wrong point of view which apparently is the inevitable result of his regrettable insularity. The Colonies are not loyal to *England*. The fact has been insisted upon again and again; apparently it is necessary to insist upon it till the end. The feeling

throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand is first an intense local patriotism for their own colony or State, secondly a growing enthusiasm for the idea of Empire and a pride in the conception that the colony and the Commonwealth are part of that world-sway, and thirdly a liking for and reverence for the country that is still called 'Home.' That is the invariable order of the colonial's loyalty: loyalty to his own colony, loyalty to the Empire, and lastly loyalty to England.

Surely the conception is easy. A Scotsman is first of all a Scotsman, next he is a member of the Empire, and last he may have some faint enthusiasm for the inchoate thing spoken of as his Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas. But a colonial no more expects a frenzied loyalty for his own particular State on the part of a Scotsman than a man from Birmingham would expect from a patriotic New Zealander a keen enthusiasm for the Education Bill in England. Beneath the roof-tree of the Empire we may all meet, but in the heart of every member of the wide dominion lies an affection for his own race, his own country, his own people, a love for his own land, an ineradicable belief in its particular destiny.

And in other wars the conditions that held in the African combat might not obtain. The sympathy of the Colonies might not be roused. There might not be any danger to the Empire, and the Colonies might prefer to stand aloof. No; the loyalty to his own particular island of which the Englishman is so assured does not exist save in a complacent belief due to a wrong sense of the colonial's opinion of him. And it is this complacent belief which is the greatest obstacle to the final federation of the Empire.

And it is surely unnecessary to point out that in the event of a vital difference between the United Kingdom and one of its unfranchised colonies the loyalty towards England would not survive five minutes after the first angry word was spoken. Then the Motherland would have an opportunity to test the loyalty of its colonials—to themselves, to each other. And in a large conflict of opinion between England and any of her great colonial governments, there is little doubt in the minds of those who know colonial feeling that the event would be the signal for an outbreak of sympathy between the Colonies, directed *against* the Mother Country.

For it is well to remember that the Colonies—Canada, the Commonwealth, New Zealand, and the Cape—are bound together by the mighty bond of a common outlook. The ideals of any one of the Colonies are the ideals of all the Colonies, and not the ideals of the Motherland. England belongs to an older generation; England has to be repeatedly conjured to wake up. But the Colonies have outgrown her in political ideals, have set up for themselves, and apparently to their own satisfaction, a system of government that is

totally foreign to the English mind. And the conflict between the Colonies and the Motherland will arise out of the growing divergence of the colonial and the English ideal. Consequently in the future, a recalcitrant colony that defied the authority of the Mother Country would expect to find her defiance echoed throughout the Empire, a chorus of loyalty to the colonial idea before whose unanimity the Mother Country would see the need of conciliation.

It will be seen, then, that as at present constituted the Empire is in a position of very unstable equilibrium. The vast, loosely aggregated organisation is not a living thing. It lies open at any moment to the blow that may shatter it to scattered units. The need for its reorganisation is admitted by the clamant Colonies, and most emphatically by the head of the Empire. What steps, then, does Mr. Chamberlain purpose to take in order to put his firm's business in order, to place in a condition of stable equilibrium that wobbling thing called the British Empire? Apparently his only solution is a system of preferential tariffs. His Birmingham speech advocating a reciprocal tariff with the Colonies seems to the present writer entirely a leap in the dark, a step fraught with the worst possibilities for destroying the *entente cordiale* that at present exists between the parties to the proposed federation. As Lord Rosebery has pointed out in his speech at Burnley, such a scheme has obvious dangers, for it omits the question of colonial representation in the government of the common Empire.

The Chamber of Commerce [he said] would have to think what the situation might become—how Great Britain might have annually to submit to the pressure of various Colonies who were discontented with the tariff as then modified, and wanted it modified still further. If they considered Great Britain as a target at which all these proposals for modification and rectification would be addressed, he thought it would occur to their Chamber that it would not altogether add to the harmony of those relations to have these shifting tariffs existing between Great Britain and her Colonies.

Such a matter of tariff arrangements might presumably work happily—till the first stress came. And it might work happily for years—without contributing in the least to the cementing of the imperial federation.

And judging by the 'looking-on' attitude taken up by Canada, her 'sympathetic consideration' of any tariff arrangements with the Mother Country, with Mr. J. S. Willison's proviso that 'we cannot afford to be supplicants for Imperial favours nor to determine our policy according to the dictates of British statesmen'; the open indifference of Australia, evidenced in the Governor-General's Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Federal Parliament on the 26th of May, 'The urgency of questions of domestic importance prevents Ministers from asking you to give immediate consideration to the question of preferential trade;' and Mr. Seddon's speech, on the 5th of June, in

which he defines the extent of the Colony's concession to the preferential tariff idea as a mere 10 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on foreign imports, while retaining its present high tariff wall against the products of the United Kingdom—all these evidences of the aloofness of the colonial mind do not allow us to adduce any enthusiasm for the federation of the Empire by a policy of shifting tariffs. As the Duke of Devonshire pointed out in his speech of the 21st of July, the Colonies and the United Kingdom approach the idea of free trade within the Empire from different points of view. The Colonies, in short, are essentially Protective in their ideals, and England—until we have proof from the electors—must be regarded as essentially a free-trade country.

To the present writer the obvious remedy seems to be representation. The first need of the Empire is a fuller sense of responsibility among all the members of it. Mr. Chamberlain thinks it inconsistent with the dignity of the Colonies as nations that they should leave the Mother Country to bear almost the whole of the expense of the Empire. But the colonists think it inconsistent with their dignity as nations to have no share in the government of the Empire of which they form so important a part. Mr. Chamberlain cannot intend, and certainly cannot hope, to persuade the Colonies to contribute any sum for the management of the business in the disposal of which they have no voice. Such a suggestion would negative the fundamental axiom of government—that without representation there can be no taxation.

The Colonies are no longer content to be sleeping partners in the Empire. In the words of Mr. Chamberlain, they are eager to 'share its burdens and responsibilities'; but what steps is he prepared to take to raise the Colonies from the position of sleeping partners to that of active responsible partners in the difficult business of dominion? Up to the present moment the Colonies are waiting to hear, and have heard nothing but a proposal for reciprocal tariffs. And the Colonies admit with Mr. Chamberlain that they must either abandon the idea of forming part of the Empire or take their full share of their responsibilities.

It must be quite apparent to such an astute statesman as Mr. Chamberlain that he cannot hope to obtain one penny from the Colonies without proffering them some very real privilege in exchange. How, then, is he going to induce the Colonies to take upon themselves the burden beneath which the United Kingdom is so pathetically staggering? Certainly not by an appeal to their gratitude? The Colonies, though swift in sympathy and generous in their charities, are not of a grateful frame of mind. They have too confident a belief in themselves to admit that there is need of their gratitude. The colonial is assured of his ability to protect himself, and of the splendid future before his colony. He is a



grown man, now, with a man's conception of his advantages. He would come to the Motherland's help from a feeling of sympathy, and if John Bull stood at the street corner and pathetically appealed for funds to carry on the irksome business of Empire, no doubt there would be a swift response to his request. But it would be given, as all charity is given, from a feeling of pity. And I do not think Mr. Chamberlain asks for the pity of the Colonies.

No; the only means available for the preservation of this loosely knit collection of territories is a firmer binding together of the scattered parts. The final federation is a federation of the Empire upon a basis of representation. The New Republic of Mr. Wells may for the present wait; now the imperative need of the Empire is the compacting of its membership by a process that will give each member of the bond a feeling of responsibility, and of pride, in his position.

Then do the Colonies want representation in the Imperial Parliament? Frankly (in the writer's opinion) the Colonies do not. The Colonies have too poor an opinion of that unwieldy council to ask permission to be swamped beneath its multitude of councillors. The Colonies are not interested in the local concerns of the United Kingdom; perhaps the only party question that finds an echo in the Colonies is the matter of the pacification of Ireland. And the Colonies have no intention of being made the tools of a local party warfare in which they have not the least concern.

No; the only solution of the difficulty that is likely to commend itself to colonial minds is the setting up of a federal council that would take over the imperial concerns of the business, and leave untouched the so-called Imperial Parliament to riot in the intricacies of its local party system. Taking the federation of the Commonwealth as a model, we should see that local parliament at Westminster slowly dwindle in importance as it slowly receded from the imperial purview and became engrossed in the party concerns of what within a century will probably be a minority of the white population of the Empire. Necessarily, when the larger imperial cares were removed from its grasp, the number of its members would suffer reduction.

Remains then the Imperial Federal Council, the supreme governing body of the Empire. This body need not be large; the feeling of democracy is continually in favour of smaller legislative bodies, and I suggest for the composition of this Imperial Council a representation on a double population and State basis that would comprise two chambers whose total members would not number fifty. In order to provide for the changing proportions of populations due to the filling up of the vast empty territories of the Colonies, it would be necessary to have a double system of represen-

tation, similar to that adopted in America, Canada, and the Commonwealth. Thus all the State-groups of the federation would be represented in the lower council in proportion to their population, while in the upper council these same States would be represented by an equal number of senators apiece, no matter what their population. The lower council would be a population representation, in which the United Kingdom would naturally greatly preponderate, while the upper council would be a State representation, in which the Commonwealth would have the same representation as England and Wales or South Africa.

In order to show how such a suggested federal council would provide for the representation of the component parts of the Empire, I subjoin a suggested table of representation. For the rough purposes of the illustration it has been found necessary to divide the Empire into those broad divisions that geographically suggest themselves. Thus, taking the map of the world, we find the central group of the United Kingdom, divided into the three State-divisions of England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, with which would be included the white populations of the European possessions of the Empire. Another group would comprise the proposed South African Federation, another that of Canada and Newfoundland, as well as the white peoples in the West Indian and South American possessions, another the Commonwealth of Australia, and the last the colony of New Zealand and the Pacific and East Asian possessions. Thus we have a closely connected triple group of States at the centre of the federation, and outside them four great federations. My proposal would be to give each of these seven State-groups, three of which compose the United Kingdom, a representation of three senators in the upper federal council. Thus this council would be composed of twenty-one senators.

The lower house, elected on a population basis, would work out for the total population of whites in the Empire—fifty-four millions—a house of twenty-six representatives, each member representing the suffrages of two millions of his race. The constitution of the two houses would then be as follows:

State-Group	House	Senate	Total
England and Wales . . . .	16	3	19
Scotland . . . . .	2	3	5
Ireland . . . . .	2	3	5
South African Federation . . .	1	3	4
Canada and Newfoundland . .	2	3	5
Australian Commonwealth . .	2	3	5
New Zealand, Pacific, etc. . .	1	3	4
	26 members	21 senators	47

*British and Colonial Representation Compared*

—	House	Senate	Total
United Kingdom (three States)	20	9	29
Colonial Empire group (four States)	6	12	18

From the constitution of this suggested council it will be seen that the central State-group, the United Kingdom, would possess a big majority in the lower house, and a small minority in the upper. But as, following the analogy of the Commonwealth Federation, in all cases of conflict between the two divisions of the legislature the two houses would ultimately sit as one, to settle the question upon which they were divided, the central State-group would possess an ultimate majority of twenty-nine to eighteen. Even in the eventuality of Ireland throwing in her lot with the Colonies there would be a majority of one for Great Britain.

Before discussing the question whether the United Kingdom could thus take the Colonies into a working partnership, it is necessary to make one suggestion that might pave the way for the establishment of such a council. That is that such a council might in the first instance be purely *advisory*.

Following the example set by the Premiers' conference, its deliberations might take the form of suggestions to the present Imperial Parliament. And as this public opinion of the Empire gradually took concrete form it would inevitably happen that these mere suggestions for the good government of the common business of empire-management would ultimately assume the importance of commands, which Westminster would have no option but to confirm. And—a further suggestion—it would not be necessary for the two portions of the federal council to sit as separate bodies at all. A single cameral system would be the least cumbersome method of procedure for a nominally advisory board of directors, though in order to balance the claims of States whose areas and populations are so extraordinarily varied, and yet unstable, the double system of representation would doubtless be found absolutely necessary.

But it will be strenuously objected that England would never submit to the indignity of thus abdicating her proud overlordship of the Empire. It is the writer's contention that this is precisely what England will ultimately be forced to do. The whole trend of the recent growth of the Empire, the whole trend of recent colonial opinion, are inevitably forcing this issue to the surface of imperial politics. It will be seen by the man in the street, as it has already been seen with such vivid clearness by the minds that guide the destinies of the Empire, that this issue is one of immediate practical politics. It is a necessity for the Empire immediately to put its

house in order. Common sense and imperial expediency alike point to the necessity for the institution of some such scheme of representation. The Colonies will not remain long content with the sop<sup>o</sup> of Mr. Chamberlain's preferential trade within the Empire. They demand a more dignified and responsible position than that of the recipients of England's charity and beneficence. They are feeling the meaning of their manhood; they demand a recognition of their ability to take a man's share of the burden.

But in order to clear the ground for such a final federation that should knit the Empire in the bonds of an enlightened self-interest, it is necessary for the Englishman to recognise that the colonial is his equal. There must be no further patronage, uttered or implied. The representatives of the Colonies do not care to come to conferences at the invitation of England; they feel that they have the right to come as the representatives of the disfranchised twelve millions behind them. In such a council as I have tentatively suggested the eighteen colonial representatives would insist upon their right to assist the twenty-nine members of the home-States in the practical details of the government of the Empire. In the debating arena of that council every member, whether he represented half a continent or half an island in the North Sea, would be equal. Is the Englishman able to admit the possibility of such a conception? With all the glamour of his great history upon him, will he submit to listen to what these representatives of unknown territories beyond the seas have to tell him of the manner in which those dominions should be governed?

Unless the Englishman is prepared to admit the reasonableness of such a contingency, unless he is able gracefully to offer a fuller share of representation to the disfranchised Colonies, then, tariff conventions notwithstanding, the cementing of the Empire is yet a long and a perilous way off.

And the idea of a federal council offers further possibilities in the future. With the ever-continuous increase in the wealth and populations of the colonial empires, the position of the three central States will gradually but surely diminish in imperial importance. The Englishman of the far future must be prepared to see a suggestion made for the removal from England of the seat of government to one of the more populous centres of Empire. And, to recur to the present, one of the first results of such a council would be the throwing open to the Colonies of the great defence forces of the Empire. The British officer would have to admit his brother colonial officer upon an equal footing with himself, and a Westralian admiral might rise to the command of the Imperial fleets. Nay, there would be nothing to prevent another Mr. Seddon assuming the position of political head of the Empire. But a Scot has more than once been Prime Minister of England, and an Irishman has

brilliantly led the armies of the country against which his native country is politically so incensed.

• Finally, the writer is convinced of the immediate necessity for the consideration of some federal scheme that is based primarily upon the principle of representation. Mr. Chamberlain's desire for the establishment of Empire preferential tariffs—federation by Chamber of Commerce—has the fatal objection that it affords more opportunities for discord than for harmony. A continual bickering between the selfish individual members of the tariff combine will not conduce to that enthusiasm for Empire upon which alone a permanent federation can be reared. Representation must precede tribute. In the words of Lord Rosebery: 'From the Imperial point of view, it would have to be considered whether the relations [between the Mother Country and the Colonies] could be modified materially for the better without having direct colonial representation in some form in the Government of this country.'

ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

*THE FISCAL CONTROVERSY—SOME  
NOTICEABLE FACTS AND EXTRACTS*

I

THE POSITION OF ENGLAND BEFORE FREE TRADE

FREE trade is on its trial. At a moment like the present when its fiscal policy is being ardently discussed throughout the country, and when free trade is being as uncritically and as vociferously lauded to the skies by one set of people as it is being condemned by another set of people, and when the public is getting more and more bewildered at the contradictoriness of the statements made by its leaders, it becomes necessary to look at the present problem in the light of history in order to find out whether free traders or protectionists are right in their assertions. This is particularly desirable as the protectionists frequently state that the economic conditions of the world and of Great Britain have greatly changed since the time when free trade was introduced into this country, and as the nature of the economic changes which have taken place since then is vaguely felt but not distinctly understood not only by the general public but even by many prominent protectionists who make use of that argument.

Everybody has a fairly correct idea of the present economic position of Great Britain as compared with that of other countries. We know that its rural industries have been decaying for many years, and that the country receives from abroad by far the larger quantity of the food and the raw material which it requires. We also know that its imports have been rapidly increasing in value during the last three decades, whilst the exports, with which we pay for the imports, have remained stationary during that period. They have actually decreased if we deduct coal from them. We know that the manufacturing industries of the United States and Germany are flourishing, that the industrial competition between these countries and Great Britain has become extremely keen, that foreign industries have ousted those of Great Britain from many markets, that many of her industries, which formerly were paramount in the world, are languishing, and that some of them have even been ruined by their foreign rivals. We know that Great Britain keeps her in-

dustrial position in the world with the greatest difficulty, that the United States and Germany are rapidly overtaking her, and that this country is at present occupying the second rank, and is rapidly sinking to the third rank amongst the industrial Powers of the world.

What was the economic position of Great Britain when free trade was inaugurated?

At the time when free trade was introduced, Great Britain was unquestionably the first and foremost economic Power in the world. Her wealth and industries knew no rival; she was industrially and commercially *facile princeps* amongst the nations. A few figures will illustrate her former position. If we refer to the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* we find the coal production of the world for the year 1845 stated to have been as follows:

*Coal produced in 1845*

United Kingdom . . . . .	31,500,600 tons
Belgium . . . . .	4,960,077 "
United States . . . . .	4,400,000 "
France . . . . .	4,141,617 "
Prussia . . . . .	3,500,000 "
Austria . . . . .	700,000 "

Evidently, as regards the output of coal, the lifeblood of industrial production, the other industrial countries were nowhere, compared with Great Britain, for their combined production was only about one-half of hers.

In the production of iron Great Britain had a similar paramountcy, for the same edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives the iron production of the world in 1854 as follows:

*Iron produced in 1854*

United Kingdom . . . . .	3,000,000 tons
United States . . . . .	750,000 "
France . . . . .	750,000 "
Prussia . . . . .	300,000 "
All other countries . . . . .	1,200,000 "
Total . . . . .	6,000,000 tons

Great Britain therefore produced at the beginning of the free trade period as much iron as all other nations together.

The same source provides figures of similar portent with regard to the cotton industry:

*Cotton consumed in 1845*

United Kingdom . . . . .	604,000,000 lbs.
United States . . . . .	175,000,000 "
France . . . . .	159,000,000 "
Russia, Germany, Holland, and Belgium . . . . .	97,000,000 "
All other countries . . . . .	39,000,000 "
Total . . . . .	1,074,000,000 lbs.

The British cotton industry was consequently far superior to that of the whole of the rest of the world.

We learn from the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that Great Britain's means of transport were as superior to those possessed by other European nations as was her production of coal, iron, and manufactured cotton.

*Length of Railways*

United Kingdom (1857)	. . . . .	9,019 miles
France (1854)	. . . . .	2,913 "
Prussia (1856)	. . . . .	2,503 "
Germany (1855)	. . . . .	2,226 "
Austria (1856)	. . . . .	1,586 "
All other countries of Europe	. . . . .	1,307 "

At the beginning of the free-trade period our railways were almost equal in length to the railways of the whole Continent. At present Great Britain possesses less than one-eighth of the railway mileage of Europe.

Even the British shipping industry appears to have been proportionately more powerful before free trade was introduced than it is now. According to official statistics British shipping amounted in 1845 to 4,310,639 tons, whilst all other foreign countries possessed only 1,735,079 tons. Great Britain therefore owned, before the advent of free trade, more than 70 per cent. of the world's shipping, while she has now less than 50 per cent.

This wonderful prosperity of the country, which outshone not only that of every other country but even that of all other countries combined, had grown up since the time of the great Napoleonic wars. We read in volume xiv. of Alison's *History of Europe*:

There is perhaps no example in the annals of mankind of a nation having made such advances in industry, wealth, and numbers as Great Britain has made since the Peace. In the thirty years that have elapsed since the battle of Waterloo, during which it has enjoyed, in Europe at least, almost uninterrupted peace, its population has increased more than one-half, having advanced from 18,500,000 to 28,000,000; its imports have doubled, having risen from 32,000,000*l.* to 70,000,000*l.*; its exports have more than tripled, having swelled from 42,000,000*l.* to 130,000,000*l.*, exclusive of colonial produce; its shipping has doubled, having grown from 2,500,000 tons to 5,000,000 tons. . . . During the same period the agricultural industry of the country has been so far from falling short of this prodigious increase in its commercial transactions that it has signally prospered; the dependence of the nation on foreign supplies has steadily diminished, until the grain annually imported had come (on an average of five years, ending with 1835) to be no more than a two-hundredth part in average years of the annual consumption; and the prodigy was exhibited of a rural industry in an old State possessing a narrow and long cultivated territory, not only keeping pace with, but outstripping an increase of numbers and augmentation of food required for the purposes of luxury unparalleled in any age.

It should be added that Alison's figures are based on the official statistics contained in the Government abstracts.



Such, according to the best English sources, was the paramount industrial position of Great Britain at the time when the great free traders began their activity. The few but representative figures above given should be sufficient to prove that Great Britain was then industrially and also financially all-powerful. This impression is confirmed and strengthened when we turn to the foremost foreign book of reference of that period, Meyer's *Encyclopædia*. In that work we read the following under the article 'Great Britain,' published in 1849:

Great Britain outshines all other countries in every branch of human activity, in the raising of raw produce and in the manufacturing industries. Her rural industries are carried on on a most grandiose scale. . . . Great Britain can be called an industrial State only in so far as her agricultural population is inferior in numbers to her industrial population. In no European State have the rural industries made greater progress than in Great Britain. Agriculture and cattle-raising show an extraordinary prosperity and are a model to all countries. . . . Great Britain occupies not only a commanding position owing to the perfection at which her agriculture and her mining industry have arrived. She is besides a model to all nations of the earth with regard to the technical industries, for no country on earth possesses industries of a perfection and a size similar to those of Great Britain. There is no branch of industry which has not been cultivated by the British, none in which they have not arrived at the highest perfection. Manufactures of many kinds, such as the wool and metal industries, have been celebrated already for three centuries, but their production has only become unsurpassed in quality and quantity since the middle of the seventeenth century, when the inexhaustible mechanical genius of the British, by the invention of machinery, skilfully utilised the vast powers of Nature which had hitherto lain dormant. England and Scotland are the workshops of the world, which provide not only all the States of Christendom with goods, but which swamp the whole earth with produce of every description. Great wealth favours enterprise in Great Britain. The liberty of the citizens, an advantageous system of patents which may easily be ceded, together with governmental bounties and grants for the maximum export of manufactured goods stimulate commercial activity. The use of machinery, which is more developed in Great Britain than in any other country, saves expensive manual labour and makes it impossible for other nations to compete with that country on terms of equality.

*The position of Great Britain makes a large export to foreign countries absolutely necessary, and Great Britain would rapidly decay and lose her paramountcy if the foreign markets should be closed to her and if her industries should be stifled by their own pro-luctiveness.* Therefore it comes that the political relations of Great Britain with all other countries are based chiefly on commercial considerations.

The incontrovertible statements taken from the best British and foreign sources make it abundantly clear that Great Britain's industrial position before the advent of free trade was unique, and that the prosperity of the country was marvellous. Therefore it would appear that the assertion which is so frequently made by free traders that Great Britain owes her prosperity to free trade has no foundation in fact.

There was no doubt much justification for the demands for free trade which were advanced in the middle of last century. This

justification may be found in the economic conditions of the world during the early forties of last century. As we have seen from the foregoing figures, Great Britain possessed practically a universal monopoly in all important industries, for her manufacturing output was probably greater than that of all the other Powers of the world combined. Great Britain was the workshop, the banker, the merchant, the shipper, the engineer, the financier, in fact the universal provider, of the whole world. No dangerous competitors were in existence. The United States were a purely agricultural country of less than 20,000,000 inhabitants, and were our best customers for the products of our industries. Germany was an incoherent mass of small and independent States which were jealous of one another and which hampered each other's progress. Each petty State had its own coinage, weights, and measures. The internal trade of the country was subjected to all those vexatious and ruinous restrictions which are usually found only between distant countries. France suffered from chronic unrest and revolution, her agriculture was very backward, and an elaborate system of octroi duties and of unnecessary and most galling governmental and communal restrictions hampered the creation and the development of her industries. Those men in Great Britain who agitated for free trade could, of course, not foresee that backward agricultural countries, such as the United States and Germany, would ever become industrial rivals of Great Britain. This seemed especially unlikely, as it was supposed that the United Kingdom had the monopoly of good coal, which was the one and only basis of all manufacturing activity. We read in the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, issued in 1842:

In France, Liège, Germany, Sweden, Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Canada, and some of the New England provinces coal has been discovered and wrought. But in all these countries the coal is of a quality much inferior to the British, and entirely unfit to be used in many manufactures; so they import coal from Great Britain for various manufactures.

Besides, the stock of coal was believed to be practically inexhaustible, for we read in the same work:

At the present rate of consumption the coal deposits of Great Britain will still last more than 1,500 years, and, by an improved method of working, this time may be extended at least 400 years.

This sanguine forecast of the duration of the coal measures has, unfortunately, proved erroneous.

The economic position of Great Britain in the middle of last century seemed consequently to the men of the time to be so strong as to be absolutely unassailable. The country was all-powerful as a producer, there were no rivals in the field, rivalry with Great Britain seemed impossible, and, apart from its artificial resources such as its established position, wealth, and connections, its natural resources

seemed to be sufficiently great to insure for Great Britain a lasting monopoly in manufactures and shipping. Under those circumstances it was only natural that Cobden and his disciples loudly proclaimed that 'England was, and would always remain, the workshop of the world,' and that they based their whole policy on the assumption of Great Britain's natural and overwhelming superiority, which the experience of later times has, unfortunately, proved to be utterly fallacious.

This dangerous self-deception of the free traders was forcibly expressed in the *Edinburgh Review*. In July 1842 we read in an article published by that review on List's system of protection the following sentences, which plainly express the ruling idea of the period:

In Continental countries they naturally reason thus: 'England has protected her manufactures—England is rich; if we protect our manufactures we shall be as rich as she is.' They forget that England has unrivalled natural capacities for manufacturing and commercial industry, and that no country with capacities distinctly inferior can ascend to an equal prosperity by any policy whatever.

This is a characteristic pronouncement of the self-confident and unimaginative doctrinaire who always imagines that the conditions of the moment will last for ever. He presumes to dictate eternal laws to Nature.

Starting from the fundamental but erroneous assumption that England's superiority would be everlasting by the will of Providence, and that her prosperity was undiminishable by any policy whatever employed by foreign Powers, which was the practical basis on which the free-trade theory was built up, free traders argued that foreign Customs barriers would be absolutely unavailing against the natural superiority for manufacturing possessed by Great Britain. Therefore foreign nations were to be persuaded to give up their useless protection, and Cobden went so far in his delusion as to prophesy that 'there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed in less than five years to follow our example.' Since that prophecy was made, not five but more than fifty years have passed by, yet not one foreign nation has followed our example, and the most rigidly protectionist countries, the United States and Germany, bid fair to possess in a few years that commanding position in the world which we occupied when we inaugurated free trade. This position has been taken away from us by these two protectionist Powers.

Free trade has been unlucky in its prophets. Cobden's prediction of the speedy advent of universal free trade has as little been fulfilled, as his solemn prophecy, 'From the first I have always entertained and expressed the conviction that free trade, far from permanently injuring the farmers, would ultimately tend to their prosperity and independence.'

Similarly, Mr. Gladstone used to prophesy that her tariff was the only bar that would prevent the United States from ever becoming a prosperous country, which prophecy has also become utterly falsified by experience.

On the erroneous forecast that British industries would always remain paramount the astonishing theory was developed by our free traders that our whole fiscal policy should be shaped for the advantage of the consumer. The producer was so powerful that he was easily able to look after himself. Unfortunately history has proved that British industry is not irresistible, and as regards the celebrated 'consumer' argument, the plain truth is that a working man has to produce something during the day-time before he can consume his evening meal. If he cannot find any work because his industry, having been filched away by protectionist countries, is decaying, the cheapest 'consumer' prices for food will not save him from starvation.

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## II

### BISMARCK ON THE POLICY OF REPRISALS

THE following mostly confidential documents were written or dictated by Prince Bismarck, and illustrate clearly the genesis of the movement for protection in Germany, which has many points of resemblance with the present movement for a reform of British fiscal policy.

The justification of his views may be seen from the marvellous industrial development of Germany which has taken place since his well-designed type of Protection was introduced. This development is directly traceable to the powerful influence of her tariff which has been instrumental in turning a backward agricultural country into the foremost industrial, and probably the wealthiest, Power on the Continent.

Owing to Bismarck's tariff, which was improved by his successor, Germany has been able to completely turn the tables on Great Britain. Whereas formerly she used to provide this country with raw produce and to receive British manufactures in return, her tariff, which was deliberately drawn up to effect that purpose, has entirely changed the character of the trade relations existing between the two countries.

*Ex. gr.*, Great Britain exported to Germany in 1902 fully manufactured goods to the value of only about 2,500,000*l.*, and partially manufactured goods, such as yarns, sheet iron, &c., to the value of but little more than 6,000,000*l.* On the other hand she exported

to Germany *unmanufactured* goods, such as coals, metals, fish, hides, horn, tropical produce, &c., to the value of no less than 16,000,000*l.*, whilst Germany provided this country with about 33,000,000*l.* worth of fully manufactured articles and with but 9,000,000*l.* worth of *unmanufactured* goods. Thus, through the action of the German tariff, Great Britain has, as regards Anglo-German trade, been relegated to the humble position of a purveyor of raw produce which she can ill spare, whilst Germany has elevated herself to an exporter of manufactured goods of the highest class.

The fact that Germany sends us 33,000,000*l.* of fully manufactured goods and buys but 2,500,000*l.* of fully manufactured goods from Great Britain, and that Great Britain is forced to pay for foreign manufactured articles with her valuable raw produce, her tools, is sufficiently startling; and that disproportion between our fully manufactured exports and imports will, as regards Anglo-German trade, be accentuated in the near future by the action of the new German tariff, which foreign nations will probably again imitate, as they imitated Bismarck's successful fiscal policy of 1879.

*Memorandum pro Memoria, the 13th of October, 1875.*

His Excellency Prince Bismarck is of opinion—which opinion he is inclined to express publicly, and the criticism of which he leaves to experts—that *nothing but reprisals* against their products will avail against those States which increase their duties to the harm of German exports. The objections raised against such steps in the name of political economy seem untenable for reasons of policy.

*Extract from Despatch to Prince Hohenlohe, German Ambassador in Paris, March 1876.*

We cannot disguise to ourselves that, if the existing system of export bounties in France (by means of *acquits-à-caution*) should continue we would be compelled to levy countervailing duties on French iron similar in amount to the bounties given by the French Government.

*Letter to Minister of State Hoffmann, the 27th of October, 1876.*

. . . I request your Excellency to make proposals to me how and in which way the Imperial authorities might be empowered to take measures in order to combat the abuse of secret bounties which are given by the French Government to the French industries.

With regard to this matter, we cannot remain dependent upon the good-will of foreign Governments, but require absolute guarantees which we can only find in our own institutions and in our own

measures ; for even if we should succeed in obtaining by diplomatic negotiations and by the threat of reprisals from the French Government assurances which would appear satisfactory on paper,\* the French customs authorities would nevertheless in practice always be able to favour the interest of French subjects at the cost of German trade. The administrative arbitrariness of the customs officials in France, which is connived at by the highest authorities in Paris, is too great to allow us to rely upon the French authorities for the protection of German interests.

The honesty and the greater clumsiness of our officials, together with the greater publicity under which our own administration has to work, puts us easily at a disadvantage in dealing with the astute and disciplined officials of foreign Governments. By 'disciplined' I mean the greater obedience of foreign officials even to such instructions as are not publicly admitted, and their greater skill in twisting the sense of commercial stipulations in such a way that the advantages are all on one side, tactics which we find in France not only among the customs authorities but also among the transporting and forwarding intermediaries.

I believe, therefore, that we must not conclude a new commercial treaty which in any way fetters our freedom of action in the sphere of tariffs.

*Letter to Minister of State Hoffmann, the 17th of November, 1876.*

In the draft bill<sup>1</sup> received with your letter of the 15th of this month, paragraph I., and especially paragraph II., leave to us the burden of proof as to the actual export bounties which are granted by foreign Governments. It is within our power neither to determine the existence of such bounties nor to adduce legally valid proof as to their amount and extent. The determination of these bounties depends partly on scientific and partly on technical arguments, and on their applicability opinions may be divided.

In view of the lesser scrupulousness with which foreign Governments observe their treaty obligations, and in view of the greater facility with which the customs apparatus of foreign countries is made subservient to the Government for secret purposes *which are not avowed*, it is to be expected that we shall be outwitted in all

<sup>1</sup> The chief provisions of this draft bill were:

Paragraph I. Goods which are imported into Germany, and which receive an export bounty from another country, are, when introduced into Germany, liable to a countervailing duty which may be imposed by Imperial proclamation.

Paragraph II. The countervailing duty must not exceed the amount of the export bounty.

Paragraph III. Countervailing duties can be levied either upon the products of a certain country or upon all goods arriving from that country, without regard to their country of origin.

treaties which presuppose that the *bona fides* of foreign officials is equal to that of our own.

"I do, therefore, not think it advisable for us to conclude commercial treaties which limit our freedom of action with regard to tariffs for the whole time for which such treaties are concluded. Only in freedom of action and in our determination to make use of that freedom of action to the fullest extent, shall we find protection against injuries inflicted upon us which we may recognise, but for which we cannot adduce legally valid proof.

*Letter to Minister of Finance Camphausen, the 13th of February, 1877.*

.... We should bear in mind that the German industries ought to be effectively protected against the injuries that are at present being inflicted upon them by the fiscal policy of foreign States. Therefore it should be our aim to secure for the exports of our home industries into foreign countries conditions at least as favourable as are the conditions which foreign countries enjoy in the German market. We have consequently not only to consider the duties which are levied on foreign frontiers and on our own, but also the export bounties which are granted in various countries, and which, I fear, are insufficient in the case of Germany and lower than those which are given by foreign countries.

*Confidential Letter to all the German Governments, the 2nd of July, 1878.*

In view of the attitude of the German Diet during its last session towards the taxation proposals recently made by the allied Governments, I think it desirable that the allied Governments should in time arrive at an agreement as to the financial policy of the future, in order to be able to submit proposals for a comprehensive programme of economic reform to the Diet during its next session.

The chief object of that reform should be the expansion of the Imperial revenues, which expansion has on all sides been considered necessary.

Consultation and agreement among the various Governments is required with regard to the following points:

- (1) As to the degree to which the revenues must be increased.
- (2) As to the objects on which taxation should be increased.
- (3) As to the manner in which that higher taxation should be levied.
- (4) As to the effect which the settlement of these three points will have upon our fiscal policy.

It appears recommendable that these questions should be discussed by way of confidential conversation between the allied Governments before formal legislation be entered upon. Consequently I take the liberty of submitting to the allied Governments the proposal that, as soon as possible, a conference of the competent ministers should take place.

For such a conference some days in the first half of August would appear to be a suitable time, and a town should be selected for it which is geographically most convenient to all the representatives of the various States. Heidelberg would perhaps be best situated and would be more suitable than Berlin.

In order to give the chief points which will be of interest for the conference I have the honour to enclose for your confidential information several copies of a memorial<sup>2</sup> in which the questions mentioned are treated.

I take the liberty of asking your Government to let me know as soon as possible whether it would take part in such a conference, and whether my proposals as to time and place are convenient. In case your Government should assent to my proposal I should be glad to be furnished with the names of its representatives as soon as possible.

(The conference in Heidelberg took place between the 5th and 8th of August, 1878, and led to an agreement in nearly all points with the proposals made by Prussia.)

*Confidential Circular to all the Prussian Ambassadors accredited to the various German Courts, the 28th of October, 1878.*

I have the honour to send enclosed a copy of a proposal for a revision of our fiscal policy, which proposal has been advanced by the Prussian Ministry of State. I think that it would be desirable to have thereon the views of the allied Governments.

You will therefore communicate in confidence the contents of the enclosure to the Government to which you are accredited, and ask in my name for an expression of its views on that question.

At the same time you will direct the attention of the Government to which you are accredited to the following : The policy of fostering individual industries by protective tariff (for reasons apart from financial considerations) is a policy which is permanently or temporarily pursued by all Governments. The opposition which that policy usually finds amongst those producers who are not protected is directed principally against the privileges which individual protected industries are supposed to obtain at the cost of all other industries.

To such opposition a protective system will not be exposed which

<sup>2</sup> The text of the memorial alluded to, is not obtainable, but it was probably identical with the next document.



levies duties on *all* merchandise<sup>\*</sup> which passes our frontiers from abroad and which treats all produce alike, subjecting all without exception to *ad valorem* duties.

Prompted by the justified pursuit of German national interest, the whole of the German production would receive a more favourable treatment in the home market than would be granted to foreign production.

According to my opinion, such a system has the following advantages:

(1) The financial results of an *ad valorem* duty would be very considerable.

(2) Such duties would not be oppressive in any direction, as they would affect all classes equally. As every producer in the Empire is at the same time a consumer of the products of other industries, the advantages and disadvantages caused by such a tariff would be balanced and would be more equally distributed than if duties were imposed upon a limited number of particular products.

Only a small minority of the population is non-producing and lives on a settled income, on fixed salaries, professional fees, &c. This fact increases to a considerable degree the difficulties which are in the way of the introduction of such a tariff. These difficulties are especially great, as the majority of our legislators in Parliament and of our permanent officials belong to that minority. However, the justified claims of our officials can always be satisfied by increasing their salaries if prices should really advance after an increase in the customs duties has taken place. At all events it does not seem likely that a considerable rise in prices will occur.

(3) The duties raised on foreign imports will either not be borne by the home consumer at all or such duties will be borne by him to a small extent only. These duties will diminish the profit which the foreign producer has hitherto made from us, and will perhaps also affect the profit of the middleman.

By the fact that foreign countries always show the greatest concern if another country desires to increase its duties, it can be seen that such customs duties are to a very large extent borne by the foreign producer and not by the consumer. If the home consumer should really have to bear the weight of increased duties, such an increase would leave the foreign producer indifferent. However, that is not the case, for the gain of the foreign importer is diminished either by the whole amount of the duty or by part of it. Under a system of protective tariffs the Empire will, therefore, derive part of its income from foreign countries.

<sup>\*</sup> Prince Bismarck amended this statement later on by declaring that foreign raw products which are required for manufacturing purposes, and which cannot be produced in Germany, would either not be taxed at all or would be taxed according to requirement.

(4) The cost of the customs apparatus will not be much increased, as the customs arrangements already existing have to be maintained in any case, and they will probably prove sufficient for dealing with the additional goods subject to duties.

So far I have not made proposals in any direction with regard to the considerations enumerated above. The purpose of this letter is to ascertain how far it is advisable for the Imperial Chancellor to proceed officially, in which way he should proceed, and how far such proposals would be favourably received.

You will, therefore, bring about a confidential expression of views on the part of the Government to which you are accredited and notify to me the result of your conversation.

*Enclosure referred to in the previous Letter.*

The financial, economic, and political conditions which have determined the direction of our fiscal policy have materially altered in the course of the last years.

The financial position of the Empire and of the single States requires an increase of the revenues. During the confidential conversations which took place last summer in Heidelberg with regard to fiscal reform the conviction was unanimously expressed that the system of indirect taxation should be further developed.

Besides the present state of the German industries and the tendency to increase the protection of home production against foreign competition, which has become apparent in our great neighbour States and in America, have made it necessary to enquire carefully whether it would not be desirable to reserve the German home market also, to a greater extent than heretofore, to the national industries. By taking these steps, the growth of our home production would be encouraged, and at the same time material for future negotiations would be created, provided with which we might try later on in which way and how far the customs barriers of foreign countries, which at present damage our exporting industries, might be removed for the benefit of our industries by new commercial treaties.

The results of an enquiry into the position of the iron, cotton, and woollen industries which is being conducted will supply us with useful material for answering the question whether an increase of our import duties or their reintroduction will be conducive to the welfare of those industries.

Preliminary investigations have already been made, and papers will be placed before a committee of the council which will be appointed for the object of changing the customs tariff in such a way that in the first place the present disproportion between import duties on manufactured goods and on raw produce will disappear, and that in the second place the protection of our various industries

against foreign competition will be increased. However, the introduction of higher duties than those contemplated is in no way excluded. . . .

In order to solve the questions alluded to as quickly as possible and to end the present oppressive uncertainty with regard to the future course of our fiscal policy, which weighs on all our industries, it seems necessary to nominate a special commission for utilising the material which already exists and which has been collected by the enquiries already made in order to prepare the revision of our customs tariff.

The duty of the commission would be to examine the whole of the tariff, and it should be composed partly of officials of the Empire and partly of officials of the most important individual States. The number of its members should not be too small in view of the scope of the task. The working out of questions of detail should be left to smaller sub-commissions which could be formed from the larger commission. It is also recommendable to empower the commission and the sub-commission to call and examine experts or to call for written opinions and statements through the various authorities.

(On the 12th of November, 1878, a copy of this document was sent to the Federal Council, and on the 12th of December a commission was appointed which received Bismarck's views and instructions by his letter of the 15th of December, which is printed below.)

*Reply to Objections made by German Governments with regard to the proposed Alterations in the Tariff, end of November 1878.*

. . . The proposal to impose duties on our imports may be viewed with suspicion by consumers, and chiefly by those consumers who live on their assured income free from care. But the means of those people also will give out if they do not make up their mind to consider the position of the *producing* part of the population. If the producing part of the population is impoverished the whole State is impoverished. . . . Who after all is to carry the whole burden of the State? The producer alone? *Consumers are all.*

*Memorandum to Federal Council, the 15th of December, 1878.*

. . . It is not a matter of chance that other States,\* especially those which politically and economically have made the greatest progress, rely chiefly on customs duties for their revenue.

Direct taxation which is demanded from the individual, and which, in case of need, is obtained by force, is by its very nature more oppressive than indirect taxation, which is almost unperceived by the consumer. . . Direct taxation weighs especially heavily upon the middle classes.

*It is a matter of course that is not intended that the increase of indirect taxation should mean an increase in the whole burden of taxation, which is not determined by the national income, but by its necessary budgetary expenditure. It is not the intention of the Government to produce larger revenues than are absolutely necessary, but it is its intention to produce them in the least oppressive manner. The reform of our fiscal policy consists not in increasing taxation but in removing the burden from the more oppressive direct to the less oppressive indirect contributions by a revised tariff.*

To attain that end it would appear recommendable that all merchandise passing our frontiers should be subjected to customs duties. From those duties the raw materials which are necessary to our industries and which are not produced in Germany (such as cotton), or which are produced in insufficient quantity or quality, should be excepted. The duties should be graduated in accordance with the requirements of our home industries. . . .

The increased yield of indirect taxation would not necessitate a corresponding increase in the expenses for collecting the duties, as the existing customs apparatus will probably prove sufficient to cope with the additional work with which it will have to deal.

Though I am laying the greatest stress on the financial aspect of a change in our fiscal policy, I am of opinion that the reintroduction of protection cannot be attacked by political economists on economic grounds.

It is an open question whether a state of complete and reciprocal international free trade would be to the interest of Germany. As long as most other nations with which Germany has to keep up business relations are surrounded with tariff walls which are continually rising higher it seems both justifiable and necessary to introduce protection. . . .

Protective duties in favour of individual industries are like privileges, and meet with hostility on the part of those industries which are unprotected. In order not to give undue privileges to individual industries it would, therefore, be advisable to give a preference to *all home production over foreign production in the home market.*

Such a system would not be oppressive and would be just to all, as the duties would be more equally distributed over all the productive forces of the nation than in the case of protective duties in favour of individual industries.

The small minority of the population which does not produce at all, the consumers pure and simple, would apparently suffer by protection; but if the prosperity of the country should be increased by protection the non-productive section of the community and the recipients of fixed salaries, imperial and local officials, &c., would certainly also be benefited. The community would be enabled to

give compensation to those classes for a possible rise in the price of commodities; but if such a rise should take place it would be but infinitesimal and nothing like the rise that is usually imagined and feared by the consumers.

Duties which are imposed merely for revenue purposes on products which cannot be raised in the country, and which *must* be imported from abroad, will always to a large extent be borne by the home consumer. However, on those products which can in sufficient quantity and quality be raised in the country, the foreign producer will have to bear the whole of the duty in order to be able to compete in our market. Lastly, in such cases where a part of the home demand must be supplied by imports from abroad, the foreign competitor will be forced to pay at least a part and sometimes the whole of the duties, and to be satisfied with a smaller profit than heretofore. The customs duties on those products which are in part raised in this country would to a large extent be paid by foreign countries, which may be seen by the interested clamour which is always raised abroad whenever new duties are introduced or when the old ones are increased. If the home consumer would in practice be burdened with the weight of import duties, the introduction of such duties would leave the foreign producer more indifferent.

Whenever a portion of the import duties is borne by the home consumer, it is small in proportion to the fluctuations in price which are caused by the changes in supply and demand. Compared with the great and rapid fluctuations arising from these causes a duty of 5 or 10 per cent. *ad valorem* can only exercise a proportionately small influence upon prices. . . .

The return to the principle of protection all round has become necessary owing to the altered economic position of the world. *In the revision of our fiscal policy we can be solely guided by the interests of Germany.*

Commercial negotiations with foreign countries may soon be expected, and we can initiate such negotiations in the hope of securing favourable treatment of our claims and favourable conditions to German trade only if the whole of our industries can, by an autonomous tariff, be brought into a favoured position with regard to foreign countries.

*Speech from the Throne to the newly elected Reichstag,  
the 12th of February, 1879.*

. . . The new fiscal proposals are firstly intended to increase our resources by broadening the basis of taxation and by abolishing that taxation which is felt to be most oppressive. At the same time I am of opinion that our home industries in their entirety have a claim for

as much assistance as can be granted to them by duties and taxes, an assistance which in other countries is given to similar industries perhaps *in excess* of the industrial requirements.

I think it my duty to try to reserve at least the German home market to national production so far as that policy is compatible with our other interests. We shall, therefore, return to those principles which have been proved by experience, which have guided the Zollverein during almost half a century of prosperity, and which we have, to a large extent, deserted since 1865. I fail to see that that departure from protection has brought to us any real advantages.

*Statement placed before the German Diet in support of the Tariff Proposals and explaining their Aim, the 13th of April, 1879.*

. . . German fiscal policy, in taking up free trade, had entered upon a phase during which the well-being of our national industries and the retention of the home market for the benefit of our own industries were almost completely left out of consideration. That economic policy would have been advantageous and justified only under two conditions.

Firstly, it was necessary that other countries should follow our example and also adopt free trade, and the hope that they would do so was widely entertained in economic circles until a few years ago, and was also very prevalent in the Diet. But to-day no doubt exists that the first condition which can justify free trade has not come into existence, for no nation has followed our example.

The second condition which could justify the introduction of free trade was that no changes in the international economic conditions unfavourable to Germany should take place since the time when free trade was inaugurated, and that Germany should preserve her relative economic position amongst nations. This condition also has not been fulfilled.

The marvellous development of transport has, during the last ten or twenty years, completely changed the economic aspect of the world and the distribution of economic power. The most important German Industries are at present endangered by huge foreign industries whose production, owing to the greatly increased transport facilities, threatens the German market in a way that, but a short time ago, could not have been anticipated. Furthermore foreign nations have learned—and the United States are an example—to dispense with German goods by surrounding themselves with hostile tariffs and by creating industries of their own in their country.

Our present tariffs, therefore, correspond no longer with the economic conditions of the world and with the requirements of the time.

To the allied Governments the considerations enumerated

appeared so weighty as to make a reconsideration of our fiscal policy necessary, and from the disadvantages mentioned the direction which the necessary fiscal reforms should have to take became clearly apparent.

In view of the position described above it evidently became necessary to come to the assistance not of certain individual industries which had suffered, but of all the national industries, by giving them, wherever such treatment appeared desirable, a preference in the home market.

With this end in view a special commission was nominated which has examined every single item of the proposed tariff.

The changes which have occurred in the relative economic position of various nations must make it apparent that it is risky for Germany to keep our market any longer open to foreign nations, especially if we bear in mind that other nations, whose system is more strongly protective than our own, have reserved their home market to their own industries by increased customs duties.

As the unsatisfactory state of the German industries is not of recent growth, material to support the justified claims of our industries is not lacking. Two enquiries into the decay of two industries, which have particularly acutely suffered, were made last summer, and the conclusions arrived at are at the disposal of the various Governments.

The finding of the commission which has examined the requirements of the various industries is apparent from the individual provisions of the new tariff, in which the reasons which have been instrumental for determining each individual provision have also been stated. The general conclusion at which the commission has arrived may be summed up as follows: Whenever a pressing necessity can be proved to exist, home industries should receive a somewhat higher protection than hitherto received. As a rule our industries should be granted only a moderate advantage over foreign competition. In drawing up the provisions of the tariff it has been borne in mind that the ability of German industries to export should be fully maintained and that that ability should be strengthened by reserving to them the home market.

*Letter to Minister of Finance Bitter, the 13th of May, 1880.*

With reference to your letter of the 4th of May regarding the decrease in the yield of the income tax on small incomes ('Klassensteuer') I agree with you that it is necessary to proceed with the utmost economy, and to recommend to the local authorities the greatest possible indulgence in levying taxes in view of the diminished prosperity of the country. In reply to your letter I should like to make the following observations:

The shrinkage in the income tax on *small incomes* is a proof of

the shrinkage in the prosperity of the population. That shrinkage has made itself felt for several years past, and according to my conviction it would have taken place several years earlier had it not been for the war contribution of 5,000,000,000 francs which we received from France between 1871 and 1874. Only that circumstance has, for a time, arrested the deterioration in our economic position which has been caused by the free trade legislation that was initiated after the Zollverein period. If these statements should require further proof the fact that the masses of our population are impoverishing should be sufficient. That decline in our prosperity began when our fiscal policy was altered in the direction of free trade. . . . Only the French war contributions stopped for a time the decay of our prosperity that began when we deserted the traditional policy of the Zollverein which had been followed ever since 1823. We may therefore hope to see this decay disappear if our legislation continues to advance in the direction which it took in the session of 1879, without regard to the wishes of an opposition whose action was due rather to the consideration of the requirements of the political parties in the Diet than to considerations of public welfare.

. . . . That the income tax on large incomes has risen whilst that on small incomes has fallen off seems to me to be due to nothing else than to the greater pressure which has been exercised by the tax-gathering apparatus whose principle it is to increase the assessment until the public makes formal complaints. However, merchants and other business men who require credit do not easily make such formal complaints, because of their credit requirements. But even those income-tax payers who need not think of their credit will rather bear an undue increase in their assessment for a time, as long as that increase is not *out of all proportion*, than take the trouble of sending in formal complaints. Only incomes which emanate from regularly flowing sources and which are paid in cash can be measured with absolute accuracy. I can, therefore, only view with suspicion the way in which the income-tax gathering authorities have proceeded, if the income tax received between 1874 and 1880 has increased by nearly 12 per cent. when all incomes, as is well known, have decreased. In consideration of the depressing circumstances of the present time and of the shrinkage in our income I cannot believe that such an increase could have been effected except by causing perfectly justified dissatisfaction amongst the taxpayers.

If I therefore agree with the wishes of the Minister of Finance for economy I cannot help seeing in the arguments which your Excellency has advanced in your memorandum a proof how greatly the free trade disturbance, which has affected the fiscal traditions of the Zollverein, has damaged the prosperity of the German nation, and how necessary it is to continue to oppose free trade. The history of the Zollverein up to the end of the sixties was a history



of uninterrupted prosperity for Prussia, notwithstanding the narrow limits of the country and notwithstanding the greater impediments to our home trade owing to our inferior means of transport. During the short space of but half a year since we have deliberately turned away from that mistaken system of free trade we have already witnessed a slight improvement in our economic position, and we may count on an increasing improvement if we continue to proceed on the road upon which we have entered.

• O. ELTZBACHER.

## THE ORGANISATION OF THE ADMIRALTY AND WAR OFFICE

WE have heard a great deal lately of the War Office and the need of reform in its organisation, and it has been unfavourably compared with the Admiralty. It may therefore be useful to show what the organisation of the Admiralty is, there being very general ignorance on the subject—the idea generally entertained by the public, and even by many naval officers, being that the Navy is governed by the Board of Admiralty created by patent ‘for executing the office of Lord High Admiral.’ And the fact that all orders emanating from it are signed by the Secretary ‘By order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty’ naturally tends to that view, which, however, is by no means a correct one, as I propose to show in this paper.

For many years previous to 1869 the Navy was ruled by a Board, responsible as a Board to the Crown and country, the members of which varied slightly from time to time, but consisted in 1869 of two civilians and four naval officers (as I pointed out in a letter to the *Times* in November 1890), the First Lord, a civilian, being *primus inter pares*; so that, if the naval men agreed, they, being in the majority, ruled the Navy, and the Board could only be overruled by the Cabinet. My statement that the First Lord was only *primus inter pares* was questioned by a correspondent in the *Times* who signed himself ‘Navalis,’ and who quoted the evidence of the Duke of Somerset and Sir James Graham before a Committee that when First Lords of the Admiralty they considered themselves supreme; and in a certain sense they were, but there is no doubt no important naval change could be made contrary to the wishes of the naval members of the Board. I have had conversations with old officers who were members of the Board of Admiralty previous to 1869, amongst whom I may mention the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Alexander Milne, and two out of the only three other officers now alive who were members of it, and they are all unanimous on this point. Cases have occurred when, the First Lord not giving in to the naval men on the Board on a vital point, the Cabinet was appealed to, and the naval men supported.

With regard to the formation of the Board, the naval men were selected by the First Lord after he had accepted office; and when a change of First Lord took place, the new First Lord made a fresh selection—which, however, often included members of the late Board. The same practice prevails now, except that whereas in former days politics often entered into the selection they have in recent times happily been abolished in the government of the Navy.

When in December 1868 Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister Mr. Childers, who had in a previous Administration been Junior Civil Lord of the Admiralty, was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and knowing that he could not carry out Mr. Gladstone's economies with the Board in January 1869 procured an Order in Council which abolished the responsibility of the Board, and made the First Lord solely responsible to the King and Parliament, and the Naval Lords responsible only to the First Lord for whatever work he allotted to them to carry out, and this system has been continued to the present day. The machinery of the Board was retained, in case the First Lord wished to call them together to ask for their advice, which he can take or not as he thinks fit; but the Board, as a Board, are in no way directly responsible to the King and country. And the anomaly remains that, although they are appointed by patent as Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, they are prevented doing so by the Order in Council referred to (January the 14th, 1869).

Mr. Childers, having brought in his Order in Council and taken away the responsibility from the Naval Lords, was enabled to carry out his economies, and the Navy, which had been perfectly satisfactory up to that time, went down the hill, and continued to do so until the Government were forced by public opinion to increase it.

The first expression of public opinion was the publication of a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1884, the concluding article stating that the Navy had been going down hill for the last fifteen years. I wrote a short letter pointing out that period coincided with the time responsibility had been taken away from the Naval Lords at the Admiralty. Since then the public and the press have forced the Government to increase the Navy. The initiative has not come from the Admiralty or Government. The increase has been forced on them by the public.

I can only come to the conclusion that if the responsibility of the Board of Admiralty to the King and country had not been abolished, it would not have been necessary to rouse the Government by public opinion.

In my opinion, and in that of all naval officers who have had seats at the Board to whom I have spoken on the subject, it would be much to the advantage of the country if the Order in Council of January 1869 were abolished, and the Board made responsible as a

Board, as it used to be. Lord Goschen has said he has always considered the members of the Board as his colleagues; Lord Selborne has said the same; and the abolition of the Order in Council would render the Board the colleagues of the First Lord in reality, instead of in theory. There is no occasion for every detail to go before the Board—the Navy has grown too large for that—but the principle that no important orders should be given without the approval of the Board would be established, and if any conclusion on a really important matter was come to against the opinion of an individual member he could resign; whereas under the present system the First Lord may give directions or adopt a policy which may be totally at variance with the opinions of one or more members of the Board, and he or they may find it consistent with their position, not being responsible, to remain. One such case and possibly others have occurred—only one naval man (Lord Charles Beresford) has resigned.

The naval officers on the Board are on half-pay, are paid as civilians, and do not wear uniform. This has obvious advantages; for men of ability and fitness can be selected without regard to their seniority, and by the phraseology of 'By order of the Lords Commissioners' their names do not appear.

How the organisation I have sketched (purposely briefly and without details) would suit the War Office it is for those who are more conversant with military matters than I am to judge. Personally I feel sure that a Board on the lines of the present Admiralty would not answer: the reason the Admiralty is more or less satisfactory at present is not because a civilian is solely responsible for its conduct, but owing to its old traditions, the extreme loyalty that pervades the Navy, and the fact that the procedure is carried on on much the same lines as previous to 1869, when the Board and not the First Lord was responsible. If the War Office is to be reorganised on the model of the Admiralty, it must be as the Admiralty was previous to 1869. You must get rid of the sole responsibility of the Secretary of State for War. Of course there will be objections, and the civilians will not give up what they have got if they can help it; but the majority of foreign countries have naval and military officers at the head of their army and navy, as seems natural. Under our Constitution this, however, is impossible, for it can only be very rarely indeed that a naval or military man can be found who to competent knowledge of his profession adds capability for Cabinet and Parliamentary work. It therefore seems that a Board where the experts are in a majority, and the civilian First Lord head of the Board and its mouthpiece in the Cabinet and Parliament, and which has proved so successful for ages in the Navy, is the right organisation for both Navy and Army.

M. CULME SEYMOUR.

## *LONDON EDUCATION*

THE transformation effected in the course of half a century in the manners and morals of the London manual working class is one of the most remarkable chapters of social history. Nothing but the unimpassioned revelations of the Blue-books, or the incidental references of contemporary newspapers to what they took as a matter of course, can give an adequate vision of the abominations that, within the memories of men still living, prevailed in all the working-class quarters—two-thirds of the whole child population growing up not only practically without schooling or religious influences of any kind, but also indescribably brutal and immoral; living amid the unthinkable filth of vilely overcrowded courts, unprovided either with water supply or sanitary conveniences, existing always at the lowest level of physical health, and constantly decimated by disease; incessantly under temptation by the flaring gin-palaces which alone relieved the monotony of the mean streets and dark alleys to which they were doomed; graduating almost inevitably into vice and crime amid the now incredible street life of an unpoliced metropolis. It was with this problem, only partly alleviated in its gravity, that the educational reformers of 1860 and 1870 had to grapple. It is, in the main, out of this material that the present working-class population of London—taken, as a whole, perhaps the least turbulent, the least criminal, and the most assiduous in its industry of any of the world's great capitals—has been fashioned.

In this arrest of a nation's suicide, what influences have been most potent? We do not need to dilate upon the organisation of a preventive police, the elaboration of the sanitary code, and the ever-increasing regulation of the conditions of factory employment. But, potent as these remedial agencies have been, it is not by inhibition alone that men and women are rescued from deterioration. Hence the heroic efforts to establish church schools and chapel schools, night schools and ragged schools; and the gradual development of these by Government grants until more than a hundred and fifty thousand children were under their influence. Like all voluntary effort, this work was patchy, unorganised, and of very varying quality. It left, even at the period of its greatest development, two-

thirds of the boys and girls completely outside its scope. Not until the establishment under the Education Act, 1870, of the London School Board was there any systematic attempt to rescue the whole of the children of London. Thus it is that to the School Board for London has fallen by far the largest share in the beneficent transformation. By the persistent efforts of its army of attendance officers it has, at last, got London's 800,000 children to school. The voluntary schools stand, numerically, almost precisely where they did in 1870. It is the School Board which has provided the buildings for the half a million additional scholars brought under the wonderful discipline of the public elementary school. These five hundred new public buildings, covering a square mile of valuable land, existing now in every one of London's fifty-eight electoral divisions, four to every square mile of London's surface, erected at a cost of fourteen millions sterling, constitute by far the greatest of our municipal assets. And improvement in quality has kept pace with increase in quantity. It is, in the main, to the School Board that London owes the transformation which has, in these thirty-three years, come over its elementary schools—the change from frowy, dark, and insanitary rooms, practically destitute of apparatus or playgrounds, in which teachers, themselves mostly untrained, mechanically ground a minimum of the three R's required by the code of 1861-96 into the heads of their scanty pupils, to the well-lighted and admirably decorated best school halls of the present day, with ample educational equipment, with pianos, school libraries, extensive playgrounds, &c., served by a staff of trained professional teachers, free to develop the growing intelligence of their pupils in whatever subjects and by whatever educational methods they find best.

Yet great as was the stride taken by the establishment of the London School Board, the dominant idea was still merely the rescue of children from the abyss. In the Government Code of 1860 the object was expressly limited to 'the education of children belonging to the classes who support themselves by manual labour,' and as late as 1868 minute regulations were framed to admit the sons of policemen and porters, but to exclude from the public schools those of excisemen, clerks, and the humblest shopkeepers. The proceedings of 1870 were full of the same idea. It is refreshing to study the plucky audacity and persistence by which the London School Board, largely through the imperturbable zeal and ingenuity of Mr. Lyulph Stanley, has forged its way through Government red tape and the grumbling of Philistine ratepayers across all these social barriers to the higher grade school and the advanced evening classes. For some years this audacity seemed to receive the sanction of the Education Department. Then came friction, resistance, and estrangement. In the end the courts were driven to decide that the legislators of 1870 had not authorised more than the elementary

education of mere children. The limitation thus practically reimposed by the judges in 1900-1 was, as we now see, not due to any special perversity, but to the historical fact that English public education, unlike that of Scotland or Switzerland, had its origin in what we have termed rescue work.

Meanwhile the community had been approaching the problem from another standpoint. England experienced successive waves of uneasiness about the supposed lack of craftsmanship in the British workman, and the deficiency in technical knowledge of the foreman and superintendent. First, as usual, came voluntary effort—the early mechanics' classes, the technical colleges of the City Companies, Quintin Hogg and the polytechnics; presently to be magnified by the dramatic 'rolling up' of the City parochial charities under Mr. Bryce's Act. Then, at last, the London County Council, reluctantly taking up the duty put upon it by the Technical Instruction Acts, began to spend its 'whisky money.' Beginning where the legal powers of the School Board ended, the Council, through its Technical Education Board, has, during the last ten years, laid down the lines of a highly complex system of specialised education, partly in the dozen great polytechnics, partly in its own technical institutes and art schools, and culminating in the technical faculties of the reorganised University of London.

But, with all this, London was still without an authority competent to deal with education as a whole. Fifty years ago, Matthew Arnold, crying in the wilderness, pointed out the absurdity of confining collective action to this or that particular grade of education, or to any one section of the community. Imperceptibly public opinion gained a new point of view. The leaders of all the political parties unconsciously absorbed the idea that national efficiency depended on our making the most of the capacities of the whole population, which form, after all, as truly part of the national resources as our iron and coal. Indeed, as we now see with painful clearness, we have, in the long run, for the maintenance of our pre-eminent industrial position in the world, nothing to depend on except the brains of our people. Public education has, therefore, insensibly come to be regarded, not as a matter of philanthropy undertaken for the sake of the individual children benefited, but as a matter of national concern undertaken in the interest of the community as a whole. It is this notion which has, almost without the notice of the controversialists, been embodied in the Education Acts 1902-3. We no longer prescribe, as the sphere of the local education authority, 'elementary education,' or 'technical education,' or any other kind or grade of education. For the first time in English history it has been definitely made the duty of the public authority to provide anything and everything that is needed in the way of 'education' without definition or limitation, without restric-

tion of age, or sex, or class, or subject, or grade. Thus the task of the new Education Authority for London is very different from that hitherto undertaken either by the School Board or the Technical Education Board. It is called upon to endow London with a complete educational system. To give to each of London's 800,000 children during the years of compulsory school attendance the most effective physical, moral, and intellectual training; to develop in them the utmost mental acquisitiveness; to arouse in as many as possible of them the indéfinable quality that we call resourcefulness, initiative, inventiveness, or the capacity for meeting new conditions by new devices; to provide for the whole of them the widest possible opportunities for continuing their studies after leaving the day school; to carry on, by a 'capacity-catching' scholarship system, all whose brains make it profitable for the community to equip them with more advanced instruction; to organise, as well for these scholarship-holders as for all others able to benefit by it, an efficient and duly varied system of secondary and university education, whether predominantly literary, scientific, artistic, commercial, technological, or professional in type; to provide the best possible training for teachers of every kind and grade; and so to organise the whole machine as, while increasing knowledge and efficiency, to promote everywhere the development of character and culture, and ultimately to encourage the highest scholarship and the most advanced research—all this, and nothing less than this, is the task which Parliament has committed to the London County Council.

How much is yet accomplished towards that great task? To 'take stock' of London educationally seems to be the first duty of the new Education Authority. It was the comprehensive survey of London's technical education, made for the County Council by Mr. Llewellyn Smith in 1892, which made possible the successful ten years' work of its Technical Education Board. A similarly comprehensive survey of London education as a whole, as it stands in 1903, would be of inestimable value to the new Education Committee. It is an inevitable characteristic of educational administration in so vast an area that those who are interested in it have seldom had personal experience of, or come closely into contact with, more than a small portion of the field. One member knows about elementary schools, another almost exclusively about secondary; one is interested in the teaching of science, and is quite unaware of the progress made in drawing or modern languages; others, again, have governed boys' schools, but have hardly an idea of what is required for infants or for girls, and may be only dimly aware of the technical college or the university. No complete or systematic description of the educational institutions of London at present exists.



To begin with the broad base of the public elementary school, such a survey would, I think, show that the great task committed to the School Board in 1870 has been at last accomplished; that, of the child population living in houses under 40% rental, practically all are now either on the rolls of schools recognised as 'efficient' or otherwise accounted for; and that, roughly speaking, there is a school place for every child. This does not mean that there need be no more building of schools, even if London's child population continues stationary, but that such buildings may, broadly speaking, henceforth be confined to coping with the shifting of the people from the centre to the suburbs, and to the necessary substitution, as time goes on, of new schools for old ones. At least a quarter of the present public elementary school buildings of London are old and insanitary, and will have to be rebuilt, if not by the foundation managers out of private subscriptions, then as 'provided schools' at the public expense.

Passing from the buildings to their inmates, it will be found that the children are, taken as a whole, more regular in their attendance than they have ever previously been, the average in 1901-2 being 83·7 per cent. This, however, is not satisfactory. If several dozen schools in London, some in poor districts, can maintain an average attendance of between 90 and 95 per cent.; if all Leicester can achieve 88·7 per cent., and the whole of sparsely peopled Westmoreland 89·3 per cent., London cannot remain content with only 83·7, which means that there are at all times over 120,000 children away from school. What is even more unsatisfactory is that a great part of the absences are made by the same 6 or 8 per cent. of 'regular irregulars'—a body of perhaps 50,000 children who, by habitually missing half the possible attendances, escape most of the educational discipline of the school. Much has been done by the School Board of late years, mainly at the instigation of Dr. Macnamara, to look after these children, and various improvements are already in progress. More can be accomplished when the visitors are more closely associated with the teachers, with a view to promptly visiting every absentee, and when the voluntary schools, where the attendance is much below that of the board schools, are brought under the same central control.

Having got our children to school, the supremely important question remains: what is the quality of the education there given to them? On this point no materials exist for any confident answer. Since the abolition of the individual examination of the Government inspectors, no common measure has been applied to all the schools, and there is no statistical evidence to appeal to.<sup>1</sup> If,

<sup>1</sup> On the School Board itself there have been grave searchings of heart as to whether the greater freedom now allowed to the teachers, beneficent as the change has been on the whole, may not have resulted, in all but the best schools, in a

indeed, we confine our attention to the best hundred of the board schools, with their splendid new buildings, their unstinted equipment, their specialised departments, their completely trained staffs, and their energetic headmasters or headmistresses of the modern type, some complacency can be excused, for it may be doubted whether there is anything in the world equal to them.

Even if we survey the whole of the board schools, educating five-sevenths of the children, these may, with their high average of excellence of buildings and equipment, and their superiority in proportion of fully-trained teachers, safely challenge comparison, taken as a whole, with the schools of any other English town. But the difference in real educational quality between the best and worst London board school is pretty considerable, and it may be doubted whether anybody but the School Board's own inspectors knows how unsatisfactory the worst schools are, or what proportion the bad ones bear to the whole. Still greater divergencies exist among the 500 voluntary schools, which educate two-sevenths of the children. It would seem as if, speaking generally, the few Jewish schools, nearly all the Wesleyan and British schools, and the best score or so of the Church schools are of good average efficiency. But there is no resisting the inference that nearly all the hundred Roman Catholic schools, and probably 300 of the 331 Church schools—having, in the aggregate, more than 150,000 children—are, so far as secular education is concerned, most calamitously behindhand. It is not merely that their buildings are inferior and often hopelessly antiquated, their equipment and furniture insufficient, and their teaching staffs inadequate and in too many cases inefficient. What is more serious is the extent to which these schools have fallen behind in educational ideas and methods; their inability to provide adequate instruction in the upper standards; and their hopeless failure in such subjects as elementary science and drawing. No child in these 400 schools has any practical chance of winning a scholarship under any system of open competition, and is thus inevitably debarred, however gifted it may be, from access to higher education. Putting together what little is really known of all the thousand public elementary schools of London, including both board and voluntary, there are competent observers who declare that nearly half of them, containing about a quarter of all the children, would probably be condemned as inefficient, either in respect of buildings or sanitation, of staffing or equipment, of curriculum or real success in child-training, by a Swiss, a Danish, a Saxon, a Prussian, or a Massachusetts school inspector.

So grave a condemnation of the schools in which 200,000 London children are being educated—a greater number than the serious falling off in the accuracy and thoroughness with which the elementary subjects are taught. See the significant report, and the still more significant evidence, of the Special Sub-Committee of the School Management Committee, 1902.

whole child-population of Manchester and Birmingham together—will come to most people, as it did to the present writer, with the shock of surprise. We must with all speed find out whether it is borne out by the facts. We simply cannot afford to leave 200,000 London children to this fate. At the same time we must take care to maintain, and even to multiply and improve, the excellent higher grade, higher elementary, and other superior schools which set the pace to the rest.

Any general levelling up of the London elementary schools will bring the County Council face to face with the most pressing of educational problems, the supply and training of teachers. The present practice of the School Board of appointing to its permanent service none but fully trained teachers will, of course, be adopted by the County Council for all the schools. But this will be to raise the number required by nearly one half, and to demand, for London alone, more than 40 per cent. of the entire annual output of all the training colleges in England and Wales put together, and more than twice that of those situated in the London area. With the growing demand of the other counties and county boroughs, it is clear that London cannot possibly continue to get even as many as heretofore, let alone half as many again. Moreover it is only by each county training as many teachers as it needs (not in the least implying that each county should employ only those whom it has trained) that the total supply can be kept up. London, in fact, must somehow get established, primarily for its own supply, additional training college accommodation equal to an annual output of 500 teachers, chiefly women.

So far, no controversy arises among those acquainted with the needs; and we may confidently expect the London County Council to provide what is required. But there is as yet no agreement whether we should add to the number of residential training colleges, in which the future teachers are boarded, lodged, and instructed in a sort of 'seminary' fashion, or whether we should simply enlarge ten or twelvefold the existing 'Day Training College' established in connection with London University, in which the students live at home or in lodgings, and, whilst provided with special pedagogic training, obtain their academic instruction as ordinary students in the various university colleges. Strong arguments are urged in favour of both systems. The residential training college, when at its best, offers many advantages to the London boy or girl of eighteen, coming from an artisan or lower middle class home. The removal from the crowded household in a monotonous street, from the often narrow outlook of the family life, with somewhat restricted diet and scanty exercise, to an institution in the fresh air and generous space of the country, with a common table, and a collegiate life, with all its training in manners and discipline, under a regimen specially

devised for healthy development of body and mind, inspired, we may add, by corporate traditions, and by the personal influence of a highly selected staff—all these circumstances have, in the past, made the two or three years at such colleges as that of the old 'Borough Road,' at Isleworth, or for women at Stockwell, a veritable stride forward in health, conduct, and culture to the young men and women who were fortunate enough to gain admission to them. But there are drawbacks. The establishment of a dozen new Stockwells or Isleworths would mean a capital expenditure of half a million. Moreover, the segregation, for two or three years, of young men or young women, all of nearly the same social class and the same antecedent education, all bent on passing the same examinations and intending to follow the same occupation, all taught the same subjects by the same teachers—is not calculated to give either breadth of culture or knowledge of life. The alternative of a Day Training College, attached to a university, offers, it is said, at any rate to the abler and better educated of the pupil-teachers, a far more valuable training. The pupil-teachers entering, in London, University College or King's College as ordinary undergraduates, working for a degree in one of the faculties of the university, attending the lectures of men of distinction, and mixing, so far as university students in London mix at all one with another, with undergraduates of other antecedents, other faculties and other vocations in life, cannot fail to get a broader and more humane education than is possible at even the best seminary. The balance of advantage seems on the side of the university Day Training College. Its drawbacks are that only the ablest of our future teachers in elementary schools are at present sufficiently well educated to profit by the university curriculum; and that the pedagogic work which they necessarily have to add to that of the ordinary undergraduate makes it a severe strain upon them. And there is the practical difficulty of absorbing, in the existing university colleges of the metropolis, anything like so large a number as 1500 additional teacher-undergraduates. The inference seems to be that we must, in London, adopt both plans, making the best of each of them—on the one hand enlarge as rapidly as possible the present excellent nucleus of a Day Training College, admitting both secondary and elementary school teachers, securing, in some way or another, the necessary corresponding enlargement or multiplication of the existing university colleges, and providing residential hostels for such students as need them; on the other hand, grasp eagerly at any opportunity of establishing in the country round London, at least, a couple of new 'Stockwells' for those London girls who find themselves excluded from existing residential colleges because they are not members of the Anglican or Roman Catholic Church, and whose needs and circumstances make the university Day Training College unsuitable.

The provision of training colleges is, however, only half the problem. Between fourteen, the age of leaving the elementary school, and eighteen or nineteen, that of entering the training college, the future teachers have to be caught, broken in to teaching work, and given some sort of secondary education. Hitherto we have relied for this on the pupil-teacher system. This system, as it was, and as in many country districts it still continues to be, may fairly be denounced as a combination of child-labour and soul-destroying intellectual drudgery unworthy of a civilised nation. The boy or girl of thirteen, who a few weeks previously had been in the sixth standard, was often put straightway in charge of fifty or sixty younger urchins, whom he or she sometimes learnt to control and discipline, if not to teach, in a marvellous manner. At fourteen he or she would be regularly apprenticed to the teaching trade, receiving a few shillings a week, and being supposed to be instructed by the head-teacher. For the next four or five years the pupil-teachers would be slaving all day in the exhausting task of school-teaching, struggling with the large classes in the lower standards; and cramming up in the evening the woodenest of text-books with the scantiest of tutorial assistance, in order to pass the Government examinations on which depended their whole professional careers. It is difficult to imagine a more cruel and less enlightened way of preparing those who are to become the intellectual guides and inspirers of the masses. Fortunately, the whole system is in course of transformation, and the London School Board has long treated its pupil-teachers very differently. Yet notwithstanding all that is done for them, even in London the recruits fall short of the numbers required. To fill the annual vacancies among its assistant teachers, London needs, at least, 2000 new pupil-teachers a year, one-third boys and two-thirds girls, allowing for the percentage which drops out by the way. The School Board gets only about eight hundred and fifty and the voluntary schools perhaps half that number. With both the deficiency is greatest on the male side. The London boy has, in fact, nearly ceased to enter the teaching profession. In all London last year, with close upon five millions of people, the number of boys who became pupil-teachers in any kind of school did not reach two hundred.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Apart from the objections to attracting any continuous stream of immigrants to the already overcrowded metropolis, the extent to which whole sections of London's services are habitually recruited from the provinces is disquieting in its restriction of the opportunities practically open to the London boy. There is reason to infer that less than a third of the vacancies for male assistant teachers in London are filled by London boys. The competitive examinations for entrance to the great services of the Customs and Excise show an overwhelming proportion of non-Londoners among the successful candidates. Few London boys enter for the national scholarships for science and art teachers. In other spheres it may be noted that both the porters and clerks of the wholesale drapery houses are largely drawn from the country; that the London police are largely recruited from the country;

Instead of remedying this dearth of pupil-teachers, the Board of Education has just issued new regulations, which revolutionise the whole system. The pupil-teacher of fourteen or fifteen, as he exists to-day, is peremptorily abolished. The future teachers are henceforth to devote themselves exclusively to secondary education up to the age of, at least, sixteen; and their period of actual apprenticeship is limited to two years, which may begin as late as nearly eighteen years of age. The whole of the regulations point to an intention on the part of the Board of Education to make it impossible for the pupil-teacher of the future to be taken straight from the elementary school. However much we may welcome the spirit of this revolutionary change, it involves, even in London, and much more so elsewhere, some difficult readjustments. The present scarcity of pupil-teachers shows that the payment made to them between fourteen and eighteen cannot be reduced, and ought rather to be increased, especially for boys. The new Education Authority will therefore not only have to see that a sufficient number of efficient secondary schools are available for the appropriate instruction up to sixteen of all its future pupil-teachers. It will also have to pay them, in a new form, at least the equivalent of the wages which they have hitherto received up to that age, nominally in return for their services in the school. It looks as if the London County Council, merely in order to keep up the necessary supply of pupil-teachers, would find itself compelled to increase its junior county scholarships to 2000 a year, and to give two-thirds of the total number to girls, perhaps confining the last thousand to candidates who undertake to complete their pupil-teacher apprenticeship, and possibly modifying for such candidates its financial regulations.

The scholarship system which the Board of Education's new pupil-teacher regulations will thus revolutionise is one of the most successful developments of the past decade. Every year about eight hundred of the ablest boys and girls in the public elementary or lower secondary schools, between eleven and thirteen years of age, are picked by competitive examination for two to five years' higher education. These two thousand scholarships provide for the cleverest children of the London wage-earners a more genuinely accessible ladder than is open to the corresponding class in any that the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is nearly wholly drawn from sailors, comparatively few of whom are London-born; and that such a typically London industry as the building trade takes, nowadays, hardly any boys, and is mainly recruited by young journeymen from elsewhere. It must be remembered that the London boy seldom starts as a teacher, clerk, policeman, fireman, porter, bricklayer, or carpenter in any other town. It will be deplorable if we have to infer that, apart from the great army of junior clerks, it is the still greater host of dock and other unskilled labourers which is recruited in the largest proportion by Londoners. We should at any rate take care that the London boy has the first steps to the entrance of all skilled occupations and professions made genuinely accessible to him.

American, French, or German city. In addition to these maintenance scholarships there are free places at most of the London secondary schools, from St. Paul's downwards, which are utilised, as is found to be the case with all provision of merely gratuitous secondary education, by the lower middle and professional classes. Above these opportunities stand the intermediate and senior county scholarships, and others provided by various trust funds, probably altogether about two hundred in each year, for candidates between fifteen and nineteen years of age. These serve partly to carry on the best of the junior scholars; partly to admit to the highest secondary schools the ablest children of parents ineligible for the lowest rung of the ladder; and partly to take the very pick of London's young people to the technical college and the university.

This scholarship scheme has now necessarily to be revised, to bring it into accord with the changes lately made in the school-leaving age and the pupil-teacher system. Practically all children now stay at school until fourteen, and it is no longer necessary for any substantial payment towards the maintenance of the scholarship to begin before that age. On the other hand, there is a consensus of opinion that, when a child passes from an elementary to a secondary school, it should do so before the age of twelve, and should remain for not less than four years. It looks as if the limit of age for the normal junior scholarship should be reduced from thirteen to twelve, and its duration extended from two to four years, whilst the annual maintenance allowance up to the age of fourteen might be reduced to 5*l.*, rising to 10*l.* and 15*l.* in the last two years. And if the need for pupil-teachers causes the number of scholarships to rise to 2000 a year, it would perhaps be possible to effect the further desirable reform of beginning the selecting process by a preliminary examination, conducted by the head-teachers themselves, in their own schools, of all the children who had attained the fifth standard before the age of twelve; and of undertaking to award the scholarships, not to any fixed number of winners, but to all who, in the subsequent centralised competitive examination, reached a certain percentage of marks. Such a reform would organically connect the scholarship system with all the public elementary schools, instead of, as at present, only about a third of them; and would bring London's 'capacity-catching machine' to bear on every promising child.

There must, however, be an adequate supply of efficient secondary schools for these picked scholars to attend, not to mention the needs of those who can afford to keep their boys and girls at school until seventeen or nineteen. There is a common impression that the public secondary schools of London are few and inefficient. Yet, including only foundations of which the management is essentially public in character, London has to-day certainly not less than 25,000

boys and girls between seven and nineteen in its secondary schools, actually a larger number than either Paris or Berlin. In the background, and not included in this calculation, stands the horde of private adventure 'commercial academies' and 'colleges for young ladies' of the genteel suburbs. These we may leave gently on one side. The publicly managed schools number about ninety, well dispersed over the whole county, ranging from those like Parmiter's School (Bethnal Green) and Addey's School (Deptford), where the leaving age is sixteen or seventeen, through the dozen admirable institutions of the essentially public Girls' Public Day School Company, up to such thoroughly efficient 'first-grade' schools as the North London Collegiate, for girls (St. Pancras), and Dulwich College (Camberwell) and St. Paul's (Hammersmith) for boys. Yet so dense is London that, with one or two exceptions, the very existence of these schools is forgotten by the ordinary citizen, and is often ignored by the legislator or administrator. Many a middle-class family which could well afford to send its boys and girls to secondary schools is unfamiliar with those which exist within a mile of its home. Even to the best informed educational administrators the real state and quality of the London secondary schools, taken as a whole, are far less accurately known than those of the elementary. All the information points to the conclusion that the efficiency varies immensely from school to school; that nearly all of them have good buildings, mostly well provided with science laboratories and suitable equipment; and that, where any school falls below the mark, the weak point is the staffing. In at least a third of the London secondary schools the income from fees and endowment is insufficient to provide more than one good salary, which goes to the head-teacher, whilst the assistants, who ought to be university graduates, are paid, for the most part, less than is earned by an ordinary certificated teacher in a board school. Yet, even recognising all the shortcomings of these schools, the department of secondary education is not one which will give the London County Council any serious trouble. About forty of the publicly managed schools are sufficiently well off to be independent of its aid, and these, nearly always charging high fees, and providing an education of high grade, may be left to themselves. The other fifty, including practically all those in need of help, have already shown by their cordial co-operation with the Technical Education Board their willingness to fall into line. It would, of course, be unnecessary to disturb the present governing bodies, on which the local authorities are already well represented, and it would be unwise for the Council to interfere in the details of administration. In no department is it so important to maintain variety and independent experiment as in the secondary schools. The policy should be one of very strenuous organising, supervising, criticising, subsidising, and advertising.



What needs to be insisted on is that every secondary school should attain a high level of efficiency in its own particular line; that the quality of the work should be systematically tested by thorough public inspection, if not also by the new 'school-leaving' form of the London matriculation; that any shortcomings in buildings, equipment, and curriculum should be promptly made good, and that, in particular, the science, drawing, and modern languages should be specially attended to; that accommodation be found, either by enlargements or by the establishment of new schools, for the necessary addition to the number of scholarship holders; and above all that an adequate scale of qualifications and progressive salaries be adopted for the teaching staff, so that all future vacancies may be filled by the appointment of men or women of education and professional training, whose remuneration and prospects will be such as to secure stability and continuity of work.

But construct what scholarship ladder we will, the secondary schools can be used only by a small fraction of the population. For the secondary education of the masses there has been organised, by the School Board on the one hand, and the Technical Education Board on the other, an extensive assortment of evening classes; providing instruction in every imaginable subject of literature, science, art, and technology. The classes of the School Board, which enrol over 120,000 students for the winter session and have an average attendance of half that number, are conducted in 400 of its day-school buildings, mainly by the younger and more energetic of its staff of day teachers. The work of the Technical Education Board, dealing usually with a more advanced stage and older scholars, is concentrated in the forty polytechnics, art schools, and technical institutes under its management or control, which have in the aggregate about 50,000 students. Here the lecturers and teachers are specialists in their respective subjects, teaching in institutions specially equipped for their work. At six of the polytechnics, the highest classes have been included in the faculties of the reorganised London University. These two schemes of evening instruction have now to be co-ordinated, differentiated, and developed. There can be no question of stopping either one or the other; on the contrary, both sides of the work will have to be increased. It ought not to be too much to ask that every boy or girl who leaves school at fourteen or fifteen should, up to twenty-one, be at any rate enrolled at some evening-class institution, even if attendance is confined to an hour a week. Yet there are in London over 600,000 young people between fourteen and twenty-one, and not a third of these are at present members of any sort of institution, recreational or educational. Out of 84,000 boys and girls between fifteen and sixteen, only 21,000 are on the rolls. What is happening to the others? We cannot, as yet, compel them to come in, as the Bishop of Hereford proposes, though

this is done in various parts of Germany and Switzerland. But we might try the experiment of using the school attendance officers to look after those who have not joined an evening school, using<sup>o</sup> the method of persuasion, just as they look after the younger defaulters from the day school. Meanwhile we could bring the whole of the evening instruction in each borough into a single harmonious organisation; we could allocate the work in such a way as to provide appropriately for each age and each grade, and avoid overlapping; we could take care that each subject is taught under the most effective conditions, and properly co-ordinated with more advanced instruction elsewhere; and we could arrange for the progression of the students from stage to stage, until they reach the highest classes of the nearest polytechnic, or the technical college itself.

Finally, we reach, as the crown of the whole educational system, the newly reorganised University of London, with its 600 professors in eight different faculties, its twenty-five constituent colleges, its 3,000 'internal' undergraduates, and its still larger army of unmatriculated students attending university courses, constituting already the nucleus—especially in medicine, science, technology, and economics—of a centre of academic teaching and research not unworthy of the great city that it serves. What is important in the present survey is the closeness with which the university has already connected itself with all the other branches of educational work. By its inspection of schools and its new 'school-leaving' matriculation examination, it stretches down its roots to the secondary schools, from which it is attracting a steadily increasing number of undergraduates. By the bold opening of many of the ordinary courses to the evening student, it has—though at the sacrifice of the professors' dining engagements!—put itself in touch with a crowd of able and eager students. Alike in respect of the training of teachers and the adequate development of the scholarship system, it has made itself indispensable to the elementary schools. It is a tribute to the far-sighted statesmanship of those who drafted the scheme of reorganisation, and also to the prudent catholicity which has marked its present administration, that the University of London, only five years ago an isolated examining board without professors, students, colleges, or local connections of any kind, forms to-day an integral part of the London educational system. This connection is evidently destined to continue, and to become even more intimate. The urgent need for an extensive enlargement of the Day Training College, and the improvement in the education of pupil-teachers, will bring to the doors of the existing university colleges hundreds of additional young men and women, for whose academic training between eighteen and twenty-one the local education authority will have to provide. The development of the scholarship system will add another contingent, whom it will not be profitable to have to send to Germany, to seek the in-

struction in chemical technology or specialised engineering which is lacking in London. The need for considerable developments in the provision of more specialised science and technology, to say nothing of modern languages and economics, is, indeed, too patent to require argument. The grant of 10,000*l.* a year made by the London County Council towards such part of the university work as falls within the statutory definition of technical education, and the recent conditional undertaking of the Council to contribute 20,000*l.* a year to the projected new College of Technology, warrant us in assuming that, with the wider powers conferred by the Act of 1903, the municipal authorities of London, like those of Liverpool and Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow, will not be unappreciative either of the requirements of their local university or of its place in the systematic organisation of London's education.

This rapid sketch of the most prominent facts and problems of London education will have seemed to some to omit the most pressing and the most important of them all. Some such readers may have looked for a discussion of the relative merits of a controlling body elected *ad hoc*, and the common municipal authority of the county, whilst to others the all-engrossing issue will have been the relation between denominational teaching and the public purse. It is my personal opinion that the Acts of 1902-3 require amendment at many points. But it is the simple fact that none of these hotly debated political questions traverses the actual work of educational administration. Neither the political nor the religious difficulty is met with in the schools themselves. Thus, if people feel strongly on these issues, it is as legislators and electors, not as educational administrators, that they must decide them.

With regard to the first of these controversies, as to whether the London Education Authority should be the County Council or a body elected *ad hoc*, not much need be said. The attitude of the educationist will be that of real mother at the judgment of Solomon—so long as the babe remains whole it is of secondary importance which body takes charge of it. What is vital is that there should be no more delay. The interregnum is paralysing the daily administrative work. Now that Parliament has decided, the sooner the new Education Committee grapples with its great task, and makes the necessary reorganisation of the administrative machinery—a subject which would demand an article for itself—the better it will be for London's children. Whatever alteration is required in the constitution of the County Council itself can best be obtained when experience of the new work has been gained.

When we come to the religious question, the first impression of the practical administrator is that grave indeed is the responsibility of those who seek to disturb the *status quo*. From this standpoint it is a merit of the Acts of 1902-3 that, so far as religious teaching

is concerned, they simply maintain the existing arrangements. They make no change whatever, and they require no change, in the religious instruction given in any London school. In the 498 board schools educating 71 per cent. of all the children, there will go on the same 'undenominational Christianity,' according to the widely accepted syllabus of the 'Compromise of 1871,' which the County Council will certainly not dream of disturbing. In the 381 Anglican schools, with their 21 per cent. of the children, the Church Catechism and the Book of Common Prayer will continue to be taught. The 100 Roman Catholic schools will go on providing their 4 per cent. with the doctrines of their own Church. The 15 Wesleyan schools and the 7 schools of the British and Foreign School Society, with their 1 per cent. of the scholars, will persist in giving exactly the religious instruction they prefer. The 9 large Jewish schools, with about the same proportion of the total, will inculcate their own faith and observe their own festivals. Exactly the same continuity is preserved to them all, and to any secularist or nondescript school. Whether this freedom in diversity represents an ideal arrangement or not, it has the great merit of existing; of having worked smoothly and well for a whole generation; and of exciting practically no objection among the children, the parents, the teachers, or, in fact, anyone actually connected with the working of the schools.

This diversity in schools involves, as every practical educationist knows, some segregation of teachers according to their views on the deepest problems of ethics and theology. It is easy for those who do not face the problem to earn the cheap applause of the unthinking by denouncing all religious tests. As a matter of fact, in the London board school of to-day, the teachers are appointed to give religious instruction on a syllabus involving the existence of a Personal Deity, the Divinity of Christ, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, Heaven (if not also Hell), and other highly controversial theological dogmas, in which many persons in the teaching profession do not believe. Even the Bible cannot be read as the Word of God without offending some consciences. In one or two London board schools, by a convenient evasion to which no one objects, the creed expounded is not that of Christianity at all; the Gospels are implicitly put on a level with the Koran; and Jewish teachers are deliberately selected in order that they may expound the Jewish Bible to Jewish children, for whose convenience the whole school is closed on the Jewish festivals. It is plain that in Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Wesleyan schools there is, for the most part, a similar selection. This inevitable segregation of teachers, or, as some persons choose to call it, this use of a religious test, is neither established nor increased by the Acts of 1902-3. There ought to be no exclusions, either by law or trust-deed. To put any such invidious distinctions on record is inconsistent with the spirit of what is

essentially a public service. But as a mere matter of administrative practice, whenever we have Roman Catholic or Protestant or Jewish children segregated in groups, it is convenient to have each group taught, at any rate as far as some of the staff of each school are concerned, by teachers of its own faith. It cannot surely be suggested that men and women should be required, or even encouraged, to give ethical or religious instruction in which they disbelieve, that they should day after day stand before their pupils and inculcate the supreme duty of veracity, with a more or less carefully hidden lie on their lips. Nor is this position created by the existence of schools connected with different ethical and religious systems. If we made all schools 'undenominational,' or even 'secular,' and imposed one particular form of moral instruction on all of them alike, we should necessarily have to couch this in some phraseology of scientific, metaphysical, or theological exposition of the order of the universe; and by any such uniformity, inevitably by implication either theistic or agnostic, we should be erecting a far more restrictive test than is involved by the present diversity. We should, in fact, in that case exclude, not from this or that school only, but from the whole teaching profession, all those who could not conscientiously swallow either the positive or the negative implications of the one official formula for the time being. The diversity of creed of the parents and the children being accompanied by an equal diversity of creed among those who wish to be teachers, the actually existing diversity of schools involves, as a matter of fact, the minimum of exclusion on account of ethical views or religious beliefs, and thus makes the teaching profession compatible with the widest practicable variety of opinions.

What the Acts of 1902-3 do, as regards the voluntary schools, is neither to create nor to alter the existing diversity, nor yet to establish any new test, but, in consideration of the provision of the sites and buildings free of cost to the public, to make the salaries of the teachers and the current expenses of education independent of the charitable subscriber, and to charge these expenses to the public purse. Whether or not this is financially a good bargain for either party to it we need not now discuss. Educationally, as Dr. Macnamara has consistently pointed out, it is pure gain. We cannot afford to go on trusting the educational efficiency of 218,000 London children to the whims and vagaries of individual charity. Nor need the ratepayer shrink from the burden. It so happens that the London County Council will make an actual profit by the transaction. The whole annual cost of the voluntary schools hitherto borne by subscriptions is only about 82,000*l.* per annum, whereas the net increase in the total Government grant to London, which becomes payable only when they are taken over, is no less than 190,000*l.* per annum. The financing of the voluntary schools and

the substitution of the County Council for the School Board as the education authority, ought to mean therefore, not an increase, but a reduction of the rate by a halfpenny in the pound. It is true that to bring up to the same educational level as the best 100 board schools the 25 per cent. of London's schooling which is now below the mark will require a gradual increase of expenditure during the next few years. It is, however, to be noted that the whole of this increase will be spent on the secular education, not on the religious instruction; that it will be required alike in the defective board schools and the defective voluntary schools; and that it will be spent in all cases directly by the London County Council, and as that body, not the managers, may choose.

There are those who advise the electors to refuse to the voluntary schools any support from the rates; and who are willing to see them close their doors if their present subscribers will not keep them efficient. Whether or not this would be fair, it would at any rate be ruinous to the London ratepayer. The present 472 Anglican, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, British, and Jewish schools stand on 150 acres of London land, nearly all freehold, worth, on the lowest computation, as land alone, something like 2,000,000*l*. Their buildings, though often defective, are actually serving over 200,000 children, and they have to be rebuilt, whenever rebuilding is necessary, at the private subscribers' expense. We cannot arbitrarily take away from their present legal owners these sites and buildings, worth a rental of at least 150,000*l*. a year, which the Act places gratuitously at our disposal. To discard them, relegating them to use as Sunday schools and Bible classes (which would in most cases satisfy their trust-deeds), and to build board schools for 200,000 more children, would cost the London ratepayers over 5,000,000*l*.

There are some who imagine that the powers of control over the voluntary schools which the new Acts give to the London County Council are incomplete and inadequate. If this proves to be the case, they will very soon be strengthened. The managers will not find that they have much power. My own impression, based on some knowledge of the Council, is that this body knows how to make effective any control which is entrusted to it. What with its absolute authority over secular education, and its unique opportunities of training teachers and pupil-teachers; what with its fixing the qualifications and salaries of every grade of teachers in every school, and the annual increments of salary, which it can give or withhold at its will; what with its carefully considered confirmation of every teacher's appointment, and its putting them all as its own officers on its own salary lists; what with the opportunities of evening employment which it has to offer to them, and the unparalleled field for promotion which it controls; what with its supply of

approved books and apparatus from its own central store, and the teaching of special subjects by its own peripatetic instructors; what with its extensive staff of school inspectors, on whose reports the teachers' increments of salary will depend, and its no less influential staff of dilapidation surveyors, with whose requirements the foundation managers will have to comply, I shall be surprised if the London County Council finds any administrative difficulty in getting all the power it desires. Does anyone imagine that any of the Churches, however potent in its own sphere, is going to be able to 'draw out Leviathan with an hook' or 'bore his jaw through with a thorn'?

These objections to the Acts of 1902-3 are, as is now plain, not the serious point of the attack. In the end the person with whom we stand face to face is the conscientious objector. To propose to give under public auspices any sort of ethical or religious instruction which earnest men and women deem erroneous, is, in 1903, as in 1843 and 1870, to stir up a storm of passionate conviction. Against the full force of this conviction, electoral or financial considerations, the efficiency of the physical and mental training given to the children, or even the continuance of any publicly organised and subsidised education system at all, are as dust before the whirlwind. To the fervent Protestant it is an infamy that the Government should seem to support the teaching of Roman Catholicism. The earnest Free Church minister is wounded in his soul at any public countenancing of the errors of Anglicanism. To the conscientious Roman Catholic, mere participation in the indiscriminate reading and discussion of the Bible which goes on in all Protestant schools is to incur the damnable guilt of heresy, whilst the ordinary school history-book, with its Protestant version of the Reformation, is a blasphemy. To many a devout Anglican, incredible as it seems to his Nonconformist brethren, the 'undenominationalism' of the board schools is an evil monstrosity of the most pernicious tendency. The exclusion of every shred of religion, which the Comtist and the Secularist would prefer—the turning of God and the Bible out of all the public schools of the land—is vehemently objected to by everyone else. It is in vain that you point out that, as each denomination pays its own share of rates and taxes, each may be regarded as, in effect, paying only for the particular schools which do not offend its conscience. Those of us who have been brought up to regard all truth as relative to the person who believes it are apt altogether to underrate the horror and offence given to many an earnest soul by the very notion of deliberately 'subsidising error.'

To the problem thus raised I know of no solution. It is not enough to answer, as does the practical man, that the State, with all its thousand working compromises, must somehow go on. To all who feel deeply on such questions there comes a solemn parting of

the ways—a point at which, at whatever hazard of personal or class or party interests, they resolutely refuse to participate in sin or to co-operate in bringing about a disastrous calamity to the community. The dilemma we are in is that the possession of conscientious feelings of this kind is no monopoly. It is not even confined to the conflicting bands of religionists. We must honour the motives of these idealists, and admit their several rights to struggle one against another in the Parliamentary arena for the triumph of what they respectively think of supreme importance. But they, in their turn, must recognise the existence of equally conscientious idealists, who will fight quite as hard for that on which, as it seems to them, the salvation of the nation depends. There are whole ranges of human thought and feeling, whole regions of our life in this world, indispensable to any education that is worthy of the name, which we cannot deal with in our schools without candidly accepting the principle that the State, if it is to educate at all, not only may, but frankly must, 'subsidise error'; that is to say, must accept as the basis and vehicle of its instruction that which some or other of its members deem to be error. Above all, we must not allow these disputes to interfere with the current administration. There are fervent educationists to whom the point of conscience comes in the reflection that, whilst the various other conscientious objectors are disputing as to *how they would like to alter the existing status quo in the schools*, there are 800,000 London children waiting to be taught. To these particular conscientious objectors, who will make a stand for their faith, the supremely important thing is not whether this or that ethical or theological form shall be used as the medium of instruction, but that these 800,000 children shall not be denied the mental, moral, and physical training that we all agree must be given to them, up to whatever standard London can afford; that in all this great city, from this time forth, there shall grow up no human soul in the blindness of ignorance; that henceforth no spark of genius shall for lack of opportunity be lost to the world; and that, whatever fate may be in store for the British Empire, London, at any rate, in bringing its whole population up to the highest practicable efficiency, this day shall do its duty.

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## *THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES*

THE inability of a surgical operation to effect a permanent and complete cure of diseases in the body politic is once more attested by the recent inflammation of the Negro Question in the Southern States of America. The Civil War saved the Union and secured the emancipation of the slaves, but it left behind the seeds of fresh racial, political, and economic trouble which are now beginning to appear above ground. The fatal chain of logic by which force generates force, fraud, and every form of illegality, by an inevitable sequence of events, is plainly marked in the history of the last forty years. The military resistance of the South was broken by the war, emancipation was imposed upon them, they could not openly resist or hope for any full restoration of the political and economic status of society before the war. But they did not acquiesce. As soon as State governments were again permitted to arise, they passed laws for the regulation of negro labour and the restriction and punishment of vagrancy, which, under the plausible pretext of securing society against a temporary condition of disorder, were really designed to re-impose servitude upon large numbers of emancipated slaves. This breach of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Emancipation Act exasperated the North, and led to the adoption of the famous Fifteenth Amendment, which bestowed a full franchise on the negroes, and the Reconstruction Act, which vested the Federal Government with the duty of providing 'efficient governments for the insurrectionary States.' Southern whites in seeking to justify their present attitude invariably dwell, not on the violence of the war, which they condone, nor upon the Act of Emancipation, but upon the abominations of misgovernment which they suffered under the tyranny of the negroes and the Northern 'carpet-baggers' during the years of reconstruction. It is the injury and insult of this period that ate into their souls, inspiring a conscious race hatred which did not exist before. If any reader wishes to understand the legacy of horror which Southerners to-day inherit from

the period 1865-1877, he will find a powerful presentation in a recent work of fiction, expressly charged with the Southern point of view, entitled 'The Leopard's Spots.'

It is quite impossible to grasp the real issue of to-day without an adequate realisation of the grotesque horror of this 'Reconstruction' period, when the legislatures were filled with negroes who could neither read nor write, and who, with their white confederates, shared out the assets of the State in schemes of open wholesale plunder. It is these years of 'anarchy' that stick in the Southerner's memory and stiffen him to any acts of force or fraud which he thinks necessary to prevent a recurrence. Since the last draft of Federal troops withdrew from the South in 1877, and free self-government was again permitted to the Southern States, the Fifteenth Amendment has habitually been set at defiance by the white inhabitants throughout the South. Until lately this denial of the franchise to the negroes was achieved by open force or fraud. Negroes were told that they would not be allowed to vote, and whites with revolvers lined the polling-booths; or else in quieter States the registers were falsified, the ballot-boxes were 'stuffed' with bogus votes, or negro votes were simply not counted. The attitude of the North towards these malpractices was characteristically American. Illegality is always excused in an emergency; the idea that a law should be enforced because it exists has no hold on the American mind. The negrophil sentiment of the North during the period following the war had undergone a 'slump,' and even the party feeling among Republicans against the habitual monopoly of the Southern voting power by Democrats was not persistent or intense enough to induce active interference. The Force Bill of 1890 was the only serious attempt to apply the law, and the tacit withdrawal of this measure was taken as an admission that the South was free to cheat the negroes out of their votes so long as it was done informally.

A novel aspect, however, has been put upon the franchise issue by the action of a number of State governments during the last few years. The degradation of resorting to force or open fraud in order to maintain white supremacy was keenly felt by many respectable whites, and they began to cast round for legal methods of compassing the same end. This they profess to have found in the form of Constitutional Amendments, placing a variety of qualifications upon the franchise. In several cases the payment of poll-tax is required. But the most efficacious measures are those imposing an education test, according to which a voter is required to be able 'to read any section of the Constitution' or 'to understand the same when read to him, and give a reasonable interpretation thereof.' The example thus set in Mississippi has been followed in Louisiana, the Carolinas, and in fact in all States where the black population forms a large proportion of the whole. In several States, in addition to the

education test a 'grandfather clause' is inserted, which excuses the property or education test in the case of descendants of men who voted before the war. Although there is no formal discrimination of colour in these tests, all of them operate or are operated so as to admit whites and to exclude blacks. The 'grandfather clause' has of course no other possible meaning, while it is not seriously contended by anyone that the education test is fairly and equally applied to the two races. The actual effect of these 'legal' methods of exclusion is measured in South Carolina by the fact that, out of 120,000 male adult negroes, only about 6,000 are registered voters. There are some eight million negroes in the Southern and South Central States; in two States, South Carolina and Mississippi, they are a majority of the population; in three States, Georgia, Louisiana, and Florida, they form nearly a half of the population; and in several other States they form a majority in certain districts. Yet so thoroughly effective is this infraction or evasion of the Fifteenth Amendment that nowhere are negroes returned to any of the legislative assemblies, nowhere do they possess any reality of political power. In a very few towns, largely occupied by Northerners, such as Jacksonville in Florida, a few negroes are found upon the City Council, but I could find no other instances where any real electoral rights were secured to them.

It is often represented that this denial of political rights to the negroes is not a substantial grievance. An increasing section of public opinion in the North is ready to admit that the general bestowal of the franchise on the negroes was a mistake; and many Northerners go so far as to defend the conduct of the South in excluding them from the polls, on grounds of sheer necessity. So long as it was possible to 'lump together' the great mass of the negroes as an ignorant brutal people, incapable of self-restraint or training in the acts of industrial civilisation, it was not difficult to justify withholding political power from them. The first two decades following emancipation were a terrible strain upon the negro character. Suddenly released from a state of servitude, which gave no scope for individual initiative or for any full sense of responsibility, endowed with a liberty and even a political authority which they had never learnt to use, they fell victims to every form of license. Chattel slaves driven to labour by the lash were very slow to respond to the ordinary economic stimuli of free men: all property even in their own persons had been denied them, so that the desire for property and regard for the property of others were absent; inured to a fixed routine consumption for the satisfaction of the barest animal necessities, they were naturally slow to discover an economy of progressive needs which should offer a steady incitement to regular voluntary industry. No wonder that large numbers of field labourers lapsed into habits of idleness and vagabondage, and that

even those who had received some training as house-servants, artisans, or factory hands retrograded industrially and morally in the early days of freedom. With all its faults, the 'domestic system,' at any rate as administered in the better plantations of such States as Virginia and South Carolina, was doing a certain civilising work for the negroes who were brought into close contact with the ordinary life of white communities. Such plantations were little feudal villages, largely self-sufficient in their economic resources, and negroes were carefully trained in skilled handicrafts and in minor offices involving elements of responsibility; the crude status of slavery was modified by many distinctions in which some scope for personal ambition was found, and, most important of all, sentiments of personal attachment and habits of familiar intercourse frequently grew up between the 'superior' and 'inferior' races. With emancipation this economic and social system almost entirely disappeared. The negro lost his old status and did not yet obtain a new one; for whereas slavery is a status, mere liberty is not, but only a means by which a new status, that of a free American worker and citizen, may be won. The greatest obstacle to negro progress has been the growing severance of personal contact and of human feeling between the two races. A more gradual process of emancipation, by voluntary action of the master race, would undoubtedly have yielded far better results in the orderly progress of freedmen under white leadership and the stimulus of white example. As it was, the negroes were thrown upon their own inadequate resources.

The most significant fact of the situation has been the actual widening of the gap between the races. The illicit sexual intercourse, by which a continual infiltration of white blood passed into the negro race, has greatly diminished, so that the gradual fusion of races is no more to be regarded as a possible solution of the problem. Again, although there is no general drift of the negro race towards the more tropical States, as was once expected, a decided tendency to racial segregation for agricultural work is discoverable, not only in Louisiana and Mississippi, where the lowlands are becoming exclusively black, but in many of the other Southern States, where certain districts are becoming more definitely negro in their farming population, others more definitely white. Even in town occupations the differentiation is becoming more marked; in a large measure the skilled handicrafts and personal services which brought negroes into close relations with the whites have passed from them; coloured carpenters and bricklayers are less employed than formerly, and even the negro barber is being displaced by the white. 'I do not mean to say,' writes Booker T. Washington, 'that all skilled labour has been taken out of the negroes' hands; but I do mean to say that in no part of the South is he so strong in the matter of skilled labour as he was twenty years ago, except possibly

in the country districts and smaller towns.'<sup>1</sup> Although negroes are still found in the same town occupations as white men, and are in a few instances members of the same labour organisations, the white mechanic or factory operative coming from the North will have no dealings with negroes, and the growth of trade unionism in the Southern States is driving them out of many skilled trades of which they had a considerable hold. With this growing economic severance there comes an almost complete severance of social intercourse, save only in the case of domestic service; whites and blacks travel in different cars, attend different churches and schools, and in all considerable towns use their own stores and live in separate districts of the city. This unique phenomenon is presented by a Southern city—two races of free citizens endowed by law with political and civil equality, occupying the same soil, walking the same streets, but destitute of all personal sympathy with one another and of all genuine human contact. Such a civilisation has not in it the elements of stability. America, so far as this part is concerned, is broken into two nations. If, however, this account of the degradation of skilled labour and of the economic impotence of a large section of the negro race were a complete analysis of the situation, however deplorable, it would not constitute a grave danger, or warrant the inflammation of race passion which is flaring up to-day. But the last few years are bringing into prominence a new factor, the proved capacity of a considerable section of the coloured population to build up a material and moral civilisation for their race along the orthodox lines of American progress. This is to be regarded as a beginning of recovery from the moral enfeeblement and recklessness which ensued on sudden emancipation. Although the majority of negroes are poor, ignorant, and occupied with low-skilled employments, a growing minority are making definite and fairly rapid progress in economic independence, in education, and in the moral capacities for good citizenship. Albeit still heavily handicapped by lack of schools, a majority of negroes can now read and write, the proportion of illiterary having sensibly diminished within the last decade, while the demand for higher education is everywhere in large excess of the supply. Not only in the great institutions of Hampton and Tuskegee, but in numerous colleges in Washington, Raleigh, Charleston, and other Southern cities, I found numbers of young negro men and women possessed of the same grit of character and determination to get knowledge which are so conspicuous in the career of Booker Washington. Though the initiative in these educational enterprises has usually come from white philanthropists in the North, the negroes are beginning to furnish a considerable financial support for higher education, and the ambition to get learning, and to enter professional careers, is widespread among the negroes of the

<sup>1</sup> *The Future of the American Negro*, p. 78.

towns. Along with this, and in part to counteract the dangerous attraction of a too literary education for a people prone to overvalue words, a movement for industrial education has been set on foot, which is already going far to compensate the tendency of the second generation of freemen to sink to a common level of unskilled labour. Indeed, this new industrial education may be said to embody a distinct policy, of which Booker T. Washington is the chief exponent, and which has won the active support of many influential Northerners and of not a few enlightened Southern whites. 'Learn to work with your hands in some skilled labour of general permanent utility, be content with a very little book-learning, and leave politics alone for the present.' This sums up the gospel of industrial education, which rests on the conviction that personal economic efficiency is a sufficient basis for a successful career in America. The example of Hampton and Tuskegee is being followed elsewhere, and every year several thousands of young men and women, trained in two or three handicrafts and with some general culture as well, are scattering themselves over the South as pioneers in skilled industry and the arts of civilisation.

Thus there is growing up a large body of educated intelligent coloured people, most of them with some white blood, getting property and earning a good livelihood in the cities as professional men, clergymen, lawyers, teachers, or in trade and to a less extent manufacture, sometimes as skilled artisans. In Charleston I computed a population to exist of at least four thousand belonging to this class, persons of good appearance, living in middle-class houses (as we should call them), with four or five churches, several schools, and with a highly organised society of their own. Conversing with many of them, I found them well informed in current affairs; quite as intelligent and more temperate in utterance than most of the white Southerners with whom I talked. In every city of the South this class is to be found. In the country districts, though there are fewer opportunities of education, some substantial progress in economic independence is everywhere attested. Perhaps the most solid proof is afforded by the Census returns for 1900, which show that, whereas in 1890 the number of farms occupied by negroes was 549,632, that number had risen by 1900 to 746,717, and that, whereas in the former year only 22 per cent. of these holdings were the property of their occupiers, that percentage had risen to 36.3.

From many evidences it is quite clear that a large class, forming a considerable minority of the whole race, are already living the life of ordinary intelligent American citizens, as professional men, tradesmen, and artisans in towns; and that a still larger number are earning their livelihood as quiet, law-abiding, and moderately prosperous cultivators of the soil. Now among these classes a ferment of feeling is arising in favour of an insistence upon their

constitutional rights, and a fair share in the offices and other goods which belong to them as American citizens. These coloured people are trained in their schools to salute the flag which is the national emblem of equality, they have imbibed in the atmosphere the sentiments of American democracy; and, while evincing no desire to force their society upon the whites, they actively resent the illegal disqualifications to which they are subjected. Moreover, while eagerly accepting the opportunities of industrial education offered to them, they cannot consent to abstain from protesting against the injustice of a government in which they have no share. They are, I think, right in maintaining that industrial education is not merely no substitute for political and civil rights, but that it will not even win them the economic independence and opportunity of material progress which it is designed to secure.

The common lesson of history, that where there are no political rights civil rights also disappear, is reinforced everywhere in the South. To take a chief instance: trial by jury is little better than a farce. Wherever the issue is between a white man and a black, the jury is packed solidly with whites, and justice goes accordingly. Though many negroes have been slain by white men 'with malice prepense and intent to kill,' I could learn of no single instance where a white man suffered the death penalty, or indeed underwent any serious term of imprisonment for such a crime. On the other hand, where a negro slays a white man, he is seldom allowed even the chance of a packed jury; it is in many places a point of white honour that he shall not have the dignity of a trial, but be hanged by lynch law. In many parts of the South, in country parts, the rape of negro women by white men is of frequent occurrence, and the criminal goes absolutely scatheless: not only does he suffer no trial or punishment, but his act involves no personal disgrace in white male society. In the case of a negro—not proved, but charged, or only suspected of such an assault—we are familiar with the procedure, in which not death, but prolonged and brutal torture, commonly by fire, is an accepted form.

The growing prevalence of lynching is not merely one striking illustration of a flagrant abuse of civil rights, but it serves as an index of the general degradation of character among the Southern whites. I found few Americans even in the North who appeared to realise the magnitude of the danger which this practice attests. Two salient facts mark its recent development. One is the fact that lynching cannot be regarded as the wild outburst of a momentary passion of revenge by rude men who take a negro in the actual commission of a horrible crime. Recent lynchings are in many instances an organised supersession of the law, in which not merely the lowest rabble, but large numbers of 'respected' citizens take part, the act being condoned, if not approved, by the local authorities:

in many instances deliberate arrangements for the 'execution' are made, special trains bring throngs of male and female visitors, and the event forms an interesting public holiday.

Again, it is wholly untrue that lynch law is only applied in cases where negroes are charged with criminal assaults upon white women, though this theory is almost universally prevalent not only in the South, but in the North. In less than one-third of the cases where negroes are lynched is this the charge, and in a much smaller number of cases can that charge be regarded as capable of even an informal proof. The charge of ungoverned lust against the negro race plays so important a part in the medley of sentiments that underlies the 'Negro Question', as to give great significance to any well-authenticated facts and figures bearing on this charge. Though no official record of lynching is kept, one of the most reputable newspapers in America, the *Chicago Tribune*, has for many years carefully recorded and tabulated the cases reported in the Southern press, and the following figures may be regarded as accurate :

'Persons lynched, from January 1891 to November 1902 inclusive, 1,862.

Of these coloured persons numbered 1,350 (72½ per cent.).

White persons numbered 485.

Indians numbered 23.

Chinese numbered 4.

Lynched for murder 770.

Lynched for criminal assaults on women 448 (24 per cent.)

Lynched for other causes 644.'

It is impossible to discuss the negro policy with any Southerners for a quarter of an hour without evoking a general charge of sexual immorality against the negro race, which charge is made a chief defence of the necessity of lynching as the only adequate protection of white women. Now the falsehood of this defence is made manifest by the above-quoted figures. If lynching were reserved for this peculiarly heinous crime, the Southern argument would have some merit of consistency. But it is not. Lynchings for alleged murder far outnumber lynchings for assaults on women: 'other causes' comprise not merely charges of arson and highway robbery, but include many cases of petty larceny and of 'insolence.' Whatever specially deterrent effect this practice might be expected to exercise as a preventive of criminal assaults on women is obviously weakened by every extension to minor offences. Indeed, further investigation of the facts show that lynching has its roots not in this special criminality imputed to the blacks, but in a general lawlessness among the whites, closely associated with the forcible assertion of race superiority. The punishment of homicide by death or long imprisonment in any part of the Black Belt is extremely rare, even when



the assailant and his victim are both white. The result is an appalling recklessness in the use of fire-arms : in South Carolina in 1902 no fewer than 223 homicides were placed on record : the lieutenant-governor of the State shoots at sight in the public streets of the capital a defenceless editor, and the general belief prevails that he will be acquitted by a jury of his 'equals.' Yet in the vast negro population along the coast of this very state, only one case of lynching for assault has occurred during the last thirty years, a clear testimony to the fact that such misconduct forms no normal factor in negro nature, or else that lynching is not needed for its repression. The wide and growing prevalence of lynching, confined not only to the Southern States, but occurring in portions of other states such as Indiana and Illinois, which have been largely settled by migration from the South, must clearly be taken as an index of a recrudescence of race feeling among the white population as a whole. To what is this directly attributable? Certainly not to any fear of rebellious outbreak among the negroes : however great the provocation, an organised rebellion is not a serious menace in the South. Nor is there any real dread lest the negroes should regain any measure of the political control they held with the assistance of United States troops during the years of Reconstruction. It is not the backward unprogressive majority whose ignorance and brutishness awaken the alarm of the civilised white South : the hostile feeling is directed primarily at the progressive minority whose educational and industrial progress I have described. It is the aspirations and ambitions of the 'new' negro that arouse white animosity ; the preacher, the lawyer, the teacher, who are accused of being 'politicians' and of stirring up sentiments of equality among the lower negroes, the well-to-do negro store-keeper, the educated artisan who asserts his economic independence, these are the real objects of suspicion and hatred.

A little cluster of recent events, each in itself insignificant, attests the nature of the real sentiments aroused among the Southern whites. A few coloured appointments to offices were made by President Roosevelt, fewer in number than those made by his predecessor, but one of them was to the collectorship of the port of Charleston, a post of some little dignity where a coloured official would be brought into personal contact with the 'aristocrats' of the South. The qualifications of the nominee, Dr. Crum, an able honest educated half-caste, were not seriously contested, but the appointment was none the less treated as an affront. About the same time occurred the Indianola incident, where a coloured post-mistress, who had served the public of her village with satisfaction for many years, being forced under menaces of violence to resign her post, the President marked his resentment by refusing to appoint a successor, subjecting the town to grave inconvenience in consequence. These cases brought the question of 'coloured' appointments to the front

of Southern politics. President Roosevelt made the matter worse by broaching a theory which furnished a test of Southern feeling. He announced his intention of dealing with every applicant for office upon his individual merits 'without discrimination of race.' The offence given by this declaration of equality of treatment was exasperated by another incident. Mr. Booker Washington, visiting the White House one day at the request of the President, to give his opinion on some matters affecting the negro people, was interrupted in his discussion by the sound of the luncheon bell, and Mr. Roosevelt, wishing to continue the talk, asked him to come in to lunch. The whole Southern press flared up with a mendacious story, which is still current everywhere in the United States, to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt had planned a deliberate affront to Southern feeling by inviting a 'nigger' to be the guest of honour at a dinner-party. But even those Southerners who know the actual facts are filled with indignation at the idea of a negro sitting down at table with white women.

It is this incident that furnishes the clue to the Southern feeling. White Southerners do not really fear lest they should be subjected to inefficient or corrupt government by the appointment of numbers of negroes. They will indeed usually urge that wherever there is an appointment to be made, a white man, more competent than any negro, is available and ought to be appointed. But it soon becomes manifest that this is not the real gravamen of their position, for they raise no objection to negroes being placed in subordinate posts where no authority is exercised over white men. Their objection to negro officials is based on the assertion that the practice will feed negro aspirations and lead to 'insolence.' Negroes, it is alleged, will soon come to regard themselves as being 'as good as whites.'

Southern white sentiment is summarised in a repudiation of equality between the two races. Franchise, offices, culture, even industrial elevation, are feared and disliked not on their own account, but because they will lead negroes to aspire to 'social equality' with whites. This phrase, this 'masked word,' is ever on the white man's lips, and it is not possible to understand the negro problem until one pierces the mask and discovers the real sentiment which it conceals. In discussing the matter with a stranger the Southern white man avers that the slightest relaxation of the race line, the admission of any coloured men to the rights they claim, will lead to an entire collapse of the race barriers. 'How would you like a nigger to marry your daughter?' is the triumphant retort which is always made to any argument in favour of the concession of political and civil rights. The negro must be kept down in order to preserve the purity of the white race from the degradation of negro blood. The Southern white thus poses as the guardian of the integrity of the Caucasian race. For the argument is manifestly a pose. In the

days of slavery no one was taken by the fathers of these men to 'preserve the purity of the race,' and it is fatuous to suppose that any real regard for future generations animates the present policy of repression. Moreover, there is no ground for supposing that an admission to equality of political and civil rights would lead to miscegenation. A Southern white man will not be compelled to receive a negro into his house as a visitor because he has a vote or holds an office, any more than a Northerner is now compelled to receive a 'Dago' or a Chinaman. He is perfectly well aware that no legal enforcement of rights for negroes would deprive him of the right to choose his visitors, or would lead to a breakdown of the social boycott which excludes negroes from white society. Nor is there any evidence that negroes themselves 'aspire' to this sort of 'social equality,' or desire to force their company upon white folk. It is not this dread of miscegenation that underlies the protest against social equality.

Still less defensible is the hypothesis of physical repugnance, in face of the preference which white Southerners show for negroes as domestic servants, a capacity which brings them into the closest personal contact with the master race. Indeed that physical repugnance sometimes exhibited by Northerners is admittedly absent from the Southern whites, who choose negro nurses for their children and even hand over their infants to be suckled at the breast of negro foster-mothers. It is impossible to reflect upon certain salient features of Southern life, e.g. the fact that nowhere is a coloured person allowed to sit down in the presence of a white person, without reaching the conclusion that the real sentiment couched in this protest against 'social equality' is the crude craving for personal masterhood, inherited from the time of slavery and hardly impaired by the process of two generations. The lust of direct personal assertion of one's will over the wills of other persons, the glorification of one's own personality by crushing the personality of others, is the most primitive and powerful of all passions; and the slave-owning practice which is the organised expression of this sentiment dies more slowly than any other social practice.

It is idle to shirk the issue. The Southern negro problem expresses the clash between the sentiment of democracy in a free republic and the sentiment of masterhood. The seven millions of coloured people in the South are still to all intents and purposes a race of 'serfs,' and it is the single fixed determination of the whites, humorously misnamed Democrats, to keep them so. This determination is partly embodied in the attitude we have described, which is fairly summarised, so far as the views of the majority of Southern whites are concerned, in the following statement:

First.—He should not be allowed to vote or to hold office.

Second.—He must be educated in manual labour only: attempts to give him a

liberal education will be wasted effort. He is incapable by reason of racial defects of acquiring it.

Third.—His instruction should be limited to teaching him to work, to be orderly and obedient—in a word, to make him a good servant, mechanic, or labourer.

Fourth.—The establishment of institutions like the Hampton Institute should therefore be discouraged, so far as they teach a liberal education.

Fifth.—The exceptional coloured man who may show some capacity for an intellectual training should be discouraged, because he will find nothing to do, and will therefore become discontented, and thus spread discontent among his fellows.

Sixth.—Before the law he should not stand equal with the white man. Whenever suspected of the crime of rape, he should be punished by lynch law. His right of assemblage and of free speech should not be unrestricted.

Seventh.—In a word, his civil and social status should remain substantially the same as when he was a slave.

But the most striking testimony to the dominance of slave-owning sentiments consists in survivals and revivals of slave-owning practices, exhibited in the administration of the criminal law. It is a common allegation against the negro race that it contributes more than its proper share to the crime of America, as attested by the number of convictions and the prison population. These statistics, however, are vitiated by the habit, which has grown up in certain Southern States, of arresting negroes upon trivial charges, ignored in the case of white men, and of condemning them to periods of imprisonment monstrously disproportionate to the offence, in order to let them out in gangs to white employers for labour in mines or upon farms or in other industrial occupations. A convict is worth at least 150 dollars per annum to the State in this capacity, and several States have for many years earned a considerable income out of convict labour, either employed in public industrial establishments, or let out on contract to private employers. A variety of this abuse has recently been brought to public notice in the State of Alabama, though the practice extends to Mississippi, Georgia, and other parts of the Black Belt. Where some trouble occurs among the negro population, a number of arrests will be made, and the defendants will be haled before a local magistrate charged with a breach of the peace. A fine will be imposed in excess of what the negro can possibly pay, in order that a white man, in collusion with the Court, may come forward, and pay the fine upon condition that the negro enter his service and work it out. The prisoner is thus handed over under contract to the white man, a neighbouring planter, who practically possesses the power of life and death over his charge, and is able to regulate almost without limit the length of service, by abusing the practice of 'truck' which is generally prevalent on Southern plantations. It will easily be understood how impotent the ordinary ignorant negro is to protect himself against this abuse of the criminal law.

Closely associated with this practice is the employment of negro gangs under the Contract Labour Law, as devised by the legislatures

of Georgia and Alabama for the protection of white planters. Written contracts are made which virtually hand over the entire possession of the negro worker to his employer during the period of contract, with right to use physical force in order to exact labour. In case a negro proves refractory he can be sued in damages for breach of contract, and is thus saddled with a debt which he must work out in addition to his term of contracted service. This labour law, supported again by the 'truck' system, keeps large numbers of labourers in a hopeless quagmire of indebtedness, and maintains a large serf class wherever it is operative. Terrible revelations have been made from time to time of the cruelties inflicted upon coloured men and women both under the convict gang system and under this practice of 'peonage,' as it is termed. Taken together they constitute a very real and considerable recrudescence of slavery.

It is no exaggeration to say that the democracy of America is on its trial in finding a solution of this negro problem. If the white Southern opinions and sentiments which I have described are permitted to dominate the situation, not merely is no solution of this specific problem possible, but the festering sore will eat away the democracy of the nation. For the negro race does not die out, it grows at almost the same pace with the white population; it cannot be deported, for, in the first place, it would not consent to go, in the second, its economic services could not be dispensed with. The Southern whites do not, indeed, desire to get rid of the negro: they want him to remain and to perform the rough manual labour and the domestic service which support their civilisation. They are determined to deny him that equality of opportunity, economic and political, which belongs to the status of American citizenship. Will the free North and West acquiesce in this denial? At the present moment it looks as if they might. Not only the forms but the spirit of American democracy are suffering a temporary eclipse. The latest expansion of America has established sovereignty without rights over ten million persons, subjects not citizens, and is inuring the American mind to the idea of forcible rule over inferior races. Northern soldiers and officials fresh from the conquered Philippines, and the politicians who approve this policy, find that the virus of imperialism acts as an alternative in their views about the negro. Such a one comes readily to the acceptance of the Southern dogma that the negro is not 'a man and a brother,' not 'a white man with a black skin,' but a creature living mid-way between beast and man, capable of work but not of rights, meriting the sort of kindness with which humane people treat their domestic animals, but not the consideration which men owe to their fellows. If this idea should gain upon the Northern mind, it plots the destruction of democracy, co-operating as it does with certain other dangerous tendencies of recent political and industrial evolution, in particular the increased

immigration of lower types of European population, but little superior in present intelligence and proved capacity for progress to the Southern negro. It must at least be accounted a possibility of the future that this idea of permanently subject peoples may so transform American civilisation that upon a servile base of negro and mean white labour may be erected a commercial and professional aristocracy, consisting of the higher and more dignified grades of white Teutonic and Celtic Americans, with the real powers of political and industrial government vested in the hands of a small able oligarchy of millionaires. In this larger peril the negro problem has its proper place. It is indeed a test question for the American character.

While the problem admits of no final satisfactory solution, there is one plain present policy, which lies straight along the line of the true democracy. The Federal Government should insist upon the administration of the laws of the several states conforming to the principles of the Federal Constitution, not bartering away the Amendments which were the substantial fruits of the Civil War, for some small party advantage in the field of current politics, but insisting upon such rigorous supervision through the Federal Courts as will secure equal political and civil rights for all American citizens regardless of race or colour. Such an enforcement of the law will not bring negro domination, nor will it threaten in any way the civilisation and good government of any Southern State. On the contrary, by securing for the first time equality of races before the law, it will rescue the South from some of her gravest and most lasting causes of disorder; it will sharpen for both races those incentives to industrial development which have been conspicuously feeble in the past; and it will help to heal the sorest wound in the body of American democracy.

JOHN A. HOBSON.

## *THE PRESENT POSITION OF RELIGIOUS APOLOGETICS*

If a modern theological Epimenides were to awaken to-day from his long slumber of even twenty-seven years, he would be astonished on seeing the remarkable changes of belief which had taken place since he had fallen asleep; but on reflection he would perceive that they are the inevitable effects of enlightenment, and of time which tries all things. The old order indefinitely changeth. As the world grows older it grows wiser, whether we will or no. The illusions of intellectual youth, which seemed so golden, are recognised to be delusions by the eye of age. The Juggernaut car of Science is drawn steadily on, and crushes thousands of cherished myths in its course, and as it has been in the past, so will it be in the future. The evolution of religious opinion has not reached its perfect form, and the great error of every epoch has been to imagine that the enduring truth has been attained. This, as we shall see, has especially to be recognised at the present time, when retreating clerical forces are so apt to suppose they have reached positions which, though obviously weak, they think capable of permanent occupation.

The Church has hitherto maintained that Christianity is a religion the doctrines of which, being undiscoverable by the reason of man, had to be communicated to us by Divine Revelation, and their truth and divine origin attested by evidence which man must recognise as miraculous. Men like Butler and Paley could not conceive that revelation could be made in any other way than by miracles, or be accepted on any authority which could not be proved to be supernatural. This view was fully shared by all divines down to very recent times, and a powerful thinker like Dean Mansel asserted that the whole system of Christian belief with its evidences—all Christianity, in short, so far as it has any title to that name, or has any special relation to the person or the teaching of Christ—is overthrown at the same time, if the reality of miracles not only as evidence but as facts, and as facts of a supernatural kind, be denied. Similar statements were made in equally forcible terms by men like Dr. Mozley and Dean Farrar. Dr. Westcott expressed his conviction that if the

claim to be a miraculous religion could be considered essentially incredible, apostolic Christianity is simply false, for the essence of Christianity lies in a miracle; and if it could be shown that a miracle is either impossible or incredible, further examination was superfluous.

This position of the Church, if it could be maintained, was strong and logical, but it could not resist the attacks made upon it by earnest reasoners, and in default of the requisite evidence its foundations have crumbled away. So complete has been the collapse of the Butler and Paley theology that, at the present day, the majority of the active thinkers of the Church, though they have really nothing substantial to put in its place, disavow the ancient belief, and contemptuously repudiate it. We find an able writer, who does not, however, 'wish to associate himself with the contempt which has been cast on the "Old Bailey theology" of Paley,' nevertheless saying concerning it:

This mode of apologetics was very popular in the last century, and was elaborated with great skill by divines whose names are still famous. But it was not an accident that it flourished most at the period when religion was at its very lowest ebb in England.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Inge, however, very clearly betrays the reason which induces him to warn his readers against that method, for he feels that those who rely upon it are trusting to 'a broken reed,' which is sure to pierce their hands as soon as they really lean upon it.<sup>2</sup> That is to say, he recognises that the necessary evidence cannot be produced. Further on in the pages of *Contentio Veritatis*, an able writer says on the same subject:

The time is past when Christianity could be presented as a revelation attested by miracles, depending on these for the main evidence of its truth. For a while these were the walls that formed the chief bulwark of the city; to-day the defences are placed far up on the surrounding hills, wholly unmarked by unobservant eyes, but infinitely more subtle and more strong. At the same time, though no longer of defensive value, the ancient walls still stand, lending a peculiar character and aspect to the city they once protected.<sup>3</sup>

A very peculiar character and aspect indeed! for the walls really lie in ruins round the former Christian position, from the intellectual bombardment directed against them. A 'tremendous change of front' has avowedly taken place; but there has been no voluntary retirement, but the hasty and disordered retreat of a beaten army, with bag and baggage left behind. The abandonment of the older form of argument involved a very momentous sacrifice. It must be apparent that if Christianity really had the support of supernatural evidence, it would be unassailable, but it is not too much to

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. W. R. Inge, M.A., Fellow, Tutor and Chaplain of Hertford College, *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 103 f.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* p. 104.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. H. L. Wild, M.A., Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall, *ib.* p. 144.



say that miracles have been completely discredited; and it is only the recognition of the truth that it has not this miraculous testimony, and that the central dogmas of the Church, which are in themselves miraculous, are dwindling away through the same process of disintegration, that, the renunciation of supernatural evidence has been forced upon serious thinkers. Professor Adeney, for instance, frankly admits:

In point of fact, the change from the Paley position to that of the intelligent believer of our own day means that the case is entirely reversed, so that the latter, instead of accepting Christianity on the ground of the miracles, accepts it in spite of the miracles. Whether he admits these miracles or rejects them, his attitude towards them is towards difficulties, not helps.<sup>4</sup>

One cannot help admiring the charming illogical accuracy of this last sentence, but I must add that Dr. Adeney is not an advocate for rejecting or accepting miracles *en bloc*, but advises our being more discriminating and endeavouring to explain away as many as we can. The whole attitude of the 'liberal school' in the Church in regard to the Paley argument reminds one forcibly of the scene of Molière, where the sham doctor assures Géronte, who had been under the impression that the heart was on his left side, and the liver on his right: 'Yes, sir, they were so formerly, *mais nous avons changé tout cela*.'

With the rejection of the old system of theology, and the acceptance of the modern method of criticism here described, of course the former views of inspiration and revelation can find no place, and it is with no surprise that we consider the hesitating definitions of these processes which are given by modern teachers in the Church. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, may first be quoted. He says:

Thus the first thing that inspiration means is that a special instruction in truth was given to a special nation. But it means more than that; it means that certain members of that nation were supernaturally helped to record the history of its education.<sup>5</sup>

The Bishop sums up:

This then is what we mean by the inspiration of the Bible. In one sense God is inspiring all good men and good actions in all time, but we mean that special help was given to the good men who carried on the work recorded in the Bible, to the good men who recorded it, and to those who selected their writings from other writings. What remains for us to do is to 'wash for the gold'; the Bible contains the Word of God; let us by study and meditation get at the Word of God, and work out the hidden treasure.<sup>6</sup>

This may perhaps be represented as one of the earlier stages of the modern teaching. Dr. Moorhouse, the Bishop of Manchester, is not quite as definite. He says,

In respect to the inspiration of the scriptures of the Old Testament, there is a difference of opinion amongst Christian men, but that difference is not such as is

<sup>4</sup> *The Hibbert Journal*, 1903, p. 393.

<sup>5</sup> *Popular Objections to Christianity*, ed. 1902, p. 48.

<sup>6</sup> *Id.* p. 51.

popularly imagined. It relates not to the *fact* of inspiration, but to the *nature* thereof. It is agreed that 'all scripture is given by inspiration of God'; but the answer to the question 'What is that inspiration by which Holy Scripture is given?' has never been precisely determined. The Church has nowhere defined inspiration; nor is it perhaps desirable that a precise definition should be sought. Why then, it may be asked, meddle with the subject at all? Why not leave it in the salutary indefiniteness with which the Church has been so far satisfied? <sup>7</sup>

The Bishop of Ripon, who has made such courageous attempts to deal with Bible problems, more fully admits the difficulty of recognising inspiration and revelation when we see them, or in fact of even knowing what we are looking for, and confesses that he knows no satisfactory definition of either of them.<sup>8</sup> Indeed, he ventures to think that a precise definition of Bible inspiration is not to be expected and 'ought not to be insisted on,' and the only explanation which he can give of it is the characteristic that it is 'persistently Godward.'<sup>9</sup> His definition of revelation is equally vague. After much hesitating illustration he concludes:

Briefly, then, revelation is best understood as the name given to the gradual process by which God made Himself known to men—revelation as disclosed in the Bible must be looked for as subject to this gradual process.<sup>10</sup>

To show that the Bishops are not alone in their modest views of inspiration and revelation, some remarks on the subject in *Contentio Veritatis* may be referred to. The Rev. W. C. Allen admits that the religious value of the New Testament is bound up with the ideas of revelation and inspiration, but he confesses the difficulty of giving any clear definition of these terms, and that definition must be content with negative rather than positive methods. The negative is, of course, a total abandonment of the old view of verbal inspiration, and after some curious statements regarding the degree in which not merely the intellect but the moral and 'volitional' nature of man are involved in consciousness of God, Mr. Allen says:

Hence there can be no *proof* of God's existence, and it follows that it is impossible to prove that the Bible is a history of God's revelation of Himself to mankind.<sup>11</sup>

There is in all these writers complete agreement as to the impossibility of defining what is even meant by inspiration and revelation, and any one who calmly considers the instructive vagueness of their statements must perceive that the processes discussed by the new school are far removed from the old doctrine of Divine revelation, for which the evidence of miracles was considered essential. They cannot lay claim to any authoritative influence, and with such liberty

<sup>7</sup> *The Teaching of Christ*, 1892, p. 1.

<sup>8</sup> *Ib.* p. 92.

<sup>11</sup> *Contentio Veritatis*, pp. 235-238.

<sup>9</sup> *The Temple Bible*, p. 83 f.

<sup>10</sup> *Ib.* p. 99 f.

of selection the religion of Buddha makes as clear an appeal to one race as the religion of Jesus can make to another. The Bishop of Ripon, in another work, evidently anticipates such objections, for he says :

It will be said that, of course, whatever man wants in the form of his religion, he will be ready enough to invent—that nobody ever doubted the religious inventiveness of human nature. . . . We may be sure that the only religion which has a chance of survival is that which meets the essential demands of his (man's) nature. . . .<sup>12</sup> The law is true: as we are, we see. Our deceptions take the colour of our character. . . .<sup>13</sup> Most religions admit the sovereign influences of ideas, and therefore provide their worshippers with doctrines.<sup>14</sup>

In the doubt as to what is inspiration and revelation, the individual and the sect will always trace to them that which most appeals to their personal ideas and aspirations.

Able men in the Church quite recognise the disability under which they suffer through the unfortunate position of miracles. I may quote a few more sentences from *Contentio Veritatis* to represent what that position is.

But the long-standing secularisation of dogma is not the only reason why much of it holds a precarious position at the present time. The miraculous element in the Gospels is a very serious crux. This is a burning question, on which both caution and candour are necessary. Primitive man lives among miracles; he expects them, and he finds them. By miracles I mean what the word has always meant in periods when such miracles are reported—a special intervention of the Divine will, contrary to the natural order of things. This is the notion of miracle in the Bible as well as in profane literature. In unscientific ages belief in miracles is not a sign of piety. Everybody shares it; it puts no strain on the conscience of men; it is simply the most obvious and natural way to account for anything unusual. The Jews and King Herod saw nothing improbable in the supposition that Christ was Elijah, or even John the Baptist who had just been beheaded. They did not doubt His miracles, they attributed them to Beelzebub. These are indications of a state of things so different from our own that we cannot be surprised if the religious symbols of that age do not appeal to us quite as they did to the first Christians.<sup>15</sup>

Of course the general feeling against miracles, whether as evidence or as mere incidents of supernatural intervention, leads to the very natural desire to remove them from the records, or give them a naturalistic explanation. As an instance, I may quote the procedure of the Bishop of Ripon in regard to a miracle related in the fourth Gospel. Before coming to the point, he makes some very pertinent remarks regarding the writers of Bible books, which may possibly strike sceptical readers as either like driving a coach and four through the theory of inspiration and revelation, or at least as

<sup>12</sup> 'The Permanent Elements of Religion,' *Bampton Lectures*, 1887, ed. 1894, p. 17 f.

<sup>13</sup> *Ib.* p. 33.

<sup>14</sup> *Ib.* p. 35.

<sup>15</sup> *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 87.

opening a wide field for rationalistic explanation of all the Gospel statements. The Bishop says,

In the course of our Bible study, we meet not only narratives of certain events which took place, and certain phenomena which were observed, but also with the contemporary interpretation of the event or of the phenomenon. The judicious student will not feel bound to accept the writer's interpretation of everything which he narrates. In fact, phenomenon or event is one thing, the interpretation which the narrator puts upon these is quite another. In his interpretation he is limited by the knowledge current in his age. We may put the matter this way. We moderns, seeing such phenomena, would not describe them as the ancients did. This would not mean that we discredited the fact or existence of the phenomena, but that being what we are, and knowing what we know, we must describe them in one way, whereas the earlier writers, no less honest than ourselves, being what they were, and knowing what they knew, were constrained to describe them as they did. Let us take a single example. In John v. (the authenticity of the passage is of no moment to this argument) we read that the stirring of the waters and the consequent healing virtue was attributed to the presence of an angel. The modern would speak of the pool as a medicinal spring. The fact is the same. The mode of description is different. The ancient knew little of what are called natural causes. We are not bound to accept or adopt the theory of a special angel visit. The devout mind will, however, realise that the natural spring of healing virtue is just as truly of God as any angel visitor.<sup>16</sup>

Any one who remembers, or will refer to, the details of this episode as narrated in the fourth Gospel, will see how far-reaching is the Bishop's conclusion, that in such cases 'we are not bound to accept or adopt the theory' of the narrator; and in this way we may at one fell swoop dispose of all the leading doctrines of Christianity. Nothing can escape the application of such sensible principles of reasoning, whether it be the story of the sun and moon being made to stand still that a small people might kill a few more of their enemies, or the accounts upon which are based the doctrines of the Incarnation, Virgin-birth, and Resurrection. The change of front which has taken place from the Butler and Paley system of theology, or even from that which Dr. Westcott held sacred, is well illustrated by this example.

The difficulty of digesting statements of Gospel writers regarding miracles, however, leads to the consideration of another important point, which the Bishop of Ripon, with his usual candour, frankly discusses.

How far does the acceptance of the standards of ignorance current in the past invalidate the teaching authority of great religious leaders? <sup>17</sup>

The Bishop thinks, with regard to general religious teachers, that as they are only concerned with ethical or spiritual teaching, it would be as absurd to speak of their scientific ignorance invalidating their teaching, as it would be to suppose that Phidias was a worse sculptor because he knew nothing of the law of gravitation; but he admits that the case is somewhat different in the case of Jesus Christ.

<sup>16</sup> *The Temple Bible*, p. 50 f.

<sup>17</sup> *Id.* p. 52.

In His case, the dilemma is put forward somewhat in this fashion. Either Jesus Christ knew or He did not know the great laws of the universe. If He did know, He is open to the charge of allowing people to continue in great and harmful errors; if He did not know, what becomes of the claim that He is one with God?<sup>18</sup>

The Bishop evidently feels the reality of the dilemma, but he does not do much to remove it. His argument is singularly instructive, and I refer to it mainly as illustrating the change of views which we are considering. He says,

It seems to me a pity that either on one side or the other this question is raised, and that the history is not read as a history belonging to its own age and coloured by its prevalent scientific or unscientific ideas. Jesus Christ lived in a certain period; He is to appear as a true man in that age; it must be as one accepting ideas of that age that He appears, except, of course, in the spiritual questions in which His mission is concerned. What was the measure or limit of His acquaintance with matters outside the sphere of His mission does not in the least concern us.<sup>19</sup>

The example which the Bishop takes for treatment is the question of demonology. He admits that the writers of the New Testament did ascribe certain evils to the malignant influence of spirits, for they accepted the current explanations of the age. He makes, however, a very fine distinction regarding the prevalence of such stories in the Gospels:

Demonological ideas were no doubt fundamental conceptions in the Gospels, but they are not fundamental ideas of the Gospel.<sup>20</sup>

He frankly goes on to the issue thus raised:

We must not, however, shirk the real difficulty. The real difficulty does not lie in the conception of the Evangelists, but in the attitude of Jesus Christ towards the current demonological ideas. Now there are, as far as I can see, only three suppositions which are possible on this subject. (1) Either Jesus Christ knew that the evils described were due to the agency of evil spirits; (2) or He knew that the current conceptions were mistaken, but He did not think it to be wise, or a part of His mission, to correct misapprehensions on the matter;<sup>21</sup> (3) or He Himself was truly limited in His knowledge of this matter, and in accepting the limitations of humanity He accepted the limitations of knowledge which bound humanity at the time. If the first supposition be true, there is an end of the question. If the second be true, Jesus Christ appears acting as every wise teacher would act in refusing to attempt to correct misapprehensions on matters which were outside the range of His mission, and the discussion of which would only serve to divert men's attention, carrying their minds to side issues away from His main purpose. If the third supposition be the true one, then it only means that Jesus Christ, in accepting the limitations of humanity, accepted the limitations which marked the scientific knowledge of His own day. One or other of these three suppositions must be true. Does the acceptance of any one of these—no matter which—affect the veracity of the Gospel narrative or the authority of Jesus Christ in spiritual matters? I think not.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>18</sup> *The Temple Bible*, p. 52 f.

<sup>19</sup> *Ib.* p. 53.

<sup>20</sup> *Ib.* p. 54.

<sup>21</sup> The third edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1797) anticipated this explanation by suggesting that, in dealing with *Dæmoniacæ*, the Gospels 'adopted the vulgar language in speaking of those unfortunate persons who were generally imagined to be possessed with demons.' In more recent editions this suggestion was silently omitted.

<sup>22</sup> *The Temple Bible*, p. 55 f.

The Bishop does not complicate the dilemma by pointing out that the Gospels so completely accept the reality of demonology that they represent devils, when cast out by Jesus, holding conversations with him, and making requests which he grants. On the theory that evil spirits do not exist, does not this characteristic prove that the writers composed fanciful stories of the doings of Jesus, and leave us to draw the inevitable inference that we cannot rely upon the veracity of the Gospels? The Bishop's statements are only advanced to explain away miracles which are so embarrassing a crux in the New Testament. The Gospels are admitted to be the composition of men so ignorant and superstitious that of course nothing they tell us can for a moment be relied on. If so complete a reversal of the old argument be adopted as to confess that we believe in miracles because of Christianity, and not Christianity because of miracles, even after that feat of putting the old spiritual cart before the horse is performed, what advantage is gained? We, evidently, can no more be warranted in believing the stories of the Incarnation, Virgin-birth, and Resurrection, for instance, which are derived from legends which those ignorant men record, than their stories of demonology. If we are at liberty to ascribe errors of all kinds to the ignorant superstitions of the evangelists—and that they were profoundly ignorant and profoundly superstitious the Bishop of Ripon admits—where are we to stop? The Bishop gives us the privilege of equally ascribing ignorance or deception to Jesus himself, for if it was not deception to cast out devils in the way he did, if devils were not cast out,<sup>23</sup> I do not know what deception means: and if the choice be left us to accept the reality of demonology or the natural ignorance and superstition of Jesus himself, I think there can be no doubt what the selection must be. Every statement of a supernatural kind may be explained in the same way; and there is at once a complete elimination of miracles from the New Testament, and only that which is natural survives. The Christianity which remains is nothing but human ethical teaching, truly of a high and noble order, but which can no longer be considered a supernatural revelation.

Miracles, then, wherever it is possible, being thrown overboard to lighten the labouring ecclesiastical ship, and the theory of inspiration and revelation, under the stress of adverse circumstances, being no longer the almost central dogma of Christianity, but now only administered in homœopathic doses to hesitating believers, it becomes of primary interest to inquire how those who have so contemptuously rejected the theology of Butler and Paley imagine they can still rationally maintain the three greatest doctrines of the faith: the

<sup>23</sup> Archbishop Trench said in regard to such a case that there would be in the language used 'that absence of agreement between thoughts and words in which the essence of a lie consists.' *Notes on Miracles*, p. 154.

Incarnation, Virgin-birth, and Resurrection; and what is the evidence which is advanced as capable of proving the reality of such stupendous miracles. It would, at first sight, seem impossible for a logical mind to cling to any supernatural events recorded in the Gospels after the admissions which have to be made regarding their character and composition. The late Dr. Bruce confessed:

All the miraculous must go, if any goes on speculative grounds. The moral miracles must be sacrificed to the Moloch of naturalism not less than the physical.<sup>24</sup>

The necessary surrender of any miracle in the Gospels as fabulous is an argument against the retention of any other as genuine, and it is recognised that the miraculous is not only commonly rejected for many unassailable reasons, but that all miracles would undoubtedly be rejected were it not that some of those of the Gospels, in spite of the admitted ignorance and superstition of their writers, must at all costs be maintained, in one shape or another, unless Christianity, as Divine Revelation, is to be finally abandoned.

We have seen how the natural ignorance of the writers of the Gospels, and perhaps even of Jesus, according to so good an authority as the Bishop of Ripon, obliges us to disregard many of their statements which are opposed to natural law and scientific fact; but we have to go much further than this, and to recognise that any traditions regarding that period of religious disturbance recorded by writers who, in addition to such ignorance of natural law and liability to superstition, are personally unknown, cannot seriously be regarded as satisfactory evidence for anything. In spite of the loose and piously prejudiced statements which are often advanced regarding the authorship of the four Gospels, I do not hesitate to affirm that no capable scholar pretends to identify, by more than mere conjecture, the actual writers of those works. With the ancient claim to Divine Revelation practically abandoned, how can the statements of these Evangelists have any weight when miraculous events are narrated by them? A certain difference is made by the more careful of the modern theologians in the value of the records as evidence. Mr. Allen says frankly:

The view current in the Christian Church since the beginning of the second century is that St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke wrote, independently, the Gospels called by their names. This view still has its adherents, but they diminish in numbers daily. And, indeed, the theory is beset with difficulties which cannot be explained away.<sup>25</sup> . . . In all cases where matter is common to both Gospels, St. Mark must be regarded as not only earlier in point of time, but also as more accurate in point of detail, and St. Matthew not only as secondary in respect of dependence, but also as inferior in respect of the faithful transmission of historical fact.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>24</sup> *The Miraculous Element in the Gospels*, 1899, 4th ed. p. 12.

<sup>25</sup> *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 208.

<sup>26</sup> *Ib.* p. 214.

The Bishop of Ripon is quite in accord with these remarks. He states that we find certain portions of the Gospel narrative which are common to all three of the Synoptics, and other portions which are common to two Gospels but lacking in the remaining Gospel, and lastly that each Gospel has a portion peculiar to itself. He calls the portions common to all three Gospels the common stock, and he considers that in each Gospel we have an edition of the common stock Gospel with additions. He concludes that if we desire to reach the nearest sources of information regarding Jesus, they will be found in the common stock Gospel, as the most valuable and authentic record of the history of Jesus.<sup>27</sup> With this preamble we may now proceed to the consideration of the central miracles associated with the life of Jesus, and the Bishop of Ripon gives no uncertain testimony regarding them. He says:

Now, in the common stock Gospel, the miraculous accessories connected with the birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ do not find a place. These accessories are found in the group of secondary witnesses, i.e. in narratives common to two evangelists. Upon these, in the first instance, we have purposely refused to lay stress. Our belief in Jesus Christ must be based upon moral conviction; not upon physical wonder. The argument that He was wonderfully born and miraculously raised, and that therefore He was God, does not evoke, at any rate to-day, an adequate and satisfactory response; even if it could be considered valid, it would not create a worthy or an acceptable faith.<sup>28</sup>

Such arguments are of course necessarily abandoned with the 'Old Bailey theology' of Paley; but it is interesting to note the shifts to which apologists are driven to explain the absence of such dogmas in what are considered the earliest records of the Gospel narratives of Jesus. To one only can I refer here, which seems intended to account for the absence of the story of the Virgin-birth from the 'common stock' Gospel. Mr. Allen says:

- It might be urged in favour of some of the incidents found only in St. Matthew, that their nature sufficiently explains the fact that they do not occur in the earliest sources. The narratives of the infancy, e.g., owing to their nature, would be withheld from publicity until special circumstances called for their disclosure.<sup>29</sup> On the other hand, it is not difficult to raise objections to such an explanation. The historical character of these narratives would, we cannot but feel, be less open to question, if some trace of knowledge of the facts which they present could be found in St. Paul or in the earlier Gospel sources, e.g. St. Mark.<sup>30</sup>

When one remembers, however, that there is no trace of written accounts of the infancy till very long after the death of Jesus, and no suggestion by any scholar that any of such narratives was composed during his lifetime, it is not easy to understand the suggestion that such narratives could be withheld for any special dislike to publicity beyond the time when the second Synoptic was composed.

The Dean of Westminster is well aware of the difficulties which

<sup>27</sup> *The Temple Bible*, p. 128 f.

<sup>28</sup> G. Gore, *Dissertations*, 12-40.

<sup>29</sup> *Ib.* p. 181 f.

<sup>30</sup> *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 217.



surround the theory of the Virgin-birth; and of the serious disquietude which prevails regarding it. In his little book *Some Thoughts on the Incarnation*, after referring to the doubts which necessarily disturb the minds of students of natural science, Dr. Robinson says in the Prefatory letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury:

They are learning for the first time that it finds no direct expression in the writings of the two great teachers who above all others have expounded to us the doctrine of the Incarnation—St. Paul and St. John. They are, indeed, confronted by the first and third of our Gospels. But here they discover that criticism has been at work; that it tells us without ambiguity that the earliest stratum of the evangelical narrative contained no statement at all as to the mode of Christ's birth. They learn that careful and orthodox critics do not attach, from the historical point of view, the same weight to narratives peculiar to St. Matthew as to other parts of the Gospels. They find themselves left with St. Luke as the strongest historical evidence within the New Testament. They begin to wonder whether, after all, the tradition may not be an aftergrowth. They learn, too, that German scholars of the highest eminence have done what English scholars of the highest eminence have not yet done—have definitely rejected the narratives of the Virgin-birth as in their judgment historically incredible. As the result of all this they are confirmed in the position to which they had come on other grounds.<sup>31</sup>

I am afraid that these apparently very young students of natural science, when they come to inquire, will find that the Dean has done injustice to English scholars of the highest eminence, and that most of them are not in this matter behind eminent German scholars. The Dean of Westminster, however, believes that he can explain the distinction in thought between the Incarnation and the special mode of its manifestation in the Virgin-birth, and he thinks that if he can enable men to realise the moral and intellectual necessity of the former doctrine, he has some hope of explaining the unique appropriateness of the latter.<sup>32</sup> It will be interesting to follow the Dean's mode of doing this. He starts with the declaration that if the Son of God was made man in the birth of Jesus, that was an event absolutely unique, and utterly miraculous; <sup>33</sup> but it is a pity that he has to commence so grave an explanation with so serious an 'if.'

It may startle many readers that the Dean of Westminster begins his demonstration with the account of the Creation in the book of Genesis, although he frankly says that it does not matter for his purpose who wrote that chapter, whether he was adopting more ancient materials, or describing a kind of vision, or composing a kind of prose-poem.<sup>34</sup> He does say, however, that 'the general idea is wholly in harmony with our latest scientific thought,' although he admits that here and there it may be slightly 'out of order.' This hardly does justice to scientific opinion regarding this myth, derived from Babylonian and other sources, and so long

<sup>31</sup> *Some Thoughts on the Incarnation*, p. viii. f.

<sup>32</sup> *Ib.* p. 8.

<sup>33</sup> *Ib.* p. x.

<sup>34</sup> *Ib.* p. 10.

received as a revelation of the course of creation. The principal point on which the Dean rests is the creation of man. On the bodily side of his nature, he admits that man is but little removed from the animals, but 'his true distinction is his being made "in the image and likeness of God." Man is made in God's image. He is set at the head of the creation as God's visible representative. He is to rule as God's vicegerent. "Let them have dominion," is the character of his authority. Man is the link between nature and God.'<sup>35</sup> We shall not consider what science has to say on this representation, but the Dean illustrates the modern theories of inspiration when he goes on to say: 'It is in a chapter like this that we *feel* inspiration, even if we cannot define it. We are sure that it was the Divine Spirit who taught this early writer the sublime lesson which is embodied here.'<sup>36</sup> He goes on to assert that 'this teaching is the intellectual and moral preparation for the doctrine of the Incarnation.'<sup>37</sup> However, man may have failed to maintain this high ideal: 'In the midst of this failure, and with a view to its ultimate remedy, God taught one nation in plain terms that human nature is essentially God-like, that it is capable of presenting the very image and likeness of the Divine.'<sup>38</sup> This is the reason for expecting and believing the Incarnation. But Dr. Robinson confesses: 'It requires, after all, an act of faith—and not an act of reason by itself—to say "He came down from heaven, and was incarnate and was made man." Faith I say; and I mean faith in the condescension of God, faith in the essential kinship of man to God.'<sup>39</sup> He then gives a short account of the picture of Jesus drawn in St. Mark's Gospel and concludes: 'That, in the briefest outline, is St. Mark's picture of the Incarnate Son of God . . . and it is full of miracle, and the miracle is always appropriate, though never anticipated . . . And the resurrection, the crowning miracle, is indispensable . . . The picture is full of miracle, but the miracle is demanded by the uniqueness of the situation.'<sup>40</sup>

Is there anything which can be called evidence in the Dean's argument? His eloquent discourse seems to be nothing but an emotional appeal to pious imagination, and an endeavour to make his representations convince the reason through the poetical and sentimental instincts. It is a considerable drawback to the success of the statement that man was made 'in the image of God,' that in his whole history he is depicted as governed by tendencies to wickedness. The universe might be perfect and glorious, but

<sup>35</sup> *Some Thoughts on the Incarnation*, p. 11 f.

<sup>36</sup> His view is evidently shared by the Bishop of Manchester, who, although he might hesitate to use the decided and unconditional language of the early chapters of Genesis, exclaims, 'But does this imply that we fail to recognise the Divine inspiration in the view of the flood which was taken by the author of these chapters? Nay, the very opposite.' *The Teaching of Christ*, 1892, p. 9.

<sup>37</sup> *Ib.* p. 12.

<sup>38</sup> *Ib.* p. 13.

<sup>39</sup> *Ib.* p. 20 f.

<sup>40</sup> *Ib.* p. 22-25.

certainly man was vile. What material evidence is there of his being made 'in God's image'—if any one can conceive what that means—or if he was, what could the God be in whose image such a creature was made! From the very first, man is represented as falling into sin, and becoming so desperately wicked that the whole human race, except one small family, had to be destroyed by a flood. The so-called 'Chosen people' betrayed the most persistent ingratitude and disobedient perversity, and were constantly punished by famine, pestilence, and the sword, and these trenchant remedies proving ineffectual, as a last resource God is said to have become incarnate in His Son. But so little success had this final effort to reclaim man, that the Incarnate Son of God was rejected and despised and finally put to death\* by God's chosen people, by the shameful death of the cross, as an atonement for sin, the just for the unjust, without which shedding of the innocent blood man could not be saved from the wrath of God.

The Dean of Westminster's faith 'is not staggered by miracles in a life which is altogether unique, and which he believes to be the Incarnation of the Divine,' and he asks those who have been able to go so far with him—that is to say, in believing in the Incarnation, for which no direct evidence is produced—'If a wholly new departure in human history was being made, is it unreasonable to suppose that this departure might be marked by a signal miracle?'<sup>41</sup> In other words, he asks those who may already have believed in the Incarnation, whether they cannot also believe in the Virgin-birth. Certainly, it is not unfair to suppose that any who have admitted the reality of one great miracle will not have much difficulty in believing in a second; that, to reverse a scriptural saying, those who have already swallowed a camel will not be very likely to strain at a gnat. Beyond a very marked display of pious imagination, the Dean offers nothing in the shape of evidence either of the Incarnation or of the Virgin-birth. Of the latter, he points out that we have, as a matter of fact, two notably different narratives. One is from the pen of a devout Jew, and the other by a writer who is familiar with Greek literature and Greek modes of thought, who professes to have made careful inquiries in order that he may write accurate history, and he goes on to say: 'Where we can test him, as in the Acts of the Apostles, by such historical evidence as inscriptions afford, we find him astonishingly exact in minute details. We discover that he was an unusually careful observer; and at this we are the less surprised when we learn incidentally that he was a medical man; for then, as now, the practice of medicine trained the faculty of observation and promoted a reverence for fact.'<sup>42</sup> I am afraid that few who have studied the practice of medicine at that epoch will endorse this theory of its medical men, but the fact is that there is

<sup>41</sup> *The Teaching of Christ*, p. 27.

<sup>42</sup> *Id.* p. 34.

not only no evidence that the author of Acts was a medical man, but every reason to believe that the tradition which identified him with 'Luke, the beloved physician' was erroneous. Because it has recently been argued that some of his simple statements of history are in accordance with inscriptions of the period, it is a most unwarranted inference that he was careful to write accurate history. I have elsewhere pointed out that there is more miraculous legend in the Acts of the Apostles than in any other book of the New Testament.

The Dean's theory as to the source of information of the two Evangelists regarding the Virgin-birth is that which was held by Dean Alford, and which has been adopted with great minuteness by the Bishop of Worcester and others, that, if genuine, the account of the first Synoptist was ultimately derived from St. Joseph, and that of Luke from the Blessed Virgin.<sup>43</sup> The Bishop even conjectures that St. Joseph (who must have died before the public ministry of Jesus began) left some document detailing the circumstances of the birth of Jesus to be given to Mary in order to vindicate her own virginity, and that after Pentecost it passed into the hands of the author of the first Gospel. Dr. Randolph honestly confesses: 'How this account has been preserved in the first Gospel we do not know, for we know so very little about the authorship of that Gospel, but there is nothing unreasonable in Bishop Gore's conjecture.'<sup>44</sup> It will probably strike most readers that it is somewhat strained to explain what is so doubtful by such minute and fanciful conjectures, and still more to consider that a Gospel about which so little is known can be received as evidence for the stupendous miracles it relates.

As a sequel to *The Ripon Episode*,<sup>45</sup> I may quote an explanation of his views regarding the Virgin-birth given by the Dean of Ripon to the Rev. John Verschoyle, and published by him in an interesting article in the *Contemporary Review*.<sup>46</sup>

In Darwin's book on *The Changes of Plants and Animals under Domestication*, he points out that parthenogenesis is found much higher than is generally known in the organised creation, and he asks why the operation of the male is required, the germ or ovum of the female being complete in itself. He answers that he can give no reason except, probably, that force and energy is thus added. If, then, the accounts in the Gospels—that is, Matthew i. and Luke i.—are true literally, the meaning of my suggestion would be that the yearnings of a young Hebrew woman, longing with intense and holy desire to be the mother of the Messiah (which longings were the direct action of the Holy Spirit), excited and quickened the germ within her, and produced in this case what is usually produced by the action of the male. This seems to me the only meaning that can be got out of

<sup>43</sup> *Some Thoughts on the Incarnation*, p. 33.

<sup>44</sup> *The Virgin Birth*, p. 27. Gore, *Dissertations*, p. 28 f.

<sup>45</sup> *The Nineteenth Century and After*, January 1903, p. 26.

<sup>46</sup> August, p. 236.

the words of St. Luke, unless you are to invoke the word 'Miracle.' But this will not help us. It is really nothing more than a confession of our ignorance, or, if definition be imposed upon it, such as that assumed by writers like Paley, then we must say that it is not only ambiguous but is not a scriptural word at all, nor a scriptural idea, for *σημειον* and *δύναμις*, the Greek words which our version translates by miracle, do not mean what Paley meant, and what in a somewhat vague way is popularly understood by the word.<sup>47</sup>

The application to the Virgin-birth of the principle of parthenogenesis, supposed to be observed in some of the lowest forms of animal and vegetable life, is an interesting example of the strenuous effort which is being made to get rid of miracles and find a reasonable basis for belief. I must point out, however, that the Dean does not correctly quote Darwin, who does not say 'that parthenogenesis is found much higher than is generally known in the organised creation,' but that 'with most of the lower animals and even mammals, the ova show a trace of parthenogenetic power.'<sup>48</sup> From this to draw the inference that the unimpregnated human ovum could by any process of 'natural law' develop into a man shows a very strange conception of the laws of biology and evolution, and such an idea would probably have been to Darwin more inconceivable than most of the ordinary miracles. There is, however, an important remark to be made. Before offering such remarkable explanations of the Virgin-birth, would it not be better to produce sufficient evidence that such an extraordinary event ever occurred? The story is plainly interpolated amongst other matter in the first Synoptic, 'of the authorship of which we know so very little,' and in the third, of which we really know little more, but it is not referred to anywhere else in the New Testament. Even the Bishop of Ripon refuses to lay stress on the miraculous accessories of the birth and resurrection of Jesus, which do not find a place in the common-stock Gospel. Such discussion of the details of alleged miracles or supernatural events, the actual occurrence of which has not antecedently been established by adequate evidence, is very like a performance of the play of *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince left out.

There is another point to which I must briefly refer. Whilst some assert the necessity of the Virgin-birth to get rid of the taint of 'original sin,' and even Dr. Sanday contends that in no other way is a sinless nature possible, the absolute 'sinlessness' of Jesus is advanced, not only as a fact, but as a moral miracle, and as the strongest evidence for the Incarnation. For instance, the late Dr. Bruce, in his interesting work on *The Miraculous Elements in the Gospels*, writes:

To the faith of the Church Jesus Christ is sinless in spirit and conduct,

<sup>47</sup> *Contemporary Review*, p. 236.

<sup>48</sup> Darwin, *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, second edition, revised, p. 352.

unerring in spiritual insight, original as a religious teacher; in the strictest sense a moral miracle. His character is the one miracle vitally important to faith. Believers could part with the physical miracles of the Gospels if science or exegesis demanded the sacrifice; but if a sinless Christ were taken from us on the plea that the moral order of the world knows only of imperfect men, all would be lost. Nothing less than a sinless, infallible, incomparably original man is demanded by the titles and functions ascribed to Christ. The Son of God must be holy as God is holy.<sup>49</sup>

Similar sentiments are expressed in *Contentio Veritatis*:

The sinlessness of Christ is the one of His divine attributes which we cannot afford to part with. We might dispense with the belief in His power over nature whilst He lived as a man amongst men, but to give up His divine character is to sever the most precious link in the chain which binds heaven and earth together. If there has been no Incarnation, if no morally perfect Being, perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect, has ever lived on earth, then there has been and is no revelation of God as a Person.<sup>50</sup>

It is true that if we compare the representation of the God of Israel in the Old Testament with that of Jesus in the Gospels the superiority of the latter is striking; but these writers seem to forget that, with the exception of some references to the infancy, the Gospels at the very most concern themselves with brief records of three years of the life of Jesus, and these records, confining themselves to selected episodes, are really worked up in the spirit of the prophetic Gnosis, and coloured brightly with the tints of pious superstition. Yet even here and there in these Gospels may be found passages which do not altogether accord with the ecstatic idea of perfection as God is perfect which the writers I have quoted, and so many others, ascribe to Jesus. For instance, the cursing of the fig tree is found not only in the first but also in the second Synoptic.<sup>51</sup> Jesus comes to the tree to look for fruit and finds none, for, as the second Synoptist tells us, 'the time of figs was not yet,' and because he did not find fruit at a season when he had no right to expect any, he cursed the tree, which presently withered away. The Synoptists of course represent this as a miracle, but it is a miracle affecting the character of Jesus which few could wish to retain. I may also just refer to the famous episode of the swine of the Gadarenes, which is related in all the three Gospels.<sup>52</sup> When Jesus casts the unclean spirit out of the man, he asks the spirit: 'What is thy name? and he saith unto him, My name is Legion; for we are many, and he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country; and they further besought him, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them. And he gave them leave. And the unclean spirits came out and entered

<sup>49</sup> *The Miraculous Elements in the Gospels*, p. 320.

<sup>50</sup> Inge, p. 97.

<sup>51</sup> Matthew xxi. 18 ff. Mark xi. 13 ff., 20 f.

<sup>52</sup> Matthew viii. 28 ff. Mark v. 1 ff. Luke viii. 26 ff.

into the swine; and the herd rushed down the steep into the sea, in number about two thousand, and they were choked in the sea.' Is it necessary to point out the unjust and deplorable indifference which gave the unclean spirit leave to destroy the property of the Gadarenes? We can very well understand how naturally the people began to pray Jesus 'to depart from their borders.' Of course, as the Gospels are presumed to be the authority for the sinlessness of Jesus, we are justified in quoting these episodes. Had the Synoptists been able to foresee the judgment of posterity regarding such stories, they would probably never have found a place in the Gospels.

Any evidence for the Resurrection is conspicuous only from its absence, for, like the Bishop of Eipon, who does not find it in the 'common-stock' Gospel, writers commonly relegate it to the region of indifference. For instance, Mr. Inge frankly says:

The real basis of our belief in the resurrection of Christ is a great psychological fact, a spiritual experience. We know that Christ is risen, because, as St. Paul says, we are risen with Him. If this basis is forgotten, the event becomes an isolated occurrence in past history, which from its very uniqueness is unimportant, and also impossible to establish. Whenever the carnal mind (to use St. Paul's phrase) is set to judge of spiritual things, this degradation of the symbol into a bare fact is bound to occur. And as a bare fact has no religious content, its flank is fatally open to the attacks of scepticism. It is a dead fact, and it is the nature of dead facts to decompose and vanish.<sup>53</sup>

The doctrine is, in fact, so spiritualised by the modern school that it is almost unseizable, and certainly very different from the representation in the third Synoptic (xxiv. 38-39), for instance, where Jesus appears to the disciples, who supposed him to be a spirit, and to whom Jesus says: 'See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye behold me having'; or in the fourth Gospel (xx. 27), where the risen Jesus says to the doubting Thomas: 'Reach hither thy finger, and see my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side, and be not faithless but believing.'

There are, however, some remarks of Archbishop Temple to which a moment's attention may be given. He argues that if all the miraculous events recorded in the Bible were some day discovered to be the result of natural causes, this would not affect their character as regards the Revelation which they were worked to prove. The miracle would in that case consist in the precise coincidence in time with the purpose they served in arresting attention, which would otherwise not have been arrested. He then proceeds to give an illustration.

Thus, for instance, it is quite possible that our Lord's Resurrection may be found hereafter to be no miracle at all in the scientific sense. It foreshadows and

<sup>53</sup> *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 87.

begins the general Resurrection; when that general Resurrection comes we may find that it is, after all, the natural issue of physical laws always at work. There is nothing at present to indicate anything of the sort; but a general resurrection in itself implies not a special interference but a general rule. If, when we rise again, we find that this resurrection is and always was a part of the Divine purpose, and brought about at last by machinery precisely the same in kind as that which has been used in making and governing the world, we may also find that our Lord's Resurrection was brought about by the operation of precisely the same machinery.<sup>14</sup>

Such suspension of judgment would certainly arrest discussion of this and many other theological dogmas, but would scarcely conduce to the present comfort of troubled Christians. I refer to the Archbishop's argument merely to illustrate the efforts which have for long been made to explain away the miraculous elements of Christianity.

The more one looks into the religious views in the Church at the present time, the more apparent it is that with the abandonment of the 'Old Bailey' system of Paley, and the recognition that there is practically no valid evidence producible for the doctrines it still, at least nominally, holds, Christianity has become a mere religion of the heart and of the imagination, its evidence being nothing more than the impressions made on the believer by the noble life and teaching of Jesus. Men think themselves justified in believing anything that seems to appeal to their own fancies and personal leanings. Dogmas are matters of taste, matters of opinion, which are adopted with little or no examination, and held with no discrimination. Miracles as evidence have been relinquished with relief and without regret, and the fatal consequence of discrediting the central dogmas of Christianity, which are, so to say, more miraculous than the attesting miracles, is avoided as much as possible by spiritualising their details and reducing the more stubborn supernatural elements to such a state of haze and indefiniteness that they may float through the mind without any substantial shock. No testimony is demanded or considered necessary beyond the witness of personal emotion, and perfect satisfaction is at least expressed regarding the certainty of views which seem to have no other support than assumed suitability to the needs of man.

WALTER R. CASSELS.

<sup>14</sup> *Bampton Lectures for 1884*, ed. 1903, p. 186 f.



## JOAN OF ARC

## II

FOR a short space of time Joan was the idol of the hour, and honoured by all, so that her humility was alarmed; but the clouds were soon to gather. As the royal party left Rheims after the Coronation and approached La Ferté and Crespy-en-Valois, the people surrounded the King crying 'Noël.' 'The Maid was then riding between the Archbishop of Rheims and myself,' relates Dunois. "This is a good people," she said to us, "I have seen none elsewhere who rejoiced so much at the coming of so noble a King. How happy should I be if, when my days are done, I might be buried here!" "Jeanne," then said the Archbishop to her, "in what place do you hope to die?" "Where it shall please God," she answered, "for I am not certain of either the time or the place, any more than you are yourself. Would it might please God my Creator that I might retire now, abandon arms, and return to serve my father and mother, and to take care of their sheep with my sister and my brothers who would be so happy to see me again." Some writers have taken these words to signify that Joan considered her work to be accomplished and wished to leave the King and return home, but it is certain that this was not so. She had still two tasks before her; to drive the English quite out of France and to bring back the Duke of Orleans, and although she knew she would be opposed she was determined to do her best.<sup>1</sup>

The celebrated Gerson had warned the French that by ingratitude and injustice they might hinder the success of the Maid, and his words were prophetic, as the history of the next few months was to prove.

We see the Maid's counsels systematically opposed, and all her hopes and plans for the good of France frustrated: her wise wish for the reunion of the Burgundian party with that of the King—'Make a good firm peace with the King of France,' she begs the Duke of Burgundy in her letter; 'I pray and implore you with

<sup>1</sup> She said quite simply that if she was to die before *that for which God had sent her was accomplished*, she would, after her death, be more harmful to the English than she was in life, and that notwithstanding her death all that for which she had come would be accomplished.

joined hands fight not against France'—her desire to take Paris defeated by delays on the King's side and the enmity of the Duke of Burgundy, and finally the disastrous results of the attack on the capital and the retreat in which she was forced to take part. 'Thus was broken the will of the Maid and the army of the King,' mournfully exclaims a contemporary chronicler.<sup>2</sup> Some gleams of success had, however, come to the French. Beauvais had capitulated, which one almost regrets, as it caused the Bishop, Pierre Cauchon, to fly to the English for safety, and helped him to become Joan's bitter enemy, and Compiègne, so soon to be the scene of her last fight, had also surrendered to the King. After the retreat from Paris the Maid had two great successes, among the last of her life. She was sent to take St. Pierre de Moustier and La Charité. At the former the wonders of Orleans were renewed; at the latter, although she raised the siege, she was ill-provided with men, and the King sent no supplies. After this Joan had to follow the Court for some weary weeks of inaction. Time was passing, and the year of her mission was nearly run. Her Voices prophesied her coming imprisonment, and the Maid prayed that she might die as soon as she was taken, but they told her to bear graciously whatever befell her, for so it must be. As one of her biographers says, among all Joan's deeds this was the bravest—to go on fighting, knowing certainly that her English foes would take her—they who had often threatened to burn her.

In May—just a year after the glorious victory at Orleans—the blow fell. The truce with Burgundy ended, and the Duke promptly proceeded to besiege Compiègne, held by de Flavy for the King. Joan hurried thither from Crespy in Valois on the 23rd of May, and that same day led the sortie which was to be her last effort for France. She drove the enemy back three times, but meanwhile she encountered the English, and retreated her men. The English followed them under the walls of Compiègne, and, to prevent their entering, the gate of the redoubt was closed, and Joan was shut out from the town she had come to deliver. They told the Maid of her danger, but she paid no heed, and her voice was heard as usual, calling 'Allez avant,' 'Forward! they are ours.'

The English held the entrance from the causeway, and Joan and a few men (her brother among them) were driven into a corner of the wall. A rush was made to secure her: 'Yield, yield, give your faith to me,' was the cry. 'I have given my faith to Another,' was Joan's reply, 'and I will keep my oath.' Thus was she taken prisoner, and her prediction accomplished. Some historians think that the gate was closed by treachery, but we may be sure that this was not so, as Compiègne was held loyally for Charles, and was relieved eventually by the Maid's friend, Xaintrailles.

<sup>2</sup> Perceval de Cagny.

Joan was now the prisoner of the Duke of Burgundy, whom she had tried in vain to bring back to his allegiance, and great rejoicings were made over her capture by her unworthy countrymen and the English. Still, had she remained in the hands of the Burgundians, it seems incredible that Charles should not have endeavoured to procure her release, and again, had the English held her as a prisoner of war, it is possible that the shame of having a woman captive in their hands would have led to their allowing her to be ransomed. But the English-French party were determined on her ruin, and united in making rescue impossible. The great things accomplished by the Maid bore an evident mark of their supernatural origin, but the old accusation of magic and witchcraft could be used for her destruction. She was honoured as a Saint by the people; let her be shown to be a rebel to the Church. Such was the odious policy agreed upon, and, to add to its terrible injustice, the very form of procedure was to be illegal. Had Joan been really considered guilty of heresy, she would have been a prisoner in the Ecclesiastical Courts and entitled to counsel and guidance. She would have been placed in a proper prison in the care of persons of her own sex, but her wary enemies knew that she had already been examined and approved by learned bishops and priests at Poitiers, and the result might well again be in her favour. They would run no risks. Therefore it was decided that the Maid, while charged with an ecclesiastical offence, should be kept in a lay prison, guarded only by her greatest enemies, rough English soldiers. In such proceedings an instrument was necessary, and such was to be easily found in the unworthy Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, a traitor to his King, and still more to his sacred office. Joan had been captured in his diocese, which was the plea for his interference, although this also was illegal, as she was judged in Rouen, in another diocese. The University of Paris, at that moment passing through the worst crisis of its history, and itself tainted with unorthodoxy, was Cauchon's willing accomplice, and summoned the Duke of Burgundy to give up the prisoner. It is said that he resisted for a long time, but at last, vanquished by the large sum offered to him and the obligation of conscience insisted upon, he gave over the Maid to Cauchon and his adherents. It was in the winter of 1430 that this treacherous deed was accomplished. Her Burgundian guards, more Christian and sympathetic than the captors into whose charge she was going, allowed Joan to hear Mass and go to Confession and Holy Communion during the journey to Rouen; but at Crotoy she was delivered to the English, who brought her to Rouen towards the end of December. There she was placed in a tower of the Castle, which no longer exists. The room of her captivity was on the first floor up eight steps, and facing the fields. The Maid was under the surveillance of five common soldiers, three of whom remained in the

room day and night, while two guarded the door. She was heavily ironed, and chained to a beam which crossed the end of her bed. For six long months she was to undergo the agony of these surroundings, supplemented by the moral torture of the judicial inquiry, before the final martyrdom released her heroic soul.\* According to the official report the trial opened on the 9th of January, but we find no record of what occurred till the 21st of February. The trial was based on the procedure of the trials of the Holy Office, and the form, which was as follows, was punctiliously observed. *Process ex officio*, inquiry as to facts of accusation. Examination of the accused on the result of this inquiry. The promoter then draws up the case if any be undertaken. *Process in ordinary*, trial and examination of the accused, sometimes by torture. Sentence. We are thankful to know that by the decision of the greater number of assessors Joan did not suffer trial by torture.

It is quite impossible here to enter into the details of this infamous trial, grave doubts of the legality of which were expressed even from the beginning by those not absolutely actuated by enmity to the accused. A few brave voices made themselves heard from time to time on behalf of Joan and in antagonism to the form of procedure, but to no avail, and she might almost have used the same words as did Mary Stuart, 'Alas, I see many counsellors, but not one for me.' She, like the Scottish Queen, had to defend herself against the hatred and subtle questioning of her judges, and sometimes they all attacked her together, when she—again like Mary—was forced to protest, 'Beaux Seigneurs, faites l'un après l'autre.'

Here we can but consider a few of the accusations made against Joan, and her replies. Let us follow her to the first interrogation. 'The said woman was brought by the Executor of Our Mandate and set before us,' says Bishop Cauchon. . . . 'And in the first instance we did require her, in the appointed form, her hand on the Holy Gospels, to swear to speak truth on the questions to be addressed to her. To which she did reply: "I know not upon what you wish to question me; perhaps you may ask me of things which I ought not to tell you." "Swear," we did then say to her, "to speak truth on the things which shall be asked you concerning the Faith, and of which you shall know." "Of my father and my mother and of what I did after taking the road to France," replied the maid, "willingly will I swear, but of the revelations which have come to me from God, to no one will I speak or reveal them, save only to Charles, my King; and to you I will not reveal them, even if it cost me my head, because I have received them in visions and by secret counsel, and am forbidden to reveal them." Warned again to speak truly on

\* It is impossible to think that no effort was made on the Maid's behalf by her gallant friends in the French army, and it is said that such an attempt was actually made by Xaintrailles and La Hire, but that it was defeated by treachery.

whatsoever should touch on the Faith: 'The said Jeanne, on her knees, her two hands resting on the Missal, did swear to speak truth on that which should be asked her, and which she knew in the matter of the Faith, keeping silence under the condition above stated, that is to say, neither to tell nor to reveal to anyone the revelations made to her.'

Then came the questions regarding her early days at home and the beginnings of her mission, her Voices, her banner, her sword, her warfare, her spiritual state. Nothing was too sacred for the interrogators, and wonderful are the replies of the Maid in their dignified simplicity. When asked, 'Do you know if you are in the grace of God?' 'If I am not, may God place me there; if I am, may God so keep me! I should be the saddest in all the world if I knew that I was not in the grace of God,' was her answer.

As it is impossible here to give more than short extracts from the Processes we will select some of the interrogations put to the Maid on matters of special interest and her replies. We will take questions dealing with the fight at Compiègne, the accusation regarding Franquet d'Arras, the attempted escape from Beaurevoir and the history of her Banner, concluding with the examination on the famous letter to the Duke of Bedford.

With regard to Compiègne Joan was examined as follows:

'On the faith of the oath you have just taken, from whence had you started when you went the last time to Compiègne?'

'From Crespy, in Valois.'

'When you were at Compiègne, were you several days before you made your sally or attack?'

'I arrived there secretly early in the morning,<sup>4</sup> and entered the town without the enemy knowing anything of it; and that same day, in the evening, I made the sally in which I was taken.'

'When you made your sally, did they ring the bells?'

'If they did ring them it was not by my order or knowledge; I do not think it was so, and I do not remember to have said they rang.'

'Did you make this sally by command of your Voice?'

'During the Easter week of last year, being in the trenches of Melun, it was told me by my Voices—that is to say, by St. Catherine and St. Margaret—"Thou wilt be taken before St. John's Day; and so it must be: do not torment thyself about it; be resigned: God will help thee."'

'Before this occasion at Melun, had not your Voices ever told you that you would be taken?'

'Yes, many times and nearly every day. And I asked of my Voices that, when I should be taken, I might die soon, without long suffering in prison; and they said to me: "Be resigned to all—thus

<sup>4</sup> On the 23rd of May, 1430.

it must be." But they did not tell me the time; and if I had known it, I should not have gone. Often I asked to know the hour; they never told me.'

'Did your Voices command you to make this sally from Compiègne, and signify that you would be taken if you went?'

'If I had known the hour when I should be taken, I should never have gone of mine own free will; I should always have obeyed their commands in the end, whatever might happen to me.'

'When you made this sally from Compiègne had you any Voice or revelation about making it?'

'That day I did not know at all that I should be taken, and I had no other command to go forth; but they had always told me it was necessary for me to be taken prisoner.'

'When you made this sally, did you pass by the Bridge of Compiègne?'

'I passed by the bridge and the boulevard, and went with the company of followers of my side against the followers of my Lord of Luxembourg. I drove them back twice against the camp of the Burgundians, and the third time to the middle of the highway. The English who were there then cut off the road from me and my people, between us and the boulevard. For this reason, my followers retreated and, in retreating towards the fields on the Picardy side, near the boulevard, I was taken. Between Compiègne and the place where I was taken there is nothing but the stream and the boulevard with its ditch.'

The Maid, who was reproached with the death of Franquet d'Arras, defends herself in these terms:\*

'To take a man at ransom, and to put him to death, while a prisoner, is not that mortal sin?'

'I never did it.'

'What did you do to Franquet d'Arras, who was put to death at Lagny?'

'I consented that he should die if he had merited it, because he had confessed to being a murderer, thief, and traitor; his trial lasted fifteen days; he had for judge the Bailly of Senlis and the people of the Court of Lagny. I had given orders to exchange this Franquet against a man of Paris, landlord of the Hôtel de l'Ours. When I learnt the death of the latter, and the Bailly told me I should do great wrong to justice by giving up Franquet, I said to the Bailly, "As my man is dead, do with the other what you should do, for justice."'

'Did you give, or cause to be given, money to him who took Franquet?'

\* Franquet d'Arras was a robber chief on the Burgundian side. The Maid, with four hundred French and Scots men-at-arms, had defeated and taken him prisoner near Lagny-sur-Marne.

'I am not Master of the Mint or Treasurer of France to pay out money so.'

'We recall to you: (1) That you attacked Paris on a Feast Day; (2) That you had the horse of my lord the Bishop of Senlis; (3) That you threw yourself down from the Tower of Beaurevoir; (4) That you wear a man's dress; (5) That you consented to the death of Franquet d'Arras: do you not think you have committed mortal sin in these?'

'For what concerns the attack on Paris, I do not think myself to be in mortal sin; if I have so done, it is for God to know it, and the Priest in confession. As to the horse of my Lord the Bishop of Senlis, I firmly believe I have not sinned against our Lord; the horse was valued at 200 gold crowns, of which he received assignment; nevertheless, this horse was sent back to the Sire de la Trémouille, to restore it to my Lord of Senlis; it was no good for me to ride; besides, it was not I who took it; and, moreover, I did not wish to keep it, having heard that the bishop was displeased that it had been taken from him, and, beyond all this, the horse was of no use for warfare. I do not know if the bishop was paid, nor if his horse was restored to him; I think not. As to my fall from the Tower at Beaurevoir, I did not do it in despair, but thinking to save myself and to go to the help of all those brave folk who were in danger. After my fall, I confessed myself and asked pardon. God has forgiven me, not for any good in me: I did wrong, but I know by revelation from St. Catherine that, after the confession I made, I was forgiven. It was by the counsel of St. Catherine that I confessed myself.'<sup>6</sup>

'Did you do penance for it?'

'Yes, and my penance came to me in great part from the harm I did myself from falling. You ask me if I believe this wrong which I did in leaping to be mortal sin? I know nothing about it, but refer me to God. As to my dress, since I bear it by command of God and for His service, I do not think I have done wrong at all; so soon as it shall please God to prescribe it, I will take it off.'

The above replies lead us on to the Maid's action at Beaurevoir, about which she was also questioned on several other occasions. On the 14th of March for instance she speaks more in detail of this event.

'Why did you throw yourself from the top of the tower at Beaurevoir?' they asked her.<sup>7</sup>

'I had heard that the people of Compiègne, all, to the age of seven years, were to be put to fire and sword; and I would rather

<sup>6</sup> This attempted escape took place at Beaurevoir, whither she was sent early in August, and where she remained till November.

<sup>7</sup> A contemporary Chronicle, hostile in other ways to the Maid, says that she tried to jump from a window by the aid of a rope, which broke, and thus she fell.

have died than live after such a destruction of good people. That was one of the reasons. The other was that I knew I was sold to the English; and I had rather die than be in the hands of my enemies the English.'

'Did your Saints counsel you about it?'

'St. Catherine told me almost every day not to leap, that God would help me, and also those at Compiègne. I said to St. Catherine: "Since God will help those at Compiègne, I wish to be there." St. Catherine said to me: "Be resigned, and do not falter; you will not be delivered before seeing the King of England."<sup>8</sup> I answered her: "Truly I do not wish to see him. I would rather die than fall into the hands of the English." After having fallen, I was two or three days without eating. By the leap I was so injured that I could neither eat nor drink; and all the time I was consoled by St. Catherine, who told me to confess, and to beg pardon of God; and without fail, those at Compiègne would have help before St. Martin's day in the winter.<sup>9</sup> Then I began to recover and to eat and was soon cured.'

'When you made this leap, did you think you would kill yourself?'

'No, but in leaping I commended myself to God. I hoped by means of this leap to escape, and to avoid being delivered up to the English.'

'When speech returned to you, did you not blaspheme God and His Saints? This is proved by allegation.'

'I have no memory of having ever blasphemed and cursed God and His Saints, in that place or elsewhere.'

'Will you refer this to the inquiry made or to be made?'

'I refer me to God and not to any other, and to a good confession.'

And now we come to the question about the Maid's banner, which won from her some of her most characteristic replies.

'When you were at Orleans, had you a standard, or banner; and of what colour was it?'

'I had a banner of which the field was sprinkled with lilies; the world was painted there, with an angel at each side; it was white, of the white cloth called "boccassin;" there was written above, I believe, "Jhesus Maria;" it was fringed with silk.'

'The words "Jhesus Maria" were they written above, below, or on the side?'

'At the side, I believe.'

'Which did you care for most, your banner or your sword?'

<sup>8</sup> It is probable that she saw him at Rouen as he spent the Christmas of 1430 there, and the Maid's prison windows looked out on the fields where he probably took exercise.

<sup>9</sup> Compiègne was relieved on the 26th of October; St. Martin's Day is on the 11th of November.



'Better, forty times better, my banner than my sword !'

'Who made you get this painting done upon your banner ?'

'I have told you often enough, that I had nothing done but by the command of God. It was I, myself, who bore this banner, when I attacked the enemy, to save killing any one, for I have never killed any one.'

'Did the two Angels painted on your standard represent St. Michael and St. Gabriel ?'

'They were there only for the honour of Our Lord, Who was painted on the standard. I only had these two Angels represented to honour Our Lord, Who was there represented holding the world.'

'Were the two Angels represented on your standard those who guard the world ? Why were there not more of them, seeing that you had been commanded by God to take this standard ?'

'The standard was commanded by Our Lord, by the Voices of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, which said to me : "Take the standard in the name of the King of Heaven ;" and because they had said to me "Take the standard in the name of the King of Heaven," I had this figure of God and of two Angels done ; I did all by their command.'

'Did you ask them if, by virtue of this standard, you would gain all the battles wherever you might find yourself, and if you would be victorious ?'

'They told me to take it boldly, and that God would help me.'

'Which gave most help, you to your standard, or your standard to you ?'

'The victory either to my standard or myself, it was all from Our Lord.'

'The hope of being victorious, was it founded on your standard or on yourself ?'

'It was founded on Our Lord and nought else.'

'If any one but you had borne this standard, would he have been as fortunate as you in bearing it ?'

'I know nothing about it : I wait on Our Lord.'

'If one of the people of your party had sent you his standard to carry, would you have had as much confidence in it as in that which had been sent to you by God ? Even the standard of your King, if it had been sent to you, would you have had as much confidence in it as in your own ?'

'I bore most willingly that which had been ordained for me by Our Lord ; and, meanwhile, in all I waited upon Our Lord.'

The Maid's answers about her famous letters to the Duke of Bedford, written on the 22nd of March, 1428-9, are as follows :

'Do you know this letter ?'

'Yes, excepting three words. In place of "give up to the

Maid," it should be "give up to the King." The words—"Chieftain of war" and "body for body" were not in the letter I sent. None of the Lords ever dictated these letters to me; it was I myself alone who dictated them before sending them. Nevertheless, I always showed them to some of my party. Before seven years are passed, the English will lose a greater gage than they have already done at Orleans; they will lose everything in France.<sup>10</sup> The English will have in France a greater loss than they have ever had, and that by a great victory which God will send to the French.'

'How do you know this?'

'I know it well by revelation, which has been made to me, and that this will happen within seven years; and I am sore vexed that it is deferred so long. I know it by revelation, as clearly as I know that you are before me at this moment.'

'When will this happen?'

'I know neither the day nor the hour.'

'In what year will it happen?'

'You will not have any more. Nevertheless, I heartily wish it might be before St. John's Day.'

'Did you not say that this would happen before Martinmas in winter?'

'I said that before Martinmas many things would be seen, and that the English might perhaps be overthrown.'

At times when hard pressed by repeated and useless questions Joan would refuse to say more—'*Passez outre,*' she would say. 'You say you are my judge,' she said one day to Bishop Cauchon. 'Take care what you do, because of a truth I am sent from God, and you are placing yourself in great danger.' When they tried to persuade her that her Voices came from the evil spirit, 'I believe firmly,' she replied, 'as firmly as I believe in the Christian faith and that God has ransomed us from the pains of hell, that this Voice comes from God.' Another time when again pressed to deny her Voices, 'I will appeal to them for help as long as I live,' she replied. 'I will call upon Our Lord and Our Lady to send me advice and consolation.'

When puzzling questions about referring to the authority of the Church were put to her, and her judges insisted on her submission to themselves as being the Church, she replied simply, 'Take me to the Pope and I will answer him, for I know and believe that we should obey our Holy Father the Pope who is in Rome;' and when the President, recognising the importance of this reply and fearing to see his victim escape him, forbade the clerk to write down her words, she sorrowfully exclaimed, 'Ah, you always write down what is against me, but not what is for me.' One of the most affecting

<sup>10</sup> The English lost Paris in 1436, and soon afterwards the rest of France.

things in the history of the trial is Joan's intense loyalty to the King, the weak prince who had never been over-grateful to her and who now had deserted her in her extremity. She speaks with constant respect and affection of him, and some of her last words in this world were for him.

The weary examinations went on till May.

The Maid stood daily, friendless, unalarmed

. . . at times she smiled, at times

Her dark eye rested, with a sadness sweet,

On brows, some mitred yet unvenerable,

And wrinkled scribes with hot and hurrying hand

Transmuting truth to lies.<sup>11</sup>

But worse was to come. Joan must be brought at any price to deny her great mission, and must make a formal retraction.

On the 24th of May, 1431, the cemetery situated to the right of the church of St. Ouen was the scene of a cruel attempt to intimidate her. Two stands had been erected; on one of them stood Bishop Cauchon and his partisans, on the other was placed Joan, heavily fettered. Two documents had been prepared, one the sentence of condemnation to death, the other announcing the canonical penance to be imposed should the prisoner retract. At a short distance were placed the faggots with the executioner stationed near. Jean Massien, apparitor, held ready a short form of abjuration, in which Joan was to declare that she would submit to the Church, and would accept a woman's dress. But, unknown to her or to the public, an English secretary had another and much longer paper ready in which Joan was to declare that she renounced her visions, and all she had affirmed during the trial.

Joan had been warned that she must choose between a terrible death and making a slight act of submission to her judges. If she would recognise their authority at least outwardly, and show it by taking a woman's dress, her life would be safe, and she should be taken from her English guardians and placed in the ecclesiastical prisons—for this latter boon she had long petitioned; there she would be safe from insult, in the charge of women, and could resume the dress of her sex, and there was a hope that she might be sent to Rome to the supreme tribunal, to which she ever turned as her only hope.

Can we wonder that, threatened on the one side with death and implored on the other to consent, the Maid trusted her advisers, and, after long hesitation, agreed to sign the first short paper? 'Let the clerics see it,' she said, 'and if they tell me that I ought to sign it, I will do so.' By a detestable stratagem the long recantation mentioned above was hurriedly substituted for the short paper, and a pen was put into Joan's hand. 'But I can neither read nor write,' she said, and

<sup>11</sup> *Joan of Arc*, Aubrey de Vere.

placed a mark as her signature. 'She has abjured,' whispered Bishop Cauchon to Cardinal Beaufort. 'What shall we do?' and we are thankful for the reply, 'Admit her to penance.'

As Joan was being led away, she asked to be taken to the ecclesiastical prison, 'that I may no longer be in the hands of these English.' But, alas! she was to reap no benefits from her submission. 'Take her back whence you brought her,' was Cauchon's only reply. We have no space to linger here over the next sad hours—the cruel deception by which her woman's dress was taken from her by her guards, and her forced resumption of her armour, and the prompt sentence of her enemies in consequence that she had 'relapsed.' Her Voices, she said, reproached her with her denial of her mission—but in this and other parts of the process it must be borne in mind that the reports were much tampered with. The only thing we can feel sure of is that Joan wished formally to retract a pretended abjuration extorted from her by deception. She utterly denied that she ever intended to deny her revelations.

The victim had been declared 'relapsed,' which was the signal of death. Very early on the morning of the 30th of May word was sent to Joan that she was to appear before the Bishop at the Market Place at eight o'clock, and soon Brother Martin Ladvenu came to announce to her that the Bishop was giving her over to the secular power and that she was to be burnt. In that moment Joan passed through the very agony of death. She, the innocent maiden whom we have seen in the hour of her radiant triumph and in her heroic calmness before her judges, was permitted for a little time to lose her serenity. She wept and lamented her cruel end. 'Alas!' she said, 'will they treat me so cruelly and horribly? Ah! I would seven times rather be beheaded than thus be burnt. . . . Ah! I appeal to God the great Judge against the great wrongs and evil they have done me.'

Then peace came back to Joan, for she was allowed by the Bishop to go to Confession and to receive Holy Communion, and Brother Ladvenu says that words failed him to express her pious joy or the ecstasy of her thanksgiving after Holy Communion.

The hour was approaching. The executioners came to fetch the Maid; her chains were taken off, and she was given a long robe. Over her head a sort of mitre was placed, bearing the odious words, 'Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolatress.' She entered the cart accompanied by Brother Ladvenu and Maître Jean Massieu, and it proceeded, escorted by English soldiers, to the place of execution. As the cart passed slowly through the crowd many showed their sympathy for the innocent girl. She was praying fervently meanwhile, and was heard to say, 'Rouen, Rouen, am I then to die here? Ah, Rouen, I greatly fear that you will have to suffer for my death.'

We must pass over the miserable formalities that now took place and Bishop Cauchon's address to the victim. When he had finished speaking, her young voice was heard, 'Holy Trinity, have mercy on me. I believe in Thee. Jesus, have mercy on me. Pray for me, O Mary. St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, come to my aid!' 'All you here present forgive me as I forgive you.' 'You priests say each a Mass for the repose of my soul.' 'Let no one accuse my King. He had nothing to do with what I did. If I have done ill, he is innocent.' 'O Jesus, O Mary, Holy Saints of Paradise, protect me—succour me!' <sup>12</sup>

Every one wept to hear her. She begged for a cross to hold, and an English soldier hastily made one of two pieces of wood, which she kissed and placed on her breast, and Brother Ladvenu fetched a crucifix from the church hard by, which she begged him to hold before her till the end. But the soldiers were impatient and she was hurried to the scaffold—illegally, like everything else in the trial, as the necessary formalities in handing over the prisoner to the civil power were omitted.

The scaffold was erected not far from the old Market Place, where the fountain in honour of the Maid now stands. When Joan ascended the fatal steps, Brother Ladvenu followed her, while Massieu and Frère Isambart placed themselves in front carrying the crucifix. Bishop Cauchon approached. 'Bishop, I die through you,' cried his victim. The faggots were now kindled, but Joan, even at that moment, thought of others and cried out to Brother Ladvenu to leave her. 'Take care . . . the fire . . . go down quick, but continue to exhort me in a loud voice. Hold the cross very high that I may see it to the end,' she said. He obeyed, and now heavenly consolation came to the Maid. Her Saints appeared to her: she saw St. Michael, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and she understood at last what their predictions had meant for her, 'Do not lament your martyrdom; through it you will come to the Kingdom of Paradise.'

Thus it was to be not victory in this world, but—through the fires of Rouen—a Crown of Glory in the next.

'No, no, my Voices have not deceived me,' she said. 'They come truly from God. It is in obedience to this Sovereign Lord that I have done all my actions.' <sup>13</sup>

Her last look was for the crucifix. Her last words, 'Jesus, Jesus.' <sup>14</sup>

'God grant that I may be in the place where I believe this woman to be!' exclaimed one of those present. 'I saw many—the greater number of those present—weeping and bewailing for pity, and saying that Jeanne had been unjustly condemned,' adds another witness; while one of Henry the Sixth's Secretaries, Tressart, was

<sup>12</sup> Quicherat, ii. p. 9.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.* iii. 90, 170.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*

heard to exclaim, 'We are all lost, for we have burnt a Saint.' During Joan's captivity some hearts had remained faithful to her, and in the churches throughout France many prayers had been offered for her delivery.<sup>15</sup> Now, after her death,

All the heart of France from north to south  
Like Alpine floods in spring rushed to the Maid,  
Till through her praise on earth and prayer on high  
King Charles—her King—reigned o'er his rightful realm.<sup>16</sup>

Twenty years were to pass, however, before any attempt was made by those in authority to vindicate Joan's memory. In 1450, after the occupation of Normandy and the submission of Rouen, it seems to have occurred to Charles the Seventh that it was incompatible with his dignity to allow the stigma of heresy and witchcraft to rest on her who had 'led him to his anointing.'

He therefore—on the 13th of February—issued a declaration empowering William Bouillé to inquire into the proceedings of Joan's trial undertaken by 'our ancient enemies the English' who 'against reason had cruelly put her to death,' and to report the result of his investigations. Charles had chosen a competent and reliable person for the task—Bouillé was Rector of the University of Paris, Dean of the Theological Faculty, and a member of the Great Council, and had at one time been Ambassador to Rome. Under his guidance a court of inquiry was held in Rouen on the 4th and 5th of March, when seven witnesses were heard, namely, three Dominicans of St. Jacques, Toutmonillé, de la Pierre, Ladvenu, Duval, the notary Manchon, the usher Massieu, and Beupère, who had been one of the chief examiners. However, but little interest was taken in the matter by the Court, and although in the opinion of several legal authorities whom Bouillé consulted the process of condemnation was considered to be null and void, the whole question was allowed to fall into abeyance.

Two years later the mother of the Maid, Isabelle d'Arc, made a formal request to the Pope's legate in France, Guillaume d'Estouteville, for the rehabilitation of her daughter—which she claimed on both civil and ecclesiastical authority—and for the restoration of her family to the position they had lost by the imputation of heresy cast upon one of their members. The Cardinal accordingly held a fresh inquiry at Rouen in 1452, at which twenty-one witnesses were heard; but after this again there were further delays for which, as before, the fear of arousing the hostility of the English was partly responsible.

In 1455 Pope Calixtus III. ascended the papal throne, and one of his first acts was to hasten the great work. He granted a

<sup>15</sup> The prayers said daily at Mass for Joan's deliverance are still preserved.

<sup>16</sup> *Joan of Arc*, Aubrey de Vere.

rescript authorising the process of revision and appointing as delegates for the trial the Archbishop of Rheims, the Bishop of Paris, and the Bishop of Coutances—a providential choice, for these three sees were intimately connected with Joan's history. That of Rheims had declared her virtue and approved her mission at Poitiers; Paris had been 'after London' her bitterest foe, and Coutances belonged to Normandy, in which diocese she had met her death.

The case was solemnly opened on the 7th of November, 1455, in the Church of Notre-Dame at Paris.

Isabelle d'Arc and her two sons came before the Court to present their humble petition for the revision of the Maid's sentence, demanding only 'the triumph of truth and justice.'

The bereaved mother threw herself at the feet of the Commissioners, showing them the Papal rescript and weeping aloud, 'while her advocate Pierre Maugier and his assistants prayed for justice for her and for her martyred daughter.' So many of those present joined in this petition that we are told it seemed as if one great cry for justice rose from the assembled multitude.

The Commissioners formally received the petition and appointed the 17th of November for its consideration, warning the petitioners, however, of the possible danger of a confirmation of the former trial, but promising careful consideration of the case should they persist in their desire.

To this Isabelle and her sons replied, 'We are certain of the innocence of Jeanne. We only beg for the declaration of this innocence—we do not ask for the condemnation of any one.'

The trial opened in Paris on the 12th of December, and while it is impossible to give here a full report of its proceedings, which, as became the case, were long and most minute, we will recall a few special features. On the 20th of December, the last day appointed for the appearance of any representatives of the accused, only the Advocate of Bishop Cauchon's family presented himself. He declared that the Bishop's heirs had no desire to maintain the validity of a trial with which they had no concern . . . 'that Jeanne had been the victim of the hatred of the English, and that therefore the responsibility fell rather on them,' and they begged that her rehabilitation might not be to their prejudice. The Procurator declared his willingness to agree to this petition and the heirs of Bishop Cauchon were put out of the question; on the same day the Promoter formulated his accusation and placed before the Court certain special points in the original trial which tended to vitiate the whole, concluding with 'the incompetence of the Court, and the unfairness of the treatment received throughout by the accused, culminating in an illegal sentence and an irregular execution.'

The Promoter then asked that inquiries might be made into the life and conduct of the Maid and of the manner in which she had undertaken the reconquest of France. The inquiries lasted for several months and brought us the precious depositions—from which we have already largely quoted—of Joan's early friends and her comrades at arms, besides those of many witnesses of the trial, of whom the notary Manchon's are perhaps the most important, regarding as they do the documentary evidence and the traps that were laid to falsify the records of the proceedings.

The final meeting took place, as was fitting, at Rouen, on the 7th of July, 1456. Here the Court assembled in the Hall of the Archbishop's Palace, and the formal sentence of rehabilitation was solemnly read by the Archbishop of Rheims. It concludes as follows :—

We say, pronounce, decree, and declare, the said Processes and Sentences full of cozenage, iniquity, inconsequences, and manifest errors, in fact as well as in law. We say that they have been, are, and shall be—as well as the aforesaid Abjuration, their execution, and all that followed—null, non-existent, without value or effect.

Nevertheless, in so far as is necessary, and as reason doth command us, we break them, annihilate them, annul them, and declare them void of effect; and we declare that the said Jeanne and her relatives, plaintiffs in the actual Process, have not, on account of the said trial, contracted nor incurred any mark or stigma of infamy; we declare them quit and purged of all the consequences of these same Processes; we declare them, in so far as is necessary, entirely purged thereof by this present.

We ordain that the execution and solemn publication of our present Sentence shall take place immediately in this city, in two different places, to wit :

To-day, in the Square of Saint-Ouen, after a General Procession and a public Sermon.

To-morrow, at the Old Market-Place, in the same place where the said Jeanne was suffocated by a cruel and horrible fire, also with a General Preaching and with the placing of a handsome cross for the perpetual memory of the Deceased, and for her salvation and that of other deceased persons.

We declare that we reserve to ourselves (the power) later on to execute, publish, and for the honour of her memory to signify with acclaim, our said Sentence in the cities and other well-known places of the kingdom wherever we shall find it well (so to do) under the reserves, finally, of all other formalities which may yet remain to be done.

Thus, was the Maid's memory vindicated. In our own generation, the France of to-day, echoing the France of the fifteenth century, has solemnly petitioned for yet greater honour for her deliverer, and the Cause for the Canonisation of the Venerable Joan of Arc, Virgin, is already well advanced in Rome.

In conclusion we must again express our gratitude to Mr. Douglas Murray for his admirable book, which, it must be a pleasure to him to think, will help so many to understand and appreciate more fully the saintly Maiden and her heroic deeds.

M. M. MAXWELL-SCOTT.



## THE GARDENS OF ANCIENT ROME, AND WHAT GREW IN THEM

FROM archæological experiences of the city and Campagna di Roma one may say that, wherever stucco-relief or actual fresco-work comes to light, one finds depicted not only *amorini* or *grotteschi*, but, with more or less skill, birds, flowers, garlands of fruit, or sometimes large shrubs, or even tall leafy trees. Now, these representations as a rule are not merely formal leaves and flowers, not conventional foliage, such as we frequently see in Roman or early English architectural work; they are often actually identifiable with this or that species or variety of plants, which was sometimes familiar, sometimes historic, and sometimes positively sacred in the eyes of the ancient population of this city.

What is even more to the point in view, these beautiful objects are depicted with such vivid grace, and they betray, by form or colouring, such skilful observation on the part of the artist, that we may reasonably conclude the people for whom they were painted must at least have delighted in gardens and the things which grew in them; in fact, were a people who loved Nature as their mother, rather more deeply than other sides of their known character would lead us to conjecture.

When we go over an ancient house, whether in Rome or at Pompeii, we are tempted to criticise the narrowness of the windows and the restricted area of their sleeping-rooms, for to us they appear 'poky,' or quite impossible. But perhaps we ought to allow liberally for the fact that the owners passed much more of their lives out of doors than within them; in the sunny streets, in the airy porticoes, in the beautiful gardens; and, therefore, we should not translate these untoward evidences for proof of a dislike of fresh air. It seems more probable that when these artists are found, as at Livia's Villa, representing these realistic leaves, flowers, and trees, instead of other ornaments, they are following, as it were, a line of least resistance, and are expressing some of that constant delight in the open-air life which they led, and in the things of nature which they most loved to observe and have about them.

Again, if we clear for ourselves an imaginary path through the

thrang of imported divinities and cults (worshipped by the later Romans with so much sumptuosity, but so little sincerity), and go to the primitive deities adored by the early Latian peoples, we have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that a large proportion of their gods and goddesses may be referred to the 'powers' of the Vegetable world, not, as we should perhaps expect, to the Military spirit. They were gods of the corn, the wine, the fruits and flowers; sylvani, or tree-spirits; Saturn, the sowing god; and Flora, goddess of the flower-world.\* And there, surely enough, we find (what at first may rather surprise us) Venus to be the garden-goddess (not the fatal temptress Aphrodite, of 'a later dispensation') to whom the myrtle is sacred, and with it the Vallis Murcia—the site of the Circus Maximus. Moreover we find *Mars*, the early god of Vegetation, the lord of the wheatfields, and having his first temple among them in the *Campus Martius*, and to whom the first month of the Roman year—the budding month—is sacred. His priests, or dervishes, were called *Salii*, or leapers; and they had their meeting in chapter-houses on each of the hills of Rome. On the first of the new year they danced, singing their hymns, around the Palatine, and the height which they leaped was regarded as indicative as to the height to which Mars would allow the new grain to grow.

Venus, we find, had a temple dedicated to her in 293 B.C. and yet another in B.C. 265, upon the feast-day of the *Vinalia Rustica*. Moreover, April was considered to be her month, therefore very respectable authorities have considered that, besides being the goddess of gardens, vineyards also were regarded as being under her prolific surveillance and protection. But in any case she was the divinity to whom the owners of gardens and orchards paid their vows.

And this brings me to the consideration of the word 'hortus.' For in early days it seems to have signified an orchard or a garden indifferently. And perhaps no argument is needed to persuade us, that, with an agricultural people such as the ancient Romans, the garden was for a long period a purely practical adjunct to the residence; the necessary and increasingly important companion to the house which it supplied; and the refuse of which fed the dog and the pig. We may thus at the same time take for certain that this humble position was fulfilled by it long years before it became so matured as to give birth to the separate flower-garden. What flowers, sacred and others, were grown, probably grew as strips in what we should call a kitchen-garden.

The villa, of course, had no being as yet. Pliny<sup>1</sup> states that he finds no mention of a villa in the XII. Tables, 'nuaquam nominatur villa,' but only the word 'hortus,' signifying the 'bina jugera,' or two acres inheritable by the heir to the house.

<sup>1</sup> H.N. lib. xix. cap. 19.

In those early times of this city, the woodlands, with their dark illex shadows and gnarled trunks, were not regarded as places of delight and attraction; they were not yet 'vocales' or 'venerabiles,' so much as dangerous, black, and oracular, as were our own forests to the mediæval mind; they were looked upon with awe and fear, as 'selve obscure,' 'caligantes nigra formidine.' In them you would be likely to meet wild beasts, bandits, or apparitions. But, besides these, there were many strips of woodland, or at any rate preserved portions left over from clearings, which were consecrated to one or other divinity, which might neither be cut nor utilised for 'mast' or fuel, by man or pig, without due and formal act of expiation. Such were the 'nemus' and the 'lucus'—a subject for separate treatment.

So too, in the garden, there came to be cultivated plants which, besides being good for food, were raised for ritual uses, garlands, decorations, and sacrificial fuel, and also, no doubt, for salves and medicines.

The semi-volcanic soil of Rome possesses innate genius for growing good vegetables. For variety of salads, no city in Europe should excel Rome; though it may be thought that the hotel-keepers might, rather oftener than they do, permit their guests to experience these pleasant possibilities. Yet it is certain that, in the early days to which I am referring, the number of fruits and vegetables was strictly limited, as compared with imperial and modern days, when importations from all parts of the then known world continually arrived to enrich both garden and *cuisine* of the Roman house or villa. It is perhaps impossible now to determine precisely all the strictly indigenous vegetables which the early Romans used—I mean in those days when the meat-meal occurred but once a day, and when libations were made, not yet with wine, but with milk or honey.

Referring to those days of simplicity, Varro says '*avi et atavi nostri, cum allio ac cæpe eorum verba olerent, tamen optime animati erant*': i.e., vigorous folks as they were, our forebears flavoured their speech with onion and garlic; and if we turn for a moment to the origins of some of the most aristocratic names in Roman history—the Fabii, the Cæpiones, the Lentuli, and the Pisones—we shall find that they rather corroborate the suggested homeliness of the national beginnings.

It can scarcely be said that if one hears a person addressed as Mr. Bean the fact necessarily impresses us; yet, if in Cæsar's day a Roman had heard one of his neighbours addressed as 'Fabius,' he would have become aware that the person so addressed was a member of the most aristocratic of the clans; albeit in that period the harmless, necessary bean had come to be considered as food only fit for peasants and gladiators. In the Louvre—or was it in the Hermitage?—I once saw a golden crown fashioned of bean-leaves which had been taken from an Italian tomb, and which, doubtless,

had adorned the brows of some once-revered personage, and the thought came from the olden time: Was he, by chance, of the valiant Fabii, one of whom erected a triumphal stone arch on the Sacra Via, three hundred of whom once perished together in the Veientine war?

At the feast of the goddess Carna, in her temple on the Caelian, used to be offered a mess of beans. Ovid explains this custom by saying that when her cult was instituted the Latin soil produced only beans and spelt. But Macrobius tells us further that beans were looked upon as a great source of vitality: *quod his maxime rebus vires corporis roborentur*; otherwise, the origin then of our phrase, 'full of beans.' He says also that the Kalends of June were called *Fabariæ* because beans were then ripe and were called for in sacrificial rites.<sup>2</sup> Pliny says that in the administration of justice, a black bean signified condemnation, while a white one meant 'not guilty.' The black variety was also much used as a funeral offering to the Lemures, and was laid in tombs. There is no doubt, therefore, that however much it had become despised in Imperial days, in preceding periods the bean had been one of the most important plants of the Roman garden.

But the *Fabii* were by no means the only illustrious family deriving their name from a garden vegetable. The *Cæpiones* owed theirs, to *cæpa*—an onion; the *Lentuli* theirs to *lens*, the lentil; while the *Pisones* derived theirs from '*pisum*,' the pea; moreover, *Cicero*, the cognomen of Marcus Tullius, like that of Professor Ceci to-day, is from *cicer*, the chick-pea. In Satire V. 177, Persius tells us that at the feast of Flora vetches, beans, and lupines were scattered broadcast among the populace gathered together in the Circus Maximus. The significance of this was doubtless the same as that intended by the rice, peas, and beans still thrown at weddings in various countries.

The potato was, of course, wanting to the Roman garden, but Cato considered the cabbage (*brassica*) to be the very king of vegetables, and it is likely that many varieties of the plant were cultivated already in his day. *Brassica est quæ omnibus holeribus antistat*,<sup>3</sup> and he liked it both cooked and raw, dressed with vinegar. The best kind of artichokes (*cinara*) came from Carthage, whence had been imported the *malum Punicum*, or pomegranate; and also, apparently, the finest figs. For one recalls the clever use made by the same Cato of a bunch of quite fresh Carthaginian figs, which, being suddenly produced from beneath his toga, were intended to convince his hearers that great Carthage was become too near a commercial rival in the Mediterranean for the security of Rome. *Feniculum* or fennel, and *lætucca*, lettuce—both of them, with the Phœnicians, sacred to Adonis—were regarded, as

<sup>2</sup> *Saturnal.* i. 128.

<sup>3</sup> Cato, *R. R.* 186.

they still are here, as particularly good for the 'Minister of the Interior,' and also as sleep-producers. Venus is said to have saved the wounds of Adonis with lettuce. Pliny mentions a family who were not ashamed of their name, in fact a branch of the Gens Valeria: Lactucini. Pumpkin (*cucurbita*) and cucumber (*cucumis*) may both have been cultivated in quite early times. The Emperor Tiberius, probably a carefully temperate man, at one time is said to have eaten cucumber daily. *Intybus*, or endive, and wild asparagus were greatly esteemed, though the latter was thought inferior to a kind grown at Ravenna, and to that brought from Germany.<sup>4</sup>

I turn from these vegetables, however, to the fruit-trees, which in early days must perforce have been rare, perhaps including only apples, pears, certain nuts, together with the almond and the fig, and even these came to Rome chiefly from other districts in Italy, such as Picenum, Nola, and Taranto. The *malum Punium* or pomegranate, which has always thriven in Roman soil, was no doubt a very early introduction from Carthage, perhaps by way of Sicily; and of course, the olive was regarded almost as native though brought up from Campania by one of the Licinian Gens.<sup>5</sup> But so much during the later Republic did the Romans apply themselves to fructiculture that some ancient writers even go so far as to describe Italy (as some have called England) one great orchard: *ut tota pomarium videatur*.<sup>6</sup> At that period rich amateurs vied with one another in the culture of apples and vines, and after Lucullus had introduced the cherry from Cerasus (on his way home from his campaign against Mithridates) of that fruit also; so that we hear of *malum Claudianum*, *Appianum*, *Cestianum*, of *Vitis Licinia*, *Sergia*, *Cominia*, and finally of *Cerasa Juniana*, *Aproniana*, and *Pliniana*. The *bericocca*, or apricot, is mentioned by various authors as *malum præcox*.<sup>7</sup> Peaches multiplied, while chestnuts, *pistacium*<sup>8</sup> from Spain, nuts from Thasos, and quinces from Crete, formed an integral portion of the festive repast.

But, meantime, what was happening to the primitive Roman garden? It is obvious that powerful influences were operating all on the side of its elaboration. What, indeed, in Roman life did not begin to feel, or could resist, the electric forces of increased wealth? The spread of education, the importation of Greek teachers and semi-oriental habits, foreign wares and foreign plants, and foreign gods, both after the Punic wars, and especially after the conquest of Greece, fatally affected the simplicity of Roman life, and the spirit that haunted the Roman garden likewise felt the change, as did Venus, the garden-goddess herself, and Mars, the god of the wheatfields. To simple utility was given for partner costly ornament.

Then perfumes, derived from specially cultivated flowers, began

<sup>4</sup> Plin. *H.N.* xix. 61.

<sup>5</sup> *Id.* xv. 3, 4, 8.

<sup>6</sup> Varro, *R. R.* i. 2.

<sup>7</sup> Dioscorides, i. 165.

<sup>8</sup> *H. N.* xiii. 5, 10.

to obtain recognition in fashionable life, and incense was more freely burned in the temples. And I must confess that if the Tuscan dealers in perfumes and pot-pourris thronged the Vicus Tuscus leading into the Forum, the immediate vicinity of the Cloaca Maxima was not altogether an inappropriate situation for the centre of their commerce. In the words of our own poet, all the spices of Arabia might sometimes fail to sweeten that little spot. From simple burnt laurel, verbena (*herba sabina*), and juniper, people advanced to the use of Cilician crocus, myrrh, *costum speciosum*, and cinnamon.

At the same time liqueurs were resorted to, and we find myrtle wine, palm-wine, and mastic made from wild lentisk, from which toothpicks likewise were cut. Absinthe was favoured, especially that imported from the Black Sea; also mint, thyme, and anise. The stamens of the crocus were kept for colouring the dishes.<sup>10</sup>

But the garden itself probably most felt the change when the architecture of the house underwent improvement by the addition of the Greek peristylum or colonnaded court. Houses with no peristylum still kept their flower-gardens at the rear; as may be seen in the houses of Pansa, Epidius Rufus, and that of the surgeon at Pompeii; although in the latter instance both peristylum and rear-garden occur, the latter behind the former. In fact, the more precious or flowering portion of the garden was transferred to the peristylum, which it brightly adorned and made fragrant, and where it could be enjoyed by the entire household.

Of course, matters did not stop here. Enrichments of various kinds presently supervened in the peristylum, or close, by the addition of carven well-heads, fountains and statues, and the marble-lined 'impluvium' or tank, in which, later on, were placed roots of scented lilies brought from the rivers of Africa. Finally, there came over artists who covered the court of the rich man with frescoes in brilliant panels. And in this manner, it seems to me at least, the Roman pleasure-garden may have had its 'genesis.' It was an expansion of the garden in the peristyle.

But although some such pleasure-gardens, on quite a limited scale, marked the evolution from the mere strip of flower-garden—marked, that is to say, the superior rank and estimation put upon the place for flowers—the authorities practically agree in regarding Lucullus as the real creator of the great princely pleasure-garden, a place of sumptuous private entertainment. And I shall presently come to refer more closely to this. The example of the millionaire was certainly imitated with rapidity, on a smaller scale, by all the rich and leisured folk of the succeeding times.

Varro<sup>11</sup> says: '*Saturi fiamus ex Africa et Sardinia*,' and he complains that the most fruitful districts of the land are being con-

<sup>10</sup> Plin. xiv. 19, xxvi. 58.

<sup>11</sup> Ovid, *Fast.* i. 75.

<sup>12</sup> R. R. H. 23.

verted into these pleasure-gardens, and that the operation is attended by increasing dearth of the cereals. And, but little later than this,<sup>12</sup> we find Horace lamenting that the luxury of possessing myrtle-woods, violet-beds, and plantations of roses has become so general that there is scarcely room for the cultivation of more useful plants. Truly we do not often find a poet deliberately regretting that the cabbage gives way to the rose, or the onion to the violet.

And this, perforce, brings me to an agreeable point in my subject, namely, the consideration of the amazing (but who will say undue?) importance attained in Roman civilisation by the Rose. There seems to have been no known period when the rose was not at home with the Romans. It belongs to their earliest traditions, and it flourished wherever they conquered. For they grew roses and imported them also. They raised them from seeds and likewise from runners, or threads of root. They knew all about grafting on to wild stocks, all about budding, pruning, and fumigating. Yet notwithstanding the favouring climate, the demand for this national passion of theirs could not be supplied.

Roses were planted both singly and in groups, sometimes actually in whole plantations, and thus arose even a profession of rose-merchants. They possibly used glass-houses for the more delicate kinds<sup>13</sup>—

Conditæ sic puro numerantur liliæ vitro,  
Sic prohibet teneras gemma latere rosas,

—so as to save them from frost. The culture of roses commenced in February. Of the various species raised, the Campanian was the earliest; later appeared the scented Milesian rose and the rose of Palestrina; while the Carthaginian roses bloomed every month and were called 'monthly roses.' For its sweet powerful oil, the rose of Cyrene was highly esteemed, and the twice-flowering little roses of Pæstum held great favour.

At first the Romans possessed but three or four sorts; the wild hedge-rose, the musk-rose, the pimpernel-leaved rose, and the Gallica. In Pliny's day, however, he is able to enumerate ten varieties of garden-rose, having for colouring white, light pink, crimson, and yellow. Zell points out how much they were given to planting roses, by referring to sums of money given by grateful children to celebrate the return of their parents (after travel) by the planting of a new rose.<sup>14</sup> A soldier also gives money to plant a rose on the day he returned from the war. In a will a bequest is made by the testator that three myrtles and three roses be planted upon each successive anniversary of his birthday. Tacitus tells us that the deservedly ill-fated Vitellius beheld the dreadful battle-field of Bedriacum, near

<sup>12</sup> *Odes*, II. xv. 5.

<sup>13</sup> *Martial*, Ep. IV. xxii. 5, 6.

<sup>14</sup> *Epigraph.* i. 107, and E. F. Wüstemann, *Unterhaltungen aus der alten Welt für Garten- und Blumenfreunde*, 37-68.

Cremona, strewn with laurels and roses. It was the custom to sprinkle the ashes of the departed with wine, incense, and rose-leaves, before placing them in the funeral urn. The graves of relations were most religiously decked out with roses—'purpureosque jacit flores,'—and on the 23rd of May was celebrated, each year a Rose-feast for the departed. It finished with a banquet in which roses were distributed to each of the partakers, and these were, presently, thrown upon the tombs. Plenty of inscriptions relating to this will be found in *C. I. L.* iii. 662, 754. And this *fête des roses* appears to have maintained its influence until it passed into Christian usage.<sup>15</sup>

There were in actual fact four days in the year upon which the flower-gardens were heavily taxed for supplies—'solemnia sacrificia'; (1) Birthday; (2) *Parentalia* (February 13); (3) *Rosalia*; (4) *Dies violæ*.<sup>16</sup> The outsides of all the monuments were adorned on these occasions with roses and violets, while the lamps were lit within them.<sup>17</sup> There is a sarcophagus in the Capitoline Museum, whereon the Genius of Life holds in her hand a wreath of roses.

Again, in ordinary life the joy of roses entered largely; for the cushions were filled with rose-leaves in the *triclinia*, and the floor was often strewn with them.

Nero caused roses to pour with rare perfumes from the vault of the banqueting-hall in his 'golden house' upon his guests. Lampridius tells us, in his *Life of Heliogabalus*, that the beds and pavements of the palace (Flavian) were strewn with flowers—violets, lilies, hyacinths, narcissi, and roses—when Heliogabalus feasted; and from this to suffocating his guests with them was perhaps no very great step. A little later, the Emperor Carinus (281 A.D.) had caravans of roses from Milan; while in the south whole shiploads of them were wafted continually across the sea from Alexandria and New Carthage. It is pleasant to fancy ourselves falling in the track of one of those vessels at night upon the starlit sea. These must surely have been dried roses and their leaves!

And once again, another use for roses: on festival days the statues of the gods were crowned with wreaths of roses; and if the head of the statue could not be reached, then the crown was laid at the feet.<sup>18</sup> The portraits of all beloved persons were likewise wreathed with roses; while the paths of triumphant warriors were strewn with them, or they were flung into the chariot as it passed on the route through the Forum up to the Capitol. Moreover, the rose was regarded as the symbol of reserve or silence, or typical of the secrecy of a trusted friend. The *Anthologia Latina* contains an epigram<sup>19</sup> regarding the 'Intercourse of Persons in Love,' and it is said that a custom 'sometimes' prevailed of suspending a rose above the company. This action was intended to show that what was uttered

<sup>15</sup> Cf. Bellermann, *Die ältesten christlichen Begräbnisstätten*, p. 16, st. 5.

<sup>16</sup> *C. I. L.* iv. 9626.

<sup>17</sup> Ovid, *Fast.* ii. 589.

<sup>18</sup> v. 127, tom. ii. 471.



there must not pass outside; hence '*sub rosa*.' At Baisæ, when people went out on water-parties, they used even to sprinkle the sea with roses, as if it were the path of the God of Love.

But the adoration of the rose did not end here!

It was used by the *mâtres de cuisine* with quinces as an essence for delicate dishes. Apicius even made rose-soufflés and rose-salads. The globules of dew were swept off roses with a bird's feather and mixed with wines and liqueurs. Pliny gives a recipe for rose wine,<sup>19</sup> and baths of rose wine and absinthe were a vicious novelty introduced by the Syrian Heliogabalus.

But from the interesting literature of the rose I must cut myself adrift here to return but briefly to the sumptuous and ever more sumptuous gardens which grew it, and let it breathe softly through their dark avenues of ilex and along their white marble colonnades and pergulæ; gardens that far surpass anything of the kind now to be found here or elsewhere. (1) For in these, dropping, terrace by terrace, down the slopes of the Capo-le-Case, the Gregoriana, and Sistina, for example, there occurred in the Gardens of Lucullus (as perfected later by Valerius Asiaticus) magnificent avenues of carefully cropped ilex, box, cypress, and bay, overshadowing marvellous fountains, and interrupted here and there by graceful temples, shrines, and porticoes, along which the roses and jasmine twined and garlanded themselves, and where the swallows and swifts coursed up and down in the dazzling Roman sunlight. There, too, stood that marvellous Hall of Apollo, wherein Lucullus once feasted Cicero and Pompey at the cost of 50,000 drachmæ. There also, later, Messalina desperately took refuge with her mother, Lepida, and presently heard the garden-gates behind her being beaten and broken open by the centurion, Euodus, who had come to make an end of her. Some of the mosaic floors that have felt the feet and been swept by the garments of the great people of those days, are still lying *in situ*, obscured beneath No. 57 in the Via Sistina and No. 46 in the Via Gregoriana. From one of its multitude of pedestals or niches came forth the well-known 'Slave sharpening his blade,' in the Uffizi at Florence. The head of Ulysses in the Vatican was likewise found when digging the foundation for the cipollino column that now stands in the Piazza di Spagna.

(2) Trinità dei Monti, the Villa Medici, and the Pincian were included in gardens of similar splendid character belonging to the Acilii; and here, in 1868, besides nymphaea, porticoes, and hemicycles, was found a votive tablet dedicated to 'Sylvanus' by Tychicus, freedman of Manius Acilius Glabrio, the keeper of his gardens.<sup>20</sup>

(3) Below these, towards the Piazza del Popolo, succeeded the gardens of the Domitii, wherein was buried Nero. That Emperor's

<sup>19</sup> Plin. *H. N.* xiv. 10, 19.

<sup>20</sup> Cf. Ersilia Caetani, 'Il Monte Pincio,' *Miscellanea Archaeologica*, 1891, p. 211.

demon, it is well known, was supposed to haunt that spot, even as late as the twelfth century; and the crows which then roosted in a walnut-tree over his tomb were regarded by Pope Paschal the Second as creatures connected but too intimately with the certain abode of the first persecutor of the Church, and he cut it down.

(4) Across the city, on the Esquiline were spread the Læmian Gardens, through which the Via Merulana now runs, adjoining those of Mæcenas, which became, as had most of those splendid homes of tragedy, Imperial property by means of successive confiscations. There crazy Caligula received the Jewish embassy headed by Philo of Alexandria, and thither his body, covered with the red wounds made by Chærea's dagger, was brought in January A.D. 41 from the crypto-porticus on the Palatine, where he had bled to death, shrieking maniacally on the pavement.

(5) Adjoining those were spread out the rival gardens of the rich Statilii, which in the fourth century were owned in part by the famous Vettius Agorius Pretextatus, as his inscribed leaden pipes have revealed. In earlier days, Agrippina coveted these gardens from the son of that Statilius who built the amphitheatre in Rome, and so effectually did she calumniate him that he satisfied her cupidity by conveniently suiciding.

(6) Again, in Regio VI., at that portion of the city toward the Porta Pia (now occupied by the Via Boncompagni and Via Sallustiana) were spread out the favourite Imperial gardens of the Flavian Emperors, once those of the millionaire historian, Sallust. There the excellent Emperor Nerva ended his too brief reign. Their beautiful situation and the fine air prevailing there during the summer, as well as the magnificent arena, the Porticus Milliarensis and circus (to which belonged the obelisk now adorning Trinità dei Monti), recommended these gardens to numbers of the later Emperors. Vopiscus (in his account of Aurelian, the builder of the walls) says that Emperor preferred living there to residing on the Palatine, and that, although not enjoying very good health, Aurelian took daily the exercise of horse-riding. Their splendour, however, was doomed to survive but little more than one hundred years later. For, albeit walled in, it so happened that Alaric, the Gothic conqueror, encamped with his army just outside the Porta Salaria; and certain traitors within the city taking the gate by a sudden assault, the Gothic army was let in, and fire was set immediately to all the houses and buildings near it, including the villa of Sallust. Procopius says, 'The greater part of these buildings remain half-burnt, even now, in my time.' So the beauty of those famous gardens perished in 409-10 A.D.

But were one to pass in procession, jewel by jewel, along all the splendid girde of luxurious gardens that encompassed Imperial Rome, it would not only occupy more space than would be proper,

but readers would at the same time be constrained, I think, to come to the conclusion, to which I am myself driven, that with all their grandeur and beauty combined there prevailed also considerable monotony and repetition of forms; that one garden with porticoes much imitated another, though on a different scale, all around Rome, the same architectural mouldings being repeated in various marbles; that there was in fact a notable poverty of invention, which (to the Roman mind), however, was sufficiently atoned for by excessive expense and ostentation. We should surely have been wearied with the oppressive costliness, by the bewildering wealth, and by the deadly want of contrast! For, apart from the eternal colonnades and fishponds, fountains and marble seats and statues, monotony, if not vulgarity, must have tyrannised over us in the over-prized achievements of the 'topiarius' or 'arborator,' that highly salaried pleacher, who cut and tortured trees of divers kinds into the various deformities then most prized or fashionable. For his duty was not confined to interminable neat box-edging and pruning, but he imitated in the living materials furnished by the garden the forms of sculpture and of architecture. He literally grew colonnades, he fashioned obelisks of box, cypress, or ilex. He not only flattered his lord and master by inscribing his name in odoriferous herbs, or gorgeous flowers, that startled the garden with occasional *tours de force*, but he actually trimmed trees into family portraits, or even those of historical characters; he transformed bushes and thick-foliaged shrubs into the fantastic likeness of ships, lions, bears, and birds. And these rather degenerate 'conceits' and extravagances met with profound appreciation and were rewarded with increase of wages by the same individuals who, having tired of mere gladiatorial fights with wild beasts in the Coliseum, only derived real thrills from such uncanny performances as fights between women and dwarfs, or women with each other. Pliny says the gardeners were the best-paid of all workers.

But, not to dwell too much upon this less attractive aspect of the wondrous gardens of Imperial Rome, let me draw to a close by referring to one of their more important features, namely the nature and variety of the trees grown in them, the trees which after all formed the beautiful relieving background to those statues, those crystal fountains, and the coloured marble buildings! And, in passing, let me remark how inordinate an influence the ancients ascribed in garden operations to the moon! For just as Epicurus had attributed a finer flavour to oysters fished up under a waning moon, so the Roman gardener and his master considered that apples and other fruits acquired a far finer colour and relish when plucked at that season. They also considered that unless the cypress and pine tree they felled for building purposes or for other needs were cut beneath a cadent moon, the timber was liable to rot.

And, *vice versa*, all planting, all sowing of cereals and vegetables, had to be done while the moon increased. They also calculated very carefully as to north and south aspects, winter and summer suns, light or shade, for the bettering of their plants. Moreover, they took extraordinary pains with irrigation, pruning, and the dressing of beds; they carried on continual war with ants, snails, and earthworms, by means of sulphur fumigations, soot-scatterings, ashes, and oil-dregs. Around infected vines or other fruit-trees they burned pitch, galbanum, roots of lilies, and stag-horn; and planting a fresh plot of ground, they rooted up the too aggressive 'asphodels,' just as the farm folk still do on the Campagna, for two years running, placing the bulbs in great heaps and consuming them entirely.

The frescoes in the Villa of Iivia at Prima Porta, at the house on the Palatine, and many of those found at Pompeii, have supplemented for us the not too abundant information contained in passages up and down the classical poets and *litterateurs*; writings, therefore, have been illustrated by recaptured paintings. More than three score ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers represented in these wall-pictures have been already identified and catalogued; and many, let us hope, will still be added to the file. Suffice to mention that they used hedges as well as lattice work. The latter was made of reeds or canes, and the best kinds of the former were of cornel and pomegranate interwoven with roses or thorn. Above the hedges, juniper, cypress, cedar, stone-pines, bay-laurels, planes, chestnuts, lotus diospyros,<sup>21</sup> walnuts, acacias, and figs lifted themselves; while beyond them ran even alleys of trimmed ilex and cork trees, along which the insinuating zephyrs travelled, mingling the breath of myrtle, narcissus, and rose.

And all these timber-trees were employed by the growers for many various and special purposes. But I must content myself with one or two of those purposes. For the ancients seem to have counted good pine and cypress wood the equal of cedar and ebony. For strength, for odour, for beauty, for durability, these were held to be beyond praise. One is reminded that Plato wished the laws and statutes of Athens to be inscribed on tables of sacred cypress-wood, which he considered was longer-lived than bronze. The doors of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus were of this wood, and were said to have lasted four hundred years. The other day an architectural fragment was found in the Forum by Commendatore Boni which may be called a document in stone, although it contains not a single

<sup>21</sup> This much-prized shrub was one of the attractions of the Palatine house of Lucius Crassus, whom Cicero nicknamed the 'Palatine Venus.' The orator, however, purchased the house himself later on. In the peristylum flourished six lotus-trees which survived many masters. We hear of Cæcina Largus proudly showing them to his friends in A.D. 42. The plant is still known around Naples as 'Legno Santo' or 'Holy-wood.' A more famous specimen was for generations the sacred tree of the Vestal Convent.

letter of any inscription. It, however, spoke volumes. It is a portion of the marble jamb of the door of the Temple of Vesta, containing, besides the typical Corinthian mouldings, the semi-circular groove in which turned the hinge.

In examining it, I noticed that there is no metal staining of any kind on the marble. From this it is legitimate to deduce that the door itself was probably not made of bronze in this instance, but, like many ancient doors, of wood. This wood will have been cedar or cypress, as being woods both sacred and resisting insect depredation better than any other. More probably it was of the latter. We have several splendid specimens still remaining in Rome of Roman bronze doors. They occur at the west front of the Lateran, at the Lateran Baptistery, and at SS. Cosma and Damiano in the Forum; but, as far as I know, we have but one example of truly ancient wooden doors, and they, it is just possible, are the very oldest wooden doors in the world. I refer to those of Santa Sabina on the Aventine, which, though restored in later times, belong to the fifth century. They are made of cypress wood, probably from trees two or three hundred years old, at least, when felled at that period. Hence, in their oldest portions, these doors take us back at least to the date of Aurelian and the walls around Rome. Moreover, they may have been made from specially prized trees in the villa garden of some wealthy patron of the early Church.

ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

*LONDON IN THE LANE*

It was drawing towards the end of summer, in one of our lanes—a winding, sandy, rutty track, with a tall hedgerow, a broad dry ditch, and a strip of grassy waste upon each hand—that I fell in with them.

You cannot see a long distance in one of our lanes. Here and there, when passing a gap, you may catch a glimpse of blue hills far away; but extent of vision and breadth of view are scarcely our strong points, and fifty yards may be considered a liberal allowance.

You walk enclosed in a sort of bower or grove of hazel sprinkled with clustering nuts, of maple that in autumn turns to gold, and whitethorn covered with its haws that will be coloured as red as blood by the time the hedge is bare. There are dog-roses, honeysuckles, and a hundred other delights, overshadowed by the cool branches of stately spreading elms. And underfoot, along the wayside, interwoven with the grass, is spread a carpet of silver-weed, studded with the little yellow flowers that remain femininely delicate even when full-blown, and from which, in noonday sunlight, the petals are so ready to fall if they are touched.

It comes from nowhere in particular, this lane of ours, turns one mile into two by its incomprehensible deviousness, and leads into another lane. But this seclusion is one of its greatest charms, and this irresponsible wandering its crowning merit. No dust from a hundred wheels shall ever deface the leaves that shelter it. No hurried footsteps pass this way. Here you may wander alone and unsuspected, meeting, in a lifetime, nothing more strenuous than a sheep that has broken fence or a donkey-cart.

This quiet makes it an admirable place for the observation of life, for living things take courage in the solitude to reveal themselves and their little ways. Beneath the elms the ear catches the earliest note of the returning singing birds in spring, and upon the bare twigs flocks of linnets congregate for that sweet chorus with which they sometimes cheer the silent grey monotony of a cold winter eve. All the year round incidents of hedgerow life follow one another. One day you may see the weasel slink out of the wayside grass, stop by the wheel rut to lift his head and show his white neck as he looks suspiciously

around, and then hasten warily back into the cover of the ditch. Always there are rabbits, more or less, scurrying away when the ground is hard, or sitting up to make sure of the distant step almost inaudible after the rain. Sometimes a hare comes lopping towards you, but turns aside and is lost sight of at the gate. The covey runs and rises with a whirring of wings, and then you find a feather or two where they have been dusting themselves in the dry sand. A stray pheasant from the cover will stalk down the hedgeside pecking at the brambles when blackberries are ripe. And so all the year through the everlasting pageant of nature goes by, always managing to invest its most familiar objects with the freshness of an infinite variety.

These things are all at home and a part of the landscape; but on that day towards the end of summer, from around the next bend came a strange and unfamiliar note, inviting immediate investigation. It was a small voice, of a shriller, thinner treble, quicker and more aggressive than we are accustomed to hear in this quiet countryside.

'Ere. I say. Look out, will yer—I've copped another. I've copped another.'

I hastened around the corner—and lo! two rare summer visitants, who could not under any system of classification be included in the fauna of these parts.

They were boys—little London boys, who, at a distance, looked to be about eight years of age, although closer scrutiny aroused a suspicion that they might be older.

They were in full summer plumage, dressed upon the same principle, but so that they did not exactly match. They wore caps—strange outlandish caps, as they seemed to me, that might have rested for half a century in somebody's stock, out of sight and forgotten, awaiting an extraordinary clearance sale. Each was in a short jacket that in places fitted extremely well. And they had little trouserlings cut off at the knee, above black stockings that, either on account of the agitation of the enclosed legs or the phenomenal smallness of the calves, would not keep up. One was in the ditch, up to his shoulders in flowering willow-herb, archangels both red and white, and all the glorious ragged growth in which it abounds. He had taken off that precious cap and was striking with it. Then he held it round a tall purple foxglove upon the bank, as if he were trying to staunch a wound, and shouted again:

'I've got 'im. I've copped another.'

'Garn, 'Arry. I tell yer, y'ain't got 'im. Ye've let 'im gow. I seen 'im fly.'

The second boy, his hands in his pockets and legs wide apart, but quivering with excitement, was standing on the silver-weed and the grass. As I drew near he looked round. It was such a thin pale

face, puckered up with eagerness and anxiety, and so old and full of experience for his years.

'What are you after there? A butterfly?'

My manner was genial, after the Sandford and Merton style, and perhaps patronising. But since the suggestion was ill-founded, he received it with scorn.

'Now. 'Tain't a butterfly. It's a bee.'

'But don't you know bees sting? You had better be careful, or you'll get stung.'

'Now. He won't get stung. Ye won't get stung, will yer, 'Arry?' he cried with derision. 'Ere, 'Arry. 'Ere's a bloke says you'll get stung. Come out an' show 'im what you've got.'

I entirely failed to discover that deference which years of respectability, supported by an impressive personality, have taught me to regard as my due. His contempt, however, appeared to be tempered with pity, and it seemed possible that we might become chums.

'Come and show 'im, 'Arry,' repeated the pale boy impatiently. It was easy to see that his was the commanding intellect, although the other might be more effective in the ditch.

Then the ditch boy, who possessed a round chubby face and well-nourished look, clambered out at once. He was pressing together the orifice of his side pocket, and we all stood round in expectation, whilst cautiously, mysteriously, he removed his hand. Then the bees came swarming out—honey-bees, bumble-bees, dumbledors, and all the rest of them; how he had managed to get them there without punishment remains to me little short of a miracle.

'Now you bin an' let 'em all gow,' snarled the pale boy, and stamped his foot with vexation.

'But what did you want them for?' said I.

'What? Don't yer know? Bees make 'oney.'

I have never been made to feel my ignorance so deeply in my life.

In all my conversation with them the pale boy was the only one who talked. His better-fed friend appeared to participate, but said nothing.

'Where do you come from?' I asked them.

'From London.'

'From what part of London?'

'From Pimlicow.'

'Then how did you get here?'

'Why, on the Fresh Air Fund, to be sure. We come in the train to Yeovil. An' then they brought us 'ere in a kerridge wif a 'orse. I say, when Billy come down 'ere, they didn't bring 'im in a kerridge wif a 'orse.'

'Had you ever been in a train before?'



'Now.'

'Had you ever ridden in a carriage with a horse before?'

'Now. Only a moke.'

'Have you ever seen any fields before this visit?'

'Now.'

'Well, and what do you think of the country now you are here? How do you like it?'

'Ow. Oi like it very well. Oi don't see nuffink to find fault wif. Only we can't find the bloke wot gives away the apples.'

'Can't find who?'

'Why the bloke wot gives away the apples, guv'ner. 'E lives down 'ereabouts somewhere. Billy seen 'im. But we ain't. You don't 'appen to know 'im, do yer, guv'ner?'

'Never heard of him in my life.'

'Y'ain't lived about 'ere long, 'ave yer?'

It was a sort of whine, as if he would beguile me into the admission.

'Longer than I can remember.'

He looked down upon the grass and was thoughtful. Then his face brightened and he made another attempt.

'E's a big fat man. As big as a barrel, guv'ner, when they lets it down the cellar grating. That's wot Billy ses.'

'Never seen such a man.'

'Wif a big red face.'

'No.'

'And a bald 'ead when 'e takes 'is storr 'at off.'

'No. I can't think of anybody.'

'E ain't a good-looking man, guv'ner, when 'e's angry. That's wot Billy ses. But 'e ain't a bad sort.'

It was quite impossible to suggest any identification, and I plainly told them so. They were despondent, and yet at the same time they clung to hope.

'Well, we ain't seen 'im,' the child went on. 'We bin round the church; an' we bin along the road to the mill. An' we bin down the railway line. An' we bin out to the little 'ouse to say s-sh to the skylarks. Billy seen 'im by the pond. We bin by the pond, but we ain't seen 'im by the pond. We look about, an' we arsk, an' there ain't nowheres else to go. An' we gow 'ome to-morrow.'

He paused and drew a deep sigh. The time was so short and the visit so seriously incomplete. Suddenly he glanced up again, with one eye half closed, and an expression of cunning upon his crafty little countenance, that might have had behind it a quarter of a century of guile.

'Do yer think Billy was kiddin', guv'ner?' he asked, in a whisper so confidential, that it seemed to 'beg of me, for just this once, to speak the truth as between man and man.

'Well, you see, I've never seen Billy. I didn't make his acquaintance when he was down here last year.'

He solemnly weighed the matter, and then laid before me what seemed to be a preconcerted plan.

'Becos if Billy was kiddin', I shall just kid 'im, that we seen two blokes this year wot gives away the apples.'

He looked around at the chubby boy. Clearly they seemed to think it might answer with sufficient corroboration. Then he definitely made up his mind.

'N-o-ow. Billy ain't kiddin',' he drawled, and held on to the words as though I had suggested the idea and he was holding it up to ridicule. 'Why, 'e couldn't make it up out of 'is own nut. See— Billy was chuckin' stones at the ducks, an' the bloke 'e comes be'ine an' cops Billy. An' he gives him a shake, an' 'e ses, "You young willain," he ses; "come from London, don't yer? an' I'll twist yer neck"—an' 'e ain't a very good-looking man when 'e's angry. "'Ow many of yer are there?" ses the bloke. An' Billy, 'e ses "Twelve." An' the bloke ses, "Just bring 'em all down 'ere, then, an' when we've 'ad a word or two, I'll give 'em some apples." An' then, I'm blowed, he lets Billy gow. N-o-ow. Billy ain't kiddin', guv'ner.'

Wonderful as the story might be, he stood convinced that it lay beyond the range of Billy's capability of lying.

'Well, and what happened then?'

'Why, the bloke wot gives away the apples, guv'ner, 'e takes 'em up into a apple-orched, where the apples was growing, 'swelp me! Billy ses Spennish onions is a fool to it. An' he shakes the tree, an' 'e ses, "There now, yer can just fill yerselves till yer bust inside an' out." An' then they puts 'em in their pockets, guv'ner, an' they puts 'em inside their shirts. An' the bloke up an' ses, "Now look 'ere, yer young scamps, if I catch another young fool chuckin' stones at my ducks, I'll break all yer backs an' 'ave yer put in quod. But if yer gives me no cause o' complaint, I'll 'ave yer down, an' give yer another blow-out, the day before yer goes 'ome." He ain't a bad old bloke. 'E walks wif a thick stick. We ain't seen 'im. But then we ain't chucked at 'is ducks.'

I hastened to assure them that any such procedure with a view to attracting attention could be of no service, and must certainly end in disaster.

'The fact is,' I explained, 'there are no apples this year. The frost cut off the bud and the orchards are bare. You know yourselves that you haven't seen any——'

'Not seen any?'

'No. If you were to meet the gentleman, he couldn't give you any——'

'Not give us any?'

'Because he hasn't got any to give.'

He would not condescend to answer so unwarrantable a statement. He merely put his hand into his pocket and drew out—three walnuts in their green cases.

There were teethmarks on one of them, but the others were intact. It was no longer difficult to account for the brown stains around his lips.

'They ain't ripe, guv'ner. Or 'us they ain't a good sort. But if yer keeps 'em, they gets ripe of theirselves. Sometimes they goes bad first, guv'ner, an' then they chucks 'em out into our street. But la!'—his face beamed with a genial optimism—'nuffink ain't all bad.'

'Bless my heart!' cried I in alarm, 'you cannot eat those. They are walnuts!'

They laughed at this most excellent joke—laughed until they could stand it no longer, but must needs lie down upon the grass and silver-weed and roll with delight.

'What! ain't yer ever seen a walnut? Well, I'm blowed! Look 'ere, guv'ner, if I'd known y'ain't never seen a walnut, I'd ha' brought yer down one, to 'ang upon yer watch an' chain, for a cur'osity.'

Then, reflecting that knowledge outside of one's experience is not to be expected of any man, he concluded: 'But yer can't help it, yer know. I ain't never seen a pig till I come down 'ere.'

With a view to demonstration I took out a penknife.

'Tain't no good to pare it, guv'ner. Yer can't eat it if yer do.'

To make them quite secure he hastily put the walnuts back into his pocket. He had recovered from the joke and looked me in the face without a smile.

'Yer seen I was kiddin' about the apples,' he whined, with an air of childish simplicity. 'But they ain't walnuts. Don't yer know really what they are? They're coker-nuts.'

We left it at that. It is difficult to convey the simplest, most easily established truth to a mind that regards all statements with suspicion, and refuses to listen to explanation. This constant mistrust, both of friend and stranger, seems to me the most pathetic feature of the precocity begotten of the streets. He bore no resentment against me, however, for an attempt to deceive him, obviously destined to failure from the first. He had turned the enemy's flank, was triumphant and magnanimous. That is to say, when I moved on, prepared to continue my walk, leaving him to the superintendence of his bee-catching, he came running by my side.

They thought no more about the bees. They ran from hedge to hedge, picking whatever flowers shone brighter than the rest. They wrestled for a tall yellow spike of a great mullein, and although the chubby boy was easily victorious, my lean friend afterwards snatched

it from his hand and got it after all. We stood at a gate to look at a piece of standing wheat where there were poppies, and we watched the hauling of a last load of late hay. But they had no question to ask and nothing to say. Upon the waste was growing a plant or two of the wild chamomile. At once they threw away for this all the brighter flowers that they had picked, and although it stank and the feathery leaves quickly withered in their hands, they carried that bouquet home. These were 'd'isies.' Even into the London streets the sentiment that is inseparable from the name had found its way.

As I have said, they asked no questions and had nothing to say.

They looked upon the beauties of nature unmoved, as men of primitive races fresh from their primeval forests have been known to look without amazement upon the wonders of civilisation. What sub-conscious impressions of clear skies and sun-capped cloud, above broad fields of flowing corn, or of brook-divided meadows studded with placid herds, or tall grey hills with distant bleating sheep, their minds might be receiving, who can tell? Likely enough the gentle rustling of the sweet rain-washed leafage, that cast soft shade upon the lane whilst they chased the bees and plucked the flowers, may some day come again in some strange dream. To be sure, they had been here a fortnight, and the country was no longer new. It would be really interesting to get from them a definite opinion concerning something of all they had seen.

'Now look here. You've been running about the village just wherever you like, you've seen a lot, and you've done a great many new things. What do you like best of all you've seen and done?'

He became thoughtful.

'I dunno,' he said.

After more mature consideration he continued, 'I like to gow and s-s-sh to the skylarks.'

'You spoke of that before. Where do you do it? Where do you find the skylarks?'

'What! ain't yer seen the skylarks, guv'ner? Down at the little 'ouse?'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'Wot, didn't yer ever say s-s-sh to the skylarks? Not when yer was a kid?'

He tried to lure me into an admission. Truth, however, demanded that I should reply, 'Never.'

'Well, I'm blowed! I'll show yer.'

We travelled in haste after that until we came into the village. The first dwelling is an ancient cottage, low and thatched, with a narrow strip of garden in front, with yellow evening primroses, and tall hollyhocks, at that time just beginning to open their satin flowers, standing erect between the diamond-paned windows. Under the

eaves and close together was a row of the 'procreeant' cradles that testify to the delicacy and purity of our air.

He went 'S-s-sh!'

A young martin flew out from one of the nests.

'There y'are, guv'ner. Didn't yer see 'im? A skylark.'

'No, my lad. That was a house martin.'

'What! don't you think I ever seen a skylark, guv'ner? Billy's father, 'e 'as two skylarks. He puts 'm out by day in kedges in front of 'is 'ouse.'

'But look! These have white breasts and forked tails. Look at that one—there in the sky.'

'They're *wild* skylarks, guv'ner. But lor! wild skylarks they don't sing nuffink. I seen one come an' 'old on up there one day. There! 'E done 'is best. Bless 'er! You should just 'ear Billy's father's old skylark sing, when 'e's got 'is 'ead up.'

We did not come to an agreement upon the matter, but nevertheless parted excellent friends, and I walked slowly homewards down the village street.

Truly it is an appalling thought that a human being may be born, and live—even to old age—and die, and never catch one glimpse of the glorious earth which is his heritage. To send these children into the country is a real philanthropy. Many letters have been written, and I know the objections that have been raised. That they damage property—that they teach the vices of the city to a simple village childhood—that they scatter around a vocabulary containing jewels of such brilliancy, that nothing so dazzling has ever before been known in remote parts.

But will these objections stand after quiet consideration?

As to the damage to property—the philanthropist is in my estimation, and sometimes in his own, a very superior person. But he ought to pay, and let it be known that he will pay, for the properly authenticated duck. The mere preserver of foxes does as much as this.

Then for the other and more serious accusations. The respectable cottager I know well, the patience of his life of healthy toil, the cleanliness of his mind and of his home, and the extreme sensitiveness of his whole family lest the merest whisper in the village should cast aspersion upon any member of the household. I do not believe that a wholesome village child, in good surroundings, can take permanent harm from an influence so transitory, however evil. Besides, so far as I could observe, the London children associated very little with the rural youth, but instinctively preferred to keep to themselves. And are we so immaculate down here, after all? Alas! there's another sort of person living under the thatch, and if any Londoner of experience can teach his children anything in lurid speech—let him try.

As the result of these visits will any child, I wonder, leave the great town to find his way back to the half-deserted land?

After all, it is a good thing that these summer visitants have to get back to school. The bold spirit that can attempt a corner in bees might surely try experiments with the fruit of the red-berried bryony that is so bright a feature of the autumn hedge. There are cherries on the barrows in the London streets. What if these children should happen upon the shining 'devil's cherry' of the deadly nightshade? There are twelve of them. Horrible nightmare! A fortnight of working days spent in dodging the village police-constable in order to keep off the coroner's ju——

'Hi! Guv'ner! Guv'ner!'

He came running after me as fast as his spindle legs could carry him. Even now I am not quite sure whether he was trying it on, or whether this was a last forlorn hope on the eve of his departure.

He thrust his head forward and it looked too big for his slender neck.

'I say, guv'ner, y'ain't the bloke yerself, now, are yer—wot gives away the apples?'

WALTER RAYMOND.

## *A MOVEMENT IN AID OF OUR NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS*

‘ENGLAND is the only country in the whole world in which a national movement of acknowledged usefulness and importance can always depend upon patriotism and public spirit to carry it through.’ This, the verdict of a foreigner, half in admiration, half in envy, may perhaps occasion a slight lifting of the eyebrows on our side. We are so often taken to task for not seeing ourselves as others see us that it comes with something of a shock to find how highly one of the least considered of our national virtues is prized. At least it may serve as an incentive to deserve the praise; we may doubt its justice, but we must avoid its being proved false.

The movement now on foot for benefiting our great national art collections, by the establishment of an organised fund, is surely an admirable test of how far the maxim be true. The proposal is to assist the art collections in Trafalgar Square and at Millbank, the South Kensington and British Museums, as also those of Edinburgh and Dublin, by gifts in money or in kind, and to encourage and direct private liberality in the shape of donations and legacies in the best interests of these collections. That there is ample scope for a society with aims such as these, if properly administered, can hardly be doubted. And there are two urgent reasons why it should be formed without delay. The first of these is of course the rapidly increasing appreciation of art values; the second the persistent refusal of Parliament to meet this by increased grants.

The recent rise in prices of all works of art has been so much noticed and insisted upon that it scarcely needs further proof. The most important point is, however, that the rise is likely to continue and to advance further. Private collectors are on the increase. We have brought a new renaissance, at least in Old Masters. To amass them brings not only pleasure but fame. To found a collection is more permanent than to found a family. And the widely spread knowledge of art to-day, the result of cheaper travelling, multitudinous art literature, and improved photography, has inspired many with a desire for beautiful objects, not for the mere sake of

possession itself, but for the actual thing possessed. Collecting is not only a fashion, it is a hobby also. On the other hand, owners of works of art that have belonged to their house for generations are not only becoming alive to their intrinsic value in the market, but are being forced to realise, often owing to reduced circumstances coupled with the heavy burden of death duties. It is, then, not to be wondered at that private houses are being everywhere ransacked for their treasures, and that armies of eager agents are at hand to sweep up whatever comes to light.

Above all, the increase of public galleries and museums tends to send up prices by continually increasing the demand while simultaneously reducing the supply. Most galleries in Europe are buying, as well as all in America. Indeed, the presence of a new continent in the auction rooms of Europe is one of the most potent factors in the rise. Works of art once absorbed in a public gallery never again emerge. And while all are buying or anxious to buy, Italy, one of the chief sources of supply, is partially closed by the action of the Government in acquiring the great historical and Church collections and in trying to enforce the old Papal laws against the export of works of art.

As a result, prices have advanced, in certain cases, at the rate of some hundreds per cent. To some extent it is a question of fashion, but, making full allowance for its vagaries, the increase has been stupendous. On the other hand, absolutely no increase has been made in the yearly purchasing funds available. Taking, as an instance only, the case of the National Gallery, as representing one of the most important branches of art, the figures are conclusive as to the altered circumstances calling for increased funds, but calling in vain. The yearly purchasing fund still remains at 5000*l.*, with occasional special votes for special purposes as before. Our system of government is said to be founded on anomalies; and here is one which must surely appeal to a nation of business men.

From a purely financial point of view the National Gallery has never been rich as national museums go. Considering the wealth of the country it is poor; compared with our Continental neighbours it is starved. Taking the purchases since the Gallery was founded, they amount to 681, at an average cost of 980*l.* per picture. But in late years this average has risen considerably. Comparing the figures for the past thirteen years, the table on page 3 will show at a glance the amounts expended, and by whom the money has been supplied.

The result for these thirteen years is that 112 pictures have been purchased, or about nine pictures a year, at an average cost of 1240*l.* per picture. Of this the Treasury has provided an average of about 8000*l.* per annum; private donations and pecuniary bequests nearly 2800*l.* per annum, these last including the 30,000*l.* given by



Year	Number of Pictures Purchased	Total Sum Expended			Contributed by Government as Annual Grant in Aid or Special Vote			Contributed by Private Gifts		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1890	12	59,013	0	0	29,013	0	0	30,000	0	0
1891	20	6,114	10	0	5,307	0	0	807	10	0
1892	2	2,562	15	0	2,400	0	0	162	15	0
1893	7	5,867	10	0	5,020	0	0	837	10	0
1894	23	14,153	10	0	12,499	10	0	1,654	0	0
1895	16	10,129	10	0	9,749	3	0	880	7	0
1896	7	1,388	13	0	1,148	8	0	239	5	0
1897	4	4,912	0	0	4,912	0	0	nil		
1898	5	5,431	0	0	5,431	0	0	nil		
1899	5	15,620	0	0	14,620	0	0	1,000	0	0
1900	5	5,930	14	0	5,120	0	0	810	14	0
1901	4	3,910	0	0	3,910	0	0	nil		
1902	2	3,989	13	0	3,939	13	0	nil		
Total	112	138,961	15	0	108,069	14	0	35,892	1	0

Lord Rothschild, Lord Iveagh, and Mr. Cotes towards the 53,000*l.* required for the acquisition of the three great pictures from Longford Castle—Holbein's 'Ambassadors,' Moroni's 'Portrait of an Italian Nobleman,' and Velasquez's 'Admiral'—as also instalments from the Walker, Lewis, and Wheeler bequests. Yet 10,000*l.*, nearly a whole year's income, is nowadays no very high price for a fine picture. The three canvases just mentioned cost nearly 20,000*l.* apiece, and instances of prices of 30,000*l.* and upwards paid for a single masterpiece will readily suggest themselves.

If, then, financially, the national collections, apart from private generosity, often stand in need of assistance, there is also the artistic side to be considered. Though undoubtedly rich in the works of most schools, the National Gallery has some extraordinary gaps. The most glaring of all, the almost entire absence of works of the French school of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, has been recently filled to a considerable extent by the great windfalls of the Wallace and Ionides bequests, supplementing the national collection as they do where it was weakest. In the same way the Tate and Vaughan bequests and the Watts gift have just taken away the reproach that modern English painting was only worthily represented outside of London in the various provincial galleries. But even in the combined collections in the National and Tate Galleries, Hertford House and South Kensington, there are still many serious gaps, both in the Old Masters and the painters of more modern times. Some are of importance for themselves, others because their presence would add strength to the Gallery from the point of view of historical completeness—the point of view of the student and connoisseur rather than that of the general public. Taking the Old Masters first, the German school is represented by nothing from the hand of Dürer or his followers, Kulmbach and Schüßlehn; there is no Schongauer, no

Altdorfer, not to mention many lesser masters. In the Flemish school we have no real Roger van der Weyden or Hugo van der Goes, and nothing by any of the Brueghels; and from among the Dutchmen Lucas van Leyden, Mierevelt and Moreelse are missing. Magnificently, too, as are the Italian schools represented in the Gallery, there still remain some conspicuous gaps. Among the early Florentines we have no Giotto or Masaccio, while Ghirlandajo and Fra Bartolommeo figure far from adequately. In the Venetian room we seek in vain an example of the portraiture of Titian and Tintoretto.

To some extent private subscribers have already stepped in to acquire and present to the Gallery some works which would add to its completeness. Madox Brown's 'Christ Washing Peter's Feet' was purchased and presented by a body of subscribers in 1893, Giovanni Costa's 'Landscape' and Legros' 'Femmes en Prière' in 1897, McLachlan's 'Evening Quiet' and Goodall's 'Ploughman and Shepherdess' in 1896, and Burne Jones's 'Cophetua' in 1900, to mention only some recent instances.

But especially in the works of modern artists of foreign schools is this country still lamentably deficient, in spite of the Wallace and Ionides bequests. The nineteenth-century art of Germany, Holland, Belgium, Spain, and Italy, is practically unrepresented in our national collections. Beyond the Giovanni Costa landscape and a few canvases by Ary Scheffer, Dyckmans, and Clays (all hanging, by way of paradox, in the National Gallery of *British Art*), there is nothing to represent any of these schools; not a single work by Menzel, Lenbach, or Thoma, Israels, or the brothers Maris, Baron Leys, Fortuny, or Segantini. Even as to France, there are still no examples of Ingres, Courbet, and Manet, to come no later. In this respect we lag far behind our American cousins, who early hastened to acquire the works of foreign contemporaries, before they in their turn should become 'Old Masters' and their pictures run up to famine prices. Our appreciation of the real 'Old Masters' seems to have blinded us to the merits of their successors. Greater courage undoubtedly is needed in the purchase of modern works, as yet unsanctioned by time and prestige, than goes to the acquiring of productions by those artists who have already taken a sure position as classics.

It may be objected that these national wants are merely the result of the smallness of the annual grant in aid for the purchase of pictures, and that efforts should be directed to increasing this rather than to the formation of an independent society to assist the Trustees. But the mere increase of the grant, however desirable in itself, would not meet the whole difficulty. It is not only a question of the necessary funds, though this is sufficiently important: it is also largely one of seizing the opportunity of snapping up a work of art

which comes suddenly and without warning into the market. It is the first in the field who now secures the prize. The National Gallery is no longer treated with the same chivalrous respect as of old in the cosmopolitan life and death struggle for the few remaining masterpieces of the world as they come to the hammer. There is often no time to haggle, to take thought, to whip up subscribers. What the responsible authorities hesitate over is instantly whirled away to Berlin or to Boston, never to return. Much, therefore, depends on the power to strike quickly if at all, and the directors and trustees are strictly limited by their funds—as strictly, indeed, as these are limited by Parliament. Even elasticity in dealing with them is sadly to seek, owing to the restrictions imposed by the ever-watchful Treasury. Assuming that the trustees have an annual sum of 5000*l.* to spend, it might be desirable to anticipate the grant of the following year to purchase a masterpiece which has suddenly come into the market, or, at all events, to supplement the annual grant unless the picture is to be lost. To obtain a special vote in Parliament, as is sometimes done, takes time. The wheels of the Legislature and Treasury move slowly.

That this danger of missing opportunities which may never recur is no fanciful one may be seen from past experience. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the famous instance in the middle of the century, when the whole of the great Pitti Collection, with its wonderful treasures, could have been bought for a comparatively insignificant sum, though such an opportunity was unique in every sense of the word. In 1852 a pair of the finest Tintoretto's in Venice, the 'Marriage of Cana' and the 'S. Cassiano Crucifixion,' could have been procured for 12,000*l.* through the kind offices of Mr. Ruskin; yet the trustees declined the offer. But even in the last few years, to go back no further, the Gallery which boasts no single Dürer might have obtained one for 800*l.* The chance occurred, but could not be taken. The picture is now in the Berlin Gallery which already had no less than five examples of the great master. Berlin, again, has just snapped up from a London dealer a charming example of Dürer's precursor, the rare Schongauer, also unrepresented in the National Gallery; and the beautiful little 'S. John in a Landscape' by Gerard of Haarlem, lent by Mr. Macquoid to the Bruges Exhibition, which might so fitly have supplemented our collection of early Netherlandish masters, has followed the Dürer and Schongauer to Berlin. In the same way this well-endowed museum acquired at the Peel sale in 1900 the two superb Genoese portraits by Vandyke, which should never have been allowed to leave the country. Two or three years ago, a charming early work of Giotto, 'The Presentation,' came into the English market, and had to be permitted to cross the seas to America, though we have nothing from Giotto's hand. Quite recently, too, the fine

'Woman's Portrait' by Frans Hals, shown at the Old Masters in 1902, might have been acquired by the Gallery. Again, Mr. Bodley's 'Memlinc,' so much admired at Bruges, has passed into the Rothschild collection in Paris, and the newly discovered portrait by Titian of 'Isabella d'Este,' one of the 'finds' of the century, exhumed from an English collection, has also migrated to Paris to enrich Mr. Goldschmidt's gallery. Yet we have no single portrait by the great Venetian master in our national collections.

Instances in other branches of the fine arts of opportunities missed through lack of funds or lack of opportunity to strike rapidly need not be multiplied here. The report of every sale, whether it be of marbles or bronzes, etchings or engravings, medals or coins, porcelain or furniture, books or manuscripts, is full of these lost opportunities of retaining what the wealth and taste of our forefathers have given us; treasures over which we retain, as it were, a preferential right, though now on equal terms with our foreign rivals. London has become the world-market of art, as of so much else, and yet we have to stand looking on while New York and Boston, Berlin and Frankfort, Paris and Brussels carry off our spoils. It is to enable us to face the position so unpleasantly forced upon us that the present proposal has been made. The idea is no new one, on the Continent at all events, and we can learn much in this respect from our neighbours. Even here, indeed, quite recently a movement was set on foot by a private body of lovers of art to acquire a work by Rodin for the national collection at Kensington, resulting in the purchase of the bronze 'S. John the Baptist.' It was hoped, indeed, at the time that some such organisation might be perpetuated.

In France the idea has already taken shape in the Société des Amis du Louvre, formed in 1897. The object of this society is to enrich the collections of the Louvre by uniting all lovers of the great national collections housed there, and including all branches of art, in such a manner as to contribute both morally and pecuniarily to its support. It works in perfect harmony with the authorities and officials at the Louvre. The director of the Louvre picture-gallery is a member of its council. So are five departmental chiefs of the museum, and the presidents of the two Salons are honorary members. Its council and membership include all the best-known connoisseurs and collectors in France. Beginning with about four hundred members, it now comprises over fifteen hundred, and has over 1200*l.* a year to spend on its purchases. Membership involves an annual subscription of twenty francs or more, according to the generosity of the subscriber, which can be compounded for by a single payment of 500 francs, carrying the rank of *Membre fondateur*. Of these there are about eighty; the rest are subscribing members. The Government has officially recognised it as a *société reconnue d'utilité publique*, and conferred upon it the legal standing of such institu-

tions, including the right of receiving donations and legacies. Its members enjoy special privileges, amongst them the right of entry to the Louvre on Mondays, when it is closed to the rest of the world, admission to the private exhibitions at the Hôtel Drouot, and to various private collections in Paris not generally accessible to the public. They receive invitations to the public openings of new rooms at the Louvre, Luxembourg, and Versailles, and can also purchase at greatly reduced prices the reproductions on sale at the Louvre. The intention of the council is to organise special exhibitions from time to time to which members will be asked to lend works of art.

Its record since its formation is no small one. Before it was fully established the Louvre begged it to co-operate in the purchase of the beautiful 'Madonna' by Baldovinetti, then ascribed to Piero della Francesca, from the Duchatel collection, which was in the market. Neither the Louvre nor the society could alone have purchased it, and it would doubtless now be hanging in Berlin or Philadelphia but for the society's contribution of 800*l.* towards its purchase price of 5200*l.*, a sum which it had to borrow for the purpose from one of its own members. In 1902 it purchased and presented to the Louvre a magnificent fifteenth-century Flemish tapestry of the 'Last Judgment.' It also purchased in the Hayashi sale of Japanese *objets-d'art* a carved wooden mask, bronze vase, and a Kakemono, amongst other things. In addition, many of its members have presented and bequeathed pictures direct to the Louvre, including the recent princely bequest of M. Tomy Thiéry. Indeed, in the last year there have been seven separate donations or bequests, enriching the Louvre by some thirteen important pictures, and the Luxembourg by several more, apart from numerous gifts by members to other departments of the national museum. In purchasing it acts through its council, which fixes the price it will pay, and the purchase is then carried out through one of its members.

In Berlin a somewhat similar organisation exists under the name of the Kaiser Friedrich's Verein, founded in 1894. Its system is based on making loans to the national museum to facilitate the purchase of desirable works of art, and came into being to secure the great Rembrandt from the Ashburnham collection. It has already assisted in adding to the gallery a series of five Old Masters—Jean Fouquet, Memline, Rembrandt, Guardi, and a Luca della Robbia. The sums so advanced are repaid by the museum authorities by instalments spread over a number of years.

Amsterdam has a somewhat analogous institution in the Rembrandt Society, founded in 1883. Its system, an admirable one, like that of the Berlin society, is to obtain loans without interest from its members, and then to purchase such pictures as the State gallery cannot for the moment, at all events, secure owing to lack

of funds. These are then sold without profit to the State as soon as it is in the position to purchase them, either at once or by instalments.

The National Art Collections Fund proposes to adapt and combine the advantages of these foreign societies. It will receive loans, gifts, and legacies, whether in money or works of art, buy and present others to the Gallery, or subscribe towards their acquisition by the responsible authorities. It will focus in itself a vast amount of real interest and enthusiasm already existing for our great national collections, while the prestige of membership will further encourage and call out public spirit and national pride. Some privileges, too, might at a future date be accorded to its members in graceful recognition of services rendered: free entrance to the National Gallery, the Tate and Wallace Galleries, and South Kensington Museum on paying days; possibly, if suitable arrangements could be made, entrance on other days an hour before the general public; a great boon for many who are busy in the middle of the day. But the granting of any such privileges would no doubt only be entertained when the membership had become large and important enough to enable the Fund seriously to benefit the national collections.

In regard to the constitution of the Fund, it will probably have a large and influential council, and its affairs will be administered by a small executive committee of such council. The subscription for membership has been purposely fixed at the small figure of one guinea, though donations will no doubt also be forthcoming according to the means of the donors. An annual report and balance sheet will be issued, giving a list of the members, reporting on the results achieved for the year, and calling attention to members who in one way or another have specially benefited the Fund. The purchasing of works of art will be carried out through properly qualified buyers appointed from time to time by committees, and their services will of course be purely honorary. The cordial co-operation and sympathy of the heads of the great national collections which it is proposed to benefit have been assured.

Two points will no doubt occur to the minds of those who feel interest in the work of the Fund. It may perhaps be objected that what the Fund undertakes is really the duty of Government, and that, in so far as the Treasury is relieved of responsibilities, so will its pitiful doles be further reduced or at least not increased. But this is surely far from the truth. The Fund will for the first time focus an influential and organised body of public opinion upon this very question. The result should be in course of time that the serious attention of the Legislature would be brought to bear upon the altered position in the world's art-market, and once so much had been achieved, the stern logic of facts and figures could

not but prevail. On the other hand, it is important to dispel any suspicion that the efforts of the Fund would hamper or interfere with the work of the private collector in this country, or that it would in any way compete in well-doing with the generosity of individuals. The work it would undertake would be both direct and indirect: direct in finding money either by way of loan or gift for the purchase of works of art; indirect—and this is at least of equal importance—in inspiring interest in the great national collections and directing the attention of generous collectors to their most pressing wants, while at the same time encouraging a spirit of friendly and patriotic rivalry with our foreign neighbours. If it could only but ensure that every important work of art sold out of the marvellous private collections in this country should in the first instance be brought to the notice of the heads of our national collections or of the Fund, it would by this alone more than justify its existence.

R. C. WITT.

## AUGUSTA: PRINCESS OF WALES

THE neglect which the House of Hanover has suffered from historians and biographers is strikingly illustrated by the case of Augusta Princess of Wales, the mother of George the Third. No books written on the early Hanoverian period contain any adequate sketch of her life, and by a strange omission she is not included in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Yet she was the mother of a king whose reign was one of the longest and most eventful in English history; the training she gave her son moulded his character, formed his views, and influenced his policy for good or evil on the destinies of the nation; she lived in England nearly forty years (only once quitting it for a few weeks) and always took a keen interest, and at one time an active part, in public affairs. From the day her son ascended the throne until her death, a period of ten years, her name figured prominently in the savage political controversies of the day; her fair fame was besmirched and her motives were assailed, she was hooted from the theatres, burnt in effigy in the streets, and denounced by name in the House of Commons. No Princess of Wales, except perhaps the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, has aroused such fierce passions in the breasts of the multitude. Yet despite all her personality remains vague and shadowy; in the pages of Whig writers and pamphleteers she appears as a presence rarely seen but always felt, a baleful influence behind the throne threatening in some mysterious way the liberties of the people.

Augusta of Saxe-Gotha was only seventeen years old when she came to England to wed Frederick Prince of Wales, the son of George the Second and of his consort the illustrious Caroline. She did not come a welcome bride. The pet project of the King and Queen was that their younger son, William Duke of Cumberland, who was born on British soil, should succeed to the throne of England and supplant his elder brother Frederick, born in Hanover, to whom they allotted only the Electorate. But Frederick had other views; he was clamorous to be wed and become the father of kings to be. As his cause was supported by the Government and strongly by the Opposition the King reluctantly gave way. On one of his



journeys to Hanover, George the Second met the young Princess of Saxe-Gotha and arranged matters with her father the reigning Duke. He therefore ungraciously sent Frederick word that he might have her for wife if he would. The Prince returned a dutiful reply to the effect that he had every confidence in his father's judgment, and was ready to wed Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, the sooner the better. The King then sent Lord De la Warr to bring the bride-elect over to England, and she landed at Greenwich on Sunday, the 25th of April, 1735. The young Princess came unaccompanied by any member of her family, she was ignorant of England and the language, and was a stranger to her future husband. Yet neither Queen Caroline nor the Princesses went down to greet her, and she was lodged alone in the great empty palace of Greenwich. The Prince of Wales, however, travelled to Greenwich to welcome his bride, and was much pleased with her, despite her shyness and inexperience. She was a tall slender girl, with regular features, an oval face, and abundant light brown hair; her figure was unformed, but she gave promise of beauty, and her bright eyes were full of intelligence. The Prince dined with her, and 'afterwards gave her Highness the diversion of passing on the water as far as the Tower and back in his barge, finely adorned, preceded by a concert of musick.'

The next morning (Monday, her marriage day) the Princess made her entry into London. She drove by royal coach from Greenwich to Lambeth Stairs, thence to Whitehall in a state barge. Here she landed and was conveyed to the garden entrance of St. James's Palace, where she was met by Frederick. The Prince conducted her to the throne-room, where the King and Queen, the Royal Family, and the whole Court were waiting to receive her. Augusta at once disarmed hostility by her graceful and appealing manner, and was welcomed by her husband's parents with something like cordiality. The same evening she was married to the Prince of Wales in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the Bishop of London.

The young Princess of Wales in the early days of her married life fully maintained the favourable impression she had created. Though a stranger in a strange land, taken from a home of almost pastoral simplicity, and plunged into a Court full of vice and intrigue, she yet conducted herself with such discretion as to win admiration even from her husband's enemies. Walpole, the Prime Minister, noted her conduct and said it 'spoke strongly in favour of brains that had had but seventeen years to ripen'; and old Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, who had rarely a good word to say of any one, declared that the Princess 'always appeared good natured and civil to everybody.' Very wisely Augusta threw in her lot with her husband, and abstained from taking any active part in the quarrel

which was raging between him and the other members of the Royal Family, but her sympathies were all with her husband.

When Frederick announced to his parents that his wife was likely to give birth to an heir, the King and Queen, seeing in this a deathblow to their hopes that their son William should eventually succeed to the throne, affected to believe that the Prince was capable of passing off a spurious child on them and the nation, and therefore commanded him and the Princess to come down to Hampton Court and abide under the same roof with them until the event was over. Both the Prince and the Princess resented these unjust suspicions, and though they went to Hampton Court, they secretly determined that the child should be born in London.

One Sunday evening in July the Princess showed signs of being taken in premature labour. The Prince ordered a coach to come quietly round to his wing of the Palace, and while the King and Queen, all unsuspecting, were playing cards in their apartments, he smuggled his wife into the coach, attended by only Lady Archibald Hamilton, and drove at full speed to St. James's Palace. Half an hour after their arrival the Princess was delivered of a girl child, who in later life became Duchess of Brunswick. That both she and her infant did not lose their lives through this imprudence was little short of a miracle. At St. James's Palace nothing was prepared: there were even no sheets for the bed, and tablecloths had to be improvised. When the news reached Hampton Court some hours later, the King was furious at the way he had been tricked, and the Queen set off in hot haste for London, where she saw the mother and child. Yet in response to the Queen's inquiries, the Princess, from between her tablecloths, persisted in saying that she wanted for nothing. Regarding her as a passive instrument in her husband's hands, all the Royal parents' rage was vented on Frederick.

The King, as soon as the Princess was sufficiently recovered to be moved, sent his son a curt message: 'It is my pleasure that you leave St. James's with all your family.' The Prince, being thus turned out of doors, removed with his household to Kew, where he had a country palace, and for a London residence took Norfolk House, St. James's Square. All communication between the two Courts was now broken off, and neither the Prince nor the Princess was received by the King and Queen. A few weeks after this rupture Queen Caroline died, to the great grief of her husband and the nation. Her death rather widened the breach in the Royal Family than narrowed it, for the King considered that her son's undutiful conduct had hastened his mother's death. Frederick now ranged himself in open opposition to his father and the Government, and gathered around him rising young politicians of the type of Pitt and Lyttelton, who saw in Walpole's fall, or Frederick's accession to the

throne, their only chances of obtaining office. The following year (the 4th of June, 1738) a son was born to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Norfolk House. The little Prince, afterwards George the Third, was what is known as a 'seven months' child,' and was so sickly that he was privately baptised the day of his birth by the Bishop of Oxford.

The birth of a son and heir in the direct line of succession to the throne strengthened the position of the Prince and Princess of Wales, especially as the King's health was reported to be failing. Frederick removed to the more spacious dwelling of Leicester House, and there inaugurated a Court which offered a curious parallel to that of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the previous reign, at the same place, when also the heir to the throne was at variance with the King. Again Leicester House became the rallying place of the Opposition, again there flocked to its assemblies the most beautiful among the Court ladies, the most fashionable beaux, the most brilliant wits, politicians, and men of letters. Frederick's intelligence has been much abused, but he was intelligent enough to gather around him at this time much that was best in the social and intellectual life of the day, and his efforts were ably supported by his clever and graceful Princess.

When Bolingbroke came back to England later he renewed his friendship with the Prince of Wales, and often paced with him and the Princess through the gardens and shrubberies of their favourite Kew, waxing eloquent over the tyranny of the Whig oligarchy which held the King in thrall, and holding up before them his ideal of a patriot king. Both the Prince and Princess listened eagerly to Bolingbroke's theories, and in after years the Princess instilled them into the mind of her eldest son. Chesterfield and Sir William Wyndham came to Kew also, and here Frederick and Augusta exhibited with pride their flower-beds to Pope. The Prince not only sought the society of men of letters, but made some attempts at authorship himself. His verse was not very remarkable; perhaps the best was the poem addressed to the Princess beginning:

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,  
That swim with pleasure and delight;  
Nor those heavenly arches which arise  
O'er each of them, to shade their light.

And so on through five stanzas of praise of Augusta's beauty until:

No, 'tis that gentleness of mind, that love  
So kindly answering my desire,  
That grace with which you look and speak and move  
That thus has set my soul on fire.

Perhaps it was of these lines that the Prince once asked Lord

Poulett his opinion. 'Sir,' replied that astute courtier, 'they are worthy of your Royal Highness.' Yet notwithstanding his admiration of his wife Frederick was not faithful to her. It may be doubted, however, whether after his marriage he indulged in any serious intrigue; his *affaires* were probably only tributes offered to the shrine of gallantry after the fashion of the day. In every other respect he was a good husband; he was also a devoted father to his numerous family, a kind master to his servants, and a true friend. We get many pleasant glimpses in letters and memoirs of the time of the domestic felicity of the Royal household at Kew and Leicester House, of games of base-ball and 'push-pin' with the children, of gardening in the summer, of little plays composed by the Prince, staged by the Princess, and acted by their sons and daughters. 'The Prince's family,' Lady Hervey writes, 'is an example of innocent and cheerful amusement,' and her testimony is corroborated on all sides.

After the fall of Walpole in 1742, an outward, though by no means cordial, reconciliation was patched up between the King and his eldest son; and the Prince and Princess of Wales attended occasionally the levees and assemblies at St. James's. But three years later relations again became strained; the Prince and Princess disapproved of the harsh treatment of the Jacobites and especially of the severities of the 'Butcher of Culloden,' the Duke of Cumberland, and expressed their displeasure in no unequivocal manner. The Princess personally appealed to the King for Cromartie's life, and her prayer was granted.

Augusta prided herself on the decorum of her household, and the dull and vicious Court of George the Second, presided over nominally by the card-playing scandal-loving Princess Amelia, in reality by Madame de Walmoden (Countess of Yarmouth), the King's mistress, shocked and disgusted her. In revenge it was whispered about the King's Court that the Princess showed particular favour to John Lord Bute, a favourite of the Prince of Wales, then a young and handsome nobleman with courtly manners. Once at a fancy dress ball when the Princess was present the beautiful Miss Chudleigh appeared as Iphigenia, but so lightly clad as to be almost in a state of nudity. The Princess threw a shawl over her and said she wondered at her bad taste in venturing to appear in so improper a guise.\* 'Altesse,' retorted the young lady unabashed, '*vous savez, chacun a son but.*' The impertinent witticism ran like wildfire round the Court, and the names of the Princess and Lord Bute were henceforth coupled in scandalous suggestion, which had no foundation beyond that the Princess treated Lord Bute as a friend, and he occasionally played the part of a Lothario in the amateur theatricals the Prince was fond of arranging for his children and friends.

Frederick Prince of Wales died at Leicester House in 1751. He had been unwell for a week previously, but his end was sudden and unexpected. The Princess was in the room when he died. For some hours she seemed stunned with the blow, and unable to realise it. Then she withdrew to her own apartments, locked herself in, and passed the night alone. The next morning she appeared calm and self-possessed, and went through the private papers of her dead husband and burned many—a very necessary precaution, for she was surrounded with spies and enemies. Frederick's death was a great loss to his wife; it revolutionised her life. Deprived of the splendid prospect of becoming Queen of England, Augusta found herself at the age of thirty-two a widow with eight children, and expecting shortly to give birth to another.

Contrary to expectation the King behaved with great kindness to his daughter-in-law, sent her a message of condolence, and paid her a visit. He refused the chair of state placed for him, and seated himself on a sofa with the widow, and at the sight of her sorrow was so moved as to shed tears. Yet Frederick's funeral was shorn of almost every circumstance of state, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey 'without either anthem or organ.' The following week the King held a levee as usual, and the period of Court mourning was the briefest. A few months after her husband's death the Princess of Wales gave birth to a princess, who was christened Caroline Matilda (the unfortunate Queen of Denmark). For eighteen months she remained in strict seclusion; at the expiration of that time she reappeared in public and attended Court, where, by the King's command, she received the same honours as had been paid to the late Queen Caroline. She was also made guardian of her eldest son Prince George, now created Prince of Wales, in case of the King's death during his minority, and an ample dowry was assured to her. It may be that George the Second was moved to this generosity to his daughter-in-law, whom he never liked, by popular sentiment, for the people showed the greatest sympathy and respect for the young widow in her grief. It is certain that the Princess did not trust him, for we find her telling Bubb Dodington that 'Notwithstanding the King's kindness to the children and civility to her, those things did not impose on *her*—that there were other things she could not get over—she wished the King was less civil, and that he put less of *their* money into his own pocket.' She then went on to explain that though the King had financially benefited by the Prince's death, yet he would not pay his debts. 'Such inconsiderable debts,' she called them, yet she admitted they amounted to some 160,000*l.*, 'besides something to my Lord Scarbrough,' which shows that the Princess's ideas in money matters had expanded since she came to England, for the sum named would probably have bought up her father's petty

principality. But though the Princess represented the matter to the King 'in the strongest and most disagreeable light' he kept a deaf ear, and she most honourably took upon herself the burden of paying off her husband's debts by instalments. She regarded it as a point of honour and duty, and though it crippled her financially for years, she paid the last penny.

The Princess-Dowager of Wales, as she was called, frequently sent for Dodington, who had been a friend of her husband's, and talked to him with the utmost frankness. She lived in comparative seclusion, and he was one of her links with the outer world. From his diary we get an idea of the domestic life of the Princess-Dowager and her children during the years of her widowhood, before George the Third came to the throne. For instance, Dodington writes (17th of November, 1753):

The Princess sent for me to attend her between eight and nine o'clock. I went to Leicester House expecting a small company or little musick, but found nobody but her Royal Highness. She made me draw a stool and sit by the fireside. Soon after came in the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward, and then the Lady Augusta, all in an undress, and took their stools and sat round the fire with us. We continued talking of familiar occurrences till between ten and eleven, with the ease and unreservedness and unconstraint as if one had just dropped into a sister's house, that had a family, to pass the evening. It is much to be wished that the Prince conversed familiarly with more people of a certain knowledge of the world.

This last point Dodington ventured to press upon the Princess more than once, for it was a general complaint that she kept her children in strict seclusion. They had no companions of their own age, the Princess declaring that 'the young people of quality were so ill-educated and so very vicious that they frightened her . . . such was the universal profligacy . . . that she was really afraid to have them come near her children.' Though a good mother, with the interests of her children wholly at heart, she was very severe and ruled them and her household with a rod of iron. Conversation between her and Dodington often turned on the heir to the throne. The Princess said that George agreed with her, 'had no other way of thinking.' 'He was very honest, but she wished that he was a little more forward and less childish at his age, that she hoped his preceptors would improve him . . . she really did not know what they taught him, but, to speak freely, she was afraid not much.'

Sometimes the Princess would give Dodington audience at Kew and walk with him in the gardens for three hours on end talking all the time on a great variety of subjects. She often complained 'the delicacy and ticklishness of her situation,' the enmity of the Duke of Cumberland (whom she regarded with 'inveterate dislike') and the Princess Amelia, and the way Ministers neglected

her. She spoke with contempt of the King, who she declared was a puppet in the hands of his Ministers, of no more account 'than one of the trees they walked by.' It was evident even thus early that she had determined to deliver her son from this bondage and make him a king indeed. 'George, be a king—be a king!' she used to say, and when the time came he remembered her teaching.

Lord Bute's influence over the Princess-Dowager had in nowise lessened since Frederick's death; on the contrary it had rather increased; he was her chosen mentor in political matters, and her most intimate and confidential friend. In all but name he was governor to the Prince of Wales. As Lord Bute was a Tory it was not long before a rumour was spread abroad that the heir to the throne was being educated in 'arbitrary and dangerous notions,' and one of his tutors was charged with having given him Jacobite books to read. Bishop Hayter of Norwich, the prince's chief tutor, an ardent Whig, resigned by way of protest, a great uproar arose, and an inquiry was instituted. The Princess feigned ignorance, and as the inquiry came to nothing and Bishop Hayter, who was personally objectionable to her, was not reinstated, the Princess may be said to have gained a victory. But the incident deepened the dissatisfaction of the Whig Government and the great Whig Peers, and made them anxious to get the future King away from the influence of the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute. George the Second also wished to rescue his grandson from his mother's dominion, not for any political reason, but because he was jealous of her. It was judged that an early marriage would be the best means to achieve this end, and the King thought that he had found a suitable bride for his grandson in a young princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, who was very beautiful and accomplished. Without consulting the Princess-Dowager he brought her over to England. The suddenness of the move somewhat disconcerted the Princess-Dowager, but after consultation with Lord Bute, whose influence over the young prince had increased since the resignation of Bishop Hayter, they together instilled in him such an aversion from the match that he flatly swore that he would not be 'be-Wolfenbüttel.' The old King was very angry, and declared that if he were twenty years younger he would marry the beautiful princess himself. He knew whence the opposition came. Since her husband's death the one great object of the Princess-Dowager's life had been the government of her son. She could never be Queen of England, but she would reign through him. A beautiful and clever wife would be a most dangerous rival, and the Princess of Wolfenbüttel was said to be both clever and ambitious. The Princess-Dowager objected to the marriage, so she told Dodington, because she heard the princess took after her mother, 'a meddling, intriguing, sarcastical person.' 'Such a character,' she declared,

'would not do for George.' But not to seem totally averse from her son's marriage, she suggested to the King, a year later, the name of a princess of her own house, Saxe-Gotha, as a possible bride. But George the Second rejected the suggestion with great asperity, saying he 'had had enough of that family already.'

The Prime Minister, the Duke of Newcastle, and other great Whig Peers now began to realise that the Princess-Dowager was a force to be reckoned with, and they made another attempt to get the Prince of Wales away from his mother. He had attained the age of his royal majority (eighteen), and the Ministry persuaded the King to offer him an allowance of 40,000*l.* a year for a separate establishment. To their dismay the Prince accepted the allowance, but declined to leave his mother, and his first appointment in his new household was to make Lord Bute Groom of the Stole. Everything was arranged as the Princess-Dowager wished, and the opposition of Leicester House to the Government became more and more marked. The Princess-Dowager now expressed herself freely on politics, and her views were known to be those of her son. She 'wished Hanover in the sea as the cause of all our misfortunes,' and strongly opposed the foreign policy of Ministers in the question of the peace with France. A 'patched-up peace,' she declared, would soon break out into war again and 'fall upon her son, young and inexperienced, at the beginning of his reign.'

It is probable that another trial of strength would have taken place between the Princess-Dowager and the Government for the possession of the Prince, but the situation was revolutionised by the sudden death of George the Second (the 25th of October, 1760) and the accession of his grandson as George the Third.

The young King, who had hitherto appeared shy and retiring, soon showed that he had taken to heart his mother's teaching: 'George, be a king.' He held his Accession Council at Carlton House, the occasional residence of the Princess-Dowager, and here he delivered his first speech. It was not the composition of his Ministers, who imagined they saw in it the hands of the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute. 'My Lord Bute,' said the King to the Prime Minister, 'is your very good friend; he will tell you all my thoughts.' Again, in the speech Ministers prepared for him at the opening of Parliament, the young monarch inserted in his own hand the memorable words: 'Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton.' Whether these admirable sentiments were the first-fruits of the teaching of the Princess-Dowager or not, surely no one should have cavilled at them, but Ministers affected to find in their insertion an unconstitutional exercise of the royal prerogative.

Hitherto the influence of the Princess-Dowager over her eldest



son, and the intimate friendship which existed between her and Lord Bute, had been known only to the few. But now the Whig grandees began to tremble lest their power should be shaken; they believed that their arch-enemy was the King's mother, and in casting about for weapons wherewith to assail her none were too base or too unclean for them to use. Through their agents in the Press and in Parliament, a fierce clamour was raised against the Princess-Dowager as a threatener of popular liberties, and her name, associated with Lord Bute's, was scandalously flung to the mob. Placards with the words 'No Petticoat Government!' 'No Scotch favourite!' were affixed to the walls of Westminster Hall and elsewhere, and thousands of vile pamphlets and indecent ballads were circulated among the populace. Even the King himself was insulted. 'Like a new Sultan,' wrote Lord Chesterfield, 'he is dragged out of the seraglio by the Princess and Lord Bute and placed upon the throne.' The mob translated this into the vulgar tongue, and one day when the King was going to Carlton House to pay his usual visit to his mother, a voice from the crowd asked him, amid shouts and jeers, whether 'he was going to suck?'

The Princess-Dowager was unmoved by scandalous gossip and popular clamour, and her influence over her son remained unshaken; indeed it was rather strengthened, for his sense of chivalry was roused by the coarse insults heaped upon his mother. Her friendship for Lord Bute was unabated, and he continued to pay her visits as before. The only difference was that, to avoid the insults of the mob, these visits were sometimes paid less openly. The chair of Miss Vansittart, one of the Princess's maids of honour, was often sent of an evening to Lord Bute's house in South Audley Street, and he was conveyed in it with the curtains close drawn to Carlton House, and admitted by a side entrance to the Princess's presence. These precautions, though natural enough under the circumstances, were unwise, for sooner or later the stealthy visits leaked out, and the worst constructions were placed upon them. The Princess-Dowager was still a young and attractive woman, of little more than forty; she was one of those women who grow more beautiful as they grow older. The slight ungainliness of her youth had disappeared and given place to dignity and composure, and though her manner to strangers was somewhat forbidding, to her friends she was full of amiability. She had acquired a complete command of the English language; unfortunately her knowledge of English politics was not so complete, and the result was that she made many mistakes in her campaign against the Whigs, which greater knowledge would have taught her to avoid.

In the first year of George the Third's reign, the supremacy of the Princess-Dowager was threatened by the attachment the young monarch had formed for the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter

of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, a descendant of the Stuarts. The laws of England opposed no obstacle to the marriage of the Sovereign with a subject, which would have been a reversion to a not infrequent custom in the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors. But the house of Lennox was a great Whig house, its members were ambitious and aspiring, and Lady Sarah was known to have more than usual ability. Therefore the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute determined to prevent the marriage. That they succeeded is a matter of history, and Lady Sarah's hopes came to an end with the announcement of the King's betrothal to Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The announcement was not popular, for the nation was weary of royal alliances with the petty Courts of Germany, and few knew, or cared to know, where Strelitz was. But the Princess-Dowager had made inquiries, and had learned that Charlotte, who was little more than a child in years, was dutiful and obedient; there seemed little doubt that she would become a cipher in the hands of her mother-in-law.

In this the Princess-Dowager proved to be sadly mistaken. Lady Sarah Lennox, or even the despised Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, would have been pliable by comparison. Charlotte of Mecklenburg, on her arrival, showed herself to be a remarkably shrewd, self-possessed young woman, with a tart tongue and a full sense of the importance of her position. After their marriage the King and Queen lived for a time in great seclusion at Kew. These 'Oriental habits,' as they were called, were attributed to the influence of the Princess-Dowager, and the Whigs, who missed no opportunity of poisoning the public mind against her, declared that she treated the young Queen with great harshness, often drove her to tears, and deprived her of the most innocent diversions. It was said that the Queen was fond of playing cards, but her mother-in-law forbade her; that she loved diamonds, but the Princess would not let her wear them; that she would fain have shown herself in public, but the Princess had her shut up like an Eastern houri. But it was not easy to make a popular martyr of shrewd little Charlotte with her quick wits and penurious habits, and these fabrications were not generally credited. Indeed, so far from the Princess-Dowager ruling her daughter-in-law, it is certain that her influence over her son waned as the Queen's increased. For the first year or two Charlotte bided her opportunity, but when she had learned English, and given birth to an heir to the throne, she gradually came more forward in the affections of her husband, and the Princess-Dowager receded.

• But for a time the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute were all-powerful with the King. Minister after Minister was dismissed and their nominees appointed instead. When Pitt, 'the Great Commoner,' resigned, and to the astonishment of all accepted a peerage

for his wife and a pension for himself, the Princess-Dowager was accused of instigating the King to offer these things to the fallen Minister with the sinister object of damaging his credit with the people. 'The King,' writes Walpole, 'was advised to heap rewards on his late Minister—the Princess pressed it eagerly.' Augusta, her eldest daughter, took upon herself to meddle in politics, and openly inveighed against the policy of her mother. She was promptly married to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and sent to Germany out of the way.

On the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle, Bute was appointed Prime Minister. The office was, so to speak, thrust upon him, and he was never happy in it. He only remained, we find him writing to George Grenville a few weeks after his appointment, at the 'earnest solicitation' of 'a lady of the highest rank—one who was deservedly dear to the King.' The Princess-Dowager's hand was very visible throughout Bute's brief administration. Her enemy, the Duke of Devonshire, 'Prince of the Whigs,' as she styled him, was suddenly and ignominiously dismissed from office, and his name was struck off the list of Privy Councillors; other enemies, like the Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton, were deprived of the lord-lieutenancies of their several counties. Peace was made with France on lines the Princess-Dowager had indicated long ago, and—a still greater victory—the Peace was approved by a large majority in Parliament, despite the opposition of the Whig Lords. It was a trial of strength between them and the Princess-Dowager, and they were defeated. 'Now,' cried she exultantly, 'now my son is King of England!' It was her hour of triumph.

The Whigs were defeated in Parliament, but they took their revenge outside its walls. The mob was taught that the Peace was the first step towards despotism—the despotism of the Princess-Dowager and her led-captain, Lord Bute. The torrent of abuse swelled in volume. At the play one evening, when the Princess was present at a performance of Cibber's comedy, *The Careless Husband*, the whole house rose at the line put in the mouth of one of the actresses: 'Have a care, Madam! An undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.' The hoots and insults from the gallery were so great that the Princess drew the curtains of her box, and soon after quitted the house. In Wilkes's periodical, the *North Briton*, appeared an essay in which, under the suggestive names of Queen Isabella and her paramour 'the gentle Mortimer,' the writer attacked the Princess-Dowager and the Prime Minister, Lord Bute. One night, when the popular fury was at its height, a noisy mob paraded under the windows of Carlton House carrying a gallows from which hung a jack-boot (a miserable pun on John Lord Bute) and a petticoat (to symbolise the Princess), which they subsequently burnt. The Princess-Dowager heard the uproar,

and learned the cause from her frightened household. She remained calm. 'Poor deluded people, how I pity them,' she said; 'they will know better some day.'

But if the Princess-Dowager was unmoved, the Prime Minister, Bute, was not. Suddenly, when in the fulness of his power, the world was amazed to hear that he had resigned office. Many reasons have been given for his sudden resignation, but the one which seems the most probable one was a chivalrous desire to check the cowardly slanders aimed through him at the second lady in the land. For her sake he took office, and for her sake he laid it down—strongly against her wish, for she declared that the sacrifice would be in vain.

In this the Princess's judgment proved to be right; the enemies of Bute regarded his resignation only as a confession of weakness, and continued to assert that he exercised through the Princess-Dowager a backstairs influence upon the King. It was in vain that George the Third protested that he rarely saw Bute after he left office (in fact a coolness had sprung up between them), the Government and the Prime Minister—Grenville—remained unconvinced: the King might not see Bute, but he visited his mother nearly every day, and the friendship between her and Bute continued unabated; the influence, they argued, was none the less baleful because indirect. 'Good God! Mr. Grenville,' exclaimed the outraged monarch, 'am I to be suspected after all I have done?' The Prime Minister muttered something about the trend of public opinion. At last Bute was driven out of London, and Ministers professed themselves satisfied for the time.

The brief illness of the King in 1765 (a foretaste of the dreadful malady that seized him many years later) led to the introduction of a Regency Bill. Immediately fierce debates arose in Parliament as to whether the Princess-Dowager should, or should not, be excluded from acting as Regent. The King wished to nominate his own Regent, Ministers did not wish him to do so, and the situation was complicated by the fact that the King would not say whom he wished to appoint. He was afraid to name the Queen for fear of offending the Princess-Dowager; or to name his mother for fear of offending his wife—the relations between the two ladies having become exceedingly strained. The result was a compromise: the King was permitted to nominate, but Ministers stipulated that he should be restricted to appointing 'the Queen or any other person of the Royal Family usually residing in Britain.' The Duke of Richmond, who owed the Princess-Dowager a grudge for the part she had played in defeating his daughter Lady Sarah Lennox, asked 'Was the Princess-Dowager of the Royal Family?' Ministers, who evidently wished to exclude her, returned an evasive answer, and there ensued an acrimonious debate which resulted in the Princess-Dowager being declared ineligible for the office of Regent. The

Whig Lords were triumphant, but it soon appeared that their bolt had overshot the mark. During the few days which ensued before the introduction of the Regency Bill to the Commons, a curious revulsion of feeling took place in favour of the Princess. The King was known to be greatly affected by the affront offered to his mother—he even shed tears—and the friends of the Princess-Dowager rallied to her aid. When the Bill came down to the Commons her name was reinstated by an enormous majority, and Ministers in the House of Lords were obliged to eat their words and ask the peers to stultify their former vote by declaring the eligibility of the Princess. No wonder that Halifax, the leader of the opposition against her, cut a ‘most abject and contemptible figure.’

After this signal victory the Princess-Dowager enjoyed comparative repose for a few years. It was whispered that she exercised influence over the King, but no open attack was made upon her. Bute, however, was still pursued with relentless hatred, and though it could no longer be proved that he held even indirect communication with the King, from whom he was now quite estranged, his enemies were not satisfied until they had driven him out of the country. Unable to withstand any longer the ceaseless persecution, he went into exile, and for some time wandered about Italy under the name of Sir John Stuart.

His exile could not gain for him a long respite, or a truce for the Princess-Dowager, who by his absence found herself deprived of her most trusted friend. In 1771, when the Wilkes agitation was at its height, the old belief of the Princess’s secret power over the King and Bute’s backstairs influence was revived, this time without the slightest foundation. The outcry proved to be as potent with the mob as of yore. The King was hissed on his way to Parliament; the effigies of his mother and Lord Bute were beheaded by chimney-sweepers on Tower Hill and afterwards burnt, and the Princess-Dowager was openly vilified in Parliament. Alderman Townshend, according to Walpole, ‘pale and ghastly from a sick bed, his hair lank and his face swathed in linen,’ rose in the House and delivered the coarsest insult that, since the days of Henrietta Maria, had ever been uttered in the Commons against the King’s mother. ‘Having denounced ‘an aspiring woman who was allowed to dictate the policy of the Ministers of the Crown,’ he paused a moment for effect, and then proceeded, ‘Does any gentleman wish to hear what woman I allude to? If he does, I will tell him. It is the Princess-Dowager of Wales. *I aver we have been governed ten years by a woman.* It is not the sex I object to, but the government. Were we well ruled, the ruler would be an object of little signification. It is not the greatness of the criminal’s rank which should prevent you punishing the criminality.’

From a private and irresponsible member of the House of

Commons this language might have been dismissed as vulgar slander, but Townshend was following the example of a statesman of great weight and authority. Only a short time previously Lord Chatham had drawn a parallel in the House of Lords between the friendship of Bute and the Princess-Dowager and the *liaison* between Mazarin and Anne of Austria. 'That Favourite,' he exclaimed (for so he called Bute), 'is at the present moment abroad, yet his influence by his confidential agents is as powerful as if he were at home. Who does not know the Mazarinade of France?—that Mazarin absent was Mazarin still.'

The peculiar cruelty of these calumnies lay in the fact that the woman at whom they were aimed was prostrated at the time by domestic griefs (of this Chatham could not have been ignorant), and slowly dying of a painful and incurable disease. Within a year of these public insults she was dead.

The closing years of Augusta's stormy life were embittered by many sorrows. She was not happy in her children. She was keenly ambitious for them, but nearly all seemed to conspire to humiliate her. With the exception of George the Third, none of them showed her the respect and affection they ought to have done, and even he, though devoted to the last, had freed himself from his mother's influence some years before she died. Three of her numerous family had died young—Elizabeth, Louisa Anne, and Frederick. Edward Duke of York died before he was thirty, yet not before he had grieved his mother's heart by his extravagance and libertinism. Augusta Duchess of Brunswick quarrelled with her mother, and the breach was never quite healed. William Duke of Gloucester offended his mother past forgiveness by marrying Maria Dowager Countess Waldegrave, who, though a beautiful, virtuous, and charming woman, was the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole by a milliner's apprentice. Even more offensive to her was the marriage of Henry Duke of Cumberland with another fascinating widow, but of very different character from Lady Waldegrave—Anne, daughter of Lord Irnham, afterwards Earl of Carhampton, and widow of Andrew Horton of Catton. Close on this *mésalliance* of her youngest son followed the disgrace and deposition of her youngest daughter Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, who was accused of adultery with Struensee, the Danish Prime Minister, and cast into the fortress of Cronberg.

This last blow, coming on the top of all the rest, proved too much even for the indomitable spirit of the Princess-Dowager, and without doubt hastened her death. In any case the end could not have been long delayed, for her sufferings the last year of her life were agonising, and her malady, a cancer in the breast, gave her no rest day or night. Yet to the last she would not admit that she was ill, though in her struggles to conceal her sufferings she frequently fainted.

Her private sorrows she bore in stern silence. The King was unremitting in his attentions to his mother, calling on her every evening at eight o'clock, but even he was afraid to hint to her that the end was near. The night before she died, accompanied by Queen Charlotte he anticipated his visit by an hour, pretending that he had mistaken the time. Yet even then, with the hand of death upon her, the Princess-Dowager rose and dressed to receive her son and daughter-in-law, kept them in conversation for four hours, and on parting with them said she should pass a quiet night. Towards morning it was evident to all that the end was imminent—even to herself. She asked her physician how long she had to live. He hesitated. 'No matter,' she said, 'for I have nothing to say, nothing to do, nothing to leave.' An hour later she was dead. She died the 8th of February, 1772, in the fifty-third year of her age. 'The calmness and composure of her death,' wrote Bishop Newton, her chaplain, 'were further proofs and attestations of the goodness of her life; and she died, as she had lived, beloved and lamented most by those who knew her best.'

The Princess's statement that she had nothing to leave was proved to be literally true. She had paid off the whole of her husband's debts, and she had given munificent sums in charity. More than 10,000*l.* a year were given away by her in pensions to individuals whom she judged deserving, very few of whom were aware, until her death, whence the bounty came. The whole of her income she spent in England, and very little on herself.

Few women have been more harshly judged than Augusta Princess of Wales. Insult and calumny followed her to the grave, and even in the grave they were not silenced. The pivot on which all these slanders turned (it were foolish to ignore it) was the precise nature of her friendship with Lord Bute—a matter which surely concerned no one except themselves. Her arch-maligner, Horace Walpole, has put the worst construction on this intimacy, and posterity, too idle to seek the truth for itself, has for the most part accepted his verdict. But Horace Walpole hated the Princess-Dowager because she refused to recognise the marriage of his favourite niece to her son the Duke of Gloucester, and his animus is evident. There is not a scrap of evidence to justify his evil conclusion, which, as Lord Chesterfield said, was founded on 'mere conjecture.' The whole life of the Princess, the decorum of her conduct, the ordered regularity of her household, her strict principles, the reticence of her character, and the coldness of her temperament give it the lie.

The eighteenth century with its gross pleasures and low ideals could not understand a disinterested friendship between a man and a woman, and, not understanding, condemned it. Yet everything goes to prove that the friendship which existed between Augusta

Princess of Wales and Lord Bute was of that high order of affection which eliminates all thought of self or sex. It lasted for years, it was marked by complete trust and confidence on her side, by loyalty and chivalry on his, it never wavered through good report or ill, opposition and insult only served to strengthen it, and it was broken only by death. There must have been something very noble in the woman who won such allegiance and in the man who rendered it.

W. H. WILKINS.



## THE NONCONFORMIST UPRISING

THERE are no signs of any abatement in the passionate earnestness with which the controversy that has gathered round the education policy of the Government is being waged. When last I wrote in this Review there were rumours of compromise, but all these came to nothing, and the Bishops, adopting a policy which they may yet live to regret, succeeded in making the Bill even more offensive than it was when it left the House of Commons. Nonconformists were then assured that the Act would be worked in a more equitable, not to say conciliatory, spirit, but, up to this point, the hopes thus awakened have hardly been fulfilled. So the opposition not only continues, but is growing both in intensity and extent. Whether the form which it has taken is defensible either on its religious or political side is not a question that can be discussed with any advantage at the present time. It is a fact, and as a fact has to be dealt with. Abstract discussions on the principles which lie behind the burning questions of the hour may be interesting, but they are of no immediate use. The fire has to be put out, and discussions as to its causes may, nay, must be postponed until it is extinguished. The column headed 'Passive Resistance' in our daily papers cannot be pleasant reading either for the Christian or the patriot. The first duty of the moment is to devise some way of ending what is little less than a scandal.

In order to do this, it is essential that the case of the Free Churches and their sympathisers be understood, and it may even be impossible to avoid some examination of its merits, if for no other reason, because the best way to an impartial and enduring arrangement is through a dispassionate endeavour to understand the real issue. To go beyond this in the hope that men who are profoundly in earnest will be convinced by mere platitudes of bigotry is only to widen the breach and to embitter the feeling on both sides. I have carefully read the criticisms of 'Passive Resistance' which have appeared in the columns of the *Times*, and I can only say that if any influence could have made me a passive resister it would have been these strictures. Especially have I felt this when these missives of intolerance—to use no harsher term—came from

country parsonages, and revealed an utter inability to comprehend the position of those who do not accept the parish priest as an infallible authority.

I ask the indulgence of your readers for an attempt to put before them the case of these irreconcilable opponents of the Education Act. I may be better able to take an impartial view in that I am as irreconcilable as the most pronounced of the 'Passive resisters' and yet I have from the first suggestion of this particular policy distinctly opposed it. I hold precisely the same view to-day, only in a much stronger form. I sympathise with the sentiment to which it owes its birth. I can see very much in the action of the Government and of the Bishops which explains the attitude of these 'resisters.' I resent the unfairness with which they have been assailed, and sometimes bullied, by their judges. I can only smile at the failure of Mr. Balfour even to understand men of such settled convictions, much more to answer them; but, despite all this, I remain unconvinced that this particular form of resistance is sound in principle or will be found effective in its results. Even if it could be shown that it was a powerful weapon, I should still hesitate long before employing it in a democratic community like ours.

When, indeed, individuals say that their conscience will not allow them to pay the rate I have nothing more to say. Nothing is more easy than to sneer at the Nonconformist conscience, but nothing is less convincing. There is nothing so alluring in the prospect of a restraint upon a man's property, with the certainty that in the process there must be considerable pecuniary loss, that anyone should invent some imaginary authority of conscience to justify him in indulging in such a luxury. The man who submits to all the indignity and loss involved in an appearance in the dock, probably to meet with a rude rebuff from a magistrate, followed by a seizure of his goods, and gives as a reason for this 'voluntary humiliation' that necessity is laid upon him by his conscience, is entitled to my respect—he has more, for I give my hearty sympathy. But I am bound to add that it is not politics. Such action belongs to a sphere where party politics can only be regarded as a profane intruder.

A critic may pooh-pooh such a plea. It is very hard for anyone to understand the working of another's conscience. It is not to be supposed that the Sanhedrim appreciated the inner force which constrained Peter and John to set their authority at defiance because they must serve God rather than man. The priests believed themselves to be the servants of God and these witnesses for conscience to be nothing better than rebels. Posterity has reversed the judgment, like many other similar ones. The lesson for us is to respect the conscience of men and not to lay upon them burdens they are not able to bear. By no force has the power of the tyrant been so often and so successfully resisted. Not only the story of English

Nonconformity but the story of Christianity itself is full of illustrations of the truth. It was cradled in lawlessness if by lawlessness is meant a resolve to obey God rather than man, and its grandest heroes from the Apostles downwards have been men who have hazarded their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus. The story has been repeated from age to age. 'The fathers slew the prophets, the children build their tombs.'

It does not follow that all who set up the authority of conscience on behalf of some fancy of their own are therefore to be at once elevated to the rank of heroes. But, warned by the mistakes of the past, it is surely wise, in dealing with men who assert the supremacy of conscience, and are prepared to suffer for it, honestly to endeavour to understand what they mean. There may be much in their style of controversy which provokes either indignation or ridicule, and especially may appeals in such matters to the memory of the martyred dead sound like mock-heroics, but it is the course of wisdom so to study them as to learn what has stirred them to this extraordinary display of passionate zeal.

The men who have entered on this policy are not given to adopt courses so extreme. They love to live peaceably with all men, and belong, in fact, to that steady, patient, law-abiding class which is so strong a stratum in English society. It is true they, for the most part, go to chapel, but I have yet to learn that Dissenters who worship in chapels are less loyal or less useful citizens than the adherents of the Established Church. They are, for the most part, politicians, and of the Liberal party; but here comes in a notable fact, that among the most resolute of them are some pronounced Unionists. I have heard of one, a man of some mark, who told the Free Church Council to which he belonged, and in which he had been contending stoutly for passive resistance, that it must clearly understand that at the next election his vote would be given to the Unionist all the same. Action of this kind is hardly intelligible, but at least it shows the intensity of the feeling which inspires this resistance, and cannot be sneered at as a piece of impenitent Radicalism. It may be extravagant, perhaps even absurd, to talk about it in grandiloquent terms as though it were a revival of the spirit of Hampden or of Bunyan, but it is a genuine protest against a real or supposed invasion of the rights of conscience, and as such worthy of being impartially studied.

It must be added that there are many Nonconformists who, like myself, do not adopt this policy, who yet are equally pronounced in their opposition to the Education Acts of the last two years. Remembering the peculiar circumstances under which the Parliament was elected, they regard such legislation as morally, if not legally, unconstitutional. Hence, while they refuse to take action which to them appears unconstitutional in resistance, they are at one with their

brethren in uncompromising hostility. 'We will never submit' was not the utterance of passive resisters only, but of the entire Free Church Council. Personally I sought to have that strong expression modified lest it should seem to sanction a policy I could not approve, but to-day I am glad that it was retained in its uncompromising resistance. It is well the country should know that to this act of tyranny the Nonconformists will never submit. There are two different plans of resistance, but there is perfect agreement in the feeling, to which Lord Rosebery has given such emphatic expression, that if Nonconformists were to fail now, they would cease to be a political force in the nation.

We are often told that the position of Nonconformists under the new Act is not worse than under the previous one, and indeed that their opposition is due to some strange casuistry which makes them object to the payment of rates whereas they willingly consent to the payment of taxes. Possibly there have been speeches which give some countenance to this view. Great agitations invariably call out some who speak unadvisedly with their lips. It has always seemed to me a mistake not to recognise that the very introduction of the lay element into the government of the non-provided schools must be a distinct gain. These schools will of course remain Church schools, but they will cease to be parsons' schools, and this is wholly to the good. Where, then, it may be asked, is the dissenting grievance which awakens to-day an opposition which, to say the least, has been slumbering during the last thirty years? The answer is so obvious that the wonder only is that the question is so persistently put. Hitherto a certain proportion of the cost of these schools has been borne by Churchmen themselves, and Nonconformists have been content to regard that as fairly providing for the sectarian teaching that was given. They did not regard the arrangement as wise or salutary. But they acquiesced considering that they had no responsibility whatever for the denominational teaching that was given. The new Act has altered all the conditions. The State now assumes all the responsibility for the support of these schools. The last vestige of voluntary support is swept away, and they become in every sense part of the National School system. The burden of their support is thrown upon the public funds. Only in the matter of control and of their religious teaching do they retain anything of their private character. We are told indeed that Churchmen provide their own school buildings, and that this may be regarded as an equivalent for the special privileges which they enjoy. But before the force of this plea can be estimated we must have something very different from the wild statements that have been prevalent on the point. For example, it is necessary at the very beginning to set forth distinctly how much of the cost of these buildings has been met by State grants, and how much by voluntary contributions. When this

has been fairly ascertained it will be time enough to consider how the reasonable claims of Churchmen are to be met. In the meantime Nonconformists are fully justified in objecting to the new form which these institutions have assumed. They are to be supported out of public funds. But they constitute a privileged class of schools under private managers, and their chief teachers have to belong to a particular Church and to give instruction in its principles and doctrines. It is this which has stirred the indignation of Nonconformists. They conscientiously object to pay for the support of schools staffed by Anglican teachers and employed in the dissemination of Anglican doctrines.

The trend of opinion and sentiment in the Established Church, or perhaps I should rather say in a section of its clergy, has intensified the feeling to an extent which outsiders find it difficult to understand. Here, indeed, is one of the distinctive features of the situation. Even liberal-minded men find it so hard to comprehend the strong feeling shown in regard to points which, in their view, belong to the infinitely little, that if they do not doubt its sincerity they regard it as a species of religious hysteria which politicians may properly disregard. Especially is this the case with educational experts, those extremely superior persons who pride themselves on their freedom from the vulgar prejudices which they assume to be at the root of the sectarian wrangles which are hindering the efficiency of our school system. The result of this misunderstanding is simply further delay with fresh complications. Possibly the Nonconformist objectors may adopt a rhetorical style of expression which to those who have not the faintest sympathy with their opposition may appear simply ludicrous. If so, they are not the first who have done so, and they will not be the last. As I write there lies before me a paper with the following paragraph: '—— said he absolutely refused to pay on legal and religious grounds. It was an unconstitutional Act; and therefore the rate was illegal. In the memory of Oliver Cromwell and John Bunyan he refused to pay. (Laughter.)' Now no one can be surprised at the 'laughter,' and still less at the cry of the Chairman of the Bench, 'Here, here, stop,' with a renewed burst of laughter. Appeals to such memories sound very different when used in a quiet address to an unsympathetic magistrate and when introduced in a perfervid oration to an excited public meeting already prejudiced in the speaker's favour. But however hysterical this style of speech may appear to those who do not share its fundamental principles, nothing can well be more unwise than to ignore its serious aspect and to meet it with ridicule. These men are not only sincere, but numbers of them are among the most useful members of the community, exercising an influence whose value would be recognised even by their keenest critics, and doing an amount of spade-work in the broad field of philanthropy which it would not be easy to over-

estimate. To mete out to them and their objections such treatment as they have received in many of the courts to which they have been summoned is bad policy and worse religion. It would certainly have been more politic as well as more constitutional to consider whether it might not be possible to reconcile this important section of the most law-abiding citizens in the country to the law to which, at present, they feel compelled to offer passive resistance.

Be it remembered that this outburst of fiery opposition is not a mere gratuitous display of unreasoning hostility to the Established Church. For thirty years the Free Churches of England have quietly submitted to an arrangement which practically left thousands of the schools under the absolute sway of the clergy. There were thus vast districts of the country, and those the districts least open to the free play of public opinion, in which Nonconformist children were forced into the ranks of the pupils, while Nonconformist teachers were just as resolutely kept out of these favoured preserves of sectarianism. But even this did not satisfy the clergy and their friends. During almost the whole of the period in question there have been continual attempts to secure better terms for those already so highly privileged. At length came the period for decided action. Lord George Hamilton in a well-known speech cheered the hearts of his followers by the announcement that the Government would look to their friends. Where were friends who had shown themselves more devoted than the clergy? Hence, when the Unionist reaction came they, not unreasonably from their standpoint, expected to have their services recognised. The story of the proceedings is hardly one which redounds to the credit either of the Ministry or of their supporters. A large majority was secured on the khaki issue, and it has been unscrupulously used for the endowment of the Established Church. The air of saintly innocence with which some clerical defenders assure Nonconformists that they are really in a much better position under the new Act than under the old one is not creditable to their own candour and is insulting to the intelligence of those whom they address. The whole character of our educational apparatus has been changed, and changed in a manner as unfavourable to constitutional liberty as to religious equality. School boards were institutions in which Nonconformists had taken a deep interest and in which in many of the large towns they had achieved conspicuous success. They have been ruthlessly swept away, and henceforth the work of education in our large towns and cities is entrusted to committees chosen by County Councils; Mr. Balfour showing here the same dislike of popular control as characterises his administration in the House of Commons. Can it be thought wonderful that Nonconformists have been goaded into resistance by a policy so high-handed and so determined? We have heard enough of the intolerable strain put

upon the supporters of the voluntary schools. The strain of clerical intolerance and Tory partiality has become still more intolerable.

The widespread hostility which the Acts have evoked has surprised even those who are in sympathy with it, but it is perhaps after all only the natural expression of the pent-up feelings of years. It must not be forgotten that the Free Churches have been developing their strength in a very remarkable degree during the last few years. The generation which had grown up under the nagging persecutions which were ended by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, but the effects of which were felt at least half a century later, has passed away, and has been succeeded by another generation trained in a freer atmosphere and with a fuller consciousness of its power and consequent responsibility. Its leaders feel that they have rights, and they are determined to assert them. For my own part, I can only wish that this point had been made more clear in the discussions of the last two years. We have, I venture to think, heard too much of resistance to Popery—so much indeed that we have at last a speaker in one of the pending election contests (a clergyman of the Church of England, be it noted) talking as though the contest were one between Rome and Protestantism. It is nothing of the kind. Tractarianism has made the teaching and still more the atmosphere of many Anglican schools much more distasteful to us, but if all this were changed our objection would remain. But to me it seems that the case of the opponent is made infinitely stronger when he insists that, in the present divided state of religious opinion, justice requires that the schools which are supported by the contributions of the whole nation should not be used in the interest of any one of the sections into which it is divided. Our objections are based not on any sectarian prejudices, but simply on the broad basis of the common rights of conscience.

This is surely the point on which the strength of the Free Church opposition should have been concentrated. Especially is this necessary if a case is to be made out for passive resistance. I must confess that I have never been able to find an answer to the contention of the High Anglican when he tells me that his conscience is as much aggrieved by our undenominational teaching as that of the Dissenter is by his denominationalism. At all events, it is but a question of degree. To me and a multitude of others who share my views, they are both objectionable. Of course, much depends on the interpretation of a word which adds to all its other offences that of ambiguity—undenominationalism. As I was worshipping at one of our churches lately, I was very much carried away by the singing of the *Te Deum*. It was very heartily sung, and as I joined in its strains the thought came across my mind: If we honestly desire an undenominational formula, have we not got it here? This glorious hymn has come down to us from the pre-Reformation times—it is

sung to-day by Catholic and Protestant alike—in form it is a hymn, but in essence it is a creed which contains the ‘faith once delivered to the saints’—it is the exclusive property of no Church—it is the broad and wealthy land which belongs to all alike. But then came the other thought: In this nation are numbers who do not believe in these truths, and they have a claim to consideration equal to that which we claim for ourselves. If we are to deal in perfect equity with all classes, we cannot teach even these truths at the national expense.

We have, then, to seek elsewhere for a solution. That seems to lie in the distinct separation of the secular from the religious element in the teaching of our primary schools. From the first I have seen no other way of coping with all the difficulties of the situation, and I hold that view more strongly to-day than ever. Curiously enough, I find in the *Westminster Gazette* a statement of the popular objection coming from its own correspondent at the recent Trades Union Congress:

It is curious how delegate after delegate said his vote was given for secular education ‘simply as the only way out of the present difficulty.’ It is the logical way out, no doubt; either every religion must be taught by the State or none should be; but, all the same, it is difficult to think of the English people as deliberately secularising their schools. To do so would be to say, in effect, that however it may be with individuals, the State has nothing to do with righteousness, and to inflict an intolerable injustice on those who believe, as a Romanist delegate remarked to me, that ‘to bring up a child without religion is to ignore one-half of its life’; and it is not very much to the purpose to talk about being logical.

There are several questions which one would like to put to a gentleman who thus lightly dismisses logic as having little to do with these matters. The plain fact is, for the last thirty years we have ignored logic. But at length it has asserted itself, and we are left with the *disjecta membra* of what at one time promised to be a stable system which might have become one of the permanent institutions of the country, and one of the most useful of them all, but for the element of weakness introduced by its contempt of logic. It would not be of any advantage to inquire where the responsibility for this lay—with Churchmen or Dissenters or with the Minister by whom the Act was shaped. There is no excessive stretch of charity in the belief that all were alike sincere, as certainly all were equally mistaken in the belief that they had laid the foundations of a permanent settlement. It is not safe to defy logic—that is to run counter to fact, which has a remarkable capacity for re-asserting itself often at the most inconvenient season and in the most awkward fashion. That is precisely what has occurred at the present time. The High Anglican party, represented by Lord Hugh Cecil (whose figure of a model school with a door leading direct into the church sufficiently indicates his ideal), thought that its time was come for action and put forth demands which a few years ago would have been scouted



as preposterous. If they are to be successfully resisted it can only be by an appeal to that very logic which is often so scornfully dismissed as though it may be good for Americans or Germans, or creatures of another sphere, but is unworthy the notice of practical Britons.

Let me submit to the test of logic the undenominational compromise. I start with the admission that it would be a scandal to our common Christianity if the different Churches which represent it cannot find a very wide basis of common truth on which they are agreed. Surely we have not strayed so far from the Apostolic teaching as to have forgotten that there is 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all.' But, if not, there ought to be no difficulty in finding a very large body of truth in which men of all Churches would desire that the children in our schools should be trained. But when we have reached this point, we have only begun to face the real difficulty of the situation. Beyond the question as to what shall be taught is the further one as to who is to teach it. It seems a very short and simple way of settling the matter to suggest that Biblical lessons should be given with explanations (not doctrinal) by the teachers. But surely it must be seen that here we are in the face of another and perhaps even more serious problem. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Who are these teachers on whom this absolute reliance is to be placed? What guarantee is there for their reverence for the authority of the Scripture or even for their faith in the God whom they reveal? Surely this religious teaching is not a mere fetish, and if it is to be a reality there must be some guarantee that the teachers are themselves believers. In other words, if this idea is to be embodied in practice we must introduce into our primary schools those tests which after long and arduous struggle we have abolished in our Universities.

From this conclusion I cannot myself see any escape. It is not sufficient to say that the Bible is the most wonderful piece of literature in the language—a little library in itself—and that the exclusion of such a classic would be an offence against education. True; but, in all honesty, can it be maintained that the literary use of the Bible would be accepted as satisfying the demand for religious teaching? It is prejudging the question entirely to assert that the reading of the Bible must necessarily be forbidden in schools which are restricted to secular instruction only. That point would demand very careful consideration, and it is hardly fair to prejudice the general question by insisting that it can only be determined in one particular way.

That there is a very strong feeling against secularising the schools cannot be denied, and in that fact all Christian men should rejoice. But a sentiment even as right as this must not be allowed

to override all other considerations. After all, the province of the head of a day-school is limited. It is absurd to talk as though the entire bringing-up of the child was committed to him. No such responsibility is imposed upon the teachers in other sections of society, and there is no reason why it should be different in the case of these primary schools. It is not easy indeed to see how an intelligent Free Churchman can reconcile the assumption of any such functions by the State with his own distinctive principles. The argument against a State Church may be stronger than that against a State Church school, but in essence it is the same. There are elements in the case of the former which do not exist in the latter, but they are both based on the fundamental distinction laid down by our Lord: Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Possibly if those who are so shocked by the idea of secularism in the schools would carefully examine the position of some of us who advocate it, they might at last comprehend that if we err it is not from any failure to appreciate the transcendent importance of the religious instruction. But, apart from all other considerations, we have an unalterable conviction that a man's religious belief or want of it should not be a barrier to his admission into any branch of the civil service of the nation.

In one form or other, however, this objection crops up in every scheme for religious teaching. In truth it is not easy to see how any scheme can be free from it. It is one of the most serious blots on the new Education Act, and none of the apologies for it have met the case. It is said that the new Acts make the position of the Nonconformist teacher better than it was before. Hitherto the most promising Nonconformist pupil in a Church school has been denied admission even to the lowest grades of the teaching staff—now he may be graciously allowed to take the first step, but before he can ascend higher he must conform. Is it surprising that Dissenters are not captivated by this amazing offer? It would hardly be surprising if they were to regard it as an ingenious plan for alluring from their ranks some of their most promising children. At all events the grievance is there. In thousands of schools for which the nation provides, one half of the nation is excluded from all the valuable positions on the teaching staff. The marvel is to me how any fair-minded Christian men—such as many both of the bishops and clergy undoubtedly are—can regard this state of things with approval. Is it not possible for them to put themselves in the place of their Dissenting neighbours at least to such an extent as would lead them to abstain from the taunting inquiry, What have Dissenters to complain of?

But the righteous indignation with which we regard this wrong to our own co-religionists should make us equally sensitive as to the

possibility of inflicting any similar injustice on teachers whose attitude to the Gospel may be a distress to us. If it be allowed to have weight, however, how are we to satisfy the sentiment which protests against secularising the schools? In answering this question it is important that we recognise at the outset that no party can reasonably expect to have its own ideal realised. Of course in free communities the majority has a right to rule, but if that majority be wisely guided it will always recognise that there are limitations to its power. Especially is this the case where numbers are so evenly balanced that a very slight transfer would turn a minority into a majority. In the present case, too, it must be remembered that there is a very considerable section who regard all these sectarian differences with contempt, and who, nevertheless, have a kind of secret desire that there should be some regard shown to religion in the schools. The problem is how, under these conditions, to devise a system which shall be efficient and shall satisfy the reasonable expectations of a majority, without putting any strain on the individual conscience.

It is hard to believe that the resources of our statesmanship are so far exhausted that it is unable to suggest any satisfactory solution. But, unfortunately, our politicians are so hampered by the interests of party that they cannot give fair play to their own intelligence. It is not wonderful that sectarian disputes are a thing abhorred by them all, and perhaps especially by Liberal politicians. But for leaders to indulge such a feeling would be impolitic in the last degree. The experience of centuries should have been sufficient to show the impossibility of ignoring some of the strongest forces with which they have to deal. To ignore them really means submission to the old ideas of ecclesiastical privilege. This has been the case with our own education controversy. The habit of concession to the State Church which has been manifest from the first goes far to explain the uprising of Nonconformity at the present time. Our past forbearance has been abused until at length the limits of Nonconformist endurance seem to have been reached. It is simply idle to suppose that Nonconformist Liberals will ever again acquiesce in any settlement which violates the primary rights of conscience.

It may be a discredit to the Christianity of this twentieth century that we do not devise some common basis of religious instruction. Even that, as I have shown, would not end all the difficulties. But there has been no indication of any desire to find a common basis of this kind, and we are confronted to-day with the old problem as it met Mr. Forster more than thirty years ago. During the autumnal Session of last year there were many floating rumours of possible compromise. But instead of compromise we had on the contrary that extraordinary movement of the bishops in the House of Lords which was so well described by one of their own number as

a mere game of grab. This spirit of sectarian ascendancy is the root of the entire difficulty. This protracted sectarian strife is the more to be regretted because it is hard to see what great advantage any Church is to gain from the command of the schools. It is not to be denied that the Anglican Church has during the last half-century entered into the work of popular education with great zeal, energy, and liberality. But what sectarian advantage she has reaped from the generous and devoted efforts of her sons it is not easy to discover. As for Nonconformists, they have not sought to introduce any of their special Church teachings into the schools. Their contention has everywhere been for such teaching as is common to all Christian Churches, and the only return they have had is to be scornfully told that that is their religion, as though they had no Church principles of their own. The teaching of events has indeed brought numbers who shrank originally from the conclusion to the belief that the only eirenicon which has any chance of success must be one in which the secular shall be separated from the religious element in the teaching, the former being undertaken by the State, the latter being the exclusive work of the Churches.

There is at all events a distinct difference between this and what may be regarded as a purely secular system. It cannot be said that the schools are secularised when opportunities are provided for religious instruction. It is not proposed that this instruction should be a mere accidental arrangement, but that it should be a distinct part of the school curriculum. It would be very easy to raise difficulties as to the method. But I cannot see that any of these need be serious hindrances provided there is an honest attempt on both sides to arrive at an equitable settlement. This is never likely to be secured if there is an endeavour on either side to overbear the other by mere force of numbers. Happily there are both Churchmen and Dissenters who are more anxious to see the knotty problems of national education settled on broad Christian principles and in the general interests of the nation than to secure any party triumph. With this feeling prevalent on both sides, questions of detail which at first present great difficulties will cease to trouble. My friend Dr. Horton has already submitted a scheme which, to say the least, might form a basis of discussion. In truth, there would be no insuperable obstacles if it was remembered on all sides that a permanent settlement must harmonise the views of all, and not assert the will of any single section.

One thing at all events seems perfectly clear. The whole tone of the Nonconformist agitation is suggestive of a resolute purpose which will not easily be quelled. It has gone far beyond the sturdy determination which led to the Nonconformist revolt of 1872, which cost the Liberal party so much at the Election of 1874. There is a deep-rooted and intense dissatisfaction with the conduct of the

Liberal Front Bench with the exception of Mr. Bryce and in a lesser degree of Mr. Asquith, one sign of which is the determination to have a larger representation of Nonconformity in Parliament. It is safe to assume that a good deal of the excitement of the time will pass away. But it would be rash and dangerous to prophesy smooth things as to the relations between the Nonconformists and the Liberal party. There is no reason indeed to apprehend that Nonconformists will introduce a new element of division into Liberal ranks. The conditions are so entirely different from those of the Irish Nationalists or Labour leaders that Nonconformists may safely be trusted not to imitate the tactics of either. But they are determined that questions of religious equality shall not be regarded in the future as they have been too often in the past, to use a graphic Americanism, as 'back numbers.' Free Churchmen have been selected for a special display of vindictiveness on the part of the Tory Government, and in the hour of their trial their friends rendered but scant assistance. The story of the last two years abundantly justifies them in a wise determination to discipline their forces to the utmost. They have no private ends to serve, and they believe that the determined assertion of their own principles is the best service they can render to Liberalism itself. They cannot help being Liberals, for Liberalism is in their blood. They are interested in all the questions which affect the general well-being of the nation, and have again and again been content that their own particular questions should be postponed when this seemed necessary in the cause of progress. But there is a widespread conviction that they have reached a point at which this kind of generous tolerance shall cease. They believe that the new Education Act, while specially injurious to them, is also a serious blow to some great principles of national policy. They have a right to demand that an Act so offensive shall be repealed, and they will never abandon their position until they have secured the recognition of the two grand principles which it violates, popular control over all institutions which are supported out of national funds, and the equality of all creeds in the educational as in other branches of the civil service.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

## LAST MONTH

## THE CRISIS

THE crisis in the Ministry which has been in sight ever since Mr. Chamberlain launched his policy of food taxation and preferential tariffs has come rather sooner than was expected. Looking back, however, the surprising thing is that it did not come sooner still. Ever since last May the position of the Government has been both insecure and undignified. When the most prominent man in it saw fit—so far as appears without any previous consultation with his colleagues—to promulgate a new and startling policy to which many of those colleagues were strongly opposed, when Ministers were seen delivering speeches in acute antagonism from the same bench, and when rival organisations were formed under the leadership of members of the Cabinet for the purpose of advancing or opposing the new policy, it seemed clear to everybody but the parties chiefly concerned that the power for good of the Ministry had come to an end, and that if it was still to live it could only be in a crippled and helpless condition. If last May Mr. Balfour, instead of taking up once more the attitude of the 'mere child,' had spoken his own mind, boldly and firmly, as we expect Prime Ministers to speak when grave questions of policy are raised and a crisis is imminent, then, though the inevitable split in the Cabinet would have taken place sooner than it did, both his own position and that of his colleagues would have been distinctly better than it now is. He would have been clear from the reproach which is now so freely urged against him by many of his own friends of being a 'wobbler,' without backbone or settled convictions of any kind, and Mr. Chamberlain on the one hand, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Ritchie on the other, would have been left unfettered to advocate their respective policies in their own way. This course did not commend itself, however, to the Prime Minister. He sought at all costs and hazards to keep the Ministry together and to find some compromise which would enable bread-taxers and free-traders to sit in peace on the same bench. It must be said that in this policy of patching-up he seems to have had the support of his colleagues.

They agreed to the proposed inquiry into the results of the fiscal legislation of the last sixty years, and in the meantime they were on the whole successful in maintaining a truce which prevented any repetition of the somewhat flagrant scandal of last May.

It was understood that the inquiry would be completed by the end of September, and that the 'fateful Cabinet' which was to determine so many things would not be held till then. But for some unexplained reason the actual meeting, or rather meetings, of the Cabinet took place a fortnight earlier, and the crash in the ranks of the Ministry followed with startling suddenness. All intelligent spectators had known from the first that when Ministers had been brought face to face with the results of the inquiry they had instituted, and had to decide their own course, some resignations at least must take place. But what nobody had anticipated was that men holding directly opposite opinions on the fiscal question would retire simultaneously, and that Mr. Chamberlain, the proposer of a tax upon food, would resign at the same moment as Mr. Ritchie, the avowed and uncompromising free-trader. Not for many years has so dramatic a surprise startled the world as that which was caused by the announcement on September the 18th, that the Colonial Secretary had thrown up his office and gone out into the wilderness with Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton. Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded during his eight years of office as Minister for the Colonies in impressing the imagination not only of the British people but of the whole civilised world. For good or for evil he had made himself the most conspicuous figure in the Administration. At almost every turn when the attention of the world was drawn to this country it was Mr. Chamberlain who appeared to be playing the leading part. Foreigners might hate him—as many of them did—but at least they could not ignore him. For the most part they entertained towards him the kind of feeling which prevailed in the smaller German States with regard to Lord Palmerston some fifty years ago. At home, though opinion has always been sharply divided concerning both his character and his policy, there can be no question as to his having been for some years past the one outstanding politician of the day. Even his strange, and to many of us unaccountable, manner of bringing forward the new fiscal policy for which he has made himself responsible has not broken altogether the authority which he seemed to exercise over more than one half of the public. It is not strange in these circumstances that his sudden and unexpected resignation of office was nothing less than the explosion of a bombshell in the political world.

The sequence of events which led up to this startling incident may be very briefly recorded. After the prorogation of Parliament a lull was allowed to take place, so far as the speeches of politicians were concerned; but the fight was hotly maintained by leaflet and

pamphlet issued from the four great laboratories which had been brought into existence for the circulation of controversial literature on the subject. The arrangements that were made by various politicians for the autumn campaign all pointed to the conclusion that nothing would be done until after the close of September. Mr. Balfour was to be the first to open the ball, and was to be followed at short intervals by Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Asquith, and others, whilst Mr. Chamberlain was to carry on a miniature campaign of his own. All these arrangements, it appears, still hold good, though the conditions of the speech-making tournament have been completely changed. During the early portion of the month the promised returns produced by the Board of Trade as their contribution to the inquiry were duly published. It cannot be said that they afforded much comfort to the advocates of a new fiscal policy. They showed that our trade was maintained, and was, in some of its most important branches, more prosperous than ever; that our wealth was increasing, and that our skilled artisans were far better off than those of any other country in Europe. It was clear that official statistics at least were not favourable to Mr. Chamberlain's ideas. Nor did the opinion of the country, as revealed at the by-elections, prove more favourable. Argyllshire returned a Liberal candidate, Mr. Ainsworth, to replace a member of the Unionist Party, and returned him by an overwhelming majority. By general consent, the tariff question was the leading factor in this fight, the Education and Crofter questions coming next to it in importance. The significance of this emphatic condemnation of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals by such a constituency as Argyllshire is not to be disputed. The St. Andrews Burghs had also to elect a member during the month; and here also a Liberal who was a strong opponent of the new policy was returned in place of Mr. Anstruther, the late Unionist Whip. The majority, it is true, was narrow, and the turnover of votes small; but still a seat was won by the Opposition, and further proof afforded of the trend of public opinion in the country. All over England meetings were held, including one of the Trade Union Congress, at which resolutions were passed decisively condemning the Chamberlain programme; and, so far as I have been able to observe, not a single meeting of working men pronounced in its favour.

The 'fateful' Cabinets, as has already been told, were held on Monday and Tuesday, the 14th and 15th of September. They excited great public interest, and it was noticeable that Mr. Chamberlain, on entering the Foreign Office to attend the first meeting, was greeted by a portion of the crowd that had assembled. The incident was not creditable to those concerned in it; but it was significant as a proof of the changed state of feeling which confronted the Colonial Secretary. When the second Cabinet broke up, although rumour



was as busy as usual, there was no sign of what had actually happened, and those who looked merely at the surface of things came to the conclusion that the crisis had somehow or other been averted, and that the truce was to continue, at all events for a few weeks longer. On the following day, the 16th of September, a remarkable, if not unexampled, incident occurred. This was the publication of a pamphlet by Mr. Balfour on the subject of *Insular Free Trade*. The Prime Minister apparently desired to open up a discussion among his fellow-countrymen, not on the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain of preferential tariffs and a tax on food, but on the subject of retaliatory tariffs to be applied in case of necessity against those countries which refused to treat the Empire justly in fiscal treaties. Mr. Balfour's argument was ingenious and adroit, and set forth forcibly the disadvantages under which Great Britain labours at present through having nothing to give in exchange for concessions from other countries. It undoubtedly touched the sore point in the minds of many Englishmen on the subject of our commercial relations with foreigners. But Mr. Balfour made no attempt to draw any definite conclusions or to state his policy in detail. His plea was very much 'in the air,' and whilst it raised an important subject for debate, it left it in a state of vague uncertainty. This did not prevent the free traders from denouncing it as a covert argument in favour of protection. Its author, it is true, hardly touched upon Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, but it was pointed out that he said nothing that was in actual contradiction to them, and by the general public this curious academic effort was regarded as a last despairing attempt on the part of the Prime Minister to rally his party on a new line, which, without being objectionable to the Colonial Secretary, might conceivably unite in support of the Ministry all but the most determined adherents of a free trade policy. Perhaps it should be noted in passing, as the pamphlet itself was a notable departure from precedent, that its author showed a curious lack of worldly wisdom in the manner in which he issued it to the public. It was an address to the people of the United Kingdom, coming from the First Minister of the Crown, and one would have thought that he would desire to obtain for it the widest possible circulation. But it was published at the price of a shilling, and the newspapers were forbidden to extract more than a thousand words from it. The incident is a small one in itself, but it betokens a curious ignorance on the part of the Prime Minister as to the best means of enlightening and stimulating public opinion on the question of the moment.

For two days the pamphlet held the field, being widely sold and discussed; but on Friday, the 18th, the thunderbolt fell, and the nation was stirred to its depths by the announcement of the Ministerial resignations. I have spoken already of the case of Mr. Chamberlain, and of the profound impression which was made

all over the world by his retirement from office. Mr. Ritchie's resignation was, of course, a different matter. He had from the first declared his adhesion to free trade in such clear and unmistakable language that it was difficult to believe that he could remain in the Cabinet unless it continued to uphold the free trade standard. There was no surprise, therefore, felt at his retirement. Lord George Hamilton's resignation was also almost a foregone conclusion, and one that had been freely discounted by public rumour. It also was hardly in the nature of a surprise. Since then Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Secretary for Scotland, and Mr. Arthur D. Elliot, the Secretary to the Treasury, have followed Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton into retirement. They also had made their position on the tariff question clear, and they have had the courage and honesty to act up to their convictions. The remainder of the Cabinet must, with one exception, be regarded as men who have deliberately broken with the traditions of free trade, and who are prepared to join Mr. Balfour in his attempt to restore protection. The exception is the Duke of Devonshire, whose case has excited the greatest amount of popular curiosity. The Duke is known to be a thorough-going free trader, and he has not allowed his friends or the country to remain in ignorance of his dislike of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. For the present, however, he has made no sign, and at this moment he still holds office in a Cabinet with whose policy he can hardly be in agreement. Perhaps it was the bewilderment caused by the resignations that led the Press to spend more time in discussing the question of the appointment of successors to the retiring Ministers than in dealing with the consequences which such a break-up of the Cabinet was certain to have upon the future history of that body.

Mr. Chamberlain, in announcing to Mr. Balfour his determination to resign in a letter dated the 9th of September, stated his position clearly and fully. Blaming the Opposition for the manner in which it had opposed his proposal to tax food, he recognised the fact that 'serious prejudice had been created,' and that the result was that for the present, at any rate, any preferential agreement with our Colonies would be unacceptable to the majority of the constituencies. This being the case, Ministers were bound to accept the conclusion that the question of preference to the Colonies could not at present be pressed with any hope of success, although he felt that there was a very strong feeling in favour of the other branch of fiscal reform, which would give a fuller discretion to the Government in negotiating with foreign countries for freer exchange of commodities, and would enable our representatives to retaliate if no concessions were made to our just claims for greater reciprocity. Believing that Mr. Balfour shared these views, it seemed to him that he would be absolutely justified in adopting them as the policy of his Government; but,

Mr. Chamberlain added, he himself was in a different position to that of any of his colleagues, and he thought he would be justly blamed if he remained in office when so important a part of his political programme had not been accepted. Accordingly, 'with absolute loyalty to your Government and its general policy, and with no fear of embarrassing it in any way,' he thought he could best promote the cause he had at heart from outside in a perfectly independent position. Mr. Balfour's reply to this letter, the frankness and sincerity of which must be acknowledged, practically accepted Mr. Chamberlain's views, and concurred with him in thinking that the question of colonial preference should not be indissolubly bound up with the other branch of fiscal reform. Here, then, was the explanation both of Mr. Chamberlain's resignation and of the Prime Minister's pamphlet. For the present, preferential tariffs and the bread-tax are to be dropped by the Government, though Mr. Chamberlain, in his new position of independence, remains free to agitate for both. On the other hand, though Mr. Balfour has carefully refrained from committing himself, he uses language which may fairly be regarded as showing that behind the proposal for retaliatory tariffs still lurks Mr. Chamberlain's open attack upon free trade. Defeated for the moment, as he himself frankly admits, the ex-Colonial Secretary believes that the time is coming when he will win the people of England to his side, and he manifestly expects that one of his supporters in the great struggle on which he proposes to enter will be the present Prime Minister. Manifestly the battle in defence of free trade has still to be fought.

In the meantime, what of the Ministry? Robbed of its foremost member, and of some of his colleagues who were men of undoubted weight, how can it hope to continue its voyage with any prospect of success? Its loss of successive seats during the last few weeks has tended to increase the demoralisation among its followers caused by the Cabinet differences. Even if no other event of the first importance had occurred during last month to weaken it, it is impossible to see how it can profess to carry on a hopeless struggle against adverse circumstances. Yet there are some who show their hopeless inability to gauge the forces that govern the fate of Ministries and nations by suggesting that Mr. Balfour should continue to hold office for twelve months more at least, in order to enable Mr. Chamberlain to get a fair start in his fiscal agitation. It is difficult to imagine a more preposterous or unconstitutional proposition. Whatever else may be said of the present Government, it is at least certain that when it took office in 1895, and again when it appealed to the country in 1900, it was as a Government whose devotion to the principles of free trade was unimpeachable. No Minister can claim the right to cling indefinitely to office with the remnants of his Cabinet after endorsing a policy absolutely

opposed to that which he professed when he received his commission from the Sovereign. After all, the nation has its rights as well as the members of the Ministry, and, even if nothing had happened since Mr. Chamberlain's introduction of his fiscal proposals to discredit the present Government, the country would be entitled to demand that its opinion should be taken without any unreasonable delay on a question which has already broken up both the Cabinet and the Unionist Party.

But something has happened in the meantime, something so grave that it alone would justify such a demand on the part of the nation. This is the publication of the astounding report, and still more astounding evidence, of the Royal Commission on the war in South Africa. It is not easy for any intelligent Englishman to trust himself to speak calmly of these documents. We have to go back to the days of the Crimean War to find any parallel to them. But that is fifty years ago, and we all thought and hoped that the slough of despond in which England was then immersed had disappeared for ever. We know now that this was the most melancholy of delusions, and that, bad as things were in the Crimean War, they were no better in the war just ended. Nor can we labour under any doubt as to the quarter in which the brunt of responsibility for the shameful state of things brought to light by the Commission must be laid. Whatever may have been the special sins of individual Ministers, it is the Cabinet as a whole that must carry the burden of probably the most grievous record of scandalous inefficiency that has ever been produced against an English Ministry. This point does not need to be laboured. It is one of the fundamental axioms of the Constitution. No Minister or ex-Minister can hope to escape his share of the responsibility for the waste, the loss of life, the prolonged agony of the struggle in South Africa, and the damaged prestige of our country, by pointing out some scapegoat whose sacrifice is to insure the safety of his colleagues. One has only to set the Report of the Royal Commission side by side with the cool suggestion that Ministers are to be allowed to remain in office for one, two, or it may be three years to come while Mr. Chamberlain is carrying on his campaign against free trade, in order to see how incredibly preposterous this suggestion is. If there had been no fiscal question, no education question, this exposure of Ministerial incapacity—an exposure condemned as severely in the organs of the Government as in those of the Opposition—would be sufficient to justify the nation in demanding that its opinion should be heard upon the fitness of those now in power to retain their places.

It must be for military and administrative experts to deal in detail with the facts brought to light by the Royal Commission. Heaven knows they will find ample material in the recently published Blue-books to engage their attention for a long time to come. But

without going into any question of detail it is impossible to pass over these publications and the broad facts which they establish. The effect which they have produced upon public opinion, both in this country and abroad, has been very great. I do not think that I exaggerate when I say that the preponderant feeling of Englishmen on reading them is one of intense shame and mortification. Here, not in the columns of some sensational newspaper, but in an official document of unimpeachable authority, is summed up the story of the disasters which nearly shipwrecked the British Empire less than four years ago. The moral of that story is, in plain words, that the Cabinet of the day—the Cabinet still in office—was either too stupid or too careless to take even the most obvious precautions in order to insure the success of the policy which it thought fit to pursue in South Africa. The men who went to the country in 1900 declaring that every Liberal was a pro-Boer, and that no patriot was to be found outside the ranks of their own supporters, were the men who were directly—one might almost say criminally—responsible for those disasters which in the dark winter of 1899–1900 brought this country to the verge of an overwhelming catastrophe. If any one resents the strength of this statement, let him read for himself the sickening revelations of incapacity, indifference, and stupendous folly which are contained in the proceedings of the Royal Commission. It is enough to make those of us who are old enough to recall the inquiry into the Crimean War blush for shame to think that after half a century of ‘progress,’ so-called, Downing Street and Pall Mall are apparently not one whit better than they were in those days.

The salient facts brought to light in the Report are so astonishing that it is difficult to believe them. The first fact is that after the Raid, and the disgraceful ‘hushing up’ inquiry by the House of Commons when it became clear that matters were coming to a head in South Africa, Ministers, though warned again and again as to what was needed to put our possessions in a state of security, deliberately neglected to take any of the measures that were urged upon them. Later on, when war was imminent, the Cabinet refused to carry out the recommendations of the military authorities on the ground that if they did so the public would be alarmed. The second fact, even more striking in its significance, is that when war was on the point of breaking out, and our generals were actually being sent out to take command of the army to which we had to entrust the safety and honour of our Empire, no attempt was made to form a plan of campaign, and there was no sort of combination between the politicians in the Cabinet and the soldiers in Pall Mall. Is it wonderful that German critics have read this statement with amazement and derision? Apparently the French in 1870, under the leadership of the egregious Marshal Leboeuf, were in a state of complete and adequate preparation for their campaign against the

Germans compared with our condition when we went to war with the Boers. General after general was sent out to South Africa with no detailed instructions, no policy, no plan of operations. Each, seemingly, was left to go his own way, and to carry out his own ideas until the time came for him to be superseded by somebody else. It was a happy-go-lucky method with a vengeance, and the wonder is not that we suffered as we did in that dreadful winter, but that we did not suffer infinitely more.

But these facts are not the worst that are brought home to us by this Report. The Intelligence Department, which is almost the only one that emerged with credit from the earlier stages of the war, had warned Ministers long before of the strength of the enemy with which we had to deal, and of our own deficiencies, not only in the men on the field, but in the supply of stores which would certainly be required if war broke out. Incredible as it may seem, nothing was done to replenish our depleted arsenals, or to provide the most absolute necessities for an army in the field, until the moment when hostilities began. And, what is yet worse, the Report implies, if it does not state directly, that even now our position is no better than it was in the summer of 1899. The Ministry which first obtained office by the overthrow of Lord Rosebery's Administration on the cordite vote is content, even after the terrible experiences of the South African campaign, to leave the army without an adequate supply of warlike material. The situation abroad, as everybody knows, is to-day distinctly menacing. However ardently we may long for the preservation of peace, no one can tell what may happen; but, if we may believe the Report of the Commission, were we to be involved in another war to-morrow, we should once more have to witness that wild flurry in our arsenals and workshops, that reckless waste of public money, which marked our awakening to the realities of warfare in the spring of 1900. It need not be said that the evidence laid before the Commission shows that the Intelligence Department was regarded with little favour, either in Downing Street or Pall Mall. When the head of the Department asked for an adequate grant to enable it to be placed on an efficient footing, he was contemptuously given a sum of 100*l.*, with which he had to be content. One wonders what the Berlin General Staff think of that little fact. I must not pursue this subject further, though there is hardly a page of the volumes issued by the Royal Commission that will not supply additional proof of the blundering and bungling which marked the conduct of the war by the present Cabinet. What was done by the so-called Committee of National Defence before the war began, and during its earlier stages, does not appear. One is driven to the conclusion that it was never called together.

It is not surprising that these revelations have made a profound impression upon the country. They go far deeper than any question

of mere party loyalty. They strike at the very roots of the national existence. The Englishman feels a robust contempt for the Celtic hysteria which leads the men of some other nations to raise the cry of treason when their armies meet with disaster in the field. 'We are not as these others,' we exclaim; 'we know how to meet defeat with courage and composure, and do not cry for victims to be offered up upon the shrine of the country.' It is undoubtedly a valuable quality in our race. How valuable was shown when the people rose up in 1900, and came to the aid of their incompetent rulers. But if any one then had so far forgotten British traditions as to raise the cry, 'We are betrayed,' he would find in the revelations of the War Commission to-day ample justification for his action.

It is, of course, for the country to take the grave questions raised by the Report of the Royal Commission into its own hands. The indignation aroused by this terrible indictment has still further discredited an Administration which was visibly tottering to its fall before the publication of the Report, and which seems to have hardly a friend left. That its end will be hastened by the knowledge the country now possesses of the fatuous imbecility which characterised its proceedings in 1899 is certain. But the punishment of those who failed so utterly to comprehend the needs of the nation is by no means the chief end to be aimed at. That they deserve punishment, and will receive it, can hardly be doubted. It would be an insult to the intelligence of the country to think otherwise; but it is far more important to think of the future, and of the steps which must be taken to prevent any possibility of a repetition of the dismal story told by the War Commission. We know now how narrowly we escaped a disaster, the immensity of which is hardly to be estimated, in January 1900. What are we going to do to avoid similar perils for the future? That is the question which is impressed upon every citizen by this shameful story. It is one which will have to be answered, and answered in a practical fashion, if Great Britain is to hold her own in the States of the world.

Lord Rosebery is the only statesman of the first rank who has dealt seriously with this subject. He has his own record in connection with the question of our military efficiency, and it is one that is distinctly creditable to him. His attempts to call public attention to the deplorable state of army organisation were not, indeed, successful at the time when they were originally made, for the country was still under the influence of the war fever, and it did not then know the full truth as to the condition of things in Pall Mall. But, though unsuccessful in arousing popular attention, Lord Rosebery not only pointed out the extraordinary inefficiency of our military system, but showed what was the first step to be taken to remedy it. His suggestion that Lord Kitchener should be called home in order to devote his great abilities, and still greater strength

of character, to the reorganisation of our national defences, and of our system of army administration, met with little sympathy from the peddling pedants who constituted themselves his critics. The Little Englanders held him up to public scorn as a revolutionary innovator who proposed to lay violent hands upon the Ark of the Constitution. The bunglers in office were incensed at the suggestion that an outsider like Lord Kitchener, who had never been admitted to the social and political coteries who have so long made the affairs of the Army their own, could possibly make a better job of the business than Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Brodrick had done. Perhaps Lord Rosebery is too sanguine in his hope that the publication of the War Commission Report may have removed the scales from the eyes of the dull British public; but at least he has had the courage to return to the charge, and to insist once more that Lord Kitchener should be brought in to do the work for which he is so pre-eminently fitted. The ex-Liberal Premier, in his appeal to the nation, does not trouble himself about mere party recriminations. He does, indeed, make one point which it is essential that we should not forget; that is, that the burden of responsibility for the shameful state of things exposed by the War Commission rests, not upon any particular Minister, but upon the whole Cabinet. Men have been crying for the impeachment of Lord Lansdowne, but if he were to be impeached others would have to stand beside him in the dock. It is a good thing that Lord Rosebery should have made this point clear; nor can he be blamed for pointing out that the nation as a whole has made itself, in part at least, a participant in the criminal negligence of Ministers. In 1900, after the evidence which had been afforded by our disasters of the blundering incompetence of the men in office, the country gave them, as Lord Rosebery reminds us, an overwhelming vote of confidence. The nation must, therefore, take to itself some portion of the shame which overwhelms the Government. Can we hope that with this fact to prick its conscience it will try to redeem itself by insisting that the steps needed to safeguard our interests and our honour shall be forthwith taken? Students of history know how, from time to time, tornadoes of popular indignation suddenly arise and rage around a Ministry which has failed in its duty, but they know also how quickly these storms subside, and with what placid indifference a stupid people, having given one wild cry of anger, allow matters to fall back into the old rut, and the reins to remain in the hands of the old bunglers. Is this to be the case to-day? It is highly improbable, of course, that the present Government will be permitted to retain the powers which it has so grossly misused; but will the country insist that its new rulers shall be men who will devote themselves with all their energies to that work of administrative reform which is infinitely more necessary and more pressing than the ordinary programmes of



either Party? Upon one point Lord Rosebery's letter has made the position clear. If it should be his lot again to direct the affairs of the State, one of his first acts will be to recall Lord Kitchener from India, and to set him to that task of army reorganisation which it seems almost hopeless to attempt without the aid of his powerful personality. If, on the other hand, the enemies of Lord Rosebery in the Liberal ranks should succeed in their unceasing intrigues against him, have we any reason to believe that Lord Spencer or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will have the courage to take this course? It is a grave question—not less grave than that of our future fiscal policy—and upon the answer to it must depend to a large extent the future status of Great Britain in the commonwealth of nations.

I have discussed the situation as it affects the Cabinet and political parties in this country. There is, however, another factor that cannot be left out of consideration. That is the possible action of the King. His Majesty, as has been pointed out more than once in these pages, has shown that within the limits of our Constitution he is resolved to make full use of the powers which the Crown possesses with regard to public affairs. No part evidently could be more distasteful to him than that of a mere King Log. In the double crisis that we have now to face, caused by the secessions from the Cabinet and the exposure of Ministerial incompetence contained in the Report and evidence of the War Commission, the duty imposed upon the monarch is a grave one, and those who know him best believe that he will not hesitate to perform it. What steps he may see fit to take it would be unbecoming even to discuss. The one thing we know is that he will act for his country and not for any party. There is, however, one fact that it would be well to bear in mind—that is, that the present Parliament is not his Majesty's. It is nearly three years since his accession, but this House of Commons was elected in the reign of his revered predecessor. For the first time in modern history a king of England has not secured a Parliament of his own immediately after his accession. He has had, on the contrary, to deal with one elected in a time of wild excitement, when the nation was full of one subject and one only, and elected under the writs issued in the name of another monarch. It is possible that this fact, unique in our recent annals, may have a direct influence upon the confused situation of to-day. The prerogative of the monarch in the matter of a dissolution of Parliament is absolute. Those who imagine that the House will be allowed to linger on in its present crippled condition in order to secure a purely party end must surely have reckoned without their Sovereign.

The only other question of domestic policy that needs notice in the record of the month is the steady progress of the passive resistance movement among the opponents of the Education Act. To many politicians on both sides this movement seems to be provoca-

tive of laughter rather than of any more serious emotion. Many hundreds of men and women of undoubted respectability and worth have been haled before the magistrates, forced to enter the dock, and summarily sentenced to lose their goods by distraint in default of payment of the Education Rate. In some cases they have been treated with scant civility by the magistrates, or by their clerks, who seem to be even more magisterial than their masters; in others they have not only met with a wise and courteous reception, but have had practical experience of the fact that the magistrates sympathised with their attitude. But in every case, save where some doubtful point of law has been raised, an order for the seizure of their goods has been made. Then has followed the actual distraint and the public auction, where always popular feeling has been on the side of the sufferers. Invariably, so far as I have been able to learn, the goods have been bought in by friends of the resisters, and there has been an end to the proceeding. 'A sorry farce,' says the man of the world. 'Not so,' replies the student of history. Wherever these police-court proceedings have occurred, and the goods seized under process of law have been sold, there the cause of the opponents of the Education Act has gained recruits. In the coming struggle for power the party of passive resisters will not play the least formidable part among those who are attacking the army of reaction. The dragon's teeth sown by the authors of the Education Act are springing up even more quickly than was expected, and the Church of England will yet live to rue the day when it entered into its *concordat* with the present Government.

If we had not been so deeply engrossed in our own affairs there is little doubt that the whole country would have been ringing last month, as it did in a certain September seven and twenty years ago, with the story of the cruelties inflicted by the troops of the Sultan on his Christian subjects. The condition of Macedonia has been steadily growing from bad to worse until it has become a distinct menace to the peace of Europe. It is impossible to pretend that all the right is on one side and all the wrong on the other in the quarrel between the Sultan and his subjects. Some most regrettable and even dastardly acts have been committed by the insurgents and their sympathisers. Nobody can excuse the destruction of bridges and even of trains conveying neutral and innocent persons. But if anybody seeks to set up these isolated outrages as counterbalancing the deliberate, systematic, and atrocious cruelty which the Sultan's troops are practising wherever they plant their feet, he must be either supremely ignorant or intensely prejudiced. The story of Krushevo is merely the old, old story told anew, the story told of scores of towns and villages in Bulgaria, in Armenia, and in many other provinces ruled by Abdul Hamid. And it is a story to which we shall have to listen again and again until the hand of the

Mussulman oppressor has been wrenched from the throat of his Christian victim. Granted that the politics of Eastern Europe are not a little mixed, and that sordid speculation and cunning intrigue play their part in both camps, we yet cannot escape from the initial fact that the rule of the Turk is for those not of his own faith an intolerable one, and that in Europe at least that rule is maintained under the sanction of the Great Powers. To find fault with the Bulgarians because they sympathise with their fellow-Christians and are prepared to run all risks in order to succour them is to introduce Pecksniffianism into politics. . If ever there was a case in which we ought to remember that blood is thicker than water, it is in that of those Eastern provinces and principalities. If the high game of politics is to be played honestly, and if Russia and Austria are really intent upon doing their best to save the Turkish Empire from a general conflagration and the Sultan's victims from unspeakable wrongs, without seeking to gain some advantage for themselves in the hurly-burly of war and insurrection, then, even now, the situation may be saved. Unfortunately they have still to vindicate the unselfishness of their policy. Germany, too, has to clear itself from the unpleasant suspicion that it is hounding on the Sultan to 'vigorous' action in Macedonia, well knowing what such vigour means. But in any case Europe cannot be allowed to forget that this is a matter which concerns the honour of all the Powers, and not merely that of Russia and Austria-Hungary. The sooner the two Western Powers make it clear that they have an Eastern policy of their own, and that they are not disposed to stand aside and allow the Balkan Peninsula to be devastated by hordes of Asiatic fanatics, the sooner we shall bring to a close a desperate situation which threatens more than the peace of Turkey. Here again we seem to be approaching a grave political crisis, and no questions of merely domestic interest can relieve us from the duty of dealing with it. The fears of Russia happily no longer paralyse our action as they did in 1878; but it is to the concert of Europe rather than to the action of any single Power that we must look for a way out of the present *impasse*. •

The Address of Sir Norman Lockyer, the distinguished President of the British Association, delivered at the meeting at Southport, attracted more public attention than is usually given to such utterances. Sir Norman, abandoning the line generally followed by Presidents of the British Association, discussed with great fulness, knowledge, and power one of those practical questions of the day which deal with the race between the nations of the earth for commercial supremacy. His contention was that 'business follows brains,' and that, unless brains are properly utilised in advancing our commercial and material prosperity, we must submit to defeat in the strenuous competition. The grave deficiency in our Universities,

both in numbers and equipment as compared with other countries, above all Germany and the United States, was pointed out by Sir Norman, who supported his contention by statistics that must have startled the country. His demand for a large sum of public money—in round figures twenty-four millions—is one that must be left to the decision of Parliament and instructed public opinion ; but he has done good service in calling attention in this emphatic manner to one of the most serious of the many difficult problems which await the consideration of the statesmen of the future.

WEMYSS REID.

*The Editor*

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*of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE  
NINETEENTH  
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AND AFTER



No. CCCXIX—SEPTEMBER 1903

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*THE GREAT FISCAL PROBLEM*

I

THE great fiscal problem now before the country must be considered from two different aspects. It is partly commercial and partly political. There are some who, while they would regret on fiscal grounds any change in our system, are ready to consider in a friendly spirit any wishes expressed by the Colonies, and who may be willing to make some concession of their economical convictions, if by doing so they can satisfy themselves that the Colonies can be induced, not, indeed, to erect additional barriers against foreign countries, but to make some substantial progress in the direction of free, or at any rate freer, trade with the Mother Country.

So far as the commercial interests of Great Britain are concerned, I confess I have been much surprised to see in the Press, and

to hear in conversation, doubts so often expressed as to the wisdom of our free trade policy, and lugubrious apprehensions as to the present position and future prospects of our commerce and manufactures. No doubt competition is very severe, and if we are to hold our own we must exert ourselves and throw away no opportunity. We must, for instance, exercise strict economy and do more in the study of modern languages and technical education. While, however, there is every reason for industry and exertion, there seems to me no ground for despondency, nor any economic reason for changing the fiscal policy of the country. Our manufacturers are sometimes criticised for a want of energy and adaptiveness, but at any rate foreign manufacturers do not venture, if they can help it, to compete with ours without claiming protection. Now, what is the present position? How does our commerce stand? The total of our exports and imports last year was the largest volume of commerce ever transacted by either our own or any other country in the history of the world. The policy of free trade must, indeed, it seems to me, stand or fall by general considerations. The problem is extremely complex; allowances must be made for increase of population, for new processes, for improvements in the steam-engine, economies in manufacture and transport, and the figures are liable to many considerations from other points of view. For instance, a rise or fall of  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  a pound in the average price of raw cotton imported annually into the country makes a difference of 3,500,000*l.*, and since 1870 the price has varied from 10*d.* to 3*d.* a pound!<sup>1</sup> Still, the statistics are remarkable, and they seem to me conclusive.

Let us, then, see how the facts really stand. There has been an enormous increase in our trade, and the expansion coincided remarkably with the adoption of our free trade policy. For the first fifty years of the last century our trade showed but slow progress. After free trade it went up by leaps and bounds. In 1805 the value of our exports was, in round numbers, 40,000,000*l.*; in 1850 it was a little more than 60,000,000*l.*—an increase of about 20,000,000*l.* in fifty years. In 1900 they were 280,000,000*l.*, an increase in the next fifty years of no less than 200,000,000*l.* Moreover, if we take the figures every five or ten years, the result comes out even more clearly. At the beginning of the century, as already mentioned, our exports were 40,000,000*l.* The Corn Laws were abolished in 1846, at which time our special exports were about 55,000,000*l.* In 1850 they were about 60,000,000*l.*; in 1855, 89,000,000*l.*; in 1860, 130,000,000*l.*; in 1865, 144,000,000*l.*; in 1870, 188,000,000*l.*; in 1880, 223,000,000*l.*; in 1890, 263,000,000*l.*, and in 1900, 291,000,000*l.*, or if we omit ships, which were not included in the previous figures, 283,000,000*l.*

The great rise followed, therefore, very closely the free trade

<sup>1</sup> *The Cotton Trade and Protection*, p. 2.

policy. But it is often said that other countries are making greater progress. Let us, then, compare our own figures with those of other countries. I might well omit the United States, because the enormous tracts of virgin soil and the great immigration render any comparison quite misleading. Still, the increase in our total trade in the five years ending in 1900, the last for which we have complete figures, has rather exceeded that of the United States. In the case of the other great protective countries, the balance in our favour has been greater. In the five years the total trade of Russia rose about 12,000,000*l.*; that of France, 80,000,000*l.*; that of Germany, 150,000,000*l.*; that of the United Kingdom, 170,000,000*l.*! Moreover, the figures are the more remarkable if we bear in mind the great falling-off in prices. For some purposes weight would be a better criterion of trade than value. It is not indeed possible to obtain such figures with any accuracy. Mr. Williamson has, however, calculated out for the Chamber of Shipping the total weight represented by the exports and imports, and his results may, I think, be taken as being approximately correct. He estimates the total weight of our exports and imports as having been for 1880, 53,000,000 tons; 1890, 75,000,000 tons; 1900, 102,500,000 tons. So that they have practically doubled in twenty years. Take another test—the total tonnage, steam and sailing, entered and cleared with cargoes or ballast, at ports in the United Kingdom. In 1860, the tonnage was 59,000,000; in 1880, 133,000,000; and in 1900, 209,000,000.

Another test is to take the figures per head. The special exports per head for the last five years were: United Kingdom, 5*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*; France, 3*l.* 15*s.*; Germany, 3*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*; United States, 2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* But then the question arises: Has the trade been profitable? Here also the figures seem conclusive. Six years ago, the assessment for income tax under Schedule D, that which comprises profits of trade, was 254,000,000*l.*, but last year it was 347,000,000*l.*, showing an increase of over 90,000,000*l.* in six years. Or take the death duties, which Mr. Gladstone used to regard as perhaps the best criterion of prosperity. The value on which estate duty was paid in 1896 was 219,000,000*l.*; in 1902 it was 276,000,000*l.*, showing an increase of no less than 57,000,000*l.* Surely, then, we ought to see our way very clearly before we tamper with a policy which has been so splendidly successful.

We are told that other countries 'dump down' on us their surplus products. To some extent that is no doubt true. But in the first place, if to be 'dumped down' on is an injury, other countries suffer far more than we do. Our manufacturers 'dump down' on them far more than their manufacturers dump down on us. If, however, 'dumping down' is used only in the sense of selling at a loss, we may safely leave it to cure itself. Manufac-

turers may occasionally produce, but will not continue producing, goods which they can only sell at a sacrifice.

To the consumer it is clearly no injury. He is enabled to buy something he wants cheaply.

We are sometimes, indeed, told that by permitting complete freedom in commerce a country may be undersold in all its industries. This is, however, as Mr. Armitage-Smith has clearly pointed out, 'an impossibility, since it would imply importing without exporting; but trade is exchange, the nation that buys must sell, the one fact is the correlative of the other. A nation with nothing to offer cannot buy, and if foreign goods come into a country some other articles must go out in exchange.'<sup>2</sup>

Then, again, it is said that we import some things which we might produce at home. This is true no doubt to some extent. Machines invented in America, chemical products discovered in Germany, might no doubt be reproduced here, and in time often are.

But with one exception—namely, the trade which Germany owes to her technical education—if any class of goods are largely and continuously imported it will almost invariably be found that this is because the country from which they come has some natural advantage.

Under these circumstances to produce them here would be no benefit. It is best for all that every country should produce those articles for which it is best suited. Free trade secures this; protection, on the contrary, forces some of the capital and labour of a country into less profitable channels at the expense of the community.

Suppose, for instance, a country A exports 5,000,000*l.* of goods (Y) to B, and imports 5,000,000*l.* of other goods (Z) from B in payment. It may be assumed that A and B have each some advantage as regards the goods which they respectively export. But it is said that A would be better off if it produced for itself the 5,000,000*l.* of goods (Z). Is this so?

The capital and labour required to produce the goods (Z) would, by the hypothesis, produce less in the country A.

Let us suppose they produced 4,500,000*l.*, or nine-tenths. The result would be then that in the first case we should by the expenditure of a certain amount of capital and labour on things for which the country was suitable produce goods (Y) which would purchase 5,000,000*l.* of goods (Z). In the second case, by the same expenditure of capital and labour we should ourselves produce goods (Z) to the amount of 4,500,000*l.* Therefore we should be worse off to the extent of 500,000*l.*

If, indeed, there were no imports, we should be giving away our exports, which nobody would propose.

But while I maintain that there are no grounds for the melancholy

<sup>2</sup> *Free Trade Movement and its Results*, p. 103.



jeremiads we often hear with reference to our commerce, there is every reason to do all we can to maintain and improve it, and the question remains—can this be done by legislation, by an alteration of our fiscal system, or by retaliation?

There are certainly some respects in which it seems to me we have serious reason to complain.

Foreign bounties, cartels, and syndicates have raised problems which did not exist in the time of Cobden and Bright. Sir E. Grey himself admits that 'he could imagine a case in which some foreign country might mete out to us treatment that was so obviously hostile and unfair that it would be impossible for us to sit still under it.'

Cases have, it seems to me, arisen which give good ground of complaint, and would amply justify retaliation, though I should only advocate it as a last resort, hoping that our grievances may be redressed without our taking any such extreme step.

For instance, the House of Commons Committee on 'Steamship Subsidies' report that—

One great contributory cause, with foreign subsidies, affecting British trade is the reservation by foreign nations of their coasting trade to their own ships. This may be regarded as an indirect subvention or subsidy. Although British coasting trade is absolutely open to vessels of all nations, many nations reserve the trade between their own ports to their own vessels. The United States extend the doctrine so as to declare a voyage from New York round Cape Horn to San Francisco, or from San Francisco to Honolulu, a 'coasting voyage,' and as such they restrict it to vessels carrying the United States flag. France refuses to allow any but French vessels to trade between French ports and Algeria. Russia, in reserving its coasting trade to its own flag, includes in this restriction the navigation between Russian ports in the Baltic and the Black Sea, and between all Russian ports and Vladivostok in the far east of Siberia. Such restrictions do seriously affect British trade.<sup>3</sup>

The Committee came to the conclusion 'that the occasion has come when the question . . . should be considered by his Majesty's Government, with a view to reserving the British and Colonial coastwise trades and the Imperial coasting trade within the British Empire to British and Colonial ships, and to vessels of those nations who throw open their coasting trade to British and Colonial ships.'

The German position is put clearly enough by a recent writer in the *Neue Hamburgische Börsenhalle*. He points out that the law of the 22nd of May, 1881, provides that 'the right to ship merchandise at a German seaport and convey it to another German seaport (the coastwise carrying trade) is reserved exclusively for German ships.'

But it is followed by the provision: 'This privilege may be granted to foreign ships by a State treaty or by an Imperial ordinance, with the sanction of the Federal Council.'

An Imperial ordinance of this kind was issued on the 29th of December, 1881, of which the following was the text: 'The right to ship merchandise at a German seaport and carry it to another

<sup>3</sup> *Report of Committee on Steamship Subsidies*, July 28, 1902.

German seaport (the coastwise carrying trade) is granted to the vessels of Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Great Britain, Italy, Sweden, and Norway.<sup>4</sup> This is fair, and I can hardly doubt that other countries will adopt the same course.

Again, the United States have imposed a duty of about thirty shillings on hemp shipped from the Philippine Islands. So far we have no right to complain. But this duty is returned on hemp shipped direct to the United States and employed by United States manufacturers.

The hemp shipped from the Philippine Islands is known in the trade as Manila hemp, and is largely employed in the manufacture of cordage and of binder twine; the latter article is manufactured to a considerable extent in Canada, and we understand the Dominion Government have arranged, or are about to arrange, to grant the manufacturers a bounty equivalent to the preference received by the United States manufacturers.

Our manufacturers in the United Kingdom of cordage and binder twine made from Manila hemp have to compete with the United States manufacturers both in our home market and in neutral markets handicapped by the preference of thirty shillings per ton enjoyed by the latter.<sup>5</sup>

These and other similar grievances require the attention of Government. They ought to be, and I trust will be, redressed. If not, the foreign Governments concerned cannot complain if we think it necessary to take retaliatory measures. They should, however, only be adopted as a last resort.

So far as general trade arrangements are concerned, foreign countries may be divided into two categories. Some—Turkey, for instance—treat us fairly. They impose certain specified rates of charge on all countries and all goods. Other countries, however, while ostensibly giving us the favoured-nation clause, and in fact imposing equal duties on all nations, place high and sometimes prohibitive rates on just those articles which we produce. Directly our manufacturers establish a trade in any article the duties on it are raised against them. Suppose we acted in the same way. Suppose, for example, we raised the duty on claret or hock—theoretically it would apply to the whole world, practically it would affect France or Germany alone. From this point of view we have, I submit, a weapon in our own hands which in the last resort we might use without affecting free trade. If we have nothing to give, we have much that we might take away. A special duty on hock or claret would no doubt be undesirable, and is not lightly to be contemplated; but it would not be Protection.

<sup>4</sup> 'Shipping and Subsidies,' by Benjamin Taylor, *North American Review*, April 15, 1903.

<sup>5</sup> See a letter from Messrs. Malcolm & Co., July 27, 1902, published in the *Times*.

Protection is no remedy and would only do harm. It is advocated on two inconsistent grounds. Even Mr. McKinley, for instance, in his message on the occasion of his taking office spoke of 'checking deficiencies in revenue by protective legislation, which is always the firmest prop of the Treasury,' and yet extolled 'the reciprocity law of 1890 under which a stimulus was given to foreign trade.' Evidently, however, so far as it increases the revenue it does not serve as protection; and if it serves as protection it must evidently check, not encourage, foreign trade so that it cannot give revenue.

Moreover, taxes on food are the worst of all.

We are now, indeed, assured that protection would raise wages, but, writing in 1878, 'Sir James Caird<sup>6</sup> estimated that the wages of the agricultural classes had risen 60 per cent. since the repeal of the Corn Laws; and Sir R. Giffen, in a paper on "The Progress of the Working Classes," read before the Statistical Society in December 1883, made a similar statement.'<sup>7</sup>

Taxes on food are, as Adam Smith said long ago, 'a curse equal to the barrenness of the earth or the inclemency of the weather.'

It has been said that a rise in the price of food would be met by a rise in wages. That does not follow, but if so a rise in wages would necessitate a rise in prices, and a rise in prices would, of course, seriously cripple our manufactures in the competition of the world. A difference has, I see, been drawn between raw materials and food. It is understood that the Government would not, under any circumstances, consent to tax raw materials. But, in the long run, a tax on food would hamper our manufactures in the same way as a tax on raw materials. The word 'protection' sounds well, but it is misleading. The fact is that a country can only protect one trade at the expense of the others. Germany, for instance, is held out to us as an example, because she subsidises her shipping, gives bounties to sugar-growers, protection to farmers, to metals, to textile and various other industries. But who pays? The unfortunate German manufacturer finds the food of his family and workpeople raised by the protection of agriculture; his children have to pay more for their sugar in consequence of the sugar bounties; his clothing, and that of those dependent on him, is dearer on account of the taxes on foreign tissues; he has to pay more than he need for any manufactures or machinery he has to buy; and he is taxed to promote canals and to subsidise steamship companies. Last, but not least, he has to watch and often to fight in the Reichstag, or there is no knowing what additional burdens might be imposed upon him. And, over and above all the other uncertainties of commerce, he never knows whether his own Government may not ruin him, either by subsidising some rival industry, or by depriving him of some special privilege.

<sup>6</sup> *The Landed Interest.*

<sup>7</sup> Quoted in *The Free Trade Movement and its Results*, by Armitage-Smith, p. 170.

Trade is uncertain enough without these artificial complications. Under protection in addition to all other problems the merchant and manufacturer have to consider the intentions of Government and of Parliament. Parliament itself is distracted and tempted by the claims of rival industries. The temptations to 'log-rolling' are greatly increased. Thus, in France, as we are told by M. Yves Guyot, who speaks with sound knowledge and authority:

The whole art of M. Méline, who has been the protectionist leader for close on twenty-five years, has consisted in uniting groups of often contradictory interests, paying court to them, effecting bargains between this and that party, always to the detriment of the consumer, who is the general public. The policy of studying the general interest is left out of account. 'Beetroot strikes a bargain with wine; cotton and iron come to an understanding.' There in a nutshell you have the rôle which protectionism plays in Parliamentary life.<sup>8</sup>

Protection, in fact, introduces a subtle and most dangerous form of bribery. Moreover, it is far from effecting the object aimed at. The French have long been anxious to develop their mercantile marine, and with this object in view have given heavy subsidies.

France gives a bounty of some 65 francs per ton on iron and steel ships. These vessels could be bought from the United Kingdom and the whole bounty saved; but for the satisfaction of building them in France the nation is taxed to nearly half their cost, shipbuilders alone being the gainers. Yet, according to Lloyd's Register, in 1895 the United Kingdom launched merchant shipping to the amount of 950,967 tons, while in the same period France launched only 22,000 tons; and in 1896 Great Britain completed 1,159,751 tons of merchant shipping, as against 365,000 tons by all other nations.<sup>9</sup>

On the other hand, the French shipowner is handicapped by having to assist the sugar industry, iron and steel manufactures, agriculture, the textile and many other protected industries. This is the reason, I believe, why the French bounties have done so little to increase French shipping.

Of course it cannot be denied that our Colonies and the United States have made great progress under protection; not, however, on account of but rather in spite of protection. With their millions of acres of virgin soil, their great mineral wealth, their rapidly increasing population, their industry and energy, how could it be otherwise? Under free trade I firmly believe that their progress would have been even more rapid. They have coddled some industries at the sacrifice of others.

We hear a great deal about the iron and steel industry of the United States, but a distinguished American economist, Mr. E. Atkinson, tells us that—

The result of the duties on iron and steel in the United States was that in the ten years 1880-90, the railway companies, the ironfounders, machinists, and other

<sup>8</sup> 'Mr. Chamberlain's Programme in the Light of French Experience,' by Yves Guyot, *The Fortnightly Review*, July 1903, p. 4.

<sup>9</sup> *Free Trade Movement and its Results*, by Armitage-Smith, p. 126.

consumers of iron in the United States paid for iron in excess of the prices paid by their competitors in Europe in ten years a sum greater than the capital value of all the iron and steel works, furnaces, and rolling-mills existing in 1890 in the whole country. This sum stands for the cost of protection to iron and steel for ten years of large consumption to that date.<sup>10</sup>

Moreover, these duties have crippled industry in various ways. For instance, the 'Atlantic Transport Line recently had four similar ships built, two in Belfast and two in Philadelphia. The American-built ships cost 380,000*l.* each, while the Belfast ones cost 292,000*l.*'<sup>11</sup>

Our Colonies have unfortunately adopted the policy of taxing the farmer and the grazier to bolster up manufactories which can only be made to pay at the expense of the agricultural interest. They sacrifice a guinea to make a pound.

We often hear complaints that we have only one-sided free trade, but free trade is good for a country whether other countries are wise enough to adopt it or not. Protectionist nations, in endeavouring to exclude foreign goods, tend to exclude themselves from foreign markets. The favoured-nation clause is the real sheet-anchor of our commerce. On that we must, and may fairly, insist both for ourselves and for our Colonies. So far, however, is there any evidence that we are losing ground in India and the Colonies? Not at all. Sir A. Bateman says in his admirable Memorandum<sup>12</sup> that the figures 'do not show any displacement of the export trade of the United Kingdom in the period in question (fifteen years to 1900) by any one of our three principal competitors.' In four years our imports into India have increased 10,000,000 tens of rupees; those of the whole of the rest of the world 5,600,000.

Lord Northbrook, in his interesting speech in the House of Lords on the 10th of July last (1903), showed clearly that India could gain little by a preferential tariff, and the same may be said with reference to the trade of this country with India. Our exports to India amount to no less than 37,500,000*l.*, against 10,000,000*l.* from foreign countries. Of these one-fifth, or 2,000,000*l.*, come from Austria-Hungary; of this one-half, or 1,000,000*l.*, consists of sugar, which we do not produce here. The next largest importer into India is Russia, with 1,900,000*l.*, and out of that sum 1,870,000*l.* consists of mineral oils, which we do not produce. The imports from Russia into India, therefore, with the exception of mineral oils, are practically *nil*. Germany's imports into India are 1,700,000*l.*; but over 300,000*l.* consists of sugar, and a large portion of the rest is made up of other substances and products which we do not produce. The imports of the United States into India are 830,000*l.*, and there, again, 300,000*l.*

<sup>10</sup> *Retro-active Influence of Duties upon Imports*, by E. Atkinson (Boston).

<sup>11</sup> 'Shipping and Subsidies,' by Benjamin Taylor, *North American Review*, April 15, 1903.

<sup>12</sup> *Memorandum on the Comparative Statistics of Population, Industry, and Commerce in the United Kingdom and some leading Foreign Countries*, 1902, Cd. 1199.

consists of mineral oils, so that the whole importation from the United States, except mineral oils, is only about 500,000*l.* Of the 10,000,000*l.* imported into India from foreign countries, 5,000,000*l.* at least consists of articles which we do not produce.

It seems to be clear, then, from the figures that neither the trade of India, nor that of this country with India, would be substantially benefited by preferential trade.

Now let us take the case of Australasia. Into New Zealand and Australia our imports have in fifteen years increased 8,000,000*l.*, those of foreign countries 6,000,000*l.* If we compare our increase in Australia and New Zealand with that of a single country, even Germany, we find 8,000,000*l.* against a German increase of 1,000,000*l.* In fifteen years, with our Colonies as a whole, the increase has been for the United Kingdom, 15,000,000*l.*; for Germany, 6,000,000*l.*; for France, 1,000,000*l.* In fact, our competition in Colonial markets is not so much with foreign manufacturers as with Colonial producers. Moreover, what are the goods which foreign countries import into our Colonies? As in the case of India we shall find that they are mainly goods which we ourselves do not produce.

If we except Canada, which has naturally a large trade with the United States, even the whole imports of our Colonies from foreign countries are comparatively small. This is well shown in the following table.<sup>13</sup>

	Imports in millions sterling (Statistical Abstract for 1901) from		
	United Kingdom	Other European Countries	United States
New South Wales . . . . .	10.1	1.7	2.8
Victoria . . . . .	7.2	1.4	1.5
South Australia . . . . .	2.2	.4	.6
Western Australia . . . . .	2.6	.4	.5
Tasmania . . . . .	.6	.0	.1
Queensland . . . . .	2.5	.3	.4
New Zealand . . . . .	6.9	.3	1.4
Natal . . . . .	6.6	.6	.7
Cape of Good Hope . . . . .	14.2	1.8	1.9
Canada . . . . .	8.9	3.6	22.7

Evidently, therefore, any trade which a preferential tariff could transfer to us from other European countries is but small.

No doubt in some important respects the recent advance of Germany is very striking. To a material extent this must, I think, be attributed to the remarkable advance they have made in technical science. I cannot now enter into the important subject of education, though it is one of the utmost consequence to our commercial future, and we cannot expect to hold our own unless our system of education is greatly modified. To compete

<sup>13</sup> See Sir R. Giffen, in this Review, July 1903.

in commerce without technical education would be like fighting a battle with bows and arrows against rifles and cannon.

‘We hear much about things ‘made in Germany.’ Let us see whether we can in any way realise what technical instruction has done for Germany. We have some interesting figures in the diplomatic and consular reports issued by our Foreign Office, especially those by Consul-General Oppenheimer, C. G. Schwabach, and especially in that by Dr. Rose of Stuttgart.

In the case of sugar the strontium process seems to be a great improvement, and no less than 90 per cent. of the sugar made is now obtained by it. Among artificial sweetening substances I may refer to saccharin.

Liebig’s discovery, as it may fairly be called, of superphosphate of lime in 1840 has created a great industry. In 1867 the production was 1,000 tons, in 1899 it was no less than 750,000 tons. Another result is the application of the ground slag of the Thomas-Gilchrist steel process to manuring purposes.

As regards colouring matters, aniline was discovered by Runge ; and Mansfield, working in Hoffmann’s laboratory, devised a process by which benzol could be produced from coal-tar on a large scale, thus rendering the production of aniline a commercial success. Perkin discovered mauveine in 1856, and we might hope to have retained the industry which thus originated here, but which we have unfortunately lost. It is now most important. The artificial alizarin colour has practically replaced madder. In 1870 France produced 25,000 tons of madder, which gradually fell to a few hundred, and now even the trousers of the French troops are dyed with artificial red ‘made in Germany.’ The value of the organic dyes made in Germany in 1898 was no less than 6,000,000*l.* A new method of making artificial indigo, which is said to be in every respect as good as the natural Indian dye, threatens the very existence of that great industry. The German dye-works employ about 20,000 men, over 500 academically trained chemists, several millions of capital, and are very profitable.

Perfumery is a smaller industry, but has made great strides, though full statistics are not available. I may mention, however, that the cost of vanilline has been reduced from 350*l.* per kilo. to 6*l.*, and that the export of essential oils amounted last year to over 100,000*l.* In medicines chloral and chloroform were discovered by Liebig, antipyrine by Knorr, and sulphonal by Baumann. Germany now produces 70 per cent. of the quinine of the world, and exports 65 per cent., valued at 350,000*l.* Of smokeless powder she exported 260,000*l.*; and of other explosives, cartridges, &c., 650,000*l.*; of cellulose, 1,600,000*l.*; of soluble glass, 6,000 tons; of ultramarine, 3,000 tons; of stearic acid, 10,000 tons; of glycerine, 5,000 tons; of matches, 1,600 tons; of oxalic acid, 650,000*l.*; of oils, 70,000 tons;

of white lead, 218,000*l.* I will only mention one other product, which is specially interesting—namely, liquefied carbonic acid. This remarkable industry only commenced practically in 1884, when 200 tons were produced; in 1891 this had risen to 3,000, in 1897 to 11,000, in 1898 to 16,000 tons, of which Berlin alone consumed 1,800 tons, or two pounds of liquefied carbonic acid per head! Fifteen years ago the price was 1*s.* a pound, from which it fell to about 2*d.* The export for 1890 amounted to 4,000 tons, valued at 375,000*l.*

Taken altogether these chemical industries reached a value of over 50,000,000*l.*, and if time permitted the results of the discoveries in electricity, metallurgy, &c., would have to be added.

It is evident, then, that the technical instruction of Germany has been a most remunerative investment: in the first instance a great national advantage, but a boon also to the world as a whole. The powers of enchanters were nothing to those of science; science transmutes every stone into a philosopher's stone, turns everything into gold. A development of commerce won, and fairly won, by science and skill cannot be met by protection. To technical education Germany owes much, and if we wish to hold our own we must follow her example. But I believe her success would have been even more striking if her trade had been free, as in the long run Germany will inevitably find.

So far, then, as the fiscal side of the question is concerned, though we have certain just grounds of complaint which if undressed would fully justify retaliation, there is, I submit, no reason for any departure from the policy under which our commerce and manufactures have so greatly flourished.

The policy which would really benefit our country is not a return to protection, but a better system of education, and a reduction in military, naval, and municipal expenditure.

Coming to the political aspect of the problem, the desire for closer relations between different parts of the Empire is important and satisfactory. Canada has shown her friendly feeling to the Mother Country by granting our trade a preference, and we greatly appreciate this evidence of goodwill. Moreover, I am very pleased to see that Canada has herself benefited by the reduction. Our trade has increased 3,000,000*l.* with Canada, and the result to Canada has been that her people have got an increased supply of cheap goods, her agriculture has benefited, farmers are flocking in from the United States and settling up the Far West. If she would pursue the same policy further she would, I feel sure, inaugurate a period of immense progress and prosperity. Her farmers would save in the price of clothing, implements, machinery, and, in fact, in all the manufactured articles they use, while they would get the same or even a better price for the produce of their land. A similar policy on the part of other Colonies would be equally beneficial to



them. But, unfortunately, the duties are in many cases still so high that even with the reduction of 25 per cent. they are almost prohibitive. Now, if those on our goods are prohibitive, it does not help our trade to make those on foreign countries still higher. Before we can judge we must know, not only the difference between the duties on our goods and those of foreign producers, but also that between the duties on our goods and those of Colonial producers.

I regretted a statement attributed—I hope, and cannot but think, erroneously—to Mr. Seddon, that if we spurned the offer from New Zealand, she would make overtures to other countries. We have, I need not say, spurned no offer from New Zealand. We are not yet aware that any offer has been made, or, if so, what it is. But what have we done with reference to New Zealand? We have admitted her produce free, while she has heavily taxed ours.

We greatly appreciate the kindly feeling shown by Canada to the Mother Country in the preference given to British goods, and many are surprised that the result has not been greater. But this is easily explained.

There appears to be a general impression that Canada has favoured our commerce by admitting British goods at a rate 33 per cent. below those of other countries. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. Canada admits some goods free, some at a light, and others at very heavy duties. The classes of goods which we import unfortunately belong to the third category.

This is clearly brought out in the Memorandum drawn up by the Board of Trade for the consideration of the Colonial Conference. They say:

Although British goods enjoy a preference compared with the same goods imported from other countries, the average *ad valorem* rate of duty on British imports taken as a whole is still higher than the average duty levied on all imports, and much higher than the average duty levied on imports from the United States.

The following figures from 1900–1 bring out this fact:<sup>14</sup>

—	Value of Imports	Custom Duty collected	<i>Ad valorem</i> Equivalent
	£	£	Per cent.
Imports from United Kingdom . . . . .	8,839,000	1,612,000	18
„ United States . . . . .	22,702,000	2,735,000	12
All imports . . . . .	37,241,000	5,981,000	16

Thus in spite of the preference our goods pay on an average 18 per cent. of their value, those of the United States, on the contrary, only 12 per cent.! To estimate the value of a preference, we must therefore know what the general tariff is to be.

Again, is the preference to be given by lowering the duties on our manufactures, and if so, at what are they to stand; or are the duties to remain at the present rate on our produce and to be raised as against foreigners? The effect in the two cases will be, of course,

<sup>14</sup> Blue-book, Colonial Conference, 1902, Cd. 1299, 1902, p. 85.

very different, and if the latter course is to be adopted the benefit to our trade would be very slight. Again, what articles are to be affected? I take it for granted that there cannot be one *ad valorem* rate. Foreign gold, for instance, cannot be taxed. Though it may seem a contradiction in terms, yet, as we have seen, we might be given preferential rates and yet duties might be so imposed as to fall specially on British goods. For instance, Canada has given us a preference, and we recognise it gratefully; but her fiscal system presses with special severity on British goods, and even after the preference we pay a higher rate than other countries. As to future changes, the statements in the Blue-book are not definite enough to enable us to estimate their probable effect. For instance, the Cape and Natal foreshadow a difference of 25 per cent., but suggest that this is to be arrived at, not by lowering duties on our produce, but by raising those on produce from foreign countries; Australia says, 'preferential treatment not yet defined as to nature or extent;' New Zealand suggests 'a general preference of 10 per cent. either by reduction of the present duties or by raising those on foreign produce,' but it is evident that it will make an immense difference to us which of these courses is adopted. Canada promises a further reduction, but does not say what.

Again, what are the views and wishes of the Colonies? We have given them long ago a free market for practically all their produce, while they almost all endeavour to exclude our manufactures by very high duties. We do not ask them to exclude foreign manufactures. What we wish is that they should treat us as we treat them. Do their wisest statesmen ask us to do more than we have done? Sir Wilfrid Laurier has said that Canada gave us a preference because 'we looked carefully round the world, and we found England to be the only country which receives our products freely. We desired to show England our gratitude.'

In his Liverpool speech Sir Wilfrid Laurier also said, 'It is no intention of ours to disturb in any way the system of free trade which has done so much for England.'

And in Canada he said that preferential treatment might be an advantage. 'But we cannot have it so long as we have a protective tariff in Canada. . . . But the moment we are ready—it may take a long time, but I hope that some day it will come—to discard our tariff, the moment we come to the doctrine of free trade, then it is possible to have a commercial mutual preference based on free trade in the Empire.'

Mr. Cook, in an interesting article on the subject, has quoted another speech of the same distinguished statesman:

Well, no, perhaps not. If England were willing to give us a preference over other nations, taking our goods on exceptionally favourable terms, I would not object. It would not be for Canada to shut herself out from the advantage. It would be a great boon for the time. But for how long would it last?

Would it be an advantage in the long run? That is what men who think beyond the passing moment have to ask themselves. Suppose England did such a thing and abandoned her free trade record. She would inevitably curtail the purchasing power of her people. And do you not think we should suffer from that, we who alone have natural resources enough to feed your millions from our fertile lands? I have too great a belief in English common sense to think that they will do any such thing. What we have done in the way of tariff preference to England we have, as I said, done out of gratitude to England, and not because we want her to enter upon the path of protection. We know that the English people will not interfere with the policy of free trade, and we do not desire them to do so. We know that buying more goods from England she will buy more from us and so develop trade, and the moment trade is developed Canada is benefited.<sup>15</sup>

One objection to a preferential treatment of Canadian produce is that, as Mr. Carnegie has pointed out,<sup>16</sup> for five months in the year, when Canadian ports are icebound, Canadian shipments 'must reach Britain over American territory and through American ports.'

To this it has been replied that Halifax and St. John are open all the winter, but Mr. Carnegie calculates in a subsequent letter<sup>17</sup> that the extra cost of transit would be '8s. a quarter as compared with exports and imports through Montreal or American ports.' Unless therefore the preference amounted to a larger sum the extra charge for freight would be prohibitive.

Mr. Seddon also, though he is reported as having since expressed a somewhat different opinion, speaking at the New Zealand dinner, assured us that the New Zealand Government, in proposing to grant preference to the Mother Country, did so 'in the spirit and desire to help—to give, and not a desire to take. They felt it was an opportunity to assist the Mother Country; it was love, and not sordid motives, that prompted the sending of the resolution.'

The resolution adopted by the Colonial Prime Ministers at the Colonial Conference was: 'That the Prime Ministers of the Colonies respectfully urge on his Majesty's Government the expediency of granting in the United Kingdom preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the Colonies, either by exemption from or reduction of duties now or hereafter imposed.'<sup>18</sup>

Under these circumstances, it is evident that the question had to be considered, and I do not see that anyone can blame Mr. Chamberlain for bringing it forward.

Excepting, however, in the case of alcohol, tobacco, tea, and sugar there are practically no such duties; nor do these affect most of our Colonies. A preference on tea would benefit parts of India and Ceylon; on sugar, the West Indies and Queensland; but most of India and Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and almost all our other Colonies would remain unaffected.

<sup>15</sup> Sir W. Laurier (Canadian Premier), answer to an interviewer, 1897, quoted in 'The Colonial View,' by E. T. Cook, the *New Liberal Review*, July 1903, p. 760.

<sup>16</sup> *Times*, July 25, 1903.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.* August 6, 1903.

<sup>18</sup> Colonial Conference (Cd. 1299), 1902.

Our Government is inquiring, and it will be interesting to hear the result; but it is still more important to ascertain the views of the Colonies. Are they prepared to abandon protection and adopt free, or at any rate freer, trade within the Empire? If they are, it may be worth our while to meet them to some extent. But if they are not, how can they expect us to depart from our present policy? It would be most unwise and ungracious to throw cold water on any real proposals for closer trade connection with the Colonies. An appeal to the country on such an issue would be most unfortunate. On the other hand, how can the country be asked to abandon the policy of fifty years without knowing what is to be adopted in its stead? And yet the next election is to turn on our fiscal policy, and if we decide to maintain the existing system, we shall seem to flout, and shall certainly be told that we are flouting, the Colonies.

The Government are amply justified in negotiating. They have, as I have said, done so already. I confess, indeed, I view with some alarm the prospect of bargaining with our Colonies; we may seem to favour one Colony, or one interest, and may find that instead of closer union we have roused jealousy, suspicion, and animosities. The Colonies propose to give the Mother Country a preference. We welcome their intention. It is impossible, it would be most ungracious and unwise, to meet them by a simple *non possumus*. We must face the question. The Unionist Party feel, and are justified in feeling, great confidence in the Prime Minister, in the Duke of Devonshire, in Mr. Chamberlain, and the other Ministers. If they could negotiate an arrangement with the Colonies which, in their judgment, was fair and wise, I believe it would be one which the country might and would accept; but to go to the country on a mere question of preferential trade in the abstract would surely be unfair and unsatisfactory.

We ought not, it seems to me, to be expected to commit ourselves to any vague resolutions. For my own part, I am prepared to examine any proposals which would tend to develop our commerce with the Colonies, and to strengthen the bonds which unite the various parts of the Empire. But till we know what the proposals are, we shall, I submit, be wise to suspend our judgment and to maintain our free trade policy. To promote closer union with the Colonies is a great and noble object. The difficulties are great—they may be insuperable; but while the Colonies may feel sure that we shall consider their suggestions in a friendly and sympathetic spirit, still as men of business they cannot expect us to do anything which will cripple or endanger that magnificent commerce on which the comfort and prosperity of our people so greatly depend.<sup>19</sup>

AVEBURY.

<sup>19</sup> When this article was written, I had not seen the wise and weighty letter in the *Times* of August 15, signed by so many of our leading economical authorities.

## THE GREAT FISCAL PROBLEM

### II

It may be accepted as an indisputable fact that if free trade had become universal, as Cobden and Bright expected, commodities would gradually have been produced in the best adapted localities, and there would moreover have been some prospect of international disarmament and friendship, for almost all grave causes of dispute would have been removed. There would doubtless have also been a great shifting of population, but that need not concern us. So far from realising the Utopia of a free-trade world, we have witnessed in the last thirty years a signal advance in the direction of a world hedged in by the strictest possible forms of protection, the one and only exception being the United Kingdom. Accepting the premisses as correct, but recognising that Cobden's expectations have not been and are never likely to be realised, let us at least endeavour to secure between Great Britain and her Colonies a system of trade based upon this principle, to which reciprocal engagements are in no sense repugnant.

The problem is infinitely too great to be solved off-hand or by any single Act. Changes in fiscal laws are slow in action. Their effects have to be scrutinised in a number of directions. Whatever may be determined upon, it may safely be stated that any new policy should be cautiously introduced and allowed to take effect in a gradual manner. It is not a case merely of learning to walk before one runs, but a case of creeping at first. It is in this respect, perhaps, that Mr. Chamberlain is inclined to err. He does not like delay, he forces the pace. On the other hand, the radical and sweeping steps which he would appear to contemplate may have been designedly foreshadowed to startle the British world into *thinking*, and we may in the end find that, having achieved this part of his programme, his proposals will be less drastic than we expected. He is anyhow a man who has the courage of his convictions, and of all the great services he has rendered his country none is greater than his determination at least to investigate the most vital of all questions.

If he really cherishes the idea that the masses can be induced to pay more for their food on the chance of higher wages he is probably doomed to disappointment, but is it not highly likely that, as the result of his investigation, he has found a road that leads the same way without involving so serious a proposal? If the main object be, as indeed it may be granted to be, to safeguard home industries and to promote trade between the Mother Country and the Colonies, a method of doing it can surely be found without calling upon either the mother or the children to make sacrifices. Such a suggestion should never be made, as no surer means of bringing about the disintegration and ruin of the Empire could be devised. No policy could be more dangerous than that which fails to recognise the true nature of the ties that bind the Empire together. Firstly, sentiment, kinship, and a natural family affection for the flag and for each other's welfare. Secondly, mutual interest. The latter, in spite of the very important part that sentiment plays in the matter, may be definitely taken as the stronger. It is blind folly not to realise that the Colonies contain, besides sons and daughters, great-great-grandchildren, cousins of various degrees, and many persons of entirely alien or of very remote relationship to the Mother Country. Common interest towers high above all other considerations, especially in a case like that of Imperial fiscal measures which affect the bread and butter of the entire population. Let us therefore eliminate the word sacrifice from the discussion. The patriotism which induces young men throughout the Empire to rally to the colours in time of war is of another order to that which would feel the strain of any economic injustice, which is what pecuniary sacrifices mean. All that the Mother Country has done for her Colonies has been accepted in the spirit in which it has been given—for the common good of the family. There must not be a question of gratitude or obligation on either side.

We will for the moment disregard the foreigner (though we shall have to take him into account later on), but will take a leaf out of his book—namely, think of what is best for ourselves. Let us leave out the word retaliation, our policy being framed to suit ourselves and not to injure him.

Generally speaking, Great Britain must be regarded as a manufacturing country, while the productions of the rest of the Empire are agricultural or pastoral. For fiscal purposes the Colonies must be regarded as a unit. Any attempt to differentiate between the various Colonies or dependencies, or to take account of physical conditions or geographical positions, will sooner or later lead to disputes and disruption.

Is there no possible means by which that distribution of production which lay at the root of Cobden's policy can be compassed within the limits of the Empire? The proposal to be here put

forward has in view the achievement of this object in the simplest possible way.

It is not concerned with the foreigner or with protection, it does not involve retaliation, nor does it necessitate a sacrifice either on the part of the Mother Country or the Colonies. Its successful application depends only upon the acceptance of the principle that commodities within the Empire should be fostered in the localities best adapted for their production.

The Colonies are, at this moment, not as a sacrifice, but as a recognition of their Imperial responsibilities, willing to allow a preferential tariff in favour of British-manufactured goods. Briefly stated, the present proposal is that in consideration of this preferential treatment Great Britain should grant a subsidy upon colonial produce consumed in the home market in direct proportion to the rebate allowed. What that proportion should be is a matter of detail. For the purposes of illustration let it be taken at one half, though in practice the ratio might be more or less. Such an arrangement would work automatically, would be just and equitable to each colony, and would of course tend to increase the volume of British and colonial trade. If, as an example, we sell to Canada goods upon which duties to the amount of a million sterling would otherwise be levied, and we are allowed a rebate of 33 per cent., we should be able to refund to this Colony alone a subsidy of 165,000*l.* for the development of its agriculture for our own ultimate benefit. Each colony would fix her own tariffs and would be entitled to a subsidy *according to the trade done*, and no question could arise as to our unduly favouring any particular colony. The distribution of the subsidy, which would be paid in a lump sum out of the national exchequer, would of course lie with the Government of the colony, but always with the understanding that it should not be diverted to any other purpose.

It will no doubt be urged that such an arrangement would in effect be the deduction by the Colonies of a certain percentage of the duties levied upon imports for distribution as a subsidy to their producers—that is, a sacrifice of revenue for the purpose of providing a bounty; but, while this is superficially true, it would not be a correct statement of the transaction.

The Anglo-Colonial union would be strengthened by the fact that the special benefit would be confined to British traders selling goods in colonial markets, and colonial producers selling their produce in British markets. The sum available as a bounty would be in exact proportion to the preferential rebate irrespective of the *quantity* of produce sold to the Mother Country. Apart altogether from pecuniary considerations this would be a stimulus to Imperial trade which must be an important factor in the promotion of Imperial unity.

In throwing out this suggestion it is unnecessary to consider whether the sum recoverable under a preferential tariff should go direct to traders or be handed to and dealt with by the home Government, or whether any conditions should be made as to the distribution of the subsidy, this being a matter rather of detail than of principle. This is no fiscal heresy, even according to the strictest Cobdenism.

The British agriculturist would with some justice say, in considering this scheme, that colonial produce would be unfairly assisted at the expense of British foodstuffs. While we must bear in mind that the manufacturing industries of Great Britain are the paramount consideration, and that agriculture cannot hope to hold its own on equal terms against the virgin countries of the world, it is still our duty to support the land until it can accommodate itself to the altered conditions. British agriculture must also be assisted. The sum involved would not be very large, and could probably be met by the reimposition of the one shilling registration duty upon corn, which provided a revenue of 2,500,000*l.* without appreciably affecting the consumers, perhaps also by very reasonable *ad valorem* duties upon certain commodities which are undoubtedly causing damage to home industries.

Wherever it can be shown that foreign goods are brought into competition with English products unfairly, there can be no question as to the economic soundness of restrictive tariffs. Where natural advantages permit foreign producers to place goods upon our market cheaper than we can produce them ourselves, it is clear that no attempt to bolster up such industries by protective tariffs should be attempted; but the case is entirely different when foreign competition is only rendered profitable by State subsidies, by special regulations as to transit charges, or by other devices. The 'free importers' argue that foreigners could not 'dump' in British ports surplus production below cost price with the intention of ruining some of our industries, and of raising prices when, having done so, they had effectually secured our markets, because upon raising prices they would encounter the competition of the rest of the world. That is partially true, although the invasion of a firmly established market takes a considerable time; but the price at which we could buy sinks altogether into insignificance beside the infinitely graver consideration of the possible destruction of industries which could not be restored, and the resulting absence of employment for the British working man.

Every one recognises the stupendous difficulty entailed in arranging a tariff system, and the disadvantage to trade while far-reaching fiscal changes are taking effect. Stability in prices is a momentous matter for all business men, but the counsel of perfection is impracticable, and the effect of a diminishing manufacturing output must in the end be far more disastrous than any temporary disadvantage



arising from an uncertainty as to prices. Probable or even possible revision of tariffs will introduce an element of speculation which is not desirable; but so long as the changes are gradual the injury can be minimised, and it is well to remember that the ever-changing tariffs imposed by foreign countries are now subjecting our exports to this uncertainty. In spite of any opinion that may be held in Great Britain, the self-governing Colonies are determined to pursue a protective policy. Let this be accepted as settled, our aim must still be to develop our trade with them as much as possible. It is important to bear in mind that our exports to the Colonies consist almost exclusively of manufactured articles, goods which provide the maximum employment for our working population, and the trade is hence of a relatively greater consequence than is indicated by a mere measurement of its money value compared with exports to foreign countries.

What effect, it may be said, would this have on the foreigner? Should we not treat him as he treats us? Should he not perhaps wisely be left out of the calculation in fixing the domestic fiscal policy between Great Britain and her Colonies? That he now frames his tariffs to protect his own and incidentally therefore to the detriment of our trade is agreed. What more can he do? Are all the wheat growers of the world likely to combine with the object of boycotting us and starving us out on the ground that in time we might be fed by our own possessions? Such an eventuality may be dismissed.

It is not probable that the policy commonly attributed to Mr. Chamberlain is that which he will finally expound. Why, for the purpose of raising enough food for home consumption in the Colonies, should we put an important tax upon the whole of the foodstuffs we import? The growth of agriculture in the Colonies must be slow, and it is doubtful whether it would be hastened much by any possible duty against foreign grain. A subsidy upon colonial grain payable upon the quantity delivered would be far less costly (even if it were allowed to exceed the amount recovered under the suggested rebate) than a tax upon all our food. The system could of course be applied to meat or any other provisions as well as to grain.

In considering our fiscal relations with the Colonies we need not be afraid of offending other countries. Foreigners in framing their tariffs are not restrained by any consideration for us. If they could capture all our trade they would. Why should we helplessly acquiesce in this proceeding while we have the power to check it? Why let them at will swamp us with manufactured articles? Why sit helplessly still while America ruins Northampton and Germany cripples Sheffield?

To persist in ignoring the inroads upon our manufacturing industries is to follow the example of the ill-advised business man.

who publicly avows that he would never go to law, and thus invites people to impose upon him.

The importance of the returns which have been made on this question by the permanent officials of the Treasury and the Board of Trade, though of great value, can easily be overestimated. It must be remembered that it is only to be expected that they should pronounce as strongly as possible against any change. Nurtured in the school of free trade, their ideas must necessarily be affected by routine work, and their power of judgment lessened by the fact that their standpoint has necessarily been the official one for the whole of their period of office. Perhaps, too, it is not unjust to remember that a change of fiscal policy would cause endless confusion and enormously increased work.

It is to be feared that by no possibility will they be able to explain away the unfortunate fact that our manufactured exports to foreign countries, even when coal and other raw materials are included, show a great and increasing shrinkage.

Is there, then, no justification for the inquiry demanded?

The violence with which the so-called Free Traders oppose an inquiry, and the vituperation in which they indulge, is in itself *prima facie* evidence that they are apprehensive of the result and lack the material to support their pet theories.

No one with any sense of responsibility can approach the subject with a light heart; the problem is too abstruse and the issues are too vital; but since the fiscal question has been raised and must be dealt with, every one should study the subject and endeavour to form an independent opinion upon it. No one who has watched Mr. Chamberlain's career, and has a just appreciation of his extraordinarily acute perceptions, imagines that he will ride for a fall by giving his opponents at the next election the well-nigh irresistible catch-vote cry of a big *versus* little loaf. No one who has the true welfare of the Empire at heart desires a hasty verdict on this all-important question.

It appears to be accepted as certain, by the party out of power, that a general election is imminent. Why? What is there to prevent the Government from remaining in office, and the Cabinet from acting as a united Cabinet, because certain of its members hold different views upon the fiscal policy, so long as the next Budget is framed upon the lines of that of the current year? Until it is proposed to alter the incidence of taxation there is nothing more in being than an inquiry, and it would be of immense value to the nation if at least another year of education were allowed to pass before it is called upon to pronounce its verdict. After definite conclusions as to the line of policy are arrived at, assuming that the inquiry should point to the advisability of a change, it will take an immense amount of time and labour to determine the direction and extent of the alterations in the system of tariffs.

It is imperative in any change to guard against the food of the dock labourer and a vast number of persons connected with the mercantile marine becoming dearer. The great carrying trade must be fostered, and if an increased revenue is required it must be obtained from other sources. Certain articles of luxury like the private motor-car might be made to contribute. The consequences of any change must be far-reaching, but the effects may be tested by a limited application of reformed tariffs, and no drastic departure from existing conditions need be made. The Colonies, whilst they are no doubt in a hurry, would be satisfied with moderate steps tending towards a unification of their and our interests. The first move in the direction of establishing a closer commercial connection has been taken by them, and now is the time to lay the foundation of a union which experience on a small scale may teach us to complete on a large scale. To reject the overtures of the Colonies, on account of a squeamish fear as to what foreigners may do, is to court deliberately that difference of opinion and of policy which will, in all but a nominal sense, render the British Empire an aggregation of territorial possessions with a tendency rather to drift gradually asunder than to become welded by the strongest and most durable of all bonds—mutual interest.

It is possible that the adoption of a protective policy by Great Britain would operate in the direction of general free trade. The 'open door' for imports has undoubtedly caused other nations to close their doors to us, and a system based upon reciprocal exchange of commodities would, it is highly probable, lead to freer trade the world over. The very existence of the nation depends upon its business being managed upon sound lines, and sound lines involve a change of policy and method from time to time to suit altered circumstances. It would be as ridiculous to use Nelson's wooden ships in naval battles to-day, or to expect sixteenth-century armour to resist modern bullets, as it would be to leave our commercial armament out of date and perhaps in a state of rapid decay. Whatever the outcome, when the great question is finally settled at the polls, we should all be grateful to the man who at the highest point in his career ventures all for what he believes to be the welfare of the Empire.

LIONEL PHILLIPS.

## THE GREAT FISCAL PROBLEM

## III

## 1. THE DETAILED QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY STATISTICAL INQUIRY

It is often said that statistics can be made to prove anything. They can also be used so as to prove nothing. In the controversy that has arisen out of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals, they have been used abundantly in both these unprofitable ways. In the one case the inquirers err because they have settled beforehand the main conclusion which they wish the figures to teach. In the other, they err because they have not settled beforehand, with any precision, what they desire to learn. In order to elicit from a complicated mass of statistics any general and authoritative conclusions of use in practical politics, we must first arrange in some logical and orderly manner the various points with regard to which we consider that information is necessary. The value of the answer will be in proportion to the pertinence of our questions.

The questions which I propose to discuss in the present article have no direct bearing on the details of the new departure which Mr. Chamberlain advocates. They deal merely with the economic condition of this country, which daily forms the subject of so many contradictory estimates; and with regard to which it is essential that we should come to some settled conclusion, before we can decide whether or no any new departure is necessary.

The principal questions which I propose to discuss are these:—

(1) This country having been in a state of continuous economic growth ever since the first introduction of steam power: and the growth having, after the adoption of free trade, proceeded 'by leaps and bounds' for a period of forty years, is there any reason for supposing that, under present conditions, our progress has reached its limits, and is threatening to decline?

(2) Official statistics encouraging, as they notoriously do, the *prima facie* impression that our wealth is still increasing, is this impression illusory? Does an analysis of the figures destroy, or on the contrary confirm, it?

(3) How is the continued growth of the amount assessed to income-tax accounted for?

(4) Is any part of it capital spent as income? Is there any truth whatever in the theory, now so popular, that the excess of imports over exports is really paid out of capital, and that what seems to be an index of our prosperity is a record of our incipient ruin?

(5) What, substantially, is the truth about our export trade? During the past fifteen years or more, what great industries, or great groups of small industries, show an export trade which is stationary, which is dwindling, or which is increasing?

(6) What proportion, as related to our national wealth, does our external trade bear to our internal? How far do we depend on the former for the primary necessities of existence, and the raw materials of our industries?

(7) What light on our external trade and its value is thrown by the number of persons employed in our various industries, or by any recent changes that have taken place in this respect?

(8) Does our condition as indicated by the wealth of the people as a whole show that, when compared with our condition at previous periods, our wealth is continuing to increase in a satisfactory manner, and that no new factors have of late entered into the situation, which are calculated to alarm us with regard to the near future? Or do the facts of our present condition lead us to an opposite conclusion, and force us to recognise that, as the circumstances of the world change, we, if we are to maintain our position, must make certain changes also?

## 2. THE GROWTH OF ASSESSED INCOME DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS

Any one who, after reading the assertions, now so frequent, that the wealth of this country has already begun to decline, should, for the first time, turn to the official record of the amount that has been assessed to income-tax during the past ten years would open his eyes in astonishment; for, apart from a sharp depression, from which there was a rapid recovery, he would find the record to be one of continuous and startling increase. The amount of incomes reviewed by the Inland Revenue Department for purposes of income-tax was in 1891 678,000,000*l*. In 1896 it was 704,000,000*l*.: and in 1901 it was 833,000,000*l*. For the last six years the increase has been unbroken. How can the pessimist explain these facts away? He does so mainly by maintaining that what seems to be a growth of income, and is doubtless taxed as such, is really an increasingly reckless throwing away of capital. Before we attend farther to this somewhat crude explanation, let us see what light is thrown on the facts

in question by such analyses of them as are comprised in the official statistics.

It will be enough for our purpose to take the two extreme years—1891 and 1901. The total income for the latter year exceeds that of the former—or appears to exceed it—by 155,000,000*l.* By the growth, real or apparent, of what kinds of individual incomes is this vast aggregate growth, real or apparent, accounted for?

The agricultural income—the landlord's and the farmer's combined—has not increased at all. It has decreased by 7,000,000*l.*, but the deficit thus caused is counterbalanced by an increase of the same amount in the incomes derived from the supply of gas and water; so the sum which we have still to account for remains at the original figure—that is to say, 155,000,000*l.* Of this nominal increase, however, there are three items which must be struck out at once, as representing no real increase in the economic productivity of the country. These are 2,000,000*l.* of increase in interest secured on the rates; an increase of 5,000,000*l.* in the salaries of Government officials; and an increase of no less than 21,000,000*l.* in the salaries of the officials of corporations—making together a sum of 28,000,000*l.* By the deduction of this, then, the total sum that concerns us is reduced to 127,000,000*l.*: and this increase in our assessed incomes during the past ten years is almost entirely accounted for by an increase in incomes drawn from the four following sources:

(1) the profits of home railways; (2) railways and Government securities out of the United Kingdom; (3) the rent of houses; (4) the profits of trades, industries, and professions. The increase in the first class of income has been 4,000,000*l.*; in the second 5,000,000*l.*; in the third 35,000,000*l.*; and in the fourth 80,000,000*l.*<sup>1</sup>

But before dealing with these sums further, as indices of the reality or extent of our recent national progress, we must compare this percentage of growth with the accompanying growth of the population; for it is obvious that a nation is economically increasing in prosperity only in the degree to which its wealth increases more than its numbers.

Let us begin, then, by taking the increase in the first two of the four classes of income that were just now particularised. Between the dates with which we are here concerned—namely, 1891 and 1901—the population increased from 37,000,000 to 41,000,000. The profits of the home railways increased in a proportion almost identical, from something over 36,000,000*l.* to something over 40,000,000*l.* In other words, the total profits, and the increase, have amounted during the past ten years to 1*l.* per head, year by year, of the popula-

<sup>1</sup> Mines, iron-works, and quarries are added in this estimate to 'Businesses, Professions, &c. not otherwise detailed.' See *Statistical Abstract*, p. 55.

tion; whilst the increase from railways abroad and the other foreign securities exhibits an increase which is slightly, but not much, less. If we take 37 in each case as the number with which we start, the population has increased by 4; the profits of home railways have increased by 4; and the foreign income referred to has increased by about 3.

These figures would at first sight seem to indicate that in respect of our home railways and the foreign income in question, the wealth of the country had barely kept pace with the population, and therefore exhibited no true increase at all. But the figures for the foreign income warrant no such conclusion; for they stand, as we shall see presently, for a part of our foreign income only, separated from the rest by the mere technicalities of assessment; whilst the lesson of the home railways is very different from what it appears to be. The working expenses in proportion to the gross receipts have risen from 55 to 64 per cent., whereas the profits have risen only in the proportion of 37 to 41; but the gross receipts from passenger traffic have risen from 37 to 48; those from goods traffic have risen from 37 to 45; whilst the number of passengers has risen from 37 to 54; and the tonnage of goods carried from 37 to 50. Thus the percentage of increase in the tonnage of goods carried has been more than treble the percentage of the increase in the number of the population; and the percentage of increase in the number of persons travelling has been more than four times the percentage of increase in the number of the population. These last facts are those that really concern us here; and considered in the light of these, the history of our home railways during the last ten years, instead of offering any evidence of economic stagnation or decline, shows, so far as it is an indication of the state of affairs generally, that the country is still in process of vigorous economic growth.

Let us next consider the increase in the rental of houses. This tells, on a very much magnified scale, a tale in consonance with that told by the railways. A certain part of this increase is no doubt due to a rise in the rent of unchanged accommodation, caused by the pressure of population at certain crowded centres; but, as Mr. Charles Booth has shown in the case of London, a large part is due to the fact that increasing house-room has been provided for a given number of people; and also to the fact that in general the character of the accommodation has improved. The people, in fact, have become able to pay for better houses.<sup>2</sup>

And now we come to what is really our central problem—namely, the increase in the income from professions, trades, and industries; for the entire source of our progress, such as it is, is here; and the growth of our railway traffic, and the improvement and multi-

<sup>2</sup> The houses have increased by 14 per cent., whilst the population has increased by 12 per cent. The average rent per house has risen from 20*l.* 8*s.* to 21*l.*

plication of houses are significant only because they are subsidiary to this increase or result from it. If we look back over the past ten years—and the same thing holds good if we carry our survey farther—we shall find that the incomes from professions, trades, and business, which figure in the official returns as a lump sum almost unanalysed, is the sole variant of importance in the total assessed to Income-tax. When between the years 1893 and 1895 this total fell from 679,000,000*l.* to 657,000,000*l.*—that is to say, by 22,000,000*l.*—this class of income fell by almost exactly the same sum. When the total, two years later, had risen to 704,000,000*l.* this class of income was responsible for four-fifths of the rise. Its amount is seven times that of the agricultural rental of the kingdom; and if we wish to understand our actual economic condition, it is in this part of the incomes assessed to Income-tax that we shall find our most important clue.

### 3. OUR CHIEF PRODUCTIVE INDUSTRIES AND OUR EXPORTS OF BRITISH PRODUCE

The increase in this income, during the past ten years, has, as we have seen, been 80,000,000*l.* In 1891 the total was 286,000,000*l.*, and in 1901 366,000,000*l.*

During that period, let us once more observe, the population increased from 37 millions to 41 millions. The income now referred to, when reduced to comparable figures, increased in the proportion of 37 to 47. The population increased by 4; the income increased by 10. The percentage of increase in income, therefore, is more than double that of the population. To what precise causes, then, is the increase in income due?

In order to understand this, we must, before we deal with the increase, consider the sources of the income taken as a whole. A part of it, as we shall see presently, comes from abroad; but the bulk of it is due to two processes which take place in this country. These are the making of goods, or the extraction of materials from the ground; and the conveying of goods from the place of production to the consumer. Both processes are necessary in order to give them a marketable value; but the former is the foundation of the latter, and the vicissitudes of the latter depend upon it. Let us see then what, in the order of their present importance, are the main wealth-producing occupations which are at present prosecuted in this country.

One of the great difficulties which the statistician encounters in dealing with the general questions with which we are now concerned consists in the fact that with regard to our home trade, or our home-consumed home products, there is no series of official or other returns which will give us direct information as to the



value of each industry. We are therefore driven to approach our subject indirectly, and must content ourselves with broad results, which, as such, shall be substantially correct.

The relative importance of the industries or occupations in question is shown by the number of persons engaged in each. We will therefore take the working male population as a whole, and, arranging the industries and occupations in certain comprehensive groups, see what proportion of the working population belongs to each. The working male population consists of 10 million persons: but from this number we must make certain very considerable deductions. We must deduct our soldiers and sailors, 168,000; the civil servants of the Government, 171,000; and what in the census are described as professional persons,<sup>3</sup> beginning with priests and lawyers, and ending with the managers of exhibitions. The total of these is 311,000, and to these must be added 300,000 male domestic servants. In round numbers the total amounts to a million. Then, again, there are three important industries, with which we have dealt already, and which need not again engage us—namely, agriculture, the building trade, and the railways. Agriculture is declining; and for that reason alone it would not concern us now, as we are looking for the industries that have progressed: whilst our examination of the increase in the rental of houses, and in the profits of home railways, about neither of which is there any mystery, will enable us for the moment to set them both aside. We have thus disposed of three further groups of the male working population—the agricultural workers, who amount to 1,000,000; persons engaged in the building trade, who amount to another 1,000,000; and persons employed on the railways, who amount to 350,000. With these last, moreover, it will be well to group also the persons employed in road traffic, whose number is very nearly the same. Out of 10 million workers, then, we have satisfactorily accounted for the following:

Army, Navy, Civil Service, Professions, Domestic Servants . . . . .	1,000,000
Agricultural workers . . . . .	1,000,000
Persons employed in construction of houses . . . . .	1,000,000
Persons employed in inland goods and passenger traffic . . . . .	700,000

We have thus 6,300,000 male workers left to deal with; and it is in what we may call the basic occupations of these that we must look for the primary clue to our economic condition and prospects.

Of these six and a quarter millions of male workers, the larger part divides itself into a few easily recognisable groups: of which

<sup>3</sup> There are 60,000 teachers, 54,000 lawyers, 53,000 clergymen, 33,000 doctors, 20,000 actors, 13,000 journalists, 10,000 architects, and 42,000 persons who provide us with music and amusements.

some are at once seen to be distributive, whilst the others—for us the most important—are in the sense productive. I give the latter first.

\* *Males employed in Productive Industries*

Metal working, pig-iron, machine-making, engine-making, &c.	1,100,000
Mines (coalminers numbering 600,000)	800,000
Merchant-shipping (building ships, manning ships, wharf, dock and clerical labour)	540,000
Textile industries	500,000
Manufacturers of dress (tailors, shoemakers, hatters, &c.)	315,000
Manufacturers of food (biscuit-makers, jam-makers, bakers, &c.)	250,000
Makers of furniture	230,000
Producers of printed matter	140,000
Makers of bricks and cement	140,000
Jewellers, workers in precious metals, &c.	130,000
Chemical industries	100,000
Leather goods	80,000
General labourers (including 100,000 mechanics)	500,000

*Males employed in Distribution (certain principal groups)*

Commercial clerks, &c.	400,000
Sellers of food in shops	360,000
Purveyors of cooked food (inns, restaurants, &c.)	150,000
Sellers of articles of dress	100,000

I mention this latter group merely to remind the reader how large a part the business of distribution plays in the economic process: and how large a part it contributes to the selling value of commodities. Commodities have, in fact, no realised value at all until, by means of appropriate distributing agencies, an electric contact, as it were, is formed between the commodity and the consumer. But the value contributed by the distributive process can be only a multiple of that due to the direct productive process. The productive industries are, therefore, the foundation of the national wealth: and we will, for the present, confine our attention to these.

The reader will see from the table that has just been given that, apart from agriculture, the building-trade, and traffic by road and rail, our main national industries are metal-working—the greatest of all—employing 1,100,000 males; mining, which employs 800,000; carriage of goods by sea (and connected industries), which employs 540,000;<sup>4</sup> the textile industries, which employ 500,000; the making of clothes, boots &c., which employs 315,000; and the preparation of food products (biscuits, pickles, jams &c.), which employs 250,000; and it will be sufficient for our present purpose to keep these in view only. All these industries belong to that great group the profits of which, during the past ten years, have, as we

<sup>4</sup> The reader will see that the conveyance of foreign goods, payment for which service comes from abroad, stands on a different footing, as a source of income, from the conveyance of goods at home.

have seen, risen by 80,000,000*l.*, and in inquiring what has really taken place we have several marks to guide us. One of these is our knowledge of the total profits concerned—286,000,000*l.* for 1891, 366,000,000*l.* for 1901, and the difference just mentioned between the two. Another is our knowledge of the total value (not the profits) of the home products exported at the two periods. In 1891 the value was 247,000,000*l.*, in 1901 it was 280,000,000*l.* That is to say, there had been an increase of 33,000,000*l.* Before we consider farther how the 80,000,000*l.* is to be accounted for, let us deal with the smaller increment—namely, that in the exports—and ask to the expansion of what industries it is due.

In the year 1891, of exports amounting to 247,000,000*l.* the incomparably largest item consisted of textile goods. The value of these amounted to between 80,000,000*l.* and 90,000,000*l.*; whilst some fifty other articles of export, which we cannot here deal with separately, made up in small sums a similar total. Next to these items in magnitude came metals and manufactured metal goods, the total value of which was about 50,000,000*l.*; the metals amounting to 32,000,000*l.* and manufactured metal goods, such as machinery, amounting to 17,000,000*l.* And now, before going farther, let me point out the following fact. The exports of textiles, of miscellaneous goods, and of metals, together made up, in the year 1891, 212,000,000*l.* out of a total of 247,000,000*l.* Throughout the past ten years our exports of these great classes of commodities have been practically stationary. Some of the lesser trades have declined, some increased; but their general value exhibits no appreciable difference. They give us an export value for 1901 of about 212,000,000*l.*, just as they did ten years before; and if it were not for certain industries outside these, our export trade would be stagnant, or relatively to the population it would be diminishing. The growing industries in question can be identified without much trouble. They are these—coal, machinery, provisions, ships.<sup>5</sup>

	Exports in 1891	Exports in 1901	Increase
	£	£	£
Machinery . . . . .	17,000,000	27,000,000	10,000,000
Coal . . . . .	16,000,000	28,000,000	12,000,000
Provisions . . . . .	8,000,000	12,000,000	4,000,000
Ships . . . . .	5,000,000	9,000,000	4,000,000
Total . . . . .	46,000,000	76,000,000	30,000,000

The whole ten years' increase in our export trade is, with the exception of about 3,000,000*l.*, thus made up by the increase of the

<sup>5</sup> The carelessness with which statistics are handled in newspaper controversy is shown by the fact that many writers strike out ships as an item of income altogether, because they were not included in the earlier returns. But by reference to the tonnage of the ships built during previous years it is easy to get at an approximate estimate of their value.

exports of these four groups of commodities. And yet there is an increase of 80,000,000*l.* in the profits of business and industries, of which the increase in our export trade will account for 34,000,000*l.*—the gross amount of the increase—but only for so much of that as may be held to represent profits. Let us put this down as a half—we will say 17,000,000*l.* We still have a total increase of 63,000,000*l.* to explain.

The ordinary financial alarmist will probably step in here, and offer us the aid of his supposition of a squandering of our national capital. We will consider his supposition presently, in a somewhat different connection. We shall find, however, that here at all events there is no need to adopt it. There are two other sources of increase, besides our foreign trade, in which an explanation of the 63,000,000*l.* may be found. One of these is the growth of home production for home consumption. The other is the growth of a very large income derived from industrial enterprises out of the United Kingdom, other than those classed separately in the official returns. Two items alone in our production for the home market will explain a large part of the total with which we have to deal. One is an increase of 10,000,000*l.* in the gross receipts from the shipping industry, to which we shall recur presently. The other is an increase in the coal consumed in this country,<sup>6</sup> the value of which at the pit's mouth was in 1901 26,000,000*l.*, and the selling price of which would be at least 52,000,000*l.* It is perfectly obvious that the mere growth of the population must have necessitated an increase of production in each of the other great industries, and swollen the profits derived from them; whilst the profits of the distributive businesses and professions, which may be assumed to have increased proportionately, will supply us with an explanation of whatever may remain to be explained. We shall be able to see this more clearly, and in greater detail, when we consider the question of our imports, which has caused many persons so much needless alarm.

#### 4. AMOUNT AND GROWTH OF OUR IMPORTS. THE COMMODITIES OF WHICH THEY CONSIST

The ordinary alarmist of to-day finds in our official returns a series of figures which shows him that for a long time past the value of the goods exported by us is very much less than the value of those which we import; and arguing with perfect accuracy that the goods which we import must be paid for with something somehow, and that ultimately goods are paid for by goods of an equal value, or else by services rendered, he concludes that since we render

<sup>6</sup> The coal consumed at home was worth 58,000,000*l.* in 1891, and 84,000,000*l.* in 1901.

foreign nations no services, as far as he can see ; and since they will only take from us goods of much smaller total value than those with which they supply us, we must be making the difference up either by actual payments in coin, or by parting with our commercial interests at home and more especially abroad. According to this theory we have actually been spending out of capital a sum which has, each year during the past ten years, been considerably over 125,000,000*l.* ; and in 1901 had risen to 174,000,000*l.*

But those who argue in this way forget one or other, or all, of the four following things. In addition to our exports there are four other sources from which the balance due on the excess of imports may be paid. We have only to inquire whether they will give us a sum sufficient for the purpose. The sources exist. These four sources are the freightage of our foreign trade ; the investments abroad, specially scheduled in the official returns, and consisting mainly of foreign railway stock and government securities : the farther income from abroad which arises from mines, manufactures, and enterprises of all kinds in all parts of the world, and is received and spent by persons resident in the United Kingdom ; and the sums spent in this country by the growing number of foreign visitors.

It is estimated that in France the general travelling public, and the winter residents in the south, spend annually about 16,000,000*l.* We may assume therefore that there will in our own country likewise be a very considerable income derived from a similar source. The income from foreign enterprises, not specified as such in the published official returns, is said to amount to something like 45,000,000*l.* The income from foreign sources, specially entered as such, is seen by the official returns for 1901 to amount to, in round numbers, 52,000,000*l.*, an amount just equal to the agricultural rental of the kingdom. These last two items amount, on the lowest computation, to a total income of over 90,000,000*l.* : whilst if we add, conjecturally, 10,000,000*l.* on account of our foreign visitors, we have an income from foreign sources of 100,000,000*l.*

It remains for us to consider the income which this country derives from its shipping industry, as the great ocean-carrier of the world. This is estimated to be some 90,000,000*l.* a year ; and when we consider what our shipping industry is, it will be seen that the above has in it nothing to surprise us. The coal industry, which employs 600,000 persons, annually produces coal which at the pits' mouth is worth 100,000,000*l.* The textile industries, which employ 500,000 persons, export goods to the value of 80,000,000*l.* The shipping industry, directly or indirectly, employs no fewer than 540,000 persons—those who build and repair the ships ; who build and repair the docks, wharves, and harbours ; who man the ships ; who load and unload them ; whilst the fixed capital represented

by the ships alone cannot be less than 420,000,000*l.*, to which must be added the capital represented by docks and harbours.

Thus there comes into, and belongs to, this country an income amounting to more than 190,000,000*l.*, part of which arises from enterprises in other countries and can therefore purchase imports without entailing any exports from our own shores in return for them; and part of which makes no show in the records of our foreign trade, because, as these records are at present compiled, it is lost in them. This income, at the low estimate here given on it, is more than sufficient to account for an excess of imports over exports, which amounted in 1901 to 174,000,000*l.* There is no need to invoke the supposition that we are year by year spending so much of our capital.

If anyone (like Mr. Seddon) still clings to this idea, let him do something which he has probably never thought of doing. Let him analyse our multifarious imports, and see of what they consist. In 1901 their value amounted to about 450,000,000*l.* As entered alphabetically in the Statistical Abstract they at first sight seem puzzling enough; but nine-tenths of them at all events will be found on a little inspection to be separable into a few distinct and intelligible groups. Of the 450,000,000*l.*, incomparably the largest item is food, which amounted for the year in question to 200,000,000*l.* Next to this comes a variety of raw materials, partially manufactured materials, or materials used in various industrial processes. The total value of these was 170,000,000*l.*<sup>7</sup> Of the remaining 80,000,000*l.*, about 65,000,000*l.* was accounted for by five chief classes of goods: tobacco 5,000,000*l.*; oil, candles, and matches 7,000,000*l.*; machinery, rails, girders, &c. made of iron or steel, 8,000,000*l.*; ornamental goods, china, pictures, picture-frames, toys, clocks, watches, &c., 9,000,000*l.*; and last, but not least, dress—most of it naturally feminine—the value of which was 35,000,000*l.* In other words, if we deduct from the total imports, the 170,000,000*l.* represented by raw materials and 8,000,000*l.* by rails, steel girders, &c., used in works of construction, we have a remaining total of 273,000,000*l.*, of which 200,000,000*l.* is represented by food, 35,000,000*l.* by dress, and 14,000,000*l.* by fancy goods and tobacco.

What part of all this do our alarmists suppose is paid for out of capital, not income, and by what classes of persons? We may safely say that our hypothetical prodigals do not squander their means on raw cotton, pig-iron, india-rubber, and lubricating oils, or

<sup>7</sup> The chief raw materials are: cotton and wool 62,000,000*l.*, metals 30,000,000*l.*, timber 21,000,000*l.* Since 1891 our importations of timber have risen from 13,000,000*l.* to 21,000,000*l.*, of metals from 26,000,000*l.* to 30,000,000*l.*, of paper (partially manufactured) from 5,000,000*l.* to 8,000,000*l.*, and of leather and hides from 5,000,000*l.* to 8,000,000*l.* The value of food imported has risen by 30,000,000*l.* The imports of cotton and wool have declined.

even on steel girders; nor can we suppose that any large number of persons has been steadily selling stocks and shares in America in order to pay for American corn and bacon. At all periods there have been men who have gallantly ruined themselves for the sake of supplying beauty with appropriate dresses and ornaments; but it is not conceivable that the British nation as a whole is annually getting rid of more than 40,000,000*l.* of its capital, in order that its wives and daughters may wear silk gowns, furs, artificial flowers and lockets.<sup>8</sup> In short, the theory of the alarmist that the excess of imports over exports is paid for in this country by a constant drain on our capital, has only to be analysed to show that it is absurd in itself; whilst our income from the shipping trade, and various foreign sources, shows that, besides being absurd, it is altogether superfluous. I have not, however, given the reader the above account of our imports in order to dispose again of a theory that had been disposed of already. I have given it in order to draw from it yet more important conclusions.

##### 5. THE IMPORTS AND HOME INDUSTRIES ON WHICH ALL OUR WEALTH DEPENDS—PRESENT CONDITION OF THESE

Some ten or twelve years ago various estimates were made of the total income of the United Kingdom. They were made independently, and the results of all were in substantial agreement. The income of the country then was about 1,300,000,000*l.* It could probably be shown that, if we understand income in the same sense, the income of the country now is more than 1,600,000,000*l.* I do not insist on these figures. I mention them only in order to show the reader that during a period which is represented by alarmists as the beginning of our commercial decline, there has undoubtedly been an enormous increase in our gross national income and a general diffusion of wealth amongst all classes, with the sole exception of the more or less submerged residuum. That such is the case, as we have already seen, is evidenced by the remarkable increase in the number and value of houses, and a more than corresponding increase in the traffic on our home railways. In the face of all this, then, the reader will exclaim once more, Is it possible that such general progress can co-exist with a general decline, or even with any indication that a general decline is imminent?

In order to answer this question there are certain facts to be considered, which, though they have been touched upon by implication in certain of our preceding observations, have not yet been directly dealt with.

<sup>8</sup> Imported silks amount to 13,000,000*l.*, artificial flowers to 1,200,000*l.*, furs to 3,000,000*l.*

We started our inquiry with an examination of that portion of the national income which is made up of incomes exceeding 150*l*. We must now consider the whole. Let us suppose that a foreigner buys a house in England with large gardens, requiring twenty gardeners, each of whom receives 50*l*. a year. The employer thus spends 1000*l*. a year on his garden, which duly figures in the returns of incomes assessed to income-tax. The twenty gardeners, between them, have an income of 1000*l*. a year also. Thus the 1000*l*. of assessed income means twice that amount of national income. Again, the assessed income of railways is 40,000,000*l*.; but this sum implies the payment to the various workers on the railways of 67,000,000*l*. Thus the 40,000,000*l*. of assessed incomes from railways means a national income of 107,000,000*l*. But there are certain kinds of assessed incomes the implications of which are very much more extensive. For every 1,000,000*l*. of profits in the production of raw materials, such as iron, another 1,000,000*l*. will be derived from the business of working them up; this will involve a corresponding wage-income for the employees, and then will follow the profits of distribution, and yet another wage income as its concomitant. Thus 1,000,000*l*. of profits from what we may call the parent industry may mean a national income of four or five times that amount. That is to say, in proportion to the industrial efficiency of a country, each of the great root-industries fructifies into a number of others, or forms a foundation on which others are built up like a tower. Thus these root-industries, though they do not produce more than a fraction of the wealth of a country, constitute the units which the other industries multiply, or provide the areas on which the other industries are built; and hence follows a result not generally recognised. In proportion as these root-industries contract, they imply and necessitate a national loss incomparably greater than that which they directly suffer themselves. A loss of 1,000,000*l*. of profits in the production of iron may well imply a loss of 4,000,000*l*. of national income. And now turning back to the national income as a whole, again assuming it to be approximately 1,600,000,000*l*., and making certain deductions on account of the expenses of government, and income from foreign sources, which will reduce the total to about 1,300,000,000*l*., we can easily see that an income, consisting of business profits, though it might not amount to more than 250,000,000*l*., might carry on its shoulders the fortunes of all the rest. If then we suppose a country with a certain number of root-industries based on its own raw products, such a country, if possessed of sufficient manufacturing energy, might increase its wealth indefinitely without any external trade. But in order that this may take place, two things are necessary, namely food and raw materials. Food and raw materials are, in fact, the foundations on which industry and genius build up the fabric of



wealth, story after story, like a New York sky-scraper. The dimensions of the sky-scraper are, however, strictly conditioned by the extent and the solidity of the foundations. If a foot of the latter gives way, a hundred feet of wall may give way along with it.

Now the case with regard to our own country is this. Of the food and the raw materials, which are the foundations of our industrial sky-scraper, a part only, and a part that is constantly decreasing, is produced within our borders. Our wealth, in fact, resembles an Eiffel tower, which rises in this country on four enormous legs; but though the tower is in one sense a purely British erection, one of its four legs only rests upon British soil. One of them straddles across the Atlantic and finds its footing in America; another in Europe and Asia; and another is buoyed up by a multitude of ships at sea. This is the great lesson which an analysis of our imports teaches us. Four-fifths of our imports in 1901 consisted of food and raw materials; the former, as we have seen, amounting to 200,000,000*l.*, and the latter to 170,000,000*l.*, out of a total of 450,000,000*l.*; and any great and permanent reduction in these would mean to this country a loss of national income not of its own amount only, but of that amount multiplied by three, or four, or five. In the case of food this is specially obvious. The production of manufacturing wealth, man for man, has been trebled by invention and science during the past hundred years. Where a thousand men in the year 1800 would have produced products to the value of 100,000*l.*, they would produce products to the value of 300,000*l.*, now; but in neither case could they produce anything without food, which in each case would come, we will say, to 30*l.* a man, or 30,000*l.* for the whole number. If then the supply of food were diminished by one tenth, which would mean that one tenth of the men could no longer perform their work, the loss involved would be not only the 3000*l.* which, if food were attainable, would have been spent by these hundred men in food: but it would mean the loss of the values which they would have otherwise produced—a loss in the first case of 10,000*l.*, and in the second case of 30,000*l.* In fact, the greater the progress a country makes in its secondary industries, the greater is the loss entailed by a contraction of its root-industries, or of the imported supply of those commodities—food and raw materials—which root-industries produce elsewhere. Now the peculiar economic feature of this country is that its supply of the first of these two commodities, namely food, is, to a degree unexampled in the history of nations, and to a degree steadily increasing, drawn, by the necessities of the case, from soils beyond our borders; and the same observation is, with the exception of coal, becoming constantly more applicable to us with regard to our raw materials: and our power of securing these fundamental supplies depends primarily, with the one exception of coal, on our exports

of manufactured articles and our services as ocean carriers. Let me commend, therefore, to the reader's attention the three following considerations.

(1) Between the years 1891 and 1901 our exports, having fallen for several years, and then begun to rapidly rise again, were at the end of this period greater than what they were at the beginning by 33,000,000*l.* only, of which more than a third was due to exported coal. The only other exports of importance were machinery, ships, and manufactured provisions. The great staple industries of the country have simply remained stationary: and the great mass of miscellaneous smaller industries of which many have increased and many declined,<sup>9</sup> has as a whole remained stationary also.

(2) If we add together the exports of 1901, 280,000,000*l.*, and the shipping income, 90,000,000*l.*, the total but just balances the imports of food and raw materials—200,000,000*l.* for the one and 170,000,000*l.* for the other. If it had not been for the foreign income there would actually have been a balance against us of some 80,000,000*l.*

(3) The foreign income, which goes to swell the total assessed to income-tax, means, as an element in the national income, double its assessed amount; and forms, approximately, one eighth of the total. Thus the source of yet another part of our prosperity lies beyond our own borders.

The above facts will show the truth of both of the two opposite views which are now being put before us with regard to our economic condition. They will show, on the one hand, that our apparent prosperity is in a certain sense real; that our income continues to grow, and that we are not living on our capital. They will show, on the other hand, that though the fabric of our income may be rising, the foundations on which the fabric rests are not increasing in solidity proportionately to the superstructure they carry; and that the fuller our recognition may be of the magnitude and growth of the superstructure, the more incumbent it may be on us to re-examine and solidify the foundations.

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W. H. MALLOCK.

<sup>9</sup> This fact explains the conflicting views which business men take of the existing situation. The smaller industries supply us with any number of conflicting data, the general significance of which can only be arrived at by taking them all together.

## *THE RESOURCES OF SOUTH AFRICA*

So little is known, even at the present day, as to the vast resources of the country which has recently cost England so much blood and so large an amount of treasure to conquer and retain, that I feel justified in attempting to give some idea of the present and prospective value of South Africa, both in regard to its mineral wealth and also to its agricultural possibilities. On entering upon the task of describing either the wealth which is in process of development, or that which is known to exist but which still awaits the capital, intelligence, and, above all, the labour, absolutely necessary to make it available, one is puzzled to know where to begin.

But there is no doubt that the discovery of diamonds on the banks of the Vaal, in 1867, was the first of a series of events which has raised South Africa from the position of a veritable Cinderella amongst the British possessions to that of one of the wealthiest and most important portions of the Empire. It will be well, therefore, to begin with some account of those wonderful mines which have created Kimberley, with its large population, and have even furnished means for the erection of some grand mansions in Park Lane.

The early history of the diamond industry is a somewhat romantic one, but it has been often told and has been used as material for many works of fiction based on fact. At first, diamonds were found only in the bed and on the banks of the Vaal River. But within a couple of years of the first discovery the 'New Rush' was found and worked; other diamond deposits came to light; and to-day there is no longer any fear of the supply failing, or of the mines being worked out. The real difficulty is, so to control the output that diamonds shall not become a drug in the markets of the world and the price shall not be so reduced as to make the mines unprofitable.

The extent of diamondiferous country is now known to be very great. There are the Jagersfontein mine, in the south-western part of the Orange River Colony, which has been worked to a considerable extent; the Lace mine, near Kroonstadt, in the same colony, and the Premier mine, in the Transvaal, not far from Johannesburg. The finding of diamonds from time to time in the eastern part also of

the Orange River Colony, and in Basutoland, shows that the deposits are spread over an immense area of country.

The mines in the neighbourhood of Kimberley are, as is well known, worked by one company, the renowned De Beers; the amalgamation of all interests in these mines having been effected by the late Right Hon. C. J. Rhodes. The only independent diggers left are those working on the Vaal River at Klipdam and its vicinity. These men are known as 'River Diggers,' and from time to time make good finds, always succeeding in earning a sufficient livelihood. The number of stones found by them is not, however, large enough to have any serious effect upon the diamond market. It may be assumed that there is no room for any further development of the industry, as the opening of new mines, with anything like a large output, would mean a reduction in price. The average value of the diamonds exported during the last four years may be taken as four millions annually. This, it is estimated, represents the quantity which can be absorbed by the world without unduly depreciating the price. It seems almost incredible that articles so indestructible as diamonds should maintain their value in the face of the large quantities thrown upon the market annually. The value of the industry, to the colonies in which the mines are situated, consists, it need hardly be said, in the amount spent by the mining companies and diggers in the country. This must be very large, as it amounts, roughly speaking, to about 75 per cent. of the total value of the output. There is at present no export tax on diamonds. In consequence there is a very strong feeling in the colony that in some way the industry should be made to contribute more largely to the general revenue than it at present does by indirect taxation. This, however, is a question affecting only the people of the South African Colonies, who may be trusted to look after their own interests.

Leaving the diamonds, which have done so much for South Africa in the past, we come to the next great source of wealth, namely, gold. This differs from diamonds inasmuch as, although its value may depreciate or appreciate in proportion to the rise or fall in production, yet it has a permanent value which, except to financial experts, does not appear to vary; and there is no form of mineral wealth which has so strong an attraction, alike for capitalists and practical miners. The first actual discovery of gold in South Africa was made by a German traveller, Herr Karl Mauch, in the year 1866, although there had previously been rumours of the finding of alluvial gold in the district of Rustenburg. The district in which gold was discovered by Karl Mauch was that known as the Tati, on the river of that name. It was on the borders of the Matabele country and in those days very difficult to reach and dangerous to live in. Great efforts were made, however, by Sir John Swinburne and others to develop these gold deposits; but,

strangely enough, from that time to this, in spite of repeated attempts, these mines have been a failure; and work at Tati is now, I believe, suspended. Nevertheless, attention having once been called to the existence of gold in South Africa, a number of prospecting parties were soon at work, and it was not long before gold, in quantities sometimes payable but more often not, was discovered in the north-eastern part of the Transvaal. It was not, however, until 1884 that the brothers Struben started the mining district of Witwatersrand, the development of which was destined within less than twenty years to change the whole history of South Africa; to be the direct cause of the building of Johannesburg, the largest purely mining town in the world; and finally to bring about the transfer to Great Britain of those extensive countries between the Limpopo and the Orange Rivers, which otherwise might, under a primitive form of Republican government, have gone on, forgotten by the outer world, for generations.

In December 1885 the first battery (five stamps) was started. From this time the progress of these fields was extraordinarily rapid. It is needless for present purposes to trace it step by step. Suffice it to say that the total value of gold produced in the Transvaal in the year before the war amounted to sixteen millions forty-four thousand one hundred and thirty-five pounds (16,044,135*l.*). This was from the original Rand mines, stretching along the ridge known as the Witwatersrand for forty miles. Recent discoveries have made it fairly certain that the reefs extend for another thirty miles to the north-east in the Heidelberg district; and, more recently still, the discovery has been announced of gold reefs in the Hoopstad district of the Orange River Colony, south of the Vaal River. Fears were expressed at one time that the exhaustion of the mines was within measurable distance and would occur before their real mission, namely that of stimulating and developing the agricultural and pastoral resources of the country, was accomplished. It is now fairly certain that the gold industry has a long life before it, and that even when the richer deposits are exhausted greater transport facilities and decreased cost of living—and therefore of labour—will enable the poorer deposits to be worked at a profit. There are several gold-bearing districts which have not been mentioned, such as the Marico, De Kaap, and Swaziland. But enough has been said to show the immense value of the gold mines of South Africa, both present and future. Rhodesia, with a present average production of 15,000 *ozs.* per month, equal in value to 60,000*l.* monthly, has also to be taken into account. It is known that gold has been discovered in Northern Rhodesia, north of the Zambesi, but the accounts of the value of these deposits are too vague to justify anything beyond a reference to their existence at the present time.

The timely discovery of coal, in various parts of South Africa,

has immensely facilitated the working of both the diamond and the gold mines. It was at one time supposed that the geological conditions forbade any hope of coal existing in a payable quantity; and, as is the case with so many of our most valuable minerals, it was at length found under conditions totally different from those which accompany its presence in other countries. In the mines in Cape Colony where coal was first found the seams appear on the sides of those hills which have the table formation so peculiar to South Africa. It is not necessary to sink shafts, but headings are driven into the hill-sides, and such water as is found in the workings is got rid of by gravitation, the expense of pumping being thus saved, as well as the haulage, required in English pits to bring the coal to the surface. The seams of coal found in the Cape Colony are thin, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to work them profitably were it not for these favourable conditions.

It is not easy to define, with any approach to exactness, the extent of the coalfields. Outcrops of coal have been discovered at different points below the highest range of the Drakensberg, from the mines worked near Molteno on the Stormberg, to Natal and beyond, a distance of over 300 miles. But the most valuable coalfields have been discovered in very recent years in the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Rhodesia, perhaps the most valuable of all being the Wankie fields, situated near the Zambesi. These fields have not as yet been worked, as the construction of the line from Bulawayo to the Zambesi Falls, which will develop them, is not yet sufficiently advanced. It is hoped, however, that when the line reaches the southern boundary of the fields a practically unlimited supply of coal will be available for the working of the Rhodesian gold mines and railway. In the Transvaal, the largest collieries at present working are those owned by Messrs. Lewis & Marks at Vereeniging, on the Vaal River. They have also a mine on the south bank of the river, in the Orange River Colony. There are extensive mines in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg, Brakpan, &c. The best coal in the Transvaal Colony is, however, found in the Middelburg district, some of the mines being close to the railway, between Pretoria and Lourenço Marques (Delagoa Bay).

In Natal, coal-mining is one of the most important industries, the Dundee collieries being well known. In addition to the collieries within the colonial borders, it is now known that extensive seams of good coal exist near St. Lucia Bay, in Zululand. Altogether, it may be safely affirmed that there is sufficient coal in South Africa to last for many generations, and no fear need be entertained lest the working of the other mineral riches of the country should be hindered for want of the necessary supply of fuel. This industry alone can support a large population, both white and black, and it is one which will constantly grow and expand as time goes on.

The mention of coal naturally leads one to think of iron. In Natal, the Transvaal, and Northern Rhodesia, a vast quantity of iron ore is known to exist, and in all probability still greater quantities will be discovered when attention is directed to this special source of wealth. The importance of this will be realised when Mr. Carnegie's recent warning as to the approaching exhaustion of the iron ore deposits in England and America is called to mind. It is a great thing to be able to reflect that when the gold mines are fully developed, or in course of years are exhausted, there remains so stable and indispensable an industry as the smelting and manufacture of iron to occupy the constantly increasing population of South Africa. For many years it has been well known that the natives in the Transvaal and in Northern Rhodesia manufactured their own hoes from native iron, said to be of specially good quality. Efforts are now being made to utilise the large quantity of iron ore recently found in the Transvaal in close proximity to the coal measures of Middelburg. It is stated that limestone is found within a reasonable distance of the beds of iron ore, so that nothing but capital and labour would appear to be wanting to enable both the raw and finished product to be economically produced.

After gold, coal, and iron, comes naturally copper, a metal in very great demand at the present day. Already the Cape Copper and Concordia mines in Namaqualand produce yearly about 26,000 tons of high-class ore, of the value, in 1900, of 363,000*l*. These mines employed in 1901 over 2,000 people, of whom 300 were whites. The great difficulty the copper mines have had to contend with has been the expense of transport from the mines to the coast, all ore, in the absence of a sufficient supply of fuel, having to be shipped at Port Nolloth, to be smelted in England. A light two-foot railway has been constructed by the company working the Ookiep mine, but it will shortly be necessary to supplement this by either building another line from Hondeklip Bay or by the taking over of the present line by the Government, increasing its capacity and extending it from Ookiep, the present terminus, in a north-easterly direction towards Pella, on the Orange River. It is confidently stated by persons who ought to have some knowledge of the subject that the whole country between these two points, namely Ookiep and Pella, is very rich in minerals, and that large deposits of copper ore are awaiting development. The tract in question is very short of water, and from any but a mining point of view is the poorest in Cape Colony. This, however, makes it all the more important that the resources it possesses should make up for those it does not; and, as its natural difficulties have been overcome by the Cape Copper Company, there seems no reason, provided that the copper is actually there, why other companies should not be equally successful. Copper occurs in the Transkeian territories at a place known as the

Insizwa; but, as nothing has been actually done, it remains doubtful whether the mine is sufficiently valuable to justify its being worked. Recently copper is reported to have been discovered at or near the Tati, by prospectors looking for gold reefs. But here again it is doubtful if a real lode has been struck; so far, it is believed that only 'pockets' have been found, interesting merely as indications. Very recently, however, a far more valuable discovery has been made of rich copper lodes in Northern Rhodesia, near the proposed line of the 'Cape-to-Cairo' Railway, which is now being constructed, and which will, it is stated, reach the Victoria Falls some time during the present year. The future mines are said to be about 300 miles from this point, in the valley of the Kafue River, and it is understood that the Chartered Company intend to push on the line to develop this country as quickly as possible. A report has just been published to the effect that in addition to copper, silver, lead, zinc, and iron abound in this wonderfully endowed country.

Tin has also been found, and, before the war, was worked to some extent in Swaziland. And at the present time of writing the discovery is announced of extensive tin lodes at a distance of sixteen miles from Capetown. The analysis of the ore, as given by the local papers, is very favourable, and it would appear that the only thing wanting to prove the value of the find is a trustworthy estimate of the size and extent of the lode or lodes. Should the information on this point be satisfactory, it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of the discovery. At the same time, a large deposit of 'kaolin,' or china-clay, has been found, also in the neighbourhood of Capetown. The gentleman who was asked to report upon this material, and who holds a high professional appointment here, states that the quantity available runs to hundreds of millions of tons—is indeed inexhaustible. It is considered that the value of kaolin at home is about 8*l.* per ton, and, although the demand is probably limited, still it must be looked upon as a valuable asset to the colony.

Galena (lead and silver) mines exist in the Transvaal; one well-known mine in the western district has been worked a good many years back for local consumption, the lead having been used for the making of bullets for old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles and elephant guns. Owing chiefly to transport difficulties, the mine has not been worked of late years. There are many other minerals found in South Africa, of less value perhaps than those already mentioned, but still of considerable importance in the aggregate. Amongst these is asbestos, found in large quantities in the north-western districts of Cape Colony. A company was formed to work and export this before the war, and considerable shipments were made at a remunerative price. I do not know whether the company has resumed operations since the conclusion of peace. Crocidolite, which is a form of asbestos, is exported to some extent for the purpose of



being worked up into ornaments of different kinds, such as studs, knobs for canes, &c. It takes a fine polish and would be more valuable if not found in such quantity. A cobalt mine was long since discovered in the Transvaal and was worked for a time, but the demand for this mineral is very limited, and, the quantity sent to England having soon swamped the market, the mine was shut down. Mica is another mineral known to exist, but, whether obtainable in sufficiently large sheets to make it a payable article of commerce, seems doubtful. Near Port Shepstone, on the coast of the colony of Natal, are extensive quarries of marble stated to be of very superior quality. Before the war, a company was in course of formation to work these quarries and ship the marble to England. Now that the war is over, this project will probably be revived, as a railway is now open from Port Shepstone to Durban, the port of shipment; and low freights would doubtless be charged in the absence at present of any bulky article of export to make up homeward cargoes.

It may fairly be claimed for South Africa that no country in the world is richer in mineral wealth. But the bulk of this wealth is exhaustible, and the lesson taught by both ancient and modern history is that the real advantage to a country of possessing gold and diamond mines lies in the fact that their development leads to the development of the more permanent wealth contained in the soil, inexhaustible if properly treated. Having shown that the attraction to immigration and the stimulus to agricultural production exists, it is necessary to consider whether South Africa has a soil or soils capable of such development as to justify the belief that a large population could eventually be maintained by agriculture alone. A great deal of misapprehension has hitherto prevailed as to the farming possibilities of the country. When a country is first settled, and it is known that cattle and sheep will thrive on its pastures, without requiring any other food, beyond the natural grasses, pastoral farming is of course the favourite pursuit. Why should a man labour to raise crops of turnips or lucerne, when he has a practically limitless territory on which to graze his flocks and herds? He grows rich easily and certainly by the natural increase of his stock. He looks down upon the small farmer, who—as population increases and towns grow and have to be fed—encroaches on his wide domains and troubles him by restraining the wandering of his cattle and sheep. Who, taking an interest in colonisation, has not heard of the struggle between the squatter and the free-selector or ‘cockatoo,’ as he was contemptuously called in New South Wales, Victoria, and New Zealand? It was at one time asserted as loudly in these colonies, as it is to-day in South Africa, that a small farmer could not live, and that if a man had not one or two thousand acres of land he was doomed to failure. Who to-day are the producers of the immense exports of butter, of frozen meat, of fruit and poultry

from Australasia, particularly from New Zealand, but these very small farmers, a most valuable body of independent colonists?

Is it possible for a man of small capital to make a living in South Africa? I say most emphatically that, provided he has health and strength and is not afraid of work, there is no difficulty at all about it. But, just as formerly was the case in Australia, the large pastoral farmer does not like the idea of the establishment of what may be called a peasant proprietary. Perhaps it would be more correct to call them a class of yeomen-farmers. But before going further with this subject it is as well to point out what the Cape does and can produce, and what openings there are for men capable of taking advantage of them. To begin with the oldest portions of the colony—what are known as the Western Districts—the first attempt at growing supplies of vegetables, &c., for passing ships was started by Van Riebeeck very soon after his landing in the year 1652. It is most interesting to read, in his journal, of the successes and failures that attended the Government farming, or rather market-gardening in the very early days of the colony. Gradually the gardening became a thorough success as regards the supply of vegetables to passing ships. The cattle and sheep, bought from the natives in the first place, increased and multiplied, and it became necessary to establish permanent settlers on the land, to carry on the work which had become too extensive a business for the Government to undertake. As the embryo colony extended, it was discovered that all the European grains would flourish in Table Valley and the adjacent country. Before the arrival of the Huguenot families, driven out of France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it had been found that the vine could be cultivated with good results. The settlement of people accustomed to viticulture in their own country naturally gave a great impetus to the production of wine and brandy. At the present day the making of wine and brandy and the growing of grapes for home consumption and exportation is one of the most paying industries of the colony. For a long time Cape wine had a very bad name in the European markets, owing to the utter want of care and skill in its preparation. But now, thanks to the introduction of European experts, some of the Cape wines—notably ‘Hermitage,’ ‘Cabinet Sauvignon,’ and ‘Sauvignon Blanc’—are equal as table wines to any ordinary European vintages. Large quantities of brandy are produced, and the quality of Cape brandy leaves little to be desired when it is distilled and manipulated by people who understand their business. It is only right to add that at present these are the exceptions. Inferior brandy for sale to natives, &c., pays so well that many wine farmers do not think it worth their while to take the trouble necessary for producing a first-class article. To show how well viticulture—properly carried out—pays, one need only quote the instance of the

Government wine farm, 'Groote Constantia.' This farm was purchased about twenty years back for 5,000*l.*, and some 2,000*l.* had to be expended in improvements and repairs. The size of the estate is 330 acres. Last year the large sum of 75,000*l.* was offered for it; 50,000*l.* had been offered some three or four years ago. This may seem an enormous amount to offer for an estate of only 330 acres; but the return obtained by the Government for wines and fruit grown go far to justify it as a commercial speculation. It is estimated that the wines sold this year will fetch 4,000*l.*, and the fruit about 500*l.*, which latter item could easily be increased. It is further expected that in three years from now the output of wine will be so largely increased as to bring in a revenue of 12,000*l.* Constantia has of course a great reputation as a wine farm. But the prices obtained by Government are not much greater than those obtained by private owners, and there are many farms which can produce far more wine to the acre than Constantia, the soil of which is not remarkable for its fertility. There is a good deal of land in the Western Province suitable for vine-growing. But of course wine-making is not an occupation which can be taken up by any one; experience and skill are absolutely necessary in this, more perhaps than in any other branch of farming. The Government wine farm is maintained chiefly for the purpose of imparting instruction, and young men can, by arrangement with the Agricultural Department of the colony, be lodged and boarded there while undergoing a course of instruction. There is also a Government farm at Elsenburg, in the Division of Stellenbosch, where there are at present between sixty and seventy pupils learning every branch of farming as practised in the colony. Of these pupils, thirteen or fourteen are young Englishmen, going through a thorough course of training before starting as colonial farmers.

In the districts of the Cape, Malmesbury, Caledon, Paarl, Worcester, and Clanwilliam, large quantities of wheat are grown. It is indeed the only part of Cape Colony where wheat-growing on a large scale is possible. There is a tract of country in the Orange River Colony, known as the Conquered Territory, where—as well as in Basutoland itself, of which it formerly formed part—wheat is also grown on a considerable scale. But outside these districts wheat is not a paying crop, and enough cannot be grown for home consumption, large quantities of wheat being imported from Australia and New Zealand. Oats, used almost exclusively in the form of hay as forage for horses, are largely grown all over Cape Colony, but more particularly in the wheat-growing area. Maize (colonially called mealies) is very little grown in the Western Districts, the climate not being adapted to it; but large quantities of this invaluable grain are grown in the Eastern Province, in the native territories, Basutoland, and the northern parts of the Traanavaal, where

it is the staple food of the natives. Kaffir corn (millet) is also extensively grown in all these districts, and is chiefly used for making 'Kaffir beer.' The beer made from it is said to be an effective antiscorbutic, and, as such, is now specially permitted to be brewed in the Johannesburg mine compounds to be issued as a free ration, in the same way and for the same reasons that lime-juice is issued to sailors on long voyages.

The growing of fruit, both for home consumption and for export, has been taken up of late years to a considerable extent. Mr. Rhodes did his utmost to encourage this industry by buying many farms in the Stellenbosch and Paarl divisions and planting large numbers of fruit trees. The farms were placed in charge of men who had learnt their business in California. So greatly has home consumption increased that, although very large quantities of fruit are now produced, there is not much available for export. There is still room for a great extension of this industry. In the Western Province the fruits chiefly grown are peaches, nectarines, pears, apples, and grapes. Japanese plums have also been most successfully grown, as also all the English fruits. Strawberries are grown very largely in and about the village of Stellenbosch, and are a very paying crop, realising as much as 100*l.* per acre. In the Eastern Province of Cape Colony there is a large tract of land lying on the sea coast, extending from Bushman's River to the boundary of Natal, which is admirably adapted for the growing of sub-tropical fruits, such as oranges, bananas, and pineapples. The coast of Natal, which has a tropical climate, is devoted to the growing and manufacture of sugar. Tea plantations have also been very successful of late years. Coffee will grow both in Natal and in the eastern coast-country of Cape Colony; but from various reasons it is not a profitable crop. When the district of East London is reached, such tropical fruits as papaws and custard apples flourish. This country has hitherto been neglected on account of the fact that it is not adapted to stock farming, but there is no doubt that a great future lies before it as a fruit-growing area. There is a good rainfall, averaging from twenty-five to thirty inches in ordinary years, and irrigation is not necessary. Young Englishmen who would be content to start operations in a small way and on a few acres of land, until experience has been gained, would do well. Of course it would be necessary that they should not be above making money by such small farm products as eggs and poultry, and doing a little market gardening. There is always a good demand for produce of this kind at remunerative prices. So far, those districts only have been dealt with that are able to grow crops without artificial irrigation. But, as is well known, the larger part of South Africa has too small a rainfall to permit of crops being so grown, and water has either to be stored in dams or led from permanent streams to enable agriculture

to be carried on. Perhaps the best example of what can be done by irrigation is to be found in the district of Oudtshoorn, where the difference in the value of land irrigated or unirrigated is as 100*l.* per acre to 2*l.* The chief crop grown here is lucerne, used as food for ostriches, a very large number of which are kept in the district. It is also used for fattening cattle and sheep for the butcher. Irrigation is of course practised in other parts of the country, but in none more successfully. The Government have at different times gone in for irrigation works, but so far with very indifferent success. A scheme is now contemplated in the district of Steynsburg, where a large dam is to be constructed to irrigate a very fertile plain at the foot of the Thebus mountain. An extensive private undertaking is on foot in the Colesberg district, where a dam to hold three thousand million gallons of water is to be made, the estimated area which this will enable to be cultivated being 16,000 acres. A most interesting report upon the possibilities of irrigation in South Africa was published last year. This was the result of inquiries made by Mr. Willcocks, well known in connection with irrigation in Egypt. There can be no doubt that a great deal remains to be done in this direction, and with all agricultural produce at very high rates there is every encouragement for the judicious investment of money in water storage. Mr. Willcocks points out that there is a large quantity of land in South Africa which can be rendered as valuable as the Oudtshoorn lands by irrigation.

Whether development of the dry but fertile land by means of water storage is to be carried out by private effort or by Government remains to be seen. So far, undoubtedly, private effort has been the more successful, and I am inclined to believe it will remain so. Irrigation, carried out in this country by Government, has hitherto been costly, and in more than one case absolutely unsuccessful. But, as I have said before, there is plenty of land—in the coast districts—where agriculture can be profitably carried on without the expense and trouble of leading water on to it.

My object in drawing attention to the agricultural possibilities of South Africa is to show that there is, in both the old and the new Colonies, an almost unlimited field, in which the surplus population of Great Britain can find room to live, and the certainty of making a good living. No one who knows South Africa well would assert that large fortunes are to be easily made by farming, although a good many instances could be quoted where fortunes, which would appear large to the struggling English farmer, have been so made. But I assert without fear of contradiction that there is no country in the world where a good comfortable living can so easily be gained. It may be asked, why, then, do so many young men who arrive in the Colonies full of hope, and in some cases with a fair amount of capital, fail, and return to England and their families, abusing

South Africa and everything connected with it? In the first place, it is not every man who is adapted to succeed in a new country, or rather a country new to him. Patience, energy, and determination are essential to success. I have been in close touch with several promising schemes of immigration, and have always noticed that the proportion of failures is very large, even under the most favourable circumstances. The modern Englishman seems to a great extent to have lost his forefathers' capacity for pioneering in a new country. He is unhappy unless constantly in a crowd, and misses the amusements he has been accustomed to in London or the large provincial towns of England. It is probably because he is less dependent upon town amusements and society, and is consequently more self-reliant, that the Scottish farm-labourer makes as a rule the most successful colonist. Many men of this class have done extremely well in South Africa. Another frequent cause of failure is, that young men coming out with a little capital invest the whole of it in land and stock, before they have gained the experience necessary for success. All experience must be bought; the great thing is not to pay a higher price than is absolutely required. If I were called upon to advise an intending colonist, I should say, Do one of two things: either get a farmer, in the district you wish to settle in, to take you as an assistant, he giving you board and lodging in return for work done, and you paying a moderate sum monthly in return for practical instruction; or, if you are too independent to adopt that course, buy a few acres of land not too far from a market; have one or two Kaffir huts put up, costing about 3*l.* or at the most 5*l.* each; start growing such vegetables as you can readily sell; get some ordinary poultry, and perhaps a couple of cows and a pig, and try how little you can do with, outside of what you produce yourself. In the course of a twelvemonth or little more you will have gained invaluable experience at a moderate cost. You will probably find that your poultry will be at first the most profitable branch; but as you go on other sources of profit will open up, and if you are really adapted to colonial life you will find—if you can take a genuine interest in your business—that the life is far from an unhappy one. Indeed, there is a wonderful charm in the Robinson Crusoe kind of existence, and there is in most parts of the country amusement to be obtained in the shape of sport—shooting, fishing, &c.—when your work allows the necessary time.

In such a case as I have supposed, the colonist having a fair amount of capital will, it is to be presumed, leave his surplus funds on fixed deposit in one of the local banks until his acquired experience justifies him in launching out and investing in stock and improvements on the farm which he will probably hire or buy, the latter being preferable if means will permit. It is not a satisfactory or profitable thing to improve another man's land. Presuming, again,

that our intending settler has the qualities which I have enumerated, there is no reason why he should not make not only the good living which will be almost a matter of course, but a competence which would be looked upon as wealth by the majority of English farmers. At an early period of his career, so soon as he can reasonably ask a young woman who does not mind the life of a farmer's wife to share his fortunes, he will marry (that is, if he be not married already) and found a Colonial family. There is one anxiety from which few fathers in the Old Country are free that need never trouble him; I allude to the future of his sons. Colonial boys, brought up on a farm, are wonderfully self-reliant. Able to turn their hands to almost anything, they make their own way in life with but little assistance from their parents—very often, indeed, when need arises, helping those who have brought them up. Family affection is very much stronger in the Colonies than in the Old Country, and any good fortune which befalls one member of the family is usually to a large extent shared by all. The one great need of South Africa is population, to develop her great natural resources, whilst the most serious problem in Great Britain is to find an outlet for her ever-increasing and overcrowded people. Surely some means can be found for bringing the surplus population to the surplus land, and so ensuring a prosperous future for the young nation growing up in the sub-continent which has cost England so much. I still hope to live to see the beginning of this new era, which will add another great self-governing country to that Imperial Federation which is the ultimate goal of our aspirations and of our dearest hopes.

E. Y. BRABANT

*(Commandant-General of Cape Colonial Forces).*

## THE NATIVE LABOUR QUESTION

As it would seem probable that what is known as the native labour question, as affecting the South African Colonies, is to be made a party question in home politics, it is highly desirable that those who have had a life-long experience in connection with the treatment of natives, and who are well acquainted with the practical questions which surround the whole subject, should place their views on record. There would seem to be a certain set of politicians at home who appear to think that those who have lived a long time in this country have to a certain extent become demoralised, and have forgotten possibly even the traditions amongst which they were brought up in the old country, being, as it were, led away from all that is nobler and better in their natures by the desire of gain; that in fact men like myself would be capable of acting in some immoral manner towards the natives, almost, it might be said, encouraging slavery, in order that the necessary labour might be procured to set the whole money-making machinery of South Africa in motion again. I personally claim to have retained all the traditions and instincts of the political surroundings amongst which I was brought up, namely, those of the Liberal Party. I think it necessary to make this remark in order to emphasise my point that people who differ from the Home politicians on this subject ought not to be accused of having adopted a brutal or inhumane policy towards the natives of this country.

Since 1889, when I first arrived on the Witwatersrand Goldfields, I have had great opportunities of obtaining practical experience in connection with the treatment of the natives of South Africa, and, what is more to the point, hearing the opinions of others who had far greater experience. For several years I occupied the position of Inspector of Mines on the Rand under the late Boer Government, and together with others assisted in drawing up the Mining Regulations, which I personally suggested should be adopted by the Boer Government in order to prevent the great loss of life in the mines, especially amongst the natives. During my tenure of office it is well known that, owing



to the strong sense of my duty as Inspector of Mines, I frequently placed myself in a most unpopular position, more especially as the Government was also extremely unpopular. When I took office the number of accidents in the mines was far greater than in any other mining district in the world, the loss of life amongst the natives being positively appalling. Under the Mining Regulations white and black labour was equally considered, and the penalties for their contravention were strictly enforced in either case. Owing to the illicit liquor traffic and the corruption of the police in enforcing the regulations relating to the sale of liquor under the late Boer Government I found it most difficult to decrease the number of accidents, as the natives were frequently found in an intoxicated condition in the mines. This, as can be easily understood, greatly increased the chance of accidents, and the more so because the natives were, as a rule, not only ignorant in the first place of all mining operations, but also under the control of white miners, most of whom only spoke a few words of Kaffir, and frequently expected the natives to understand their own Cornish, Yorkshire, or Lancashire dialects. In my insistence on the mine officials carrying out strictly the Mining Regulations I felt that I was not only acting humanely towards the natives, but that on economic grounds my action was fully justified. I contended that it was only natural that the natives would be willing to work underground, and to return to such work after having visited their kraals, if it were found that they were treated humanely, and that their lives were considered before the law equally as valuable as those of the whites. I have thought it necessary to make these further remarks in order to make it impossible for any of those who have kindly sentiments towards the natives at home to say that any of the opinions hereafter expressed in regard to the treatment of natives are those of a man who has no sympathy with the native himself.

On my return to this country after the war as special mining correspondent of one of the most important London dailies I immediately set to work to make full inquiry into all the points relating to the native labour question, as I saw that this subject was, and would remain for a long time to come, the one factor on which the prosperity of South Africa would depend. All those who have read the past history of South Africa will, I am certain, agree that a bone of contention between Briton and Boer—which has given rise probably to more ill feeling than any other—has been that of the manner in which either side considered the native should be treated. It is probable that the Boer at times erred on the side of great severity; but most certainly the Briton has equally erred on the side of leniency. To my mind there cannot be the least doubt that, unless the question of the treatment of the native be largely left to those who live amongst them, the Home Government will find itself

in conflict, not only with the natives through tribal wars, but, what is far more serious, with the white population of South Africa. I may say that the views now put forward are to a very large extent the experience of the highest imperial and mining officials connected with native labour departments in this country, and also with the Native Labour Department of the Chamber of Mines—men who have in many cases had a life-long experience of the natives, and are conversant with all the various languages spoken by them.

It is necessary to bear in mind in considering the subject that before the presence of Europeans in the country the natives were unaccustomed to any form of steady, sustained labour. For the most part they lived in fertile country and plenty of it. Their moderate requirements were consequently easily met. To-day the native owners of huts are subject to a life Government tax varying from 10s. to 14s. per annum per hut in the different territories of South Africa. Those living on land set apart by the Government as native locations or reserves pay nothing more for the privilege of security of person and property and sufficient land for agriculture and grazing to meet all their needs. Natives living on private lands pay, in addition to the Government tax, annual rents of varying amounts according to circumstances. In some cases these rents are remitted in whole or part by the landowner in consideration of personal services afforded by the natives to the owners at current rates of pay for certain periods. In addition to the natives living on Government and private lands throughout the country, there are in South Africa large territories under native chiefs the inhabitants of which, while enjoying the benefits of protection under civilised government, *pay no taxes of any kind*. Since his contact with Europeans the native has learnt to appreciate some of the adjuncts of civilisation, and his desire to possess these and the wherewithal to provide 'lobola' (payment in kind) are his chief inducements to offer his personal services. Now it is on this point that we come to the great difference between the European and the native. The former with his civilisation has formed a higher ideal of his standard of living, requiring constant effort and work for many years of his life, while, on the other hand, the native is content to idle when he has accumulated, say, 80% or so, which enables him to obtain all that he considers essential, and is comparatively content to live his more or less idle home life dependent on his wives and the younger members of his family for the necessary cultivation and for the tending of his stock. The higher the rate paid to the native for his labour, the sooner has he secured his ideal, and the country thereafter consequently loses the benefit of his services in the general scheme of progress and advancement of the community. This condition of affairs will continue to exist until by slow degrees the native is prepared and becomes qualified to adapt himself to a higher civilisation, which it may be said can be

best attained by inculcating habits of regular work and imbuing the native with the sentiment that he is equally the subject of the Empire, as the white man, paying his equal proportion of taxes to the Imperial Exchequer for the support of the Army, Navy, Customs, postal facilities, and railways. One of those who have taken the deepest interest in the native labour question in South Africa in talking this subject over with me made the following remarks:

From the point of view of how far the Kaffir can be induced to work the question shapes itself in this way. Is the Government of the country entitled to tax the native, and to what extent? I do not think there can be any doubt that it is the intention of the Government to protect the native under the British flag, to give him opportunities of cultivating his crops and getting instruction for his children, and generally making his position a safe one. The Kaffir has no rent to pay, and if he has no taxes, he can certainly compete in the way of produce with anybody. Government means expense, and even if the Kaffir were taxed to an extent equal to the whole expenditure on the Native Affairs Department, he would still be a gainer by the good government and the security which this would entail, and I can see no reason whatever why he should not be taxed for what is, after all, his own benefit.

The Kaffir is not a manufacturer, and with the most trivial exceptions makes nothing which he can sell. His crops are developed by the labour of his wives, who are, in fact, his slaves. Now if a tax should be imposed on the Kaffir, so as to make him pay his share, and only his share, of government, it is clear that he will have to earn money. He can do this without the slightest hardship. Probably three months' work in the year would leave an ample surplus to every hut after payment of taxes. At the same time the Kaffir would be personally benefited by work, and certainly the State would be. Trade would also benefit, because the possession of money, in the case of the native, always means the purchase of something outside what the land itself will produce. It may be in the shape of clothes, beads, food, &c.

I believe it is the fact the Durban registers of ricksha boys show that about 40,000 natives passed through the hands of the registrars in a year, and that these natives, who are of the most able-bodied type, rarely worked for longer than three months in the year; that they are able to indulge in the purchase of all sorts of things on the termination of their service, and live for the remaining nine months of the year in a state of idleness which is neither a benefit to the Natal Government nor to the natives themselves. This is an instance which can be multiplied many times over.

With regard to the work which the native does on the mines there has been a good deal of talk lately about the wisdom or otherwise of the reduction in the rate of pay.

You are aware that under the arrangements made since work was resumed here the pay of the native is subject to no deductions whatever: the average is something over 1s. a day, in many cases a day means only a few hours' work, and in all cases the native is supplied with food, lodging, medical attendance, his passage is paid here from his point of departure, wherever it may be; and after six months' service, which is the minimum, he can, unless he has thrown his money away, be in possession of the whole of his wages, and this is a position which no white man in any country that I have ever heard of can take up. In many cases, as you know, men have to work for a bare living wage, and a poor living at that. You will thus see that there can be no injustice to the native in asking him to pay the small amount necessary to recoup the Government the expense for looking after his affairs, more especially as he lives rent free when he is at home.

No doubt the effect of such a tax would be to induce natives to work, and this is a fact which no one need regret.

*Drink.*—On this question experience has taught us that the native cannot be trusted with drink. I know that a native would work cheerfully under difficult circumstances with drink in sight, but I think we should determinedly set our faces against such an inducement, and under all the circumstances maintain the sharp line which has been drawn, and keep up the prohibition of sale of liquor to natives.

With regard to *competition of white and black labour* much misunderstanding exists here, and if it exists here it must exist in a greater measure at home. There is a most earnest desire on the part of all mining people as well as all the mercantile people to employ every white man who desires to come here and work; but it is nonsense to say that the Kaffir can replace the white man, or that the white man can replace the Kaffir.

It is true that much of the work which is done by Kaffirs here—in fact all of it—is done in other countries by white labour; but the reason why we are able to work here many of the reefs is that we can utilise the unintelligent but powerful native, who does not require imported food or clothes, or the same standard of comfort, and who, I may say, would be utterly spoilt if he were raised to such a standard, which he is neither by racial tendency, training, nor intellectual ability able to occupy.

Experience has taught us that in the rare cases where a native can be trusted for a few hours with machinery, rock drills, or the like, he needs the constant supervision of the more intelligent white man; and there is, I venture to think, an enormous scope for white men in the branches of the work in the mines and on the surface which the native is not fit for, and should never be permitted to compete for; but to consider it advisable for the white man to do the class of work which the native does here, merely because the white man does it in other countries, is, in my opinion, wrong. It has been repeatedly tried, and the white labourer will not stand it. However he may start, he invariably, after a few hours, turns round and says he is not going to do Kaffir's work. The only remedy seems to be to drive every Kaffir away from work and wait until we have white men to take their places, which would be absurd.

As far as *farming* is concerned it ought to be known, as it is known to many here, that although the rate of pay which a farm can afford must always be lower, as it is in England, than the artisan's pay or the mine labourer's pay, there is still amongst the natives a large number who prefer the agricultural and land work, although the pay is nominal; and it must not be forgotten that only certain tribes of the natives are really of much use, or are willing to work underground; and amongst those who are willing one can certainly not class the farm labourer, and I do not see why with reference to taxation some special immunity or relief from taxation may not be granted to the farm labourer.

When the Labour Association was reorganised it was originally intended that the Government should take the whole matter in hand, but the High Commissioner did not see his way to do this. Had he done so probably arrangements would have been made for supplying native labour to all requiring it and not to the mines only. The Mines Association, however, which was formed after it was ascertained that the Government was not prepared to take the matter in hand, naturally had to confine its operations to supplying the mines, as it would have been impossible to devise a system of distribution if this had not been the case, and I do not suppose for one moment that the public would have put up with a monopoly on the part of any association.

The question was considered as to how the town merchants, contractors, &c. would get their native labour, and as they have always paid higher wages than the mines have paid, and as the mines had decided not to exceed 35*s.* a month, it

became quite apparent that the native who preferred the town would certainly go to it on the expiry of his contract term on the mines, and this is exactly what is happening at the present time.

The Mines Association pays the whole cost of collecting the native and his transport to Johannesburg. He serves his six months or year, as the case may be, and he is just as free to go to the town as he is to return to his kraal. It certainly does no harm, because the townspeople must have natives also. It does no harm to the mines, because the native has served the time agreed upon, and at any rate it cannot be a very far-reaching evil, for the town cannot possibly absorb more than 20 per cent. of the mines complement.

I look forward at no distant date to the time when the native desiring to leave the mines and to get a higher rate of pay in the town will find that the town is full of his fellows, and that he must either work at the mines or go home.

So far as looking to outside sources of labour, the Association is doing everything that it can to utilise all the native labour which is willing to come to the fields, but not on extravagant prices, which would render other classes of workers unable to procure natives.

The Witwatersrand Native Labour Association will extend its operations wherever the Governments of the South and Central African States will permit, and it is quite prepared for the most jealous supervision on the part of the authorities, and for the most critical observation of its actions on the part of the public at home.

The native who has been employed by the military, and who demanded and got better pay than the British soldier, and quite as good food, will find that the halcyon days of peace will not bring the same remuneration, and probably his extravagant habits will soon dissipate the little store that he has obtained out of the Army Pay Department.

After years of cross-competition and paying high rates, pampering an army of touts who practically bought and sold natives by the head, but who, as far as one can judge, never added materially to the number of natives who were themselves anxious to come and work, the Native Labour Association decided on one policy as to the collection of the labour available for the fields.

The mine managers feel their responsibility to get on with their work, but fortunately the directors, who are really responsible to the shareholders, and who in many cases are themselves deeply interested in the results of working, do not intend to press the managers into a foolish policy of competition, but are determined to stand firm and to set their faces against the irregularities which any system of touting by private agents must inevitably bring.

Apart from any policy on the part of the mines owners, Lord Milner does not intend to permit touting for natives. He has given assistance in every way to the mines, but so far as the native question is concerned neither he nor Sir Godfrey Lagden will tolerate the departure from a straight and above-board policy. The conclusion that either the native won't work or that there are not enough natives in South Africa must not be arrived at until it is exhaustively proved that this is the case.

All the sources of native supply in South Africa must be dealt with before the importation of the yellow man is seriously considered.

It is surely well worth trying to utilise the unemployed labour of the South African native before we precipitate ourselves into the arms of the Asiatic.

In order to obtain a definite record of the views of certain of the higher officials in the country, who, as is well known, cannot, owing to their position, enter into newspaper controversy, I drew out the following series of questions, to which I received the answers which will be found annexed to them :

*Question I.*—What is your opinion as to the advisability or otherwise of making it prohibitive for natives to drink strong alcoholic liquor of any sort? Do you think that, in view of the hard underground work in which a large proportion of the natives employed on these fields is engaged, that permission may be given to them to be served with a regular amount of Kaffir beer sold under Government control? Would you advocate that the mining companies be invited through the Chamber of Mines to supply natives working in wet shafts and other places of a similar nature with, say, hot coffee?

*Answer (a).*—I am opposed to any use of any spirituous liquor.

If through lack of vegetable food medical opinion favoured Kaffir beer to be issued, as a corrective to scurvy in rations, I should see no objection. But it is an alternative to be avoided if possible.

I think hot coffee issued as a ration to men coming up from wet and cold work underground would be good.

*Answer (b).*—I object to strong alcoholic liquor in any form for natives. I do not think there is so much objection to Kaffir beer—which indeed is beneficial in moderation—but it is dangerous to allow it, since it makes the detection of illicit brewing more difficult. It is also too frequently fortified with strong spirits. The issue of strong hot coffee would be very useful, I think.

*Question II.*—Do you consider that the native should be educated in any systematic manner—that is, on the same lines on which whites are? Is it your experience that in the majority of cases natives are improved by education, or have you found that, as many assert, the educated native is most frequently found amongst the criminal classes, and frequently becomes a positive danger to the civilised community? Do you, in fact, consider that a Kaffir has been given by nature sufficient mental balance to enable us, under any conditions however favourable, to regard him when at best as a child, or at worst as a savage beast?

*Answer (a).*—To educate natives upon the level of white education would be insane. It is a large subject. Briefly, to give them the simple elementary teaching useful to themselves and useful to the civilised people in the matter of understanding each other will, I believe, be beneficial. As British subjects we are bound to elevate them. But the process must be very, very slow, and our first duty should be to instil in them a sense of the value of labour which is the common lot of mankind. A little learning gives them a sense of self-respect which sets up wants, creates betterment, and then forms tastes for clothing and other things which require money to gratify. Money can only be gained by labour. Hence we stimulate labour without enforcing it. Kaffirs should be regarded as children, and it is our duty to bring them up in the way they should go. It is not the fault of educated Kaffirs that many are found amongst the

criminal classes; it is the fault of a system which educates more above a certain level than can be employed at that level. Having no employment suitable to their education, they drift downwards. Attack the system of over-education, and not the poor man whom so many people scream at because he is not enlightened, and when he becomes so, desert him.

*Answer (b).*—I believe in systematic education for natives, but by no means necessarily upon the same lines as whites. Education is chiefly harmful when unaccompanied by the strictest discipline—the two go together, or should do so—and mere education in book learning is quite liable to be harmful if at the same time the native is freed from all restraint. I would advocate thorough education, complete discipline and restraint, and the avoidance of placing the native for several generations in any position of equality with white races. The native should certainly not be regarded as a savage beast.

*Question III.*—Are you of the opinion that the native should be made clearly to understand that, being equally a subject of the Empire with the white man, he should be regarded by Government as equally responsible in all questions relating to the taxation of the country, or, in other words, that the native should pay his share towards the Imperial Exchequer? Under present conditions it seems to me that the native is placed under far more favourable conditions than the white man, since he is not bound to work hard to keep himself alive, but can live in a condition of vagrancy. Are you of opinion that a native should be allowed to be a vagrant; or would you insist on severe Pass Law Regulations in this connection? Also would you advocate an increased Hut Tax, so that the native would find it impossible for him to remain in a condition of idleness and vagrancy for long periods in his native kraal, only waiting for the first native war in order to become a threat to the civilisation of the Colonies?

*Answer (a).*—The native ought to contribute towards the common weal. He is not proportionately taxed in South Africa. It should be raised. I am against vagrancy and habitual idling. But taxation will not alone cure this. A wholesome public opinion both in South Africa and England is the best antidote. The public mind must be educated. It is against human nature for any man to work unless he has inducement, white or black. Induce it. Do not force it, or else you array public opinion against you.

*Answer (b).*—Natives should be under the control of a strict Pass Law, but not necessarily a severe one.

I do not think any special tax should be imposed for the purpose of making him work, but I do think he should pay taxes, in common with the rest of the inhabitants. These should be based upon the ratio between his income and necessary expenditure, not

*upon his income alone.* At the present time I do not think the native bears his fair share of taxation.

*Question IV.*—In view of the great distance from the mines, at which the majority of natives live, would you recommend that the chiefs of tribes be invited to come down and live with their people in the neighbourhood of the mines, the Government granting special locations for the purpose? Do you think that any such plan could be practically carried out?

In view of the fact that natives have first frequently to be taught how to use mining tools, &c., and that most valuable time and work is lost during this period of inefficiency, and considering also that the expense of white labour supervision has to be added, do you think that mine owners would find it profitable to employ even 'green' white labour at, say, double or even treble the pay of a native, that is—the present wage—30s. per month? In this connection it must be borne in mind that the white man will spend his money in the country and bring up his family, so that in time a community of miners will be created who will be permanently resident.

*Answer (a).*—No, I think it would be a fatal error. No respectable native people will ever bring their families to the mines or abandon their homes. If you force them to do so they are enslaved.

I don't believe white labour will ever be practicable in South Africa. It will never work alongside black labour, and the latter must always prevail.

The natives earn and spend their money here too. I may be wrong, but I think white labour is a dream that passeth away.

*Answer (b).*—By no means. I should be very strongly opposed to anything of the kind. We do not want natives settled on the high veldt. We want all the land for white settlers that we can get, and there is plenty of room for the natives in the low country.

It is difficult for me to say what would be cheapest; that is a matter for mine managers. I do think, however, that there will soon be only two alternatives—the introduction of either white unskilled labour or of Asiatic. The latter I would fight against tooth and nail, and the former I think quite practicable.

*Question V.*—Do you think the mixture of white and black labour is demoralising to either or both at the present time?

*Answer (a).*—No. The white man must always be the predominant partner. He is in the great minority, and if he does not assert his dominance in all ways he will be driven out.

*Answer (b).*—The mixture is most demoralising, though the Kaffir is by no means a slave, nor is his labour forced.

It is interesting to find that there is great unanimity of opinion amongst all those who have had long experience of the natives on practically all vital points. It is very essential to remember that, in



spite of the efforts of missionaries and native teachers, it has never been found either in the United States or in this country, with the exception of a very few cases which prove the rule, that the native has ever been educated to a higher level of intelligence than that which may be said to be equal to the education of a white child, and like a child I strongly contend that he is happier, if the parents (i.e. in this case the Government) insist on not pampering and humouring him through any misplaced sentimentality, regarding his education as one of strict discipline accompanied by equally strict but just and humane treatment. There is no doubt that the native, like the child, has a keen sense of justice, and so long as he is at work he is happy. No saying is truer, when applied to him, than that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,' or, in other words, if those Home politicians whose sentiments I most deeply respect desire to raise the native from his condition as a savage or a semi-savage to that of civilised life they are most certainly defeating their own end by insisting on a policy which leaves the native in a state of idleness, and deprecates everything in the form of true discipline. The real friends of the native are those who have lived amongst them and know their good qualities as well as their bad, and there is no more sense in the English public being led away by Home politicians who have had no such experience than there was when the sentimental wave passed over England at the time when that very beautiful but highly exaggerated story was written known as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. There are those who contend that, even in the Southern States, the negro would to-day have been far happier if left in a state of slavery, and that the evil of slavery is not that the slave suffers, but the great demoralisation of the slave owner.

EDGAR P. RATHBONE

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## THE ALIEN AND THE EMPIRE

THE report of the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration is not the first Royal Commission report that has proved a disappointment, nor is it likely to be the last. Perhaps, indeed, it may be unreasonable to regard it as a disappointment. It certainly goes farther than any official admission has ever gone before. It certainly deals with the question as if it recognised that public opinion demands some change in our system. Yet just because it goes so far, it is a disappointment that it does not go further still; just because it concedes so much to public opinion, it seems a monstrous pity that it does not propose what would really satisfy that opinion and provide us with an adequate means of checking the evil by which that opinion was provoked.

Why it does not do this is, of course, easy to understand. There was one man upon the Commission who is in earnest in his desire to get something done. This was Major Evans-Gordon, who induced the Government to set an inquiry on foot. He has worked at this question while others, in Parliament and out of it, contented themselves with talking about it. He understands the extent of the evil in all its bearings upon our national life. He has ideas about remedies for it. Opposed to him among the Commissioners was Lord Rothschild, bringing all his influence to bear in order that no check should be placed upon alien immigration at all.<sup>1</sup> Between these two representatives of decided views came the other members of the Commission who were ready to be swayed either way, and whose attitude is well reflected by the report. If you were to set out all the admissions in the report which tell in favour of Major Evans-Gordon's view, they would form a very strong argument for doing whatever can be done to prevent the continuance of the invasion. Any one, on the other hand, who took the trouble to select the passages in which the effect of these admissions is toned down, would be able to persuade most people that there was nothing whatever to regret in our adoption of the naval lieutenant's motto,

<sup>1</sup> 'I am opposed to the adoption of restrictive measures because, even if they are directly aimed at so-called "undesirables," they would certainly affect deserving and hard-working men.'—*Lord Rothschild's separate report.*

*Ut veniant omnes*, in our free admission of as many aliens as choose to come.

In fact, what they give with one hand, the Commissioners take away with the other ; and when we come to their recommendations, we find that they are still in this state of suspended cerebration. They bring forward a number of proposals, but they are most of them proposals which have obvious drawbacks and only problematical advantages. To set up such a system as they outline would, in the first place, cost a great deal of money. It would be well worth a great deal of money if it served the purpose which is aimed at by those of us who believe that, in the interests of the Empire as well as the nation, it is necessary to prevent any district or districts in these islands from continuing to be the sink of Europe, the dumping-ground for all the needy and unpopular elements among the populations of the Nearer East. But how far would it serve this purpose? How far would it act as a preventive? To what extent would it check the unwholesome flux by which the body politic is troubled?

It might enable us to get rid of a good many, possibly of most, of the criminal aliens who make this country the scene of their noisome exploits. It might give us more complete and more accurate information as to the numbers of the unwelcome visitors who make us their unwilling hosts. It might secure a medical examination of ships conveying immigrants less farcical than at present prevails. But, except indirectly, it could have no appreciable effect in 'restricting the immigration of destitute aliens into London and other cities of the United Kingdom,' which was the object aimed at by Major Evans-Gordon in the amendment to the Address that led to the Commission being appointed. Indirectly it is possible that it might help to check the flow at the source. If the proposed Immigration Department were actively administered, under the control of a man who meant to take his duties seriously, the agencies which organise the invasion might find the business not quite so profitable as it is now. But if the officials of the Department considered that it had been established chiefly in order to provide them with salaries and a not too arduous occupation (which seems to be the attitude of most public officials), then the organisers would keep their fingers upon the handle of the syphon and twelve batches of immigrants would continue to be shot into London every week with the same regularity as at present.

The chief difficulties which arise out of the alien flood are :

- (1) The labour difficulty.
- (2) The housing difficulty.
- (3) The criminal difficulty.

The last of these three difficulties is the least of all, although it has been put so much into prominence during the past year. There

is, it is true, a far greater proportion of crime among aliens in England and Wales than amongst the native-born. But with crime the police, the magistrates, and his Majesty's judges are well able to cope; and, as I have indicated, the report makes suggestions which, if they be adopted with some amendment, will help us to get rid altogether of foreign criminals instead of leaving upon our shoulders the burden of supporting them constantly in gaol. It is the difficulties affecting the labour market and the housing of the labourer which demand the more anxious attention.

With regard to the labour difficulty the Commissioners find, in language which even for them is more than usually guarded, that 'it has not been proved that there is any serious direct displacement of skilled English labour.' Evidently they are not at all sure about it. Proof of 'direct displacement' is exceedingly difficult to get. The contention that 'alien labour is only or chiefly employed in doing work for which the native workman is unsuited, or which he is unwilling to perform,' does not deserve consideration. At all events it does not survive consideration of the most cursory kind. A statement to the effect that alien labour is only or chiefly employed in doing work *under conditions which the native workman would properly reject with disgust*, would come close enough to the truth. But to ask us to believe that work in the tailoring, shoemaking, and cabinet-making trades (the three in which alien labour is chiefly employed) is work 'for which the native workman is unsuited, or which he is unwilling to perform,' is, not to put too fine a point upon it, absurd.

Upon the unskilled labour market the Commissioners admit that the alien has a disastrous effect. Not only does 'the continuous stream of fresh arrivals produce a glut and a very severe competition,' but the aliens 'are compelled to submit to conditions of labour which must have some influence in producing cheapness of price.' In words more lucid, the alien in the East End both takes work away from many natives, and also lowers the price of the efforts of those natives who are still in work. In addition to this he is engaged in taking the bread out of the mouths of very many British small shopkeepers, eating-house keepers, and street traders of the costermonger class. Naturally people are more and more inclined to ask: 'Why, if we have not enough work to go round amongst our own native population, should we further reduce the amount available to them by permitting the unfair competition of masses of foreigners, whose habits at their first coming we can scarcely tolerate, and who are never likely to develop into fellow-citizens of whom Englishmen could be proud?' Yet the report does not propose any means of directly reducing this unfair competition. It merely puts on record the fact that it exists.

Mention of the habits of these people brings us to the second difficulty upon our list. It may be called either the Housing or the

Overcrowding difficulty. The presence of aliens has transformed certain areas of the East End into entirely foreign quarters. Out of these areas British workmen are driven either by landlords, lost to all sense of decency or patriotism, who find they can screw more out of the alien than out of the native-born tenant; or else by their natural repugnance to neighbours whose standard of manners and living can only be compared to that of a not very particular pig. This has the double effect of excluding a large number of natives from the districts where they have been accustomed to work, and of introducing into these districts a state of overcrowding far more dangerous to health and far more prejudicial to public decency than would exist if we had the native population alone to deal with.

The problem of our own poor is quite serious enough without any foreign complication. If the British Empire is to survive the period of crisis through which it is now passing, we must improve the lot of the mass of our people in this country so far as to enable us to breed an Imperial race. It is this thought which is at the back of most of our anxiety about the decadence of national physique; about the low ebb to which the national intelligence has fallen; about the deplorable conditions imposed upon a very large class, which are accountable for deterioration both of body and of mind. Without an Imperial race, alive to its responsibilities and fitted to discharge them, we cannot ever hope to maintain the British Empire. Without a social bond which shall ensure to all industrious members of the community a sufficiency of labour to keep them regularly employed; which shall give them a sound training in the rudiments of knowledge, and the opportunity to house themselves with due regard to the decencies of life—without such a bond we cannot hope to breed an Imperial race.

Is it not clear beyond dispute that the continual inflow of aliens who teach us nothing, who bring no wealth or spending power into the country, who cannot speak our language, who have no conception of British ideals, who turn whole districts into foreign quarters, whose view of life is utterly different from ours, who debase the conditions of existence wherever they go, and who thrive by underselling the labour of the native-born—is it not clear that this continual inflow already hampers us in the great fight we have to wage against ignorance and inefficiency with all their hateful brood, and that its hampering effect must increase in a more and more rapid ratio so long as we let it go on? In London there were in 1881 60,000 aliens; in 1891, 95,000; in 1901, 135,000; and they are arriving now as fast as ever they have arrived before; at certain seasons of the year, even faster.

Why should we allow this clog to be put upon our efforts towards a better state of national life? Lord Rothschild says that, if we refused to allow it, we should keep out 'deserving and hard-working

men.' No doubt. Why should we not keep them out if we have no room for them and no desire to inconvenience ourselves by finding room? If I were to knock at Lord Rothschild's door and explain to him that, by declining to allow me to share his residence with him, he was inflicting injustice upon a 'deserving and hard-working man' Lord Rothschild would, I have no doubt, send for the police. And, of course, he would be perfectly right. How is it he cannot or will not see that a community has just as much right as an individual to call its territory its own?

Reasoning of this kind would be made very short work of in the Colonies. Australia recognises, far more clearly than we do at home, the harm that is done to a race by the indiscriminate admission of foreigners with lower standards of living and decency, and (to put it mildly) a different standard of morals and honour. All the Colonies, indeed, are watching closely to see how the Mother Country will deal with this question, so grave when we consider it in connection with Imperial issues. If they see that we handle it without nerve, that we allow such arguments as that of Lord Rothschild to have any weight, the effect will be deplorable. Any federation of the British race is out of the question if we allow our population in these islands to be contaminated and dragged down by the presence of an alien element which is increased by fresh arrivals at an enormous rate, and which increases itself, as the Stepney birth-rate shows, at a far more rapid rate than the native inhabitants.

What an absurdity is the spectacle of Liberal members of Parliament and Liberal newspapers protesting against the admission of Chinamen into South Africa, and at the same time urging that no step should be taken to limit the immigration into the United Kingdom of aliens every whit as undesirable as the Chinese!

Every man of British blood whose heart beats in union with the Imperial sentiment must see that something more stringent is needed than the suggestions of the Royal Commission, borrowed here and there: one from America; one from the Continental police system: and the most fantastic of all from a Privy Council Order of the sixteenth century, just as if a scheme of compulsory settlement carried out in a sparsely-populated land with no large towns could be applied equally well to the England and to the London of to-day. It is something, nevertheless, to have got an admission of the evil. The next step must be to find a remedy. Whether we decline to admit immigrants from the south-east of Europe at all; or whether we impose upon them some such test as that of a fair knowledge of English and the possession of a certain sum of money; or whether we call an International Conference, approaching Russia through some channel more responsible than Mr. Arnold White; or whether we help Mr. Zangwill and the Zionists to force the Hirsch trustees to establish that Jewish settle-

ment to which they believe poor Jews would gladly resort—we must find a remedy, and we must find it soon.

One word in conclusion. I hoped to get through what I had to say without mentioning the Jews. As they have now crept in, let me just add this. At present the alien question in Britain is not anti-Semitic in its nature at all. It rests with the Jews, and chiefly with the British Jews, whether it shall become so. In every country where there is active anti-Semitic agitation, it is aroused by the feeling that Jews put their original nationality before their adopted nationality. We persecuted Roman Catholics once in England. We were quite right to persecute them, for they were Roman Catholics first, and Englishmen second. They learnt such a salutary lesson then that ever since they have reversed their former position, have ceased to be dangerous politically, and have stood shoulder to shoulder with Britons of all other creeds throughout the world. Now, if Jews insist on being Jews first and Britons afterwards, there will be anti-Semitism in this country as sure as there was anti-Romanism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Let them take the hint in time, and show that they put the interests of Great Britain and the British Empire before the interests of alien Jews.

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

## THE SMALL FAMILY AND AMERICAN SOCIETY

GOVERNMENTS dependent upon militarism, also colonial and territorial communities, naturally set a high value upon large families. Early and mediæval teachers, apart from social and political reasons for the spread of Christian population, insisted upon an other-worldly motive for it. Life, under whatever disadvantages, was to be held a precious boon as a probationary field of endeavour, and children were to be desired as heirs of heaven and immortality. No discouragement was felt from the belief that the opposite theological pole to heaven, the literal, incandescent hell, was for ever burning without consuming the black sheep that fell into the lake of fire and brimstone; yet, the larger the flock, the greater surely was the risk that one or more black sheep would be found in it.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the most extraordinary product of modern times, contributed extensively by his wars to the population of the unknown world beyond the grave. It was not religious considerations that made him adhere to the old valuation of woman which bore a distinct ratio to her fertility. His own power depended upon the number of soldiers he could bring into the field.

In the last two or three decades the vanishing of the large family as a characteristic feature of our refined, educated, and law-abiding citizens has been loudly deplored by sociologists and moralists as a menace to domestic happiness and to future civilisation.

It is alleged with truth that certain butterfly and moth women consider maternity a disagreeable interruption to their round of pleasures. They prefer the fond companionship of an ugly bull-terrier to that of a beautiful babe because it is not so helpless and exacting. These partially developed females, however, constitute too insignificant a minority to endanger the survival of parental instinct in our affluent classes. Nature takes care that this instinct shall remain tremendously strong in every class. Even in childless individuals there is seldom a real decay of it. For proof of this statement, note that in every civilised community the persons who



love best and work most for other people's children are mature single women.

As a rule it is the mother of a few children who develops the maternal instinct most fully and most admirably, for she has time to realise and to follow out its manifold bearings. The sorely pressed mother of a swarm is forced to be content if she can fill their clamorous stomachs, keep decent clothes on their backs, and send them abroad with tolerably clean faces. If she thinks sometimes of the finer spiritual and mental influences of a complete motherhood, it is with a despairing sigh, for her head, heart, hands, and pocket-book are not equal to the whole figure.

Motive is composite. This growing disinclination towards the large family has various sources, and they are deep, not shallow springs.

To begin with: underneath the boundless activity, the feverish energy of this period, there is a pervasive, ill-concealed uncertainty with regard to the outcome of it all. Unquestionably the change from a blind belief in traditional and sacerdotal authority has had a subtle effect upon the educated estimate of life itself. Many thoughtful men and women, while agreeing with orthodox believers that this sphere, viewed in the light of a finality, is a ghastly failure, yet need scientific proof for the assurance of a compensating personal existence hereafter. It is easy to understand that they hold almost an apologetic attitude towards their offspring for having awakened them to the conscious heritage of a doubtful blessing. This compunction ramifies in other quarters; the elderly spinster often feels it when she meets the fathomless blue eyes of an infant. Along with a dimmed yearning in her own eyes rises a distinct self-congratulation in her heart that she has brought no one here to suffer after her death. Childless couples often outlive their early desire for offspring, because of the sorrow and trouble they have seen friends suffer through undutiful or unfortunate children, and become resigned to the loss of many joys because of their escape from the risk of terrible disappointments. They, too, end by interesting themselves actively in the children of others, thus following the natural law which impels those advancing in years to seek a renewal of hope and promise in the fresh growth of humanity that is ever springing up to inherit the earth.

The truth is that, while there is a diminution of parental severity among the reasoning, well-bred class, the sense of responsibility, of obligation, extends over a widening area. Life is broader from every standpoint than it used to be. Refinement and cultivated tastes prevail not alone among the wealthy. Never on this planet were so many persons liberally endowed in these respects so inadequately provided with the means of gratifying these tastes—and this in spite of all the modern facilities.

Nobody will deny that the actual necessities of human life are simple. Add a scanty article of clothing and a club to the *ménage* of one of the larger apes in a zoo, give him a fire along with his rations, and the needs of a primitive man are supplied. Three or four days of hunger in an open boat will bring the most highly civilised man to accept with avidity food that the ape would reject. The matter of requirements is not an exact science: it is altogether dependent upon the point of view.

Cultivated parents, whether their incomes be large or small, are all making a constant effort to give their children comforts and the degree of luxury which appears necessary from their own standpoint. They are instinctively seeking to develop in them an appreciation of all that is finest in every department, and this appreciation begets a desire of possession on the part of the children. These are more highly organised, more sensitive, than the young denizens of slum districts. Experiments in some of our public schools have demonstrated this. The rearing of sensitives to the full use of their faculties is a more intricate problem than the mere question of muscular endurance for honest toil.

A lawyer, a physician, the cashier of a bank, who earns but a few thousand a year, wants to give his sons a college education if they evince a capacity for it. He would respect them more for breaking stones in the street than for looking to him for support after they have reached adult years; but he aims to equip them for some occupation or profession that will prove more lucrative than breaking stones, more in harmony with the social environment of the family, with their inherited tendencies, and above all with their individual talents and proclivities. In order to do this he must make sacrifices which will prepare and establish two sons, but not four or five.

And then come the daughters. Their mother best understands what these require. In consideration of their father's moderate income, the girls as well as the boys should be fitted to earn a livelihood later on; but, while encouraging them to assimilate all the technical instruction necessary for this object, is that mother really desirous of their putting it into practice for any length of time? No, she wants her girls, every one of them, to find—or, to express it more acceptably, to be found by—good husbands; for, with all the defects of the institution and all the burdens consequent upon it, she is aware that no career will serve as a full and satisfactory substitute for a suitable marriage.

\* And on what does this suitable marriage depend?

Undoubtedly there are chance travellers, dauntless explorers, who discover and wed maidens in an unknown social desert; but the maidens are very fair, and the explorers are very rare. The average girl in the families referred to meets her elect suitor through the

regular working of affiliations which her parents established years before her *début*. If they have always tried to fulfil 'the cardinal law of society, a outlet for a outlet,' if they have kept up their visiting list and rendered their home attractive, their grown daughters, through the consequent interchange with the daughters of friends, will be likely to make the acquaintance of at least a few desirable candidates for matrimony. A summer outing of a few weeks at the seashore or in the mountains will be considered almost indispensable. The blossom-time is short, and parents should not be censured for wishing to render it bright and happy, a beautiful memory in after-days of care and responsibility. If the bud is frostbitten and blighted, the fruit will be sour and shrivelled.

Old ladies tell us that their grandmothers' outfits as *débutantes* often consisted of two cotton prints for morning wear, a woollen afternoon dress, with the addition of a bonnet and pelisse for visiting, and one or two white muslins for evening parties, ribbons and natural flowers of different colours giving variety to the costume. Buoyant young belles from the best country families spent gay winters in Washington content with such an outfit. The daughter of a twelve or fourteen-hundred dollar clerk in one of the departments there would disdain it now, for it would place her on an unequal footing with her companions. She could not bring in her young friends to a dance, and follow it with an impromptu feast of gingerbread, apples, nuts, and cider, in a basement dining-room, minus embroidered centrepiece, flowers, and bonbons.

A watchful, ingenious mother may clothe her *débutante* daughter from bargain counters, but she cannot feed her and her associates from them. Bargain counters in the markets would be dangerous to the public health.

It will be urged that girls should adjust their costumes, entertainments, their outlay *in toto*, to their resources. As a matter of fact they are obliged to do this, but they are excusable for aspiring to the best things within view, for this sort of emulation is atmospheric, it is the very ozone of republican institutions. It is plain that a young lady's chances are influenced to a considerable extent by the rate of expenditure her parents can afford. At best a suitable marriage cannot always be effected. Opportunity along this line is pre-eminently coy and elusive. It is far wiser for her to remain single to the end of her days than to mate recklessly.

Opportunity is elusive also in the line of the art, business, or profession the girls have studied for the purpose of maintaining themselves. Never before were there so many openings for women, and never did such a throng of eager applicants stand around, about, athwart, before, behind, and between one another at each open door. The excellence guaranteed by certificates, diplomas, and civil service examinations must be reinforced by the same amount of influence and

patronage that was indispensable before these latter-day credentials of fitness were exacted.

Never were the lunatic, the epileptic, the incurable so humanely housed and tended; but charity does not embrace the weak, the inefficient, the mediocre. Never in the history of civilisation were so many weak, foredoomed contestants for a livelihood brought into battle with the strong. Advanced medical science and improved sanitation are preserving the unfit to be subsequently pushed to the wall.

By the finest law of equity women should receive equal wages with men who are doing the same kind of work. When this law is recognised competition will be rendered all the fiercer. Many women are employed now for economical reasons. When wages become equal the average female employee will be dismissed if as useful a male be available to take her place. Women who are superlatively useful will be retained, and their less capable, more indolent fathers, husbands, and brothers too often will lie back and rest on their oars. Thus a full recognition of the claims of the female sex will increase the pressure upon it. No one would wish to see woman relegated to her former place in the working world. Progressive experiments must be carried out to their logical sequence, and in course of time demand and supply will come into more harmonious relations. For several generations, however, the process is bound to cause strain and suffering, to involve the ruthless sacrifice of delicate frames and still more delicate instincts, of artistic tastes and soulful longings. Born race-horses will perforce turn themselves into dray-horses, their fire and mettle at the start not availing to save them from sinking under the heavy load and the crushing wheel of routine. Meanwhile is it surprising that far-sighted, sympathetic mothers with small incomes should not pray that they may be given six lovely daughters to precipitate into this *mêlée*?

Wedded pairs deemed 'rich' by fellow-townsmen who have nothing share this feeling of insecurity to some extent. The difficulty of making safe investments, the reduced interest paid on capital, the daily news of deterioration and loss of fortune in unsuspected directions create a fear of insufficient provision for a numerous progeny.

Millionaires with few or no children of their own have contributed incalculably to the advance of civilisation by the endowment of hospitals, colleges, and libraries for the benefit of the children of their fellow-citizens.

It becomes evident that the self-preserving instinct, the necessity for concentrating advantages, is the chief factor in this noticeable appreciation of the small family on the part of our most refined and best-educated citizens.

The modern tendency in all grades is towards the development and elevation of the individual as a unit. It is the individual

that counts in the business world, which has to do solely with the unit.

The small family is more favourable than the large one to the production of the unit, because it gives a better training for the order and system which bear so directly upon success in business, nor does it lack the opportunity for improving other sides of personal character. In a widespread band of brothers and sisters the suppression of some member's interests too often becomes inevitable, and unselfishness carried to the superlative degree amounts to suicide.

If civilisation in the future is to depend solely upon the *numbers* of its present exponents, it cannot be assured, for the Washed will always be outnumbered by the Unwashed. Quality rather than quantity is the assurance each generation, each family should endeavour to give to the future, and the duty to the near should always take precedence of the duty to the far. More vital energies, moral, mental, and physical advantages, in all probability, will be transmitted to posterity by three or four highly individualised, well-equipped representatives of a family, than by eight or ten poverty-stricken weaklings and degenerates.

Apparently our more recently adopted citizens, the ever-landing Celt, Teuton, Slav, and Latin, are not discouraged by difficulties in rearing large families on slender incomes, hence the ultimate passing of the Anglo-Saxon as a ruling factor in this government is confidently predicted. The framers of our Constitution, in their spirit of boundless hospitality, paved the way for the displacement of their own descendants, and in doing their utmost to prevent the monopoly of power by an oligarchy or an aristocracy the decline of family prestige and influence became a foregone conclusion. The Adamses of Massachusetts gave two Presidents to the young Republic, and have continued to enjoy social prominence, at one time sending a minister to the Court of St. James's. The Lees of Virginia have contributed a dominant figure to the field of American history in every generation from the colonial to the present period. But these are rare instances. More and more new names are heard in official places. More than twenty nationalities are represented in our army and navy. After a while the term 'American' will convey the idea of a mixture.

There are still a good many unadulterated Anglo-Saxons, however. In the New England States there has been but little mingling with foreign blood, and the English Puritan is distinctly visible as a prevailing type among the educated classes. But in Boston, their metropolis, an incongruous spectacle is presented: Puritans in blood and the Protestant instinct are living under a city government that is administered by Irish Catholics.

In the Southern States also there is no appreciable evidence of foreign admixture by marriage with the Anglo-Saxon until we come

to the Gulf, save for the strain of French Huguenot blood in South Carolina. In the Gulf States the French and Spanish ancestry of a large proportion of the residents becomes decidedly marked.

Owing to altered conditions in the South, an English type formerly prominent through vast areas is rapidly disappearing. 'Taps' has sounded for the landed proprietor, a hospitable country gentleman at home, a brave knight on the field of battle. Peace to the generous soul of the Cavalier! The reverent throng of twenty thousand that not long ago followed the bier of General Wade Hampton was paying tribute, not only to his fine personality and honourable record, but to the vanishing of an old influential order.

A very different Anglo-Saxon type persisted in the more limited area of the city of Philadelphia from colonial times up to our Civil War. The Quaker merchant was an object-lesson in honesty and thrift to the business circles of the nation. Though declining to fight, he was ready to die for his principles. Frugal and saving, he loved money well, but he loved honour more, for he refused to profit by the bankrupt law when he failed in business. This respected figure in a plain grey coat and broad-brimmed hat, whose yea and nay were worth more than many an oath, left a stable impress on Philadelphia. Solitary specimens of the genus may still be discerned in the old haunts.

The Anglo-Saxon stamp will be retained on our language, customs, laws, and literature. In other directions we cannot keep what we have, but 'we can transmute the things that we have into the things that we are.' This transmutation is going on all the time. There have been many apparent wrecks; the disintegration of estates, the impoverishment of clans, the deflection of trade currents, the losses by storm, pest, and warfare, the absorption through intermarriage have wrought radical changes, yet up to this date we remain fairly civilised as a nation, except for occasional lapses into savagery when lynching criminals at home and torturing Filipinos abroad.

There are prophets who even fear that our conglomeration of white nationalities will be extinguished in the end by a Black and Yellow overflow.

Without doubt the locust, the potato-bug, the army-worm, even the insignificant house-fly, coming in vast incalculable hordes, could succeed in crowding out human life. If such a catastrophe could be averted at the time of imminent danger, it would only be by a supreme exercise of the highly-organised human brain as an offset to the persevering destructive instinct of the lower organism.

\* It being generally admitted that no special class or nationality among us can expect to remain dominant, it is also generally desired that the race we all hold in common, the White, should continue at the helm. In furtherance of this aim it becomes imperative that every white citizen should preserve a superiority in something

deeper than skin, as he cannot trust to numbers. He must seek to exercise and to develop the native endowment of faculty which he owes to his highly-organised race, an endowment superior to the inheritance of other races. The aggregate of this endeavour and accomplishment should suffice for the retention of a now undisputed sceptre. As each new generation takes up the rule it should make and enforce laws on a sound sociological and economic basis, and these will promote true and legitimate progress in all directions. Let no reckless legislator attempt to break down the long-standing embankment between the white and the inferior races who are dwelling within our gates. Along the Mississippi 'cutting the levee' is counted one of the worst crimes against the State. Communities having only a tiny stream to fear can better afford to neglect precautionary measures.

In face of all prophecy and speculation, however, the Whither remains as impenetrable as the Whence. No generation can discern its evolutionary trend and bearing upon its own or any other race. Evolution is always an unconscious process to the participants therein. The remnant of despised Israelites fleeing to the desert from the tyranny of Egypt looked hopefully towards a Promised Land which would be walled in from the outside heathen by separating rites and strictest regulations. The wandering Hebrew did not suspect that his grandest prerogative was to be, not the exclusive ownership of an earthly paradise, but the transmission of his monotheistic conception of the Deity to alien races until finally it should encompass the globe. When the African captive crossed an unknown sea, mourning his dusky brood, his sunbaked hut, the idea could never have entered his thick skull that a cruel wrong to himself and his countrymen would be overruled in the end by the benefits of a civilisation attainable in no other way.

It is only long after a series of events that the thoughtful, philosophical student of history comes upon an evolutionary trail and begins to understand the making of an epoch. A peculiar thrill often attends such a discovery, for in that trail something becomes manifest to him that he can attribute neither to accident nor coincidence, only to design. This leads up to a great Designer by a logical argument that cannot always be traced in the story of an individual or of a generation.

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## JOAN OF ARC

‘I think that Jeanne was sent by God, and that her behaviour in war was a fact divine rather than human; many reasons make me think so.’—*Deposition of Count Dunois*, 1455.

MATERIALS for the history of Joan of Arc abound; countless books have been written about her; but the reports of her trial at Rouen, and those of the Rehabilitation Trials are the most authentic records that remain to us, and Mr. Douglas Murray has done a noble work for the memory of the Maid by publishing an English edition of these reports. It is upon his work that I propose mainly to base this short study.

In the Reports of the Processes we have not only ‘the story of her life, her achievements and her death, as attested on oath and set forth in the original documents,’ but also the testimony of eye-witnesses and the Maid’s own defence. In reading these we feel that we can almost see her in her simple dignity and hear the words with which she replied to her judges.

It is in the records of the Rehabilitation Trials that we find the fullest account of Joan’s youth, supplied by the testimony on oath of her early friends and neighbours at Domrémy, although on many points the Maid speaks for herself on this subject also, as we shall see.

At the time of Joan’s birth and childhood, the condition of France as an independent kingdom appeared well-nigh desperate. A century of misfortunes and misery, ‘broken only by a parenthesis of comparative prosperity from 1380 to 1407,’ had left her a seemingly easy prey to English rule. The King of France was insane, and his wife, Isabel of Bavaria, had come to terms with Henry the Fifth of England. By the Treaty of Troyes (1420) it was settled that the crown of France should pass from the Dauphin (on whose legitimacy his miserable mother had thrown doubts) to the child of the marriage of Henry the Fifth with the Princess Katherine of France. When this child—our Henry the Sixth—was less than a year old, however, his father died, and the reins of government fell into the resolute hands of his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, who, as Regent, ruled France, and whose troops continued to carry the victorious arms of England against all who opposed his nephew’s claims. The Dauphin took refuge in the south and abandoned to the English all territory north of the Loire, while Paris was likewise held by them.



Some members of the French Parliament and the University joined the Dauphin, but the more timid spirits did homage to Bedford for his baby nephew. Of the great towns, Orleans alone remained faithful to the Dauphin; if it fell, all organised opposition to the English would be at an end. In view of the special features of Joan's future mission, it is interesting to note that, as Orleans was the key of the French military position, so Rheims was the key of the political or royal position—till the Dauphin should be anointed and crowned King at Rheims the French people would not feel him to be truly their sovereign.

In addition to the two great parties of French and English, France was divided again into the factions of Armagnacs and Burgundians, the former professing to be on the side of the Dauphin, while the Burgundians—in consequence of the treacherous murder of their Duke by the Armagnacs in the name of the Dauphin—had made friends with the English. These two parties come constantly before us in the history of Joan's career, and from her earliest days their dissensions disturbed the quiet country around Domrémy. The village itself, although geographically in Lorraine, was part of the French Kingdom, and its inhabitants were entirely on the side of the Dauphin. It was to this France of war and desolation that Joan was sent.

She was born on the feast of the Epiphany, the 6th of January, 1411-12. 'Her father was named Jacques d'Arc, her mother Isabelle, both labourers living together at Domrémy. They were, as I saw and knew, good and faithful Catholics, labourers of good repute and honest life. From her early youth, Jeannette was brought up in the Faith and in good morals: she was so good that all the village of Domrémy loved her. Jeannette knew her Belief and her Pater and Ave as well as any of her companions. She had modest ways, as becometh one whose parents were not rich.'<sup>1</sup> 'I saw Jeannette very often,' says another witness. 'In our childhood we often followed the plough together, her father's plough, and we went together with the other children of the village to the meadows or pastures. Often, when we were all at play, Jeannette would retire alone to "talk with God." I and the others laughed at her for this. She was simple and good, frequenting the church and holy places. Often when she was in the fields and heard the bells ring, she would drop on her knees.' 'I was brought up with Jeannette, close to her house,' says Simonin Musnier; 'I know that she was good, simple, and pious, and that she feared God and the Saints. . . . She was very charitable and liked to take care of the sick. I know this of a surety, for in my childhood I fell ill, and it was she who nursed me.'

Another tells how she loved the poor, 'and would even sleep on

<sup>1</sup> Deposition of Jean Morel of Greux, labourer.

the hearth in order that the poor might lie in her bed.' 'Many times,' says the curé of a neighbouring parish, 'I heard the Père Guillaume Fronte, in his lifetime curé of Domrémy, say that Jeanne the Maid was a simple and good girl, pious, well brought up and God-fearing, and without her like in the whole village. Often did she confess her sins, and if she had had money, she would have given it to him, he told me, to say Masses. Every day, when he celebrated Mass, she was there.' Another point specially insisted on in the accounts of the Maid's girlhood is her love of work, work in the fields for her father, but specially women's ordinary work of spinning and sewing and looking after the house. Joan was fond of work, too fond, her companions thought. In her replies to her judges, she says, with an honest pride, 'Yes, I learnt to spin and to sew; in sewing and spinning I fear no woman in Rouen.'

What the witnesses say about the amusements in which she sometimes took her share is also of special importance, as the legend about the so-called 'Fairy Tree' was destined to haunt her innocent life to the end, and to be a handle to her enemies. 'There is a tree by us called the "Ladies' Tree"' (says one of the witnesses), 'because in ancient days the Sieur Pierre Granier, Seigneur de Boule-ment, and a lady called Fée met under this tree and conversed together. I have heard it read in a romance. The Seigneurs de Domrémy and their ladies—at least, the Lady Beatrix, wife of Pierre de Boule-ment, and the said Pierre—accompanied by their daughters came sometimes to walk round this tree. In the same way every year the young girls and youths of Domrémy came to walk there on the Lætare Sunday—called "the Sunday of the Wells"—they ate and danced there and went to drink at the Well of the Thorn,' and Morel, the witness first quoted, adds, 'Jeanne the Maid went there like all the other girls at those times, and did as they did.' But, as one of Joan's biographers remarks, 'Though she carried garlands like the other boys and girls, and hung them on the boughs of the "Fairies' Tree," she liked better to take the flowers into the parish church and lay them on the altars of St. Margaret and St. Catherine.' Yet the reports of these innocent, old-world sports were destined, through the malice of her enemies, to be fatal to Joan, and to help to bring her to a cruel death.

And now we come to the moment when Joan's mission was to open before her. Happily we have her own words to help us, for none of the witnesses who appear at the Rehabilitation Trials had known anything of the *Voices* when they first came to her. 'I was thirteen when I had a Voice from God for my help and guidance,' she says. 'The first time that I heard this Voice, I was very much frightened; it was mid-day in the summer, in my father's garden. . . . I heard this Voice to my right towards the church; rarely do I hear it without its being accompanied by a light. . . . It seemed to me to come from lips I should reverence. I believe it was sent me

from God. When I heard it for the third time, I recognised that it was the voice of an Angel. This Voice has always guarded me well, and I have always understood it; it instructed me to be good and to go often to church; it told me it was necessary for me to come into France. . . . It said to me two or three times a week, "You must go into France." My father knew nothing of my going. The Voice said to me, "Go into France." I could stay no longer. It said to me, "Go, raise the siege which is being made before the city of Orleans."

Later on in her trial the Maid names the Saints whose voices she heard, first in her father's garden and then constantly throughout her life. 'It is the voice of St. Catherine and St. Margaret. Their faces are adorned with beautiful crowns, very rich and precious; to tell you this I have leave from Our Lord. If you doubt this, send to Poitiers where I was examined before. I have also received comfort from St. Michael.' When asked which Voice first came to her she says, 'It was St. Michael. He was not alone, but quite surrounded by the Angels of Heaven. I saw them with my bodily eyes as well as I see you; when they went from me, I wept. I should have liked to be taken away with them.'

In such simple words does the Maid tell us of the great thing that befell her. She was afraid at first, and asked how could she, a girl, who could not ride or use a sword or lance, be of any help. Rather she would stay at home and spin by her mother. But her Voice told her of 'the great pity there was in France,' and her heart burned with love and compassion for her country and king. Possibly also she may have been encouraged by the old prophecy which declared that France should be delivered by a maiden 'from the Oak Wood,' and there was an oak wood near Domrémy. Joan did not tell her father or mother of the Voices. At her trial she explains her silence on this point. 'As for myself, I would not have told them at any price,' she says: 'my Voices agreed that I might either speak to my father and mother or be silent,' and she feared to be hindered in obeying God's command.

The Voice had first spoken to Joan in the summer of 1424, and by the spring of 1429 she could hesitate no longer. She had been told: 'Go to Robert de Baudricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs. He will furnish you with an escort to accompany you.' Joan went to stay with her uncle in the neighbourhood and begged him to take her to Vaucouleurs. 'When I arrived, I recognised Robert de Baudricourt,' she says, 'although I had never seen him. I knew him, thanks to my Voice which made me recognise him. I said to Robert, "I must go into France."' Twice he refused her request; the third time, it was granted, owing, it is said, to the impression made upon him by the Maid's prediction on the 12th of February, 'To-day the gentle Dauphin hath had great hurt, near the town of Orleans, and yet greater will he have if you do not soon send me to him.' This disaster

was the battle of Rouvray or of 'The Herrings,' where the French were defeated by Sir John Falstaff, and of which Joan could not possibly have known by any ordinary means. The people of Vaucouleurs brought clothes to Joan for her journey, such as men wear, doublet, hose, surcoat, boots, and spurs, and Robert de Baudricourt gave her a sword. Later on she, as we know, wore armour, for which she was greatly blamed, but as she was to live with soldiers, she thought it more suitable to be dressed as they were, and she said clearly that she had instructions from her Voice on this subject. Let us listen to some of her answers at Rouen when asked about this: 'What concerns this dress is a small thing—less than nothing. I did not take it by the advice of any man in the world. I did not take this dress, or do anything, but by the command of Our Lord and of the angels.' Again, 'All I have done is by Our Lord's command; if I had been told to take some other, I should have done it, because it would have been His command.' When asked if she had not been begged to change her dress, she said, 'Yes, oftentimes,' but that she dared not do it without God's leave. 'And I answered that I would not take it off without leave from God.'<sup>2</sup>

On the 23rd of February, 1429, then, the gate of the Château de Vaucouleurs—still standing in our day—was thrown open, and Joan, attended by Jean de Nouillempont and Bertrand de Poulinge—two squires who believed in her mission—and their attendants, rode forth on their way to France. It was a long ride and dangerous, but Joan would hear of no fears. 'God will clear my path to the King, for to this end I was born,' she said. From Fierbois, where they halted, and where Joan heard Mass thrice at the church of St. Catherine, she got a clerk to write to the King that she was coming to help him, and that she would know him among all his men. It was probably from here also that she wrote to ask her parents' forgiveness for leaving them, and they, as she tells us later, granted it.

On the 6th of March she reached Chipon, where the Court was, and after a delay of two or three days—for the Dauphin's advisers would not let her see him—she was admitted to an audience. To try her, the Dauphin had hidden himself among his nobles, but she went straight up to him and told him that she knew well who he was. 'There is the King,' said Charles, pointing to a richly dressed

<sup>2</sup> A recent and authoritative historian of the Maid quotes a saying of the Archbishop of Embrun which seems to decide the questions in a few words: 'Il est plus décent de faire ces choses (de la guerre) en habit d'homme, puisque c'est avec des hommes qu'on doit les faire.' *Jeanne d'Arc la Vénérable d'après les documents versés au Procès de sa Canonisation en Cour de Rome*, p. 62, par Mgr. Ricard (Paris, E. Dentu).

Bouillé also remarks that for reasonable causes saints have changed the dress of their sex. 'Many,' he says, 'by reasons of modesty or piety, have worn men's dress, such as St. Nathalie, St. Eugénie, &c., and that if we consider Joan's mission—to accomplish apparently by Divine command a warrior's duty in the midst of soldiers—we see that she had a reasonable cause for adopting man's attire, and that she was right not to transgress, so as to obey man, what she believed certainly to be God's command.' See also *Jeanne d'Arc la Vénérable*, p. 62 n.

nobleman. 'No, fair Sire, you are he,' was her reply. But still people doubted, and Joan had need of much patience. She stayed at the house of a noble lady, and great people came to see her and interrogate her. When she was left in peace, she wept and prayed. At last one day she went to the Dauphin and said, 'Gentle Dauphin,<sup>3</sup> why do you delay to believe me? I tell you that God has taken pity on you and your people at the prayer of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne, and I will tell you by your leave something which will show you that you should believe me.' Then she told him, secretly, something which, as he said, none could know but God and himself. The secret sorrow which weighed on Charles's mind was that caused by the doubt thrown on his legitimacy, and this doubt the words of the Maid dispelled for ever.<sup>4</sup>

The Dauphin meanwhile took all the precautions that prudence—and the secret hostility of some of his Court—rendered necessary to test the truth of Joan's mission. Some Franciscan monks were sent secretly to Domrémy to inquire into her life, and brought back the fullest testimony to her virtue. The Royal Parliament and University were at Poitiers, and thither the Maid was sent to be examined by the most learned doctors of the kingdom. A Commission was formed, composed of the Archbishop of Rheims, the Bishop of Castres, the Bishop of Poitiers, the Bishop of Maguelonne, the future Bishops of Senlis and Meaux, and several Canons and Dominicans, among them Seguin (who has preserved for us the details of the Conference) and other theologians. At first 'they showed Joan' by beautiful and gentle reasons 'that her mission could not be believed in.' Joan, however, told them quite simply about her visions and her 'Voices.' To their interrogations she replied in the same straightforward, pithy way that we shall find her doing at her trial. To a learned Dominican who objected to her that if God wished the English to leave France in peace He could make them go without resort to arms being necessary, her reply was: 'In God's Name the men at arms will give battle and God will give the victory.' Maître Seguin (a very bitter man, says the chronicle) told her that they could not believe her without a sign nor advise the King to give her soldiers. 'Eh, my God,' said Joan, 'I have not come to Poitiers to give signs, but take me to Orleans and I will show you the signs why I am sent; let them give me as few men as they like, I will go to Orleans.'

After examining Joan for six weeks, the Commissioners signed a report declaring that they had found no evil in her, but, on the

<sup>3</sup> Joan always addressed the King as Dauphin until he was crowned at Rheims.

<sup>4</sup> The Maid spoke thus: 'On the part of my Lord, I tell thee thou art true heir of France and son of the King, and he sends me to lead thee to Rheims to the end thou mayest receive thy crowning and thy consecration if thou wilt.'—Alain Chartier, Letter of July 1429. Quilcherat, v. p. 131.

contrary, much good, 'humility, purity, devotion, *honnêteté*, simplicity,' and concluded by saying that 'full of hope in God, she must be conducted with soldiers to Orleans, for to doubt of her, or to neglect her in whom there is no appearance of evil, would be to resist the Holy Spirit and become unworthy of the gifts of God.' In still stronger language the Archbishop of Embrun, the learned Jacques Gelu, ends his special treatise on the nature of Joan's inspirations. 'We advise, therefore,' says he, 'that in all things the Maid's advice should be followed, and that the King should study to follow the precise counsels she may give, because they come from God. . . . Her advice should be asked before any one's and should be sought for in preference to that of any other adviser.' It is very important to bear in mind this decision of the Royal Commission. We see by it that from the first Joan was approved, and her mission sanctioned by the Church. Well might she, at Rouen, refer to this decision. 'If you do not believe me, go to Poitiers,' she says, and again, 'I wish you would get a copy of this book at Poitiers if it please God.' But, alas, it was not likely that her enemies would allow this manifest testimony to the innocence of their victim to appear, and by the time of the Rehabilitation Trials the precious *Register*, as she names it once, had disappeared.

At last the time of probation was over and Joan was to be allowed to begin her work; and here we will avail ourselves of the depositions given so many years later by her great comrades in arms, Count Dunois, the Duc d'Alençon, Louis de Contes, her page, &c. It is no little tribute to the Maid and her mission that men like Dunois, Alençon, La Hire, Xaintrailles, and other tried warriors and men of large experience should follow her guidance as they did, and that they apparently showed no jealousy of her, though at first, as Dunois tells us, he did not fully put trust in her plans. As d'Alençon was near the Court when Joan reached it, he is able to tell us of his impressions of her from the outset. 'One day when I was hunting quails' (at St. Florat), he says, 'a messenger came to inform me that there had come to the King a young girl who said she was sent from God to conquer the English and to raise the siege then undertaken by them against Orleans. It was for this reason that I went on the following day to Chinon, where I found Jeanne talking with the King. Having approached them, she asked me who I was. "It is the Duc d'Alençon," replied the King. "You are welcome," she then said to me. "The more that come together of the blood of France, the better it will be." The next day she went to the King's Mass. . . . After Mass the King took her into his private room, where he kept me with him, as well as the Sieur de la Tremouille, after having sent away all the others. Jeanne then made several requests to the King, amongst others, that he would make a gift of his kingdom to the King of Heaven, because the King of Heaven, after this gift, would do for him as He had done for his predecessor

and reinstate him in all his rights. . . . After dinner the King went for a walk. Jeanne coursed before him, lance in hand : seeing her manage her lance so well, I gave her a horse.'

When the King was advised that he might employ Joan as she desired, he sent d'Alençon to prepare a convoy of supplies for the army destined to relieve Orleans. 'With this army Jeanne was sent,' he continues. 'The King had caused armour be made for her,' but d'Alençon did not accompany the expedition, and we must turn to Dunois's deposition to hear how it sped. It commences with the words quoted at the beginning of this article, whereby he pays homage to the truth of Joan's mission. He then tells us that he was in charge at Orleans and was 'Lieutenant-General of the King in affairs of war.' When rumours of the Maid's journey to the Court reached him, he sent messengers to the King to ask about Joan, and these brought back word of her arrival and examination, and of how she 'persisted in saying that she was come to raise the siege of Orleans and to conduct the Dauphin to Rheims in order that he might be consecrated. . . . Hearing the opinion of the clergy and prelates that there was no evil in this maid, the King sent her with the Lord Archbishop of Rheims, then Chancellor of France, and the Sieur de Gaucourt, the Grand Steward, to Blois, where those were who had the charge of escorting the convoy, that is, the Sieurs de Rais and de Boussac, Marshals of France, de Coulent, Admiral of France; La Hire, and Ambroise de Loré, who was afterwards Governor of Paris.' With this gallant escort at the head of the army and the convoy, Joan approached Orleans 'in good order by way of the Sologne to the Loire facing the Church of St. Loup,' and here, evidently, Dunois and the Maid first met. He continues: 'The English were there in great number, and the army escorting the convoy did not appear to me, nor the other Captains, in sufficient force to resist them and to ensure the entrance of the convoy on that side. It was necessary to load the convoy in boats, which were procured with difficulty. But to reach Orleans it was necessary to sail against the stream, and the wind was altogether contrary. Then Jeanne said to me, "Are you the Bastard of Orleans?" "Yes," I answered, "and I am very glad of your coming!" "Is it you who said I was to come to this side (of the river) and that I should not go direct to the side where Talbot and the English are?" "Yes, and those more wise than I are of the same opinion for our greater success and safety." "In God's Name," she then said, "the counsel of my Lord is safer and wiser than yours. You thought to deceive me, and it is yourselves who are deceived, for I bring you better succour than has ever come to any General or town whatsoever—the succour of the King of Heaven. This succour does not come from me, but from God himself, who at the prayers of St. Louis and St. Charlemagne has had compassion on the town of Orleans and will not suffer the enemy to hold at the

same time the Duke<sup>5</sup> and his town." At that moment,' continues Dunois, 'the wind, being contrary, and thereby preventing the boats going up the river and reaching Orleans, turned all at once and became favourable. They stretched the sails, and I ordered the boats to the town, which I entered. . . . We passed before the Church of St. Loup in spite of the English. From that time I put good hope in her, even more than before.' It was determined that the army should go up the river to Blois, to cross the river there, and come back to Orleans, but Dunois persuaded Joan to enter Orleans at once. 'And Jeanne then came with me. She had in her hand a banner, white in colour, on which was an image of our Lord holding in His Hand a lily. La Hire crossed the Loire at the same time as she, and entered the city with her and ourselves.'

Jean Luillier, one of the burghers of Orleans, tells us how the inhabitants welcomed the Maid. 'I was in the town when Jeanne reached it,' he says. 'She was received with as much rejoicing and acclamation from old and young of both sexes as if she had been an angel of God, because we hoped through her to be delivered from our enemies, which, indeed, was done later. . . . She exhorted us all to hope in God. . . . She said, moreover, she would summon the English to leave the town and drive them away before she permitted any attack to be made.'

Another witness says: 'When Jeanne first entered Orleans, she went before all else to the Great Church, to do reverence to God, her Creator.' This was her constant custom. As she entered the city, the people, as we have seen, crowded to honour her. They blessed her and tried to kiss her hand, and this was the prelude to many similar scenes later on, which caused great distress to Joan. She would never allow any one to pay her honour if she could help it, or to refer her successes to herself. 'Jeanne lamented much, and was displeased when certain good women came to her wishing to salute her; it seemed to her like adoration, at which she was angered,' says Thébaut, one of the King's squires.

How are we to picture the Maid's appearance at this time to ourselves? From all accounts she was a beautiful maiden, with dark hair—now worn cropped short under her helmet—and she had a charming manner, while the beauty and purity of her soul shone out and influenced all who approached her. 'Neither I nor others, when we were with her, had ever an evil thought; there was in her something divine,' says Dunois. She effected a wonderful reform in the rough soldiers of her army, as the witnesses bear testimony. She would have none to fight with her who did not fulfil their religious duties; she rigorously banished bad women from the camps, and forbade all swearing, reprimanding, without respect to persons, all she heard using bad language. She allowed La Hire—who apparently had great difficulty in overcoming this bad habit—to use only the expression 'By my baton,' and as long as he fought with her, we are

<sup>5</sup> The Duke was a prisoner in England.



told, he did as she desired. The witnesses all agree in testifying to the holiness and purity of her own life, and her practical piety and spirit of prayer. She heard mass every day when it was possible, and constantly confessed and received Holy Communion. 'I have seen Jeanne at the Elevation of the Host weeping many tears,' says Maître Pierre Compaign, Canon of St. Aignan; 'I remember well that she induced the soldiers to confess their sins, and I, indeed, saw that by her instigation and advice La Hire and many of his company came to confession.' 'She was accustomed, before going to an assault, to take account of her conscience, and to receive the Sacrament after hearing Mass,' says Charlotte Huré, in whose room Joan slept while at Orleans. As we shall see, she kept untouched her gentleness and tenderness of heart through all the tumult of war. 'Each battle won, she wept above the slain, and longed to procure succour for her wounded foes, as for her friends.

And here, before recounting the Maid's great deeds at Orleans, I cannot but refer to the sympathy evinced for her from the first by the Scottish allies of France, those who from the 'leal Northern Land' constantly suffered and fought with her. Many Scotch officers had accompanied the convoy on its way to Orleans, and a Scottish Bishop, John Kirkmichael, there received her. He had been appointed to the See by Charles in recognition of the great services rendered to France by his countrymen, and he was to be, later, one of the consecrating prelates at Rheims. A Scotchman, James Powrie, or Polwarth, painted Joan's two famous banners at Tours when she passed through on her way to Orleans,<sup>6</sup> and it was a Scottish archer who, later, possessed the portrait of the Maid referred to in her trial. Perhaps one of the most tantalising fragments of history is that in which the then monk of Dunfermline—who had been in France in his youth, and who is conjectured to have been, perhaps, this very archer—refers to the '*Puella a Spiritu sancto excitata*'; the marvellous Maid, who brought about the recovery of the Kingdom of France . . . whom I saw and knew, and in whose company I was present during her endeavours for the said recovery, up to her life's end.' Would that his chronicle had survived!

And now let us return to Dunois's deposition. He tells us quite simply that he wished to leave Orleans to go and meet the army which was coming back to the city by way of Blois, but Joan would not allow him to do this, nor even to wait for the relieving force. 'She wished to summon the English to raise the siege at once on pain of being themselves attacked. She did, in fact, summon them by a letter which she wrote to them in French, in which she told them in very simple terms that they were to retire from the siege

<sup>6</sup> This painter had a daughter, Heliote, whom the Maid took under her protection. When she married, Joan wrote to ask the magistrates of Tours to endow her with 100 lres. The city was forced by 'extreme poverty' to decline, but gave the bride a marriage feast '*pour l'amour et l'honneur de la Pucelle*' (Quicherat, *Procès*, vol. v., pp. 154, 158; cf. also Forbes Leith's *Scots Guards in France*).

and return to England, or else she would bring against them a great attack which would force them to retreat. Her letter was sent to Lord Talbot. From that hour the English, who up to that time could, I affirm, with 200 of their men, have put to rout 800 or 1,000 of ours, were unable, with all their power, to resist 400 or 500 French; they had to be driven into their forts, where they took refuge and from whence they dared not come forth.' Here we must interrupt Dunois's narrative to give the words in which Louis de Contes, the Maid's page, tells us of her first engagement with the English, which Dunois omits. On the day after her entry into Orleans, Joan tried, without success, to persuade Dunois and his officers to attack the English. 'Jeanne returned to her lodging and went up into her chamber; I thought she was going to sleep; shortly afterwards there she was coming down from her chamber. "Ah, wretched boy," she said to me, "you did not tell me that the blood of France was being shed," and she ordered me to go and look for her horse. At the same time, she was being armed by the lady of the house and her daughter. When I returned with her horse I found her already armed; she told me to go and seek her banner, which had been left in her chamber; I passed it to her through the window. Immediately she rode hastily towards the Burgundy gate. . . . The attack took place against the Fort of St. Loup, and in this attack the Boulevard was taken. On the way, Jeanne met several of the French wounded, at which she was much disturbed. The English were preparing to resist when Jeanne advanced against them in all haste. As soon as the French saw her they began to shout aloud, and thus was the Fort of St. Loup taken. I heard it said that the English ecclesiastics had taken their sacred vessels and had thus come before her, that Jeanne had received them without allowing any harm to be done and had had them conducted to her lodging, but that the other English had been killed by the people at Orleans.' Later on de Contes relates another incident which testifies to Joan's kindness to her enemies. 'Seeing a Frenchman who was charged with a convoy of certain English prisoners strike one of them on the head in such manner that he was left for dead on the ground, she got down from her horse, had him confessed, supporting his head herself, and comforting him to the best of her power.'

Dunois now takes up the thread of the history thus: 'There is another fact which made me believe she was from God. The 7th of May very early in the morning we began the attack on the Boulevard of the bridge. Jeanne was there wounded by an arrow which penetrated half a foot between the neck and the shoulder; but she continued none the less to fight, taking no remedy for her wound.' The attack lasted throughout from the morning until eight o'clock in

\* Jeanne had foretold some time previously that she would be wounded. This is recorded before the event. Quicherat, i. p. 79; iv. p. 426.

the evening, without hope of success for us, for which reason I was anxious that the army should retire into the town. The Maid then came to me praying me to wait yet a little longer. Thereupon, she mounted her horse, retired to a vineyard all alone by herself, remained in prayer about half an hour, then returning and seizing her banner by both hands she placed herself on the edge of the trench. At sight of her the English trembled and were seized with sudden fear. Our people, on the contrary, took courage and began to mount and assail the Boulevard, not meeting any resistance. Thus was the Boulevard taken and the English therein put to flight. All were killed, among them Classidas and the other principal English Captains of the Bastille, who, thinking to gain the Bridge Tower, fell into the river, where they were drowned. This Classidas was he who had spoken of the Maid with the greatest contempt and insult.<sup>a</sup> The Bastille taken, we re-entered the town of Orleans—the Maid and all the army—where we were received with enthusiasm.’

On the next day, the 8th of May, the English drew up in line of battle, and the French went to meet them, but Joan told them that God would not have them fight. ‘If the English attack, we shall defeat them,’ she said, ‘but we are to let them go in peace if they will.’ Mass was then said for the French troops, and afterwards Joan heard another Mass in thanksgiving, and then asked what the English were doing. ‘Do they face us or have they turned their backs?’ she asked. They had, and Talbot and his men were in full retreat on Meun.

Led by Joan and their Bishop, John Kirkmichael, the people of Orleans went from church to church to give thanks to God for the victory He had granted them. Such was the origin of the annual procession, afterwards established by Bishop Kirkmichael, and from that date, the 8th of May, 1429, this day has (with the exception of a short break during the Revolution) been ever kept as a holiday in Orleans in honour of Joan, the Maid.

The Duc d’Alençon, who, as we know, was not present at the siege of Orleans, went there soon afterwards and saw the defences which had been raised by the English. ‘I was able to study the strength of these works,’ he says, ‘and I think that, to have made themselves masters of these—above all, the Fort of the Tourelles at the end of the bridge, and the Fort of the Augustins—the French needed a real miracle. . . . For the rest, I heard from the captains and soldiers who took part in the siege, that what had happened was miraculous and that it was beyond man’s power.’

Charles the Seventh was a weak, uninteresting prince, but when Joan, escaping from the ovation prepared for her at Orleans, appeared before him at Tours on the 13th of May, he, for once, was stirred from his usual apathy. When he saw the Maid with her victorious

<sup>a</sup> William Glasdale; he was captain of the Fort of the Tourelles, here called the Bridge Tower.

banner in her hand before him, the Dauphin, in the words of the old chronicle, 'could not contain his joy: he took off his chapéron, and respectfully embraced her,' and he ordered that armorial bearings should be granted to her and her family, in which a crown and a sword should be represented side by side with the lilies of France. These arms are still proudly borne by the family of Arc. But the Maid's thoughts were occupied by graver matters. She longed to complete her mission. 'I shall only last a year,' she would say. 'Make the most of the time, for I have much to do.' One day, discouraged by the senseless delays encouraged by the King's councillors, she made the following noble appeal to him. Dunois, who was with her, describes the scene. 'Jeanne and I went to seek him. Before entering, she knocked at the door: as soon as she had entered, she knelt before the King and, embracing his knees, said these words: "Noble Dauphin! hold no longer these many and long councils, but come quickly to Rheims to take the crown for which you are worthy." "Is this your counsel? Who told you this?" said Christopher d'Harcourt. "Yes," she answered, "and my counsel urges me to this most of all." "Will you not say, here, in presence of the King," added the Bishop, "what manner of counsel it is which thus speaks to you?" "I think I understand," she said, colouring, "what you want to know, and I will tell you willingly. . . . When I am vexed that faith is not readily placed in what I wish to say in God's Name, I retire alone and pray to God. I complain to Him that those whom I address do not believe me more readily, and, my prayer ended, I hear a Voice which says to me, 'Daughter of God! Go on! Go on! Go on! I will be thy help. Go on!' And when I hear this Voice, I have great joy. I would I could always hear it thus." And, in repeating to us this language of her Voice, she was, strange to say, in a marvellous rapture, raising her eyes to Heaven.'

The Maid's pleading prevailed for the time, and resulted in the victorious campaign on the Loire, over which we may not linger here, though the accounts of the taking of Jargeau, where Joan, by a prophetic warning, saved the life of her friend the 'gentle' d'Alençon, of the famous fight at Patay, &c. &c., are tempting subjects. It is astonishing that after these triumphant proofs of Joan's wisdom we should again find weaker counsels prevailing, and Charles hesitating to go forward on his road to Rheims. Even d'Alençon thought it would be better to invade Normandy and march on Rouen first! Joan repeated simply, 'We must go to Rheims: it is God's Will,' and in reply to Charles's fear that Troyes would be an obstacle to the advance, she said, as Dunois tells us, 'Noble Dauphin, order your people to besiege the town of Troyes. . . . In God's Name, before three days are gone, I will bring you into this town by favour or by force.' And her words came true, as Troyes quietly submitted to

the King. While Joan had been speaking to him, 'the inhabitants suddenly lost heart,' adds Dunois.

And now, at last, the road to Rheims was open, and the solemn fulfilment of Joan's promise that the King should be crowned was at hand. Joan had also assured Charles that he would enter Rheims unopposed, and that the citizens would come out and welcome him. This happened exactly as she had foretold. The Archbishop, who had preceded the royal cortège, came out to meet the King at the head of the bourgeois and the guilds of trade, the people shouting, 'Noël! Noël!' Time pressed, and it was decided that the Coronation should take place on the day following the King's entry, Sunday, the 13th of July, 1429. Rheims, which had witnessed, and was still to witness, so many august ceremonies of the kind, was, this time, utterly unprepared for the occasion. The coronation robes were at St. Denis, and had to be hastily replaced by others made by the ladies of the town, who worked with such enthusiasm that the contemporary chronicle says the coronation 'was as magnificent as if a year had been spent in preparing it.' And where was Joan's place to be in this great and sacred ceremony? for 'all looks were fixed on the Maid,' and full honour was paid to her. It was decreed that she should stand beside the King, her banner in her hand. Later on, her enemies reproached her with this, as if she had borne it thus in pride, but she answered in her beautiful simple way, 'It had shared the pain; it was only right it should share the honour.' The ceremony lasted five hours, and when, after Charles had received the sacred unction, the crown was placed upon his head, deep emotion stirred the crowds that filled the cathedral, and a great cry arose of 'Noël! Noël!' Since Clovis was crowned King of France, no coronation had so moved the nation. And now Joan, whose heart must have been overflowing with thanksgiving, gave her banner to one of the noblemen near her, and threw herself at Charles's feet, saluting him as King. 'Gentle King,' she said, 'now is God's Will accomplished Who desired that you should come to Rheims to receive your crown, and so show that you are the true King and to whom the kingdom should belong.' She wept as she said these words, 'and all the nobles wept too,' and in a corner of the church a poor man also shed tears of emotion: it was Jacques d'Arc, who had come to be witness of his daughter's joy in the fulfilment of her mission.

Would that we could leave Joan now, in the glory of her triumph! but such triumphs are often the heralds of great sufferings, and we think that, to the purified eyes of the Maid, the terrors and anguish to come were in a manner visible; in any case, she seemed to be more and more convinced that she 'would not last long, and that they must hasten' to make use of her.

M. M. MAXWELL-SCOTT.

(To be concluded.)

## THE STORY OF GRAY'S INN

WITHIN the last few years two works have been published which throw considerable light on the origin and history of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn. The authors of these works are two officials of the Inn, Mr. Douthwaite and Rev. R. J. Fletcher, the former holding the office of Librarian, the latter that of Reader. Both works possess considerable literary merits, and both contain stores of information hardly accessible to the general public. But by the conditions under which their task was accomplished, the works in question were compiled rather as handbooks for future historians than as consecutive narratives. At a time when the right of Gray's Inn and of its sister Inns to discharge the functions they have exercised for five centuries or more may possibly be called into question, I have thought it well to extract from the labours of my friends, Mr. Douthwaite and Mr. Fletcher, a cursory narrative of the origin, history, and character of one of the four corporate bodies which have played no unimportant part not only in the legal, but in the political development of our English land. I would recommend all who desire a fuller record than can possibly be given in a brief article, to resort to the two works from which I have in the main extracted the information given below—namely, to Mr. Douthwaite's *Gray's Inn, its History and Associations*, and to Mr. Fletcher's *The Pension Book of Gray's Inn*.

I think it may be taken for granted that in early days 'whereof the memory runneth not' clerics and lawyers were almost synonymous terms, and that such legal education as then existed was entirely in the hands of the clergy. The period at which the law became a distinctly lay profession is a matter not easy to determine. All that can be said is that till some seven or eight centuries ago the Bar and the Church were closely connected with one another. Instruction in the law was, I fancy, first given by the sergeants at law, who were probably at this period priests in minor orders, and their pupils bore the name of 'apprentices of the law.' Owing, one may assume, to its superior facilities for imparting legal knowledge, London with its multitude of priests and monks became at an early date the chief resort of these apprentices; and there

is a strong body of evidence to show that the Inns were in the first instance voluntary associations of apprentices who desired board and lodging during their years of learning, and who for this purpose hired dwellings in the outskirts of London adjacent to the city. These dwellings or hostels were originally to some extent under clerical supervision. According to Dugdale, legal hostels first came into existence in 1292. The explanation of the gradual development of the hostels into Inns of Court is as follows: 'The groups formed by association in these hostels would tend as they increased in influence to aspire after larger buildings, in which they could not only live and teach, but also house their pupils and control them after a collegiate fashion.' Be this as it may, it seems certain that the Inns of Court grew very much as plants grow. 'They had no charters; they had no endowments; they had no title deeds; they were governed by their own laws subject to a certain ill-defined control exercised by the judges.' In fact their legal status was closely analogous to that of a proprietary club, with the solitary exception that the Benchers, a self-elected committee, formed and form the sole proprietors of the Inn whose interests it is their duty to protect. The date at which Gray's Inn became an Inn of Court is a matter of dispute. There are two documents in existence which seem to point to the Inn having been a working institution in the first years of the fourteenth century. In Vincent's *Visitation of Northamptonshire*, a certain Ralphe Andrew is recorded as being a Bencher of Grayes Inne anno 1311. Again in the year 1589 Sir Christopher Yelverton, in resigning his membership of Gray's Inn, as it was compulsory for him to do on being appointed a Serjeant at Law, made a farewell speech to his brother members, stating that 'I doe acknowledge myself deeplie and infinitely indebted unto this house for the singular and exceeding favours that I and mine ancestors have received in it . . . for two hundred years agoe at the least have some of them lived here.' This statement would appear to show that the Inn was a corporate institution as early as 1389. The date of its genesis is not a matter of great intrinsic importance, but owing to my personal connection with Gray's Inn I think it my duty to assert its claim to be at least as old as any of the Inns of Court, and to have lived and flourished in the days of Richard the Second.

There is a popular legend that Gray's Inn derives its name from the Grey Friars, whose church stood hard by in Newgate Market. This legend, however, is inconsistent with known facts. In the thirteenth century the manor of Portpool, which included the site of Gray's Inn, was in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. Before 1308 a lease of a portion of this manor, comprising the present grounds of Gray's Inn, was granted by the Cathedral authorities to Reginald de Grey, Justice of Chester, for a yearly rental of 42s. 2d.

Subsequently the De Grey family gave a grant of land belonging to the manor of Portpool to the convent of St. Bartholomew's, on condition of their providing for all time a chaplain to conduct religious services in the manor chapel, which is believed to have stood on the site of the existing Chapel of Gray's Inn. In 1516 the manor was again transferred to the Prior and convent of Shene, near Mortlake. On the confiscation of conventual property in 1539 the whole of the Priory of Shene passed into the hands of the Crown, and the Portpool estate was leased by the Crown to Gray's Inn for 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum. In 1651 under the Commonwealth this rent was commuted into a freehold on the payment of a heavy fine. Under the Restoration this sale was declared null and void, and Gray's Inn recommenced paying the old rent until 1733, when the Benchers finally purchased the freehold from the heirs of Sir Philip Matthews, to whom the property had been sold in the reign of Charles the Second. From that time to the present day Gray's Inn has been the absolute legal property of the Benchers.

The original constitution of Gray's Inn, as of the other Inns of Court, appears to have been first officially defined by a Commission appointed by Henry the Eighth to inquire into the status of these institutions. The Commissioners reported

that none of the four Inns of Court have any corporation whereby they are entitled to purchase, receive, or take Lands or tenements or any other revenue; nor have anything towards the maintenance of the House saving that any one that is admitted Fellow after that he is called to the Masters Commons payeth yearly 3 shillings 4 pence which they call Pension money . . . and every man for his admittance payeth 20 pence and also beside that for Chambers 3 shillings 4 pence, all of which money is the only thing they (the Benchers) have towards the reparation and rent of their House and the wages of their officers.

The prices have been raised since the date of the Commission; but the general status of Gray's Inn remains practically the same as it was laid down under the reign of bluff King Hal. The Commissioners report further that

the whole company and fellowship of learners is divided and sorted into three parts and degrees, that is to say, into 'Benchers, or as they call them in some of the houses, Readers, Utter barristers, and Inner barristers.' Benchers or Readers are called such as beforetime have openly read; and to them is chiefly committed the government and ordering of the House, both for their age, discretion and wisdom . . . and of these is one yearly chosen which is called the Treasurer or, in some Houses, Pensioner, who receiveth yearly the Pension money and therewith discharges such charges as above written: and of the receipt and payment of the same is yearly accountable.

In this respect *mutatis mutandis* the constitution of Gray's Inn remains almost exactly what it was as described by the Tudor Commission.

The main difference is that at the period of which I speak the education of students desirous of being called to the Bar was



conducted by daily 'motes' during term time, at which legal questions were debated, while the discussion was conducted and presided over by the Readers or the Benchers. Utter Barristers argued at them as well as Inner Barristers or Students. The Readers, I may add, were fellows (*socii*) of their Inns. They were no longer Utter Barristers, but Ancients, and at the time of their appointment, and while acting as Readers, they counted as Benchers.

The Utter Barristers, who in some Inns were called Readers, nominated such students as in their opinion were qualified, by proficiency in law, to be called to the Bar. Previous, however, to the nomination being carried into effect, the student nominated had to produce certificates that he had argued twice at various moots held respectively in Hall, in the Inns of Chancery, and in the Library. It appears from the report presented to King Henry the Eighth in 1540, that Utter Barristers 'are such that for their learning and continuance are called by the Benchers to plead and argue doubtful cases and questions, which amongst them are called moots . . . and are called Utter Barristers for that when they argue at the said moots they sit uppermost on the forms which they call the bar.' Even after the student had been called to the Bar his legal education was not considered to be at an end. Besides keeping his terms, the Utter Barrister who desired leave to practise had to be in residence during two of the so-called learning vacations, beginning respectively on the first Monday in Lent and the Monday after Lammas Day, and to take part in the readings held in these vacations. This obligation seems to have been compulsory for five years after the student had been called to the Bar. The period of study was far longer than at present, and no student could be called to the Bar till two years after his admission to the Inn. Even after that he could not practise in court till three years after his call.

From causes which it is not very easy to determine, the system of moots and readings gradually fell into disuse. Why or wherefore they were discontinued, or whether they were discontinued at the same time in all the Inns of Court, are questions to which I cannot find any satisfactory answer. My impression, which I give only for what it is worth, is that during the Civil War and the subsequent Protectorate the whole legal organisation of the Inns of Court fell out of gear. It was emphatically a period during which *Inter arma silent leges*. After the Restoration the old system revived in name, as I find allusions to moots in the records of a pension held at Gray's Inn as late as 1668, but I take it that the moots and learning vacations were found to be out of harmony with the altered conditions of the community.

The distinction between Utter Barristers and Inner Barristers disappeared probably about the time when moots ceased to be held. I fancy that a survival of this obsolete distinction is to be

found in a custom prevalent amongst the students by which each mess of four students is expected at dinner to drink the health of the mess next below, addressing them as 'gentlemen of the lower mess,' to which toast the mess addressed is expected to reply by drinking the health 'of the gentlemen of the upper mess.'

Within recent years moots have been revived at Gray's Inn alone amidst the Inns of Court. They are well attended and are valued by students who take their profession seriously, as forming a sort of legal debating society in which they can acquire experience in arguing questions before a judge or jury. But attendance at these moots is entirely optional and has no direct bearing one way or another in respect of a student's claim to be called to the Bar. In as far as I can gather, the moots were superseded by the practice of reading in chambers, in accordance with which a student attended the chambers of some barrister of eminence and was instructed, or supposed to be instructed, by reading the cases in which his teacher was engaged and by assisting him in his legal business. For the industrious apprentice at law it was as good a system of acquiring a knowledge of his profession as could well be devised. As for the idle apprentice, it enabled him to be called without difficulty at a price he was willing to pay. No doubt the system was theoretically open to objection, but it served the main purpose of all education, which is to provide training for pupils who are willing and anxious to work. Whatever may be the case in other professions, no barrister can obtain practice without a fair knowledge of law, and in my own opinion the drones of the legal hive, the men who have simply been called to the Bar because they desired the title of barrister, do very little harm—if any—to the public at large, and certainly do very little good to themselves.

The British public are, I believe, supremely indifferent to the manner in which students are called to the Bar, so long as the business of the law is conducted, as, at present, by men of legal ability and, as a rule, of high professional honour. From the time of the Tudors, if not earlier, there have been legal reformers who have advocated the desirability of a more scientific training for the discharge of a lawyer's duties. It was in obedience to a demand of this kind that attendance at a course of lectures was, at a later period, appointed as one of the methods by which a student, after keeping the due number of terms, could be called to the Bar. The method in question was largely adopted by law students, as attendance at lectures was cheaper and entailed less labour than reading at chambers. Unfortunately the framers of the lecture system—with the usual ignorance of human nature characteristic of all reformers—had ignored the fact that lectures are the worst mode ever devised of imparting information to a large body of pupils, and that in the

great majority of cases the students either read or slept during their delivery, and only attended a sufficient number of lectures to qualify them for a certificate of attendance. After some years' trial the lecture system was abandoned as a failure. The advocates, however, of legal education urged the expediency of making the passing of a high legal examination a *sine qua non* of a student being called to the Bar. The old system under which a student could be called on the certificate of a practising barrister, as having read in his chambers for a certain minimum period, was abolished, and at Gray's Inn, as in the other Inns, a student has now to pass a non-competitive examination, which is supposed to be sufficient proof that he has learnt the rudiments of law. On the whole, therefore, the present system fulfils all that the public has the wish or the right to ask—namely, that barristers should as a body be competent to conduct a case ably and honestly. If they fail to do so, judges, juries, and attorneys may be relied upon to bring their legal career to a brief and inglorious termination. In no profession is an ignoramus or an impostor more easily detected and exposed than in that of the Bar.

If I have made intelligible this brief record of the changes which have taken place in the character and constitution of the Inns of Court in general and of Gray's Inn in particular, two results will be obvious. The first is that the Inns are no longer schools of law. The Benchers do what they can, by the establishment of scholarships and prizes, by attending the moots in hall, and, above all, by providing an excellent law library for the use of the students, to promote the study of the law, and, I may add, they are always ready to give advice or information on legal matters to students of the Inn. But beyond this they can do nothing. They are, as a rule, busy men in large practice, who devote much time—far more than most of them can well afford—to looking after the maintenance of the Inn; to exercising a general supervision over the students while keeping their terms; to preserving the traditions of what is most justly called 'an honourable society'; and to seeing, to the best of their ability, that the candidates for admission to the Bar are not unworthy in any way of the honour to which they aspire. The duty of maintaining discipline amidst the students of the Inn has become far less onerous for the Benchers than it was in the days of old. When the Inns were first started they were, as I have explained, genuine hostelries occupied exclusively by students and barristers, and they lay entirely outside the City of London. Gradually, as the metropolis extended, dwelling-houses not only covered the open spaces between Holborn Gate and Gray's Inn, but spread west, north, and south of the *Hospitium*. How it came to pass that only four of the total number of hostels, which all alike commenced their career as boarding houses for students, should have developed into

Inns of Court is a matter for which I can see no other explanation than the doctrine of 'the survival of the fittest.' What is certain is that all the hostels other than the Four Inns either died out, or became affiliated to some one of the Inns of Court; Staple's Inn, for instance, and Barnard's Inn passed under the control of Gray's Inn. It necessarily followed that the students could find cheaper accommodation outside the Inn than within its walls, and doubtless they preferred the greater liberty they acquired by not being subject to a *quasi* collegiate discipline. At a pension held on the 30th of January in the twenty-third year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, it was ordered

that no laundresses or women called Victulers under 40 years of age shall after this time come into the Chambers of the gentlemen of this house of Gray's Inn; and they shall not send their maids, of whatsoever age they may be, into the said gentlemen's chambers, on pain that the gentlemen acting to the contrary shall for the first offence be out of commons and for the second out of the Inn.

Again,

None of the officers of this House shall have or enjoy his office any longer than he shall keep himself sole and unmarried, except the Steward, the Chief Butler and the Chief Cook.

It was further ordered

that no fellow of the Society (Socius) under the degree of an Ancient (Bencher) go within the Buttery Hatch to drink or wash before meals . . . that no fellow of the Society stand with his back to the fire . . . that no fellow of the Society make any rude noise in the Hall at Exercises or at meal times.

I would only add to these extracts one order in pension of a somewhat later date, which shows how early Gray's Inn recognised the duty the society owed to the poor at its doors. It is therein stated

that for the better relief of the Poor in Gray's Inn Lane, the third butler should be at the carrying forth from the Buttery, and also at the distribution of the alms, thrice by the week at Gray's Inn Gate, to see that due consideration be had to the poorer sort of aged and impotent persons, according as in former time he had used to do. And when the Panyer man (the basket bearer) and Under Cook challenge to have a Corrody of that broken bread, it is likewise ordered that for three days that the said alms is given, they shall each of them have a cast of bread, scilicet, three loaves a piece in lieu thereof, to the end that the whole broken bread and the alms basket may go to the relief of the Poor.

Whatever a corrody may be it seems to have been some form of vested right. Some score of years ago I was a tenant of chambers in Clifford's Inn and was frequently the guest of my landlord, the late Samuel Joyce, Q. C., at the dinners given by the Ancients of the Inn. It was the custom before dinner for all the Ancients and their guests to be given a circular ring of bread, such as one sees in old-fashioned provincial French hotels, which one was expected to break into bits and to throw into a basket. I presume it was distributed to the poor of

Fetter Lane ; and whether it was or not, I feel certain that now when Courts have decided that Clifford's Inn held its fund in a sort of *cestui que* trust for legal education, the poor of Fetter Lane will never be again recipients of bread, broken or unbroken, from the funds henceforth to be devoted to the endowment of legal research.

It is pretty clear that after the deposition of James the Second Gray's Inn relinquished whatever claim it may have had to be an abode reserved for apprentices at law. A considerable portion of the Inn was built by private persons, mostly, I think, Benchers, who obtained the consent of the Bench to erecting new sets of chambers on the grounds of the Inn at their own cost and risk, in consideration of their obtaining a lease of these chambers with power to sublet for a certain number of years, after which the buildings erected were to become the property of the Inn. The Inn had not at any time, and has not at the present day, any considerable reserve fund sufficient to undertake large building operations. The Benchers, therefore, were well advised in granting building leases even at a loss of immediate revenue compared with what they might have earned if they had been in a position to build at the expense of the Inn. One indirect consequence of this subletting system, which is gradually dying out, was that the chambers in most instances were occupied by outsiders, who could afford to pay a higher rental than could be obtained from students. In the course of years the quarters of the legal profession tended, as in the case of all trades or guilds, to concentrate within a particular locality ; and Gray's Inn, not being within the chosen locality, became more or less an outlying post of the legal community. On the erection of the Courts of Justice and the consequent abolition of the legal sittings at Guildhall and Westminster, Gray's Inn became even more isolated, and though many barristers reside in Gray's Inn, they do so as tenants, not as barristers. If I am correctly informed, the last practising barrister who had chambers in Gray's Inn, as his business abode, was the late Dr. Kenealy, the sometime counsel for the Tichborne claimant. At the present moment, the great majority of the chambers in Gray's Inn are occupied by attorneys, surveyors, architects, and accountants. This class of tenants chiefly occupy the lower floors, as better suited for business purposes. The higher floors are, as a rule, occupied by residential tenants. The gates are closed at dark, and the porters have the right to refuse admission after the doors are shut to any person not known to them by sight as an occupant of chambers, or who cannot give a satisfactory explanation as to why he desires to enter the Inn after nightfall. In consequence Gray's Inn is a singularly quiet residence—so quiet indeed, both day and night, that one hardly hears the hum of the vast city in which it lies embedded.

The palmiest days of Gray's Inn were undoubtedly those of

Queen Elizabeth. Very shortly after her accession to the throne the present hall—the most venerable and the most beautiful of all the halls in London with the exception of Westminster Hall—was completed. What it was in the days of the Virgin Queen it remains pretty much to-day. The roof and the flooring are the same as those which existed three and a half centuries ago. A recent investigation proved that the oak and mahogany employed in the construction of the hall show no signs of decay and that, barring the accident of fire, they may remain unimpaired for many a long year to come. The records of the pensions, or meetings of the Benchers, are singularly meagre, being almost exclusively concerned with admissions of students, calls to the Bar, repairs of the Inn, the granting of leases, and administrative expenditure. The student of Elizabethan history will find but little in their pages throwing light on the events of this stirring time. For instance, I can find no substantiation of the current legend that her Majesty was present at the performance in Gray's Inn Hall of the masque *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, under the stage-management of Shakespeare. All one can say is that there is no intrinsic improbability in the legend. Sir Francis Bacon was admitted as a student to Gray's Inn in 1576, was made a Bencher ten years later, was elected treasurer in 1590 and continued his close connection with Gray's Inn till the time of his death. Throughout the whole of Queen Elizabeth's reign he was, to say the least, a *persona grata* at Court. Whatever view may be taken as to the Gallup controversy it is probable that Bacon and Shakespeare were on terms of close intimacy for a long period of years, and therefore it is not inconceivable that the Queen should have visited the Inn on the occasion of the production of a masque by Shakespeare. In the Pension-book which dates from 1569 to 1669 I can find no allusion to any visit of Queen Elizabeth to Gray's Inn, but this does not prove much one way or the other, as these reports are, as I have said, almost exclusively records of routine business matters. An earlier volume of Pension Records, extending from 1514 to 1569, has unfortunately been lost. Though the custom of Grand Nights dates, there is reason to believe, from the first constitution of the Inn, there is, in as far as I can learn, no consecutive list in existence enumerating the names of the various distinguished personages who have dined in Hall on these occasions as guests of the Treasurer and Benchers. All I can learn from the works of Mr. Douthwaite and Mr. Fletcher, to whom I am so deeply indebted, is that in February 1587 eight members of Gray's Inn, acting apparently with the approval of the Bench, produced a play called *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich while her Majesty was visiting the fair. It was apparently in connection with this play that Bacon, being then Reader of Gray's Inn, wrote to Lord

Burleigh as follows: 'There are a dozen gentlemen of Gray's Inn that out of the honour which they bear to your Lordship and my Lord Chamberlain, to whom at their last masque they were so much bounden, are ready to furnish a masque: wishing it were in their power to perform it according to their minds.' In 1594 there were festivities held at Gray's Inn at which a play somewhat similar to a latter-day extravaganza was produced, bearing the title of *The History of the High and Mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole (Portpool), Archduke of Stapulia (Staple's Inn), and Bernarda (Barnard's Inn), Duke of High and Nether Holborn, Marquis of St. Giles and Tottenham, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentish Town, Paddington, and Knightsbridge, Knight of the most Heroical Order of the Helmet and Sovereign of the same; who reigned and died A.D. 1594.* Owing to the Hall being overcrowded on the first night, the students of the Inner and Middle Temples quitted the Hall in dudgeon and the performance of the main piece had to be adjourned. To make up for the withdrawal of *The History of Prince Henry* from the playbill, it was thought 'good not to offer anything of account saving Dancing and Revelling with Gentlewomen. . . . To eke out the programme Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was then played by the players.' At Shrovetide the Prince of Purpoole and his company entertained Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich. After the performance her Majesty

willed the Lord Chamberlain that the gentlemen should be invited on the next day, which was done, and her Majesty gave them her hand to kiss with most gracious words of commendation to them: particularly in respect of Gray's Inn, as an House that she was much beholden unto for that it did always study for some Sports to present her with.

The expense of these performances seems to have been borne in the main by Gray's Inn, for in February 1595 there is an order in the Pension-book declaring

that every Reader of this House towards the charges of the Shows and Sports before her Majesty at Shrovetide last past shall pay ten shillings, and every Ancient six shillings and eight pence; and every Utter Barrister five shillings; and every other gentleman of this Society three shillings and sixpence before the end of this term.

Probably the success of this masque was due to the fact that it was supposed to contain veiled allusions to a variety of living notabilities, and that these allusions, uttered by the mimic councillors of the Purpoole Court, were said to be written by Bacon himself. The probabilities always seem to me to be in favour of any tradition which has originated in times of comparatively recent date, and therefore I am disposed to give credence to the stories of Queen Elizabeth having been the guest of Gray's Inn during the days when Bacon was so closely identified with its fortunes. At all events, there can be no doubt that at this period she was regarded as the special

patroness of the Inn. For the last three hundred years, in as far as can be ascertained, the custom has prevailed that on all Grand Nights the loving-cup is passed round, when every member of the Inn is expected to drink to 'the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of the good Queen Bess.' In the year before his too early death, Lord Russell of Killowen, when dining with the Benchers, omitted the attributes assigned to the patroness of Gray's Inn in the time-honoured toast and curtailed it to a statement that 'he drank to the memory of Queen Bess.' No man had more fully the courage of his opinions than the late Lord Chief Justice of England, and whatever we might think of the wisdom of objecting to a now meaningless form of words, we all realised the sincerity of conviction which deterred our honoured guest from expressing any eulogy of the great Sovereign who had done so much to free these realms from the yoke of the Papacy.

During the reign of Elizabeth, Gray's Inn contained two hundred more students than any of the other three Inns of Court. From this period up to the close of her Majesty's reign their numbers increased steadily. Indeed, when Bacon became Lord Chancellor under the title of Baron Verulam, the yearly admittances to the Inn averaged two hundred. Quality, too, was represented in the Inn as well as quantity. Gray's Inn at this period could probably count more young noblemen and sons of the county gentry amidst its pupils than any of its sister Inns. With the death of the Queen, the downfall of Bacon, and the severance of the exceptional connection between the Court and the Inn, Gray's Inn began, I gather, to lose its previous pre-eminence amidst the Inns of Court. My impression is that all the Inns suffered in repute as well as in property during the struggle between the Parliament and the Crown. I should doubt Gray's Inn having taken a very active or energetic stand in defence of either of the conflicting principles represented respectively by the Loyalists and the Parliamentarians. The result of legal training is to impress upon the mind of the student a conviction that on every question there is a great deal to be said on both sides. Such a conviction leads naturally to opportunism, and the bulk of our predecessors during the troublous times were, I suspect, opportunists. At the outset the common feeling of Gray's Inn was enlisted on the side of the King. In 1633 the masque played at Shrovetide was understood to be a covert demonstration against Prynne, who had attacked the Queen Henrietta Maria, and when this masque was performed at Whitehall before the Court, her Majesty asked for a repetition of the performance, adding that she took the play, *The Triumph of Peace*, 'as a particular respect to herself.' Notwithstanding, however, their traditional loyalty, the Benchers took no notice of the appeals made to them both by James the First and Charles the First to encourage military training amidst the students and barristers so as to enable



them 'in these times full of action and danger—true religion being now assaulted in all parts of Christendom . . . to defend the truth and our kingdoms.' After the battle of Marston Moor, Gray's Inn seems to have accepted the triumph of the Commonwealth as an accomplished fact: and from that time till the downfall of the Protectorate the Benchers of the Inn were as a rule staunch adherents of Cromwell, the most notorious of the regicides, John Bradshaw, being included amidst their number. Upon the Restoration the Inns reverted to their old predilection for royalty, and later on welcomed the accession of William and Mary. Nor can I see that any blame attaches to a legal corporation if they attribute more value to the fact than to the form of government. When all is said and done, established government is the basis of all law and justice: and therefore it is only natural that lawyers as a body should always be disposed to favour the powers that be.

From the Revolution of 1688 to about the middle of the last century, Gray's somehow fell behindhand. The readings and moots which had formed its special attractions for students had gone clean out of usage. With the growth of London and the removal of its centre from the east to the west, the leading barristers learned to attach more value to proximity to Westminster than to the neighbourhood of Holborn. As the system of reading in chambers came into force, students naturally sought admittance to the Inns where the most successful counsel and, in consequence, the best teachers were to be found, and to this cause more than any other I am disposed to attribute any falling-off in the relative importance of Gray's Inn. Its revival, if I may use the term, coincides with the period when Imperialism first began to be something more than a pious aspiration. The extraordinary development of railways, steamships, and submarine telegraphs during the early years of Queen Victoria's reign brought every part of the British Empire into a closer communion than could have seemed possible at the period of her Majesty's accession. One result of the increased facilities of locomotion was that students from all parts of Greater Britain commenced coming to the metropolis of the British Empire in order to study law and thereby to obtain the status of British barristers. Year by year the number of these students hailing either from British Colonies or from British dependencies has increased in numbers, and the majority of these students from beyond the sea entered either at Gray's Inn or the Middle Temple. No student, whether a born Englishman or only a British subject, can enter any Inn of Court without being nominated by two Benchers, and therefore as a matter of form any Inn might refuse to admit any class of students to whom it might object on account of race or colour. Any such pretension, however, besides being impolitic on national grounds, would justly lead to the curtailment, if not the abolition, of the

privilege in virtue of which the Inns of Court have the exclusive right of calling students to the Bar. In Gray's Inn, whatever may have been the case elsewhere, we have always acted on the principle that any British subject, who fulfils the same requirements as are necessary in the case of students born in the British Isles, should have the right in due course to be called to the Bar. So far we have had no cause to regret our decision. The attendance in Hall and the list of calls have become far more numerous than in the days when I myself became a member of Gray's Inn. It is satisfactory to note that the admission of Indian and African students, far from diminishing, has increased the number of English students at Gray's Inn either born in the United Kingdom or in the English-speaking Colonies, and I, for one, can see no reason why Gray's Inn should not ultimately regain its old position as the most popular of the Inns of Court. No Inn has kept up so many of the old traditions, no Inn has so fine a hall, no Inn, if I may allude to a vulgar consideration, feeds its members so well or takes so active an interest in the well-being and comfort of the students who are keeping terms with a view to becoming members of the Bar of England.

Let me add, too, that we have one great material advantage in respect of which no other Inn can compete with us. We still hold some eleven acres enclosed within a sort of ring fence in the heart of London, and of this space nearly half is a pleasure garden. No heavy traffic is allowed within the Inn, and such pedestrian traffic as there is, is utterly insignificant compared with that which passes all day and well-nigh all night in the streets adjacent to the Inn. The walls are so thick and the buildings so solid that its chambers form, I should say, the quietest residence to be found in London. Owing to the configuration of the Inn a very large proportion of the chambers look out upon the gardens. Nowhere to my knowledge is there, within the precincts of this vast conglomeration of cities, a wider expanse of smooth greensward; nowhere are there greater masses of trees so rich in foliage, so verdant in colour. No attempt has, happily, been made to introduce fancy gardening. The straight walks bounded with turf on either side, and shadowed over by the avenues wherein a colony of rooks have taken up their abode, remain in much the same condition as they were when laid out under the personal direction of Gray's Inn's most illustrious member in 1597. In that year it was ordered in pension 'that the summe of 7*l*. 15*s*. 4*d*. due to Master Bacon for planting trees in the walks be paid next term.' In the following year an order is to be found directing 'a further supply of more young elm trees in the places of such as are decayed and that a new rayle and quickset hedge bee set uppon the upper long walke at the good discretion of Master Bacon . . . so that the charges thereof do not exceed the sum of seventy pounds.' The expenditure seems to have been kept well within the prescribed limits, as in 1600 it was ordered

'that there shall be payed and allowed unto Master Bacon for money disbursed about the Garnishing of the walkes, 60*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*' I imagine that the earthwork terrace at the northern end of the gardens was constructed in order to shut out the view of the probably squalid buildings which had begun to be constructed on the open ground lying between Gray's Inn and St. Pancras, but this terrace, which up to the other day cut off Theobald's Road from view of the gardens, could not well have interfered with the look-out upon 'merrie Islington' and the heights of Hampstead and Highgate. I have often heard from my father that as late as 1820 he dined in Great Ormond Street, and that from the back garden there was not a house to be seen northwards nearer than those perched at the foot of Hampstead Heath. Nowadays I should doubt whether there is any point in the whole of the Inn from which you could, even on the clearest of summer evenings, get a glimpse of the chain of hills which encircle London on its northern side. The old wall is now in course of demolition and is to be replaced by iron railings, through which the dwellers in Theobald's Road and the crowds of foot folk who pass daily up and down that somewhat dismal thoroughfare will have a full view of the sort of oasis formed by our gardens in a wilderness of brick and mortar. From a selfish point of view I somewhat regret the change; but it is necessary even for an Inn of Court to march with the times. Every evening in the summer our gardens are thrown open, after business hours are over, to the children of the neighbourhood. I know of no prettier sight, especially if seen from an upper window, than that of the troops of children who rush in as soon as the gates are open and seem to find a never-failing charm in playing games upon our lawns under the shadow of our trees. I cannot but hope and think that henceforth the power to look at green trees and turf during the livelong day, even through iron railings, will afford a gleam of gladness to lives not overburdened with enjoyment of any kind.

I have often thought that Gray's Inn Gardens should by rights have within their precincts some memorial of their founder. No name is so closely associated with Gray's Inn as that of Francis Bacon. There have been forty-four bearers of that name, members of the Society, and of these eight have borne the Christian name of Francis prefixed to their surname. The father of Viscount St. Albans was Sir Nicholas Bacon, who held the office of Treasurer in 1536. His son was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1576. In 1580 Francis Bacon in respect of his 'healthe is allowed to have the benefitt of a speciall admittance, with all benefitts and privileges to a speciall admittance belonging, for the fine of XI.' He took an active part in 'the learning vacation' readings and had a special room set apart for his sole use as reader. He was elected Treasurer in 1608. In 1622 he was granted chambers by the Inn consisting

of 'certayne buyldings in Graies Inne (of late called Bacon's Buyldings) for the terme of fiftie years.' When Solicitor-General he dedicated his 'Arguments of Law' to my 'lovinge friends and fellowes, the Readers, Ancients, Utter Barristers, and Students of Graies Inn—the place whence my father was called to the highest place of justice, and where myself have lived and had my proceedings—and therefore no few men are so bound to their societies (Inns) by obligation both ancestral and personal as I am to yours.' After his impeachment and fall he returned to Gray's Inn 'and came to lie at his old lodgings.'

Tradition of a trustworthy character points to rooms on the site of No. 1 Gray's Inn as having been occupied by Bacon. It would be interesting to know where the rooms stood in which 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind' took up his abode when he had fallen from his high estate. There are, however, no regular trustworthy records of the persons, celebrated or the contrary, who have at various times occupied chambers in Gray's Inn. The records, such as they are, consisted in the leases given to tenants; but as these leases lapsed the chambers leased reverted to the Inn, and after all obligations entailed on either landlord or tenant by the lease had been fulfilled by both parties, the extinct lease ceased to have any but an historical value. Moreover, though the general structure of the Inn remains very much as it was in the days of Bacon, the different blocks of chambers have been so modified by the repairs and improvements which are constantly being carried out at the expense of the Inn, that a set of chambers of to-day, though it may stand on the same site as it did centuries ago, bears a very distant and fanciful resemblance to the rooms which Bacon and his contemporaries may have occupied. It seems strange that none of our Inns of Court or any of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge should, if I am correctly informed, have kept regular lists of the occupants of their rooms. I suppose the reason for this neglect is the same that deters most of us from keeping a diary. What is the good, we are apt to ask ourselves, in committing to writing facts which at the time of their occurrence are known to everybody? Apart from the Elizabethan period any number of men of note are known to have resided in Gray's Inn. Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, Lord Macaulay, to cite the first few names that occur to me, were inmates of the Inn.

If I have made intelligible this cursory narrative derived from books which, however valuable, are rather *mémoires pour servir* than actual histories, it will be seen that the reason of being which accounts for the existence of Gray's Inn, as of all the four Inns of Court, consists in their monopoly of granting admission to the Bar of England to such students as have kept terms at the Inn and have commended themselves to the approval of its Benchers. No doubt a system

under which this power is entrusted to a self-elected body is an anomaly, but the mere fact of its anomalous character is no proof that the system does not work well. It is a matter of high importance to the country that our barristers should be men of ability and character; and in these two respects the members of the English Bar occupy a unique position. The fact that the exceptional repute of the English Bar has been maintained for centuries is a strong *a priori* proof that the Benchers have discharged their anomalous functions to the satisfaction, not only of the legal profession, but of the general public. Under the system which has existed for at least five centuries, every student who has been called to the Bar has been obliged, save in a very few occasional instances, to keep his terms in some one of the Inns of Court, and in consequence to associate with a number of men of his own age intending to pursue the same career, and has been brought under the ideas, traditions, and unwritten rules of conduct which have a permanent influence on young men at the outset of their professional careers. Nor is it easy to underrate the effect produced upon a youth by the sense of being a member of a body of ancient standing and identified with any number of historic names, events, and memories. I am convinced myself that the keeping of terms has a great effect in creating an *esprit de corps* amidst the students which could not be created by any other means, and which serves in after life to keep more men in the right path than any system of competitive examinations. The Benchers are, as a body, men of the world, and especially of the world of law. Their interest, in as far as they have any interest at all, is to raise no unnecessary objection to the call to the Bar of any student who has resided the due number of terms, and has passed the required pass examination. Under a Legal University qualified to give degrees and honours, the right of admitting students must necessarily be taken in fact, if not in name, from the Inns of Court and transferred to a body of Professors. Whether this would be an advantage to the law or to the public is a matter which to my mind is more than doubtful.

EDWARD DICEY.

*THE BALLADS OF THE PEOPLE*

IN London every Saturday night there is a familiar scene which is repeated a thousand times over, north, south, east, and west, in localities where the working classes abound. The mean and ugly street of third-rate shops is thronged with crowds of men, women, and children, out for the double purpose of week-end marketing and relaxation. The contents of the costers' barrows, lining each side of the thoroughfare, are lit up by evilly smelling naphtha lamps which splutter and flare in the breeze. The competing shouts of the salesmen—shopkeepers and costers—to attract the bustling and jostling pedestrians to their wares fill the street with discord.

Suddenly a man trundling a cart containing something like a piano pulls up at a corner opposite a public-house and begins to turn a handle. There is a blare and clatter of rude musical instruments, and the air of a popular music-hall song rises above all the uproar of the street. The attention of the crowd is at once diverted from the shop windows and the barrows. Men, women, and children stand and listen with delight to the music of the barrel-organ. These machine-made strains, which make so hideous a noise in quiet residential quarters, and torment the ears of the studious and the invalid, send the hearts of the Saturday night crowds thumping madly in their breasts, the blood bounding through their veins, and light up many a dull and weary eye with the unwonted flame of rapture. The words of the song spring to every lip. The salesmen cease their cries of 'buy, buy, buy,' and join in the chorus. At the bars of the public-houses, within the barrel-organ's wide sphere of influence, men and women, drowsy with beer and gin, are aroused from their stupid lethargy by a more exhilarating intoxication, and, clinking their glasses and pewters, they roar out in cracked voices the words of the comic song in unison with the animating strains of the barrel-organ:

Now when you take a wife, and if she is a wife,  
She's a wife you bet your life;  
And if you take a wife who tries to take your life  
With a knife, she's still your wife—

But when you take a wife who takes your purse,  
That makes you worse, that makes you curse ;  
For when she takes your purse, she takes the booze,  
And while you snooze she takes your shoes—

*Chorus*

Yes, she takes them to your nearest uncle's,  
And she'll pledge them as a wife should do,  
And she comes home tight, about twelve o'clock at night,  
And she'll mop the blessed floor with you !

Now when you take a booze, and if they sell you booze,  
Then it's booze, you bet your shoes ;  
But when they sell you booze that puts you in the blues,  
That's the booze you should refuse.  
Sometimes they sell you booze that makes you tight,  
And when you're tight you want to fight—  
You strip yourself to break some fellow's nose,  
Then someone goes off with your clothes.

*Chorus*

And after you have had a proper thumping,  
You are carried off to jail all square ;  
And next morning if you can't pay whatever fine they want  
You'll be climbing up the golden stair.

The music stops, but only for a moment. The man with the barrel-organ pulls a lever, then turns the handle again, and the inspiriting strains of *Under the Same Old Flag* burst forth. The patriotic feelings of the people are now stirred ; and there is no mistaking the note of grim determination to stand by their country that swells in their untutored and raucous voices, as they sing these soul-animating strains :

When England threw the yoke from off her shoulders,  
And show'd the world she meant to hold her own,  
Her sons prov'd they were men of sterling mettle,  
Which every foreign foe has long since known.  
She upheld right and freedom as her banner,  
And now it proudly floats throughout the world ;  
And all must show respect to Britain's monarch  
Where England's flag is planted and unfurl'd.

*Chorus*

Let your voices ring for England !  
And our banners raise on high !  
Brave hearts are burning,  
Ready there to do or die !  
When the sword is drawn for freedom,  
There's not a boy behind will drag ;  
England's our mother, and we know no other ;  
We're under the same old flag !

Then a sentimental air is played, and the voices of the people,

who always sing of love dolorously, are, in their way, expressive of grief and pain :

Hand in hand we strolled, dear girl, when our lives were young;  
 Light our steps, and full of love was the sweet song sung.  
 I asked you how much you loved me;  
 You blushed, dear, and hung your head:  
 Then answered, 'I love you as you love me,'  
 And then, dear girl, I said—

*Chorus*

'Do you think of me by day?  
 Do you dream of me by night?  
 Does the memory of my voice  
 Fill your soul with wild delight?  
 If the world should say I'm false,  
 And you still believe me true,  
 Then, dear girl, you love me as I love you.'

But it must be confessed that the people care more for low comedy than for sentiment in the ballads, and so their delight is great when, after another pull at the lever, the barrel-organ grinds forth the lively air of *Only a Saturday Soldier*. The song recounts the sad experiences of a nursemaid with a Volunteer, and though it is not quite complimentary to the soldier, Regular or Auxiliary, it is highly popular. Except the Crown no institution is safe from ridicule in the ballads of the people. Here are a few verses from the song :

I'd just picked up my quarter's wages, too,  
 And bought a bonnet trimmed with red and blue;  
 'Twas my day out, so to the park I sped,  
 And there I met this specimen in red.  
 He asked if I would have a drink, so I  
 Handed him half-a-dollar in reply;  
 About his genuineness I'd no fear—  
 Just like a proper soldier he mopped beer.

*Chorus*

And to think that I've walked with a Grenadier,  
 And a 'Cold-cream' guard as well;  
 With a 'colour bloke' in the *Infantry*,  
 And every rank of *Artilleries*.  
 To think that a sergeant of *Dragoons*  
 Has whispered, 'I love to hold yer!'  
 And then to be squeezed and fondled by  
 A bandy-legged Saturday soldier!

I thought he was a soldier all the day,  
 Because for everything he let me pay;  
 I took him home and gave him grub and beer,  
 And then he said he was a Volunteer.  
 I thought he was a scamp, and told him so,  
 And as I cried, 'You villain! you must go!'  
 In came the boss and missus on our track,  
 They threw him out and then gave me the sack.



*Chorus*

And to think that a bandsman's winked at me,  
And a Royal Engineer ;  
To think that a corporal in the Line  
I'd promised to meet at a quarter to nine ;  
To think the missus sacked me,  
And the boss said, ' What have I told yer ? '  
I'm in disgrace and out of a place,  
All through a Saturday soldier !

It is from the London music-halls that the people obtain their ballads. In these places of amusement the songs are submitted to the test of popular approval, and those that catch the fancy of the audiences are soon carried, through the agencies of the provincial music-halls, the itinerant organ-grinders, and the printing press, to the remotest corners of the Kingdom. The vogue which some of these ballads attain is enormous. During the last months of the war in South Africa the most popular of music-hall songs was *Dolly Gray*, and few, indeed, must have been the adult inhabitants of the Kingdom who had not heard its chorus :—

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,  
Though it breaks my heart to go,  
Something tells me I am needed  
At the front to fight the foe.  
See the soldier boys are marching,  
And I can no longer stay,  
Hark ! I hear the bugle calling—  
Good-bye, Dolly Gray !

These effusions are, perhaps, neither edifying nor instructive ; but that they give genuine pleasure to the people it is unhappily impossible to deny. The low humour and vulgarity of these ballads, their mawkish sentimentality, their tawdry patriotism, stir the great heart of the people, when songs expressing the thoughts of master minds, and glowing with passion and poetry, or even music-hall songs of a better class, truly depicting the real pathos and the true comedy of their own lives, would leave them cold. It must be apparent even from the few specimens which I have quoted, that song-writing for the music-halls, to make a successful appeal to the vulgar popular taste, requires a special gift, or knack, in the handling of a certain class of themes. This is especially the case with regard to comic songs. Music-hall 'artistes,' as they are called, have to reject humorous verse because it is deficient in certain low and gross elements. Hundreds of song-writers who compose excellent verse have utterly failed on trying their hands at a comic music-hall song. Indeed, the capacity to turn out verse of a fairly high standard retards the success of a writer of the people's ballads.

The most successful wooers of the music-hall muse, in the production, at least, of low-comedy songs, are men sprung from the very humblest classes, poorly educated and frequently almost illiterate, but with some natural talent and powers of observation, and practical experience of the habits, customs, and modes of thought of the lower orders in large towns and cities. Their songs and 'patter,' ungrammatical and ill-spelt as they may be, when presented by the vocalists who are to sing them in 'the halls' contain gleams of vulgar comedy, which are hugely appreciated by the people, while the refined lays of cultivated writers, more subtle in their humour, and less faulty in their metre and rhyme, but lacking the note of reality, fall, as a rule, utterly flat. And it is not only a certain coarse realism in demand by music-hall audiences that the song-writer has to supply. Many of the artistes have each his or her own special and well-defined line in songs, and as in the theatre plays are produced to fit particular actors, so in the music-hall songs are written to suit the individual characteristics—the make-up, the tricks and jests, the style of singing, the facial contortions and by-play of certain vocalists. Some of the artistes will sing only songs of excruciating silliness, of unmitigated absurdity, which appear to be the productions of literary lunatics, and which certainly capable verse-writers of ordinary sanity could not turn out, even if their lives depended on it. Here is a characteristic specimen entitled *Did He?* Surely, buffoonery could no further go :

I've got a daughter we call Liz,  
And Liz she is—my daughter, 'cos she is ;  
I know she's my daughter, 'cos her Mamma  
Declares she is my daughter, and I'm her Pa.  
My daughter came home late, looking quite sedate,  
With her fizhog flushified ;  
She said that her young man had kept her out,  
So I looked quite stern and cried—

' Did he, did he, diddle liddle, did he ? Did he, did he, is that so ?  
Gave you a big kiss there upon the spot,  
Showed you all the savings he had got,  
Wanted you to marry him—and what ?  
Did he, did he, really, oh ! '

I meant to have a fight last night,  
A fight—last night—I meant to have a fight,  
I knew it would be a fight if I did,  
For the chap I meant to fight was the Mile End Kid.  
But some one came to me, and he said, said he,  
' So you mean to fight him, Ted,  
The man you're going to fight has killed three men '—  
So I looked at him and said—

' Did he, did he, diddle liddle, did he ? Did he, did he, is that so ?  
Fight with a horseshoe in his gaunt-e-let,  
Told his pals to go and have a bet,  
My number's up, for he's got me set,  
Did he, did he, really, oh ! '

We've got a baby boy—what joy!  
 A boy—so coy—I'm sure it's a boy;  
 I'll bet that boy is a boy, 'cos I'm sure,  
 If you don't think it's a boy—go and ask next door.  
 This boy I try to nurse, and he makes me curse,  
 • So I dropped him on the mat;  
 So I told the missis why I had dropped him there,  
 And she said, 'Poor little brat—'

Did he, did he, diddle liddle, did he? Did he, did he, is that so?  
 Gave you rheumatics, poked his little fist  
 In your eye and told you to desist,  
 When you smacked him where he's never kissed,  
 Did he, did he, really, oh!'

Every music-hall vocalist is always eagerly on the look-out for a new song. In it are great potentialities. If it catches the public fancy a higher salary and many engagements are the reward of the lucky singer. Is there not in the London 'halls' many a famous comedian who owed his sudden success—his bound from a couple of pounds a week at suburban or provincial music-halls to long engagements in the London variety theatres at 15*l.* to 20*l.* a week—simply to a song which attained immense popularity? Nobody can ever tell when a song is going to make a hit. The theme, the air, the occasion, the author, the composer, the vocalist, afford no clue. The public are guided by no rule in the selection of their favourite ballads. Fickleness and contrariness too often mark their judgments. Songs in which great hopes are centred by music-hall managers evoke no shouts of approval in pit and gallery. The huge popularity obtained immediately by other songs surprises no one more than their singers. Songs which attract no attention at first, and having been sung for a few weeks without making any special appeal to the audiences are about to be dropped, will suddenly leap, in some mysterious way, into widespread popularity. This element of doubt and uncertainty induces music-hall vocalists to distrust their own taste and judgment in the selection of songs; and as the success of a song depends not upon its rhyme or its reason, or upon any other ascertainable quality, they are willing to give a trial even to the most ludicrous and nonsensical treatment of the most out-worn theme.

The production of these ballads of the people is perhaps the lowest form of the literary achievement of the age. Some information as to their manufacture and sale was disclosed at the Marylebone County Court recently during the hearing of an action for damages brought by a music-hall singer against a music-hall poet. The defendant was a plasterer who added to his earnings by writing songs in his spare time for music-hall singers. He wrote a song for the plaintiff, entitled *The Spider and the Fly*, the chorus of which was as follows:

She told him her name, it was Mary, Mary, Mary ;  
She had eyes so bright, and teeth so white, but looked so shy.  
She told him it, and looked so sweetly, neatly and completely,  
She was the tricky young spider, and he was the poor little fly. •

Counsel, on behalf of defendant, said that the ordinary price of a song was 1*l.* 1*s.*, but it was arranged that 15*s.* only should be paid in this instance. Plaintiff only paid 10*s.* 6*d.* ; and defendant sent him a letter threatening that if the balance was not forthcoming he should sell the assignment of the song to someone else, which was ultimately done for 1*l.* 1*s.* But the judge found in favour of the plaintiff for 1*l.* 1*s.* as damages, with costs.

Some of the followers of this profession supply the music as well as the words. Occasionally a song-writer without a gift of melody or a knowledge of music will collaborate with a composer, and the financial result of their labours is equally divided. There are also agents who employ staffs of writers and composers, and from their stocks of songs (words and music) the music-hall vocalists select what suits them. A few artistes write and compose their own pieces. Others are known to have 'ghosts' whose productions they not only sing but, if successful, publish as their own effusions. It is a notable circumstance that in this branch of song-writing no woman finds a place. I have read hundreds of these music-hall songs, and have not found one that was written by a woman. Even the songs which are sung by women on the music-hall stage—serio-comic and sentimental ballads, as a rule—are the productions of men.

But the vast bulk of these ballads of the people are produced by 'free-lances'—that is to say, men who are not professional song-writers, but labourers, artisans, tradesmen, literary amateurs, journalists, actors, music-hall artistes—some of whom write these songs with a view to supplement their incomes, while others spin them out more as a hobby than for profit. Emoluments for music-hall songs vary considerably, as in the case of all other forms of literary work. The usual price for the singing right of a music-hall song is one guinea. But for that sum the music as well as the words passes to the vocalist. The average music-hall poet is content with 5*s.* for his verses. A writer who has made a few good scores with his work may command a guinea. Two guineas is considered a top price and is paid only to the most famous writers. Occasionally 5*l.* is given for the words of a song, but that is so rare an event that it is regarded as a never-to-be-forgotten episode in the life of the professional song-writer.

The spectacle of the poets hawking their verses may often be seen in the saloon-bars of taverns, south of the Thames, frequented by 'pros,' as music-hall artistes are popularly called. These song-writers are usually the free-lances of the calling. 'Come, I'll give you five bob for it, and will make it a guinea if it's a success,' says

the vocalist, and the verses change hands. The five shillings is probably all that the writer will ever receive. It is meagre payment. The verses, from the literary point of view, are perhaps beneath contempt. But it is not easy to turn them out. Hundreds of these songs are composed year after year; and consequently it is often a most difficult matter to find a new topic, or to treat an old subject in a fresh manner. The writer, who receives only five shillings for his song, finds some satisfaction, perhaps, in recalling that ever since literature was invented poets have been scurvily paid. Did not John Milton receive 5*l.* only for *Paradise Lost*? Only the man who can supply both words and music makes a living wage out of the production of music-hall songs. I have been informed on good authority that from 150*l.* to 200*l.* a year is considered a good income by the best professional song-writers for the music-halls. It is not to the song-writer, but to the composer—when the words and music are supplied by different individuals—that the plums fall. A music-hall writer told me that his musical collaborateur, to whom he hands a song, the writing of which has occupied him a day, will compose the melody, such as it is—yet, however inferior, always an appropriate setting for the imbecile words—in half an hour. ‘And the fellow,’ cried the poet indignantly, ‘claims an equal share in the profits!’

The ultimate value of these songs depends upon the way in which they appeal to the public; for, as a rule, they are not published until they have been sung into popularity in the music-halls. In the event of publication the singer, writer, and composer share in the proceeds. In some cases they receive a royalty on each copy sold, but the general practice is to surrender their entire interest in the song to the music publisher for a lump sum. The price the publisher pays for a song also varies considerably. *Tommy Atkins*, a music-hall song which was extremely popular five or six years ago, was bought by a music publisher for a guinea; and it is said to have brought him, within a year of its publication, between 4,000*l.* and 5,000*l.* But the average price paid for a music-hall song is 6*l.* or 8*l.*; 15*l.* is considered a very high figure, and 20*l.* a most exceptional price. If the author of the song has provided both the music and words, the sum received from the publisher is equally divided between him and the vocalist, but if the author and composer are separate individuals, they get a third each, and the singer the remaining third.

There is a coterie of the best-known professional writers and composers of music-hall songs known as ‘the Nibs.’ It is as much a trade-union as a social circle. In fact, the primary object of their banding themselves together was the protection of their mutual interests. Music-hall comedians have the common failings of humanity, and some of them, like people in other walks of life, are

disinclined to meet their just obligations. Many a song-writer has never been paid for his verses. More often a comic singer at 'the halls,' earning from 10*l.* to 20*l.* a week, has had to be dunned for months before he handed over the guinea he engaged to pay for the song with which he nightly amused thousands, and thus added to his renown. 'The Nibs' have considerably improved the position of those who set to metre and verse the people's aspirations. Any vocalist who refuses to discharge his obligations towards a 'Nib' is sued in the County Court, and if he wants a new song he goes without it—so far as the members of the coterie are concerned—until the claim is settled.

The humour of most of the comic songs is the humour of situation; and, in ballads which treat on the relations between the sexes, the situation described is, as a rule, coarse and indelicate. A well-worn theme, for instance, is that of the wife who is found by the husband in a dubious situation. Here is a scene from *Let Me Alone, I'm Busy*:

Last year on my holidays,  
At a boarding house I stayed,  
With a pretty little lady there  
A big success I made;  
One day in the drawing room,  
She sat upon my lap—  
A man came in, told me to get—  
I said, 'Look here, old chap—

Let me alone, I'm busy—I'm busy—I'm busy,  
It's no use getting cross with me,  
The lady *will* sit on my knee;  
Don't get wild, you needn't spoil the fun—  
If I'm cuddling your dear wife, old chap,  
Can't you wait till I am done?'

*Will He?* provides a variant of the same subject:

I was never a chap to make trouble, d'ye see,  
I always take things calm and cool as can be;  
But yesterday when I went home after tea  
I was startled by my youngster Teddy,  
Who said, 'O to-day, dad, we have had a game  
For to see ma this morning my new uncle came.'  
'New uncle,' said I, 'and pray what was his name?'  
The youngster replied, 'Uncle Freddy,  
And he's coming again by and by,  
So to get home and see him do try.  
He will make you laugh when he comes, now, you see.'  
So I said, 'Oh will he?'  
'He'll sit on the couch and take ma on his knee,'  
So I said, 'Oh will he?'  
'Nice fairy stories to me he will tell,  
First he'll kiss mamma and then baby Nell,  
And if you're at home perhaps he'll kiss you as well.'  
So I said, 'Oh will he?'

Then there are songs like *Think I'd Marry a Girl*, which teach a philosophy of life :

My pals all ask me why I ain't  
 Been married up till now ;  
 I tell 'em it's not good for me—  
 I ain't got the pluck, somehow ;  
 Go buying rings and wedding things,  
 And riding to church in state ;  
 What ! take on fourteen stone of wife,  
 When the landlady's only eight !  
 She always cooks me all my meals,  
 And lets me sit by the fire ;  
 So, while he's got his landlady,  
 What more can a chap require ?

*Chorus*

Think I'd marry a girl, to keep her all my life,  
 Buy her birds in cages, give her all my wages ;  
 Keep a wife all my life—don't it make you laugh ?—  
 Fancy giving her half your grub to cook the other half !

Another ballad of the same class is *It's Just Like Money Frown Away*, which is written in the low cockney dialect of the day. The working man who indulges in 'a barf' (a bath) is ridiculed :

Well, I'm disgusted ! I am, upon my word !  
 Twopence for a barf ter go and pay,  
 When to-morrer, like as nuffing, 'e'll want washing ov again—  
 Why, it's just like money frown away !

The song then proceeds :

Coves in sassietee 'ave got their 'obbies too—  
 Though I finks most ov 'em is flat.  
 Fr instance, in the papers you'll read ov Lady This  
 Making ov a call on Lady That ;  
 Then there is coves wot goes inter Parliament—  
 A-joring ov nuffing all their lives—  
 While uvvers I 'ave known as prefers to stay at 'ome  
 And spend their time a-joring at their wives.

*Chorus*

Well, as I says, a man must 'ave 'is 'obby—  
 'E's got a right to please 'isself—  
 Still, when I sees a cove a-joring at 'is wife,  
 When there's a poker 'andy which would settle all the strife,  
 Well, I'm disgusted ! I am, upon my word !  
 Fourpence for a poker like ter pay,  
 And to never fink ov using it except ter poke the fire—  
 Why, it's just like money frown away !

A different picture of life and manners, and, happily, a different philosophy also, is presented in *Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage* :

The ball-room was filled with Fashion's throng,  
 It shone with a thousand lights,  
 And there was a woman who passed along,  
 The fairest of all the sights.  
 A girl to her lover then softly sighed,  
 'There's riches at her command.'  
 'But she's married for wealth, not for love,' he cried—  
 'Though she lives in a mansion grand—  
 'She's only a bird in a gilded cage,  
 A beautiful sight to see,  
 You may think she's happy and free from care,  
 She's not, though she seems to be.  
 'Tis sad when you think of her wasted life,  
 For youth cannot mate with age,  
 And her beauty was sold for an old man's gold,  
 She's a bird in a gilded cage.'

Then there are satiric songs, of which *Beautiful Home on Hire* is a fair sample :

A few weeks ago I decided  
 To marry the girl of my heart,  
 Among other things I'd forgotten  
 Was getting the home for a start.  
 But where there's a will there's a way,  
 So I very soon had my desire,  
 Paid half a quid down an' a shilling a week  
 For a beautiful home—on Hire.

*Chorus*

For a beautiful rickety table,  
 Beautiful bandy chairs?  
 Beautiful bedstead that won't stand up,  
 So we're sleeping on the stairs.  
 Chest of drawers walked out of doors  
 As soon as we lit the fire—  
 Beautiful Home, Beautiful Home,  
 Beautiful Home on Hire.

And we have in *What Can I do for You?* a farcical song, the sheer absurdity and ludicrousness of which compel a laugh :

I'm a quack with a medicinal pack  
 And a clack like a mother-in-law;  
 You, mayhap, have seen me in a trap,  
 With a map and a cyclone jaw.  
 If you have asthma-as-pagaster,  
 I've got a remedy to cure you;  
 Aniseed, linseed, proceed, succeed—  
 Fifteen drops on a little bit of duckweed—  
 It's a marvel, I assure you.

*Chorus*

Then what can I do for you to-day?  
 To look at your looks, I'm sorry to say,  
 You're troubled with ri-to-loo-ral-ay,  
 That hurts your parley-roo.



You might do worse than hire a nurse  
 Who'll medic'llly rub your extra verse,  
 But unless you allow me to feel your purse,  
 What can I do for you ?

I've got a pill—that'll cure or kill  
 Anybody with a spasm or a pain ;  
 One little box will repair cheap socks,  
 And purify Petticoat Lane.  
 I sell lini-ment, sedi-ment, impediment,  
 And any other ment you mention ;  
 Biceps, forceps, jawceps, doorsteps—  
 Oh, good lor' ! If you knew of any more cepcs,  
 I'll give 'em my attention.

*Chorus*—Then what can I do, &c.

I've a degree—in fact, two or three,  
 And I've got 'em on a bay-rum-e-ter ;  
 I'll take a wart from your larboard port,  
 With a match and gun-pow-der.  
 I cure bunions, munyons, onions,  
 Frighten 'em away like thunder ;  
 I sell a tonic, and a johnnic, and a monnick,  
 And when your chronic, like a third-rate ' Comic,'  
 My remedy's a wonder.

*Chorus*—Then what can I do, &c.

Some men suppose that an M.D. knows  
 Nearly everything, but that's absurd,  
 When it's a riddle, with a face like a fiddle,  
 He calls it by a crack-jaw word.  
 Though toothache, fourthache, pancake, shortcake,  
 They often choke us.  
 But as for tumours, stumers, rumours,  
 Polypus, wollop-us, jalap-us, and bloomers,  
 Send for Jeremiah Croakus.

*Chorus*—Then what can I do, &c.

There is not much demand for sentimental songs. They occupy a small place in the programme of a night's entertainment at a music-hall, and are not applauded by the audience with that heartiness which greets the low-comedy songs. These sentimental ballads are written by a class of professional song-writers, with, perhaps, more knowledge of the rules of syntax and the laws of harmony than those who supply the comic element.

*For the Children's Sake* is an average specimen of the pathetic sentimental :

A mother was sitting in silence and grief,  
 Thinking of days past and gone,  
 Happy and peaceful days ne'er to return,  
 Well might she look all forlorn.

To save her old father from ruin—disgrace,  
 In marriage her poor heart was sold,  
 To a villain, a gambler, a drunkard, a brute,  
 Who wanted not her, but her gold.  
 Cruel and wretched was her wedded life,  
 Still as a mother, a true faithful wife.

*Chorus.*

For the children's sake,  
 She toils on day by day  
 Working her fingers to the bone,  
 Wearing her young life away.  
 So it will be till she falls asleep,  
 Never again to wake;  
 For she bears her cross like a mother true,  
 For the children's sake.

From mansion to garret—such now is her home,  
 A mattress of straw her bed,  
 No kind friend has she to cheer her lone heart  
 Since her loved father is dead;  
 Now o'er her needle she pauses to wipe  
 The bitter salt tear from her eye,  
 While two little mites whisper low in her ear—  
 'Dear mamma, oh pray do not cry.'  
 Fondly she kisses them, turns up the light,  
 And once more tries to look cheerful and bright.

*Chorus—For the children's sake, &c.*

The hour of midnight has long ago chimed,  
 Still that poor woman sits there,  
 Plying her needle and thread to a shirt,  
 For but an existence bare;  
 Tho' scarcely inside of those feverish lips  
 Had she tasted food all that day,  
 But still for the loved ones she worked bravely on,  
 Determined she would not give way:  
 Till, worn out, she falls asleep o'er the seams,  
 And the last button sews on—but in dreams.

*Chorus—For the children's sake, &c.*

The success of the average sentimental song, extolling in its own tawdry fashion the domestic joys and tragedies of the humble, depends more on the air to which it is set than on the words. If it has a catching melody to waltz time, with a strain of melancholy, it becomes popular; but if it relies mainly upon its sentiments, no matter how excellent morally, or how well expressed they may be, it has but a brief existence on the music-hall stage and is never sung in the streets on Saturday nights. No doubt the lofty sentiments and stilted language of these effusions with their gloss of art, ring false and unreal in the rude ears of the people.

The verses of these music-hall poets are first printed on slips of

paper of the most vivid colour, and sold at twenty or two dozen a penny, by hawkers to the crowds waiting outside the cheap parts of the music-halls for the opening of the doors. Subsequently, collections of the most popular of them are brought out in sheets, which are sold at a penny also. Both the slips and the sheets have an immense circulation. Thus the people obtain the words of the latest music-hall songs; and the airs they pick up in the music-halls or from the barrel-organs in the streets. The life of a popular music-hall song is fleeting, but not more so, perhaps, than a popular novel. For a few months it is sung by the people in their homes and at their outings on holidays. Its air is the favourite melody of every barrel-organ in the kingdom. Long before its words and its music have lost their fascination for the working-classes they become a terrible inflection to the general public. In time, however, the song becomes, from repetition, a sheer horror, even to those who on its first appearance fell most completely under its sway. Indeed, a stage of aversion so acute is reached that a street gamin would run the risk of being murdered if he were to whistle a bar, or sing a stave, of a music-hall song which a few months before made every heart throb with excitement.

But while their vogue lasts, the lines of these music-hall songs are familiar on a million lips. In this respect at least the unread poets of the intellectual classes might well be envious of these humble wooers of the music-hall Muses. There is, however, one advantage which the higher poets enjoy. The intellectual classes are intimately acquainted not only with the names of their poets, but with their personal appearance, their habits and family life, thanks to social tittle-tattle, the literary gossip of the newspapers, and the enterprise of the illustrated journals, although, whatever knowledge they may possess of the works of these poets is usually obtained mainly from reading a few criticisms in the Press. On the other hand the people are profoundly acquainted with the works of their poets, but they know nothing of the poets personally. The names of the writers of the music-hall songs are given in the printed collections of these effusions, but the people heed them not. In their minds the songs are associated solely with the vocalists who sing them in the music-halls. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, referring to Kenrick the critic, 'he is one of the many who have made themselves public without making themselves known.' Such is the position of the poets of the people. It is not, however, for glory they write, but for a subsistence. 'This indeed is fame,' cried one on receiving a guinea for a song, when he expected only five shillings and a drink.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

## THE GROWTH OF THE JAPANESE NAVY

THE naval reputation of Japan is now firmly established in England, and it is recognised, both by our own officers and by the limited portion of the public which bestows intelligent attention on the subject, that, in the Japanese navy, we find ships, officers, and men, worthy, in homogeneity of design, construction, and armament, in fighting strength, in bravery and professional skill, to take their place in the foremost fighting line, alongside the best ships of our own navy, against any adversary or combination of adversaries in the world with which we can ever be brought into collision. Last year an object lesson was afforded to us in the visit of two powerful cruisers to take part in the naval celebrations in honour of his Majesty's Coronation, and they presented no unworthy appearance among the warships of all naval powers in the world that assembled at Spithead. Lately, the illustrated papers have contributed to give us some idea of the fleet reviewed a few months ago at Kobe by the Emperor, the largest fleet that has ever at any time assembled in Far Eastern waters, one of the largest, perhaps, that has ever been assembled in any waters. From time to time, Londoners have had the opportunities of seeing for themselves and forming their own opinions of the sturdy Japanese bluejackets while holiday making in the streets, either in small groups or in large bodies visiting such entertainments as the Military Tournament, when they marched from the docks in formal array under the command of their own officers. Ships and men have alike met with high admiration, the enthusiastic encomiums passed on both by experts have been heartily endorsed by unprofessional onlookers, and unqualified assent given by all to the proposition that we have an ally, the efficiency of whose co-operation in naval warfare can be as confidently relied on as the faith of the Japanese Government in observing the stipulations of the treaty to which it has given its solemn assent. Apart from satisfaction at the substantial benefit which that alliance undoubtedly gives to us, all Englishmen may well take a pride in the rapid development and present efficiency of the Japanese navy. Many of the most powerful ships composing it have been built in England, and it may surprise some to learn that the work done in private

English dockyards for Japan has on several occasions been in advance of that executed for our own navy. Japan at one time, in the early stages of the most modern naval development, possessed a cruiser of such speed and armament that the late Lord Armstrong declared nothing afloat could catch her, and nothing capture her if she was caught, an opinion fully endorsed by our officers at the time. So late as 1900 Japan possessed at least four battleships of the first class, all built in England, protected by heavier armour, over a greater extent of their side areas, and armed with a greater number of the most powerful modern guns, than were at that time to be found in any British battleship. The pride which we may take in the construction of the ships of the Japanese navy is, however, as nothing compared with that which we may justly claim, without arrogance or conceit, in the training of its personnel. The services of some of the best officers of the English navy, of the highest reputation in their respective professional spheres, have at various periods been placed at the disposal of the Japanese Admiralty in the naval colleges, and it is to their training and to that of the subordinate officers and men who accompanied them, conscientiously, industriously, and efficiently performed, that both officers and men in the Japanese navy owe the foundations of their present professional skill. All foreign instructors and advisers have long since been dispensed with. Japan has now her own experts in abundance, and the teaching staff at her naval colleges and depôts can stand on their own unaided merits. But English officers and men originally evolved order out of chaos, efficiency out of absolute ignorance, and produced from the raw material, of promising quality though it was, a finished product of the highest degree of excellence. If time, as it passes, should ever cause English and Japanese seamen to fight side by side, whatever exploits may be performed by the latter may well be a source of legitimate pride to the former as being those of their own professional children.

The foreign trade of Japan has of late years advanced literally by leaps and bounds. Its value in 1902, over 52 millions sterling, almost equalled that of the whole of the Chinese Empire, with seven or eight times the population, and it gives every indication of still further rapid progress. This great trade has grown from nothing. Little over forty years ago there were no merchants worthy of the name in Japan. Traders were despised and deservedly so. They were poor, pettifogging, unenterprising creatures, and as lacking in honesty as they were in enterprise. From them the modern Japanese merchant has been developed, still lamentably deficient in the best attributes of commercial integrity, but carrying on a large prosperous and varied trade, and competing successfully in all commercial transactions with experienced British, German and American merchants. The Japanese have always been acknowledged as a

fighting race on land, but it has been sometimes assumed that the naval element in their strength as a warlike power started from no less unpromising beginning than the mercantile in her present commercial and industrial position, that the Japanese, as a sailor, was originally worthy of no higher respect than as a merchant. This assumption is entirely fallacious. It is true that the policy of national seclusion, enforced by the Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty for more than 200 years prior to the revolution of 1868, stifled all maritime enterprise. But in early days the Japanese were bold and adventurous seamen. They made many piratical descents on China and Korea, culminating in 1594 in the great invasion of Korea under the Shogun, Hideyoshi, by, according to the native annals, a naval and military force of 500,000 men. Frequently they made their way, through the most stormy seas in the world, as far as Siam, and there are several authenticated instances of junks and fishing boats visiting or being carried in distress as far as Honolulu and the western coast of North America. In the civil wars of the middle ages battles on sea more than once decided the final issue. In 1185 the Taira and Minamoto families fought their last struggle for national supremacy in the Straits of Shimonoseki, when the Taira fleet of over 500 galleys was crushed by the Minamoto fleet of 700, and the entire Taira clan annihilated, after a bitter sea fight carried on through the whole of a long May day. Even when rigidly confined to their own shores by the most drastic penal sanctions, the Japanese fishermen and coasters yielded to none in courage and skilful seamanship, and furnished material which only required opportunity to develop into ocean seamen of the best type of efficiency. That opportunity came with the revolution, and the cancellation of all legal restrictions on visiting foreign countries opened the way for the Japanese seamen to revive the enterprise of their forefathers.

In the middle ages the Japanese warships were galleys, worked as much by oars as by sail. So far from any advance being made in shipbuilding during the long years of national seclusion, science in this respect retrograded, and the typical Japanese sailing junk, all that the nation possessed at the advent of foreigners, was as unsuited for long voyages as if it had been specially designed for the purpose of exercising an effective restraint on them. While possessing considerable sailing power when running with a favourable wind, it was utterly incapable of beating against an adverse one, and when that was met with the Japanese navigator had no resource but to seek the nearest port and await a change. When foreigners came the advantages of steamships were soon seen, and Japan became the recognised market for the disposal of obsolete and worn-out ships of every degree, both mercantile and naval. Some were bought by the Government of the Shogun, more by great territorial nobles,

who then exercised what was almost an independent sovereignty in their respective provinces, and a fleet of the most ramshackle description was created. The Japanese could navigate their ships. As seamen they could bring them safely through trying storms, but as any one was considered a competent engineer who possessed sufficient knowledge to send a ship ahead by turning a handle one way or astern another, casualties were frequent, and experience was dearly bought by the sacrifice of both life and capital. Gradual improvement was effected by foreign engineers of the mercantile marine, and some reasonably practical steps were taken by the Government of the Shogun during the last struggling years of its existence. Students, the most conspicuous of whom was Admiral Enomoto, were sent to Holland to study naval science. The foundations of the present great Naval Arsenal at Yokosuka were laid by French engineers, and, most important step of all, the services of English naval officers were obtained for the organisation of a naval school at Yokohama. The chief of these officers was Commander Tracey, now Admiral Sir R. Tracey. The arsenal at Yokohama has now grown to great dimensions. Cruisers of the largest class are built in it, every description of armament is constructed, and its principal dock was of sufficient dimensions in 1899 to admit what was then one of the heaviest battleships in the British Navy, the *Victorious*. In writing of the docking of this particular ship, carried on entirely by Japanese, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, who was then second in command of the British fleet on the China station, stated: 'I never saw a similar operation more quickly, more quietly, or more methodically performed in any English dockyard.' Parenthetically, a curious story may be told of the incident. The *Victorious* had to be lightened by the landing of her stores and some of her armament prior to admission to the dock. When in dock it was for the first time discovered by the Japanese engineers that her real draught was one foot less than the ostensible, the painters in the English dockyard having skipped from XVI. to XVIII. in inscribing the figures on her stern post, and that she might have been safely docked without any preparatory lightening. If the credit of the original foundation of this dockyard must be given to French engineers, Japanese are under a heavy obligation to England for its preservation. The Shogun's Government, in sore financial straits during the final struggles of the revolutionary war, were unable to pay the salaries of the French engineers and the heavy cost of machinery that had been obtained from France. The French Minister in Japan, displaying the active interest in the commercial matters of his countrymen that is so characteristic of continental diplomatic agents, threatened to take possession of the whole, and the Shogun's Government would have been powerless to prevent him had he carried this threat into execution. The agent of an English bank in

Japan came to their rescue and, without awaiting the sanction of his directors in England, advanced the whole of the necessary funds on note of hand alone, and so saved the country from the great humiliation of seeing the dock dismantled and sold, as it were, under the sheriff's hammer.

When Lord Elgin negotiated our first treaty with Japan in 1858 he presented to the Shogun, on behalf of the Queen, a small steam yacht of 400 tons, named the *Emperor*. While Enomoto and the other students were in Holland, a wooden frigate of 2000 tons and twenty-six guns, with engines of 400 horse-power, which was named the *Kayo Maru*, was ordered from Holland, and when she was completed, Enomoto and his fellow students returned in her to Japan, arriving in the autumn of 1867, after nearly four years' absence. The *Emperor* was the first steamship possessed by Japan, the *Kayo Maru* the first efficient warship, and the mention of their names brings us to the first incident in Japanese modern naval history, in which both these vessels took a very prominent part. A third vessel, which took an equally prominent part, was the *Stonewall Jackson*, an ironclad ram, purchased from the United States in 1869 by the Mikado's Government, very soon after its establishment in power. She was the first ironclad owned by the Japanese, and was in those days a powerful ship, carrying one ten inch and other guns, though of only 1200 tons burden.

On his return from Holland, Enomoto was appointed to the command of the so-called Japanese fleet, which, besides the *Kayo Maru* and the *Emperor*, consisted only of one obsolete vessel of war, a wooden paddle-ship, which had been originally known as the *Eagle* in the British navy and had fought in the Crimean War, and of a some half-dozen equally obsolete merchant steamers. Enomoto was an enthusiastic adherent of the Shogun's cause and was anchored off Shinagawa, a suburb of Tokio, with his fleet, when Tokio was captured by the Imperialist land forces, and the Shogun, everywhere defeated throughout the south, finally gave up the struggle and surrendered his power into the hands of the legitimate Emperor. At Wakamatsu, a town far away among the northern hills, nobles devoted to the Shogun's cause still held out, in defiance both of his and the Emperor's orders to surrender. Enomoto also refused to surrender, and having embarked a number of refugees from the Shogun's defeated army, to the number of over three thousand fighting men, sailed away to the north with his fleet, captured and took possession of the town of Hakodate and the whole of the Northern island, which at that period was as much a *terra incognita* to the Emperor's Government as the Highlands of Scotland were to the Ministers of George the First. He established there a form of republicanism, declared his independence and his intention of founding a home for the ruined adherents of the Tokugawa cause. The Government



were greatly disconcerted by his action. They proclaimed him and his followers pirates and rebels, and gave orders for their extirpation wherever found. But the issue of orders and their execution were different things. The Government were at first ignorant of the direction he had taken on sailing, and when the fact of his capture of Hakodate was ascertained they had no ships at all fitted to cope with those under his command. During the continuance of the civil war neutrality had been enjoined on all foreigners under the usual formal proclamations of their respective Governments, but when Tokio came into the possession of the Imperial forces, and the Emperor took up his residence there, the new central Government seemed to be established with sufficient security to remove all danger of its fall and warrant the assumption that peace had been restored. The neutrality proclamations were withdrawn by the Diplomatic representatives, and the new Government were therefore free to purchase the ships that were offered to them in abundance, the principal among them, the only real vessel of war, being the *Stonewall Jackson* already described. A miscellaneous fleet was hastily got together, and, an army of 6500 men having been embarked, it sailed for the north early in April 1869.

Meanwhile Enomoto had not been idle. Further large numbers of refugees had joined him. He had been elected by his followers, by ballot, governor-general of the island. General and admiral in command of the army and fleet and civil officers were chosen in the same way. The forts commanding Hakodate were strongly fortified, the fleet assembled in the harbour, and garrisons were established in all the outlying towns. A great misfortune had, however, befallen him: the *Kayo Maru*, the pride of his fleet, with which he had hoped to be able to beat off any ships brought against him, struck on a sunken rock while manœuvring off shore in a violent gale, and became a total wreck. 'He felt like one who had lost his lantern on a dark night.' He soon heard of the acquisition of the *Stonewall Jackson* by the Imperialists and knew that only a bold stroke could restore his original supremacy on the sea, on the maintenance of which he had mainly counted for the ultimate success of his undertaking.

A little more than half way between Yokohama and Hakodate, on the east coast, lies the harbour of Miyako, which in many of its aspects is not unlike that of Cork. It is completely land-locked. The entrance is narrow, with high cliffs on each side, the points of which partly overlap each other so as to render the entrance almost invisible from the open sea, and the latter, in like manner, invisible from within. The harbour is picturesque in the extreme, deep, with good anchoring ground, surrounded by well-wooded hills (always alive with game) rising abruptly from the beach, and it is even more spacious than that of Cork. The royal fleet on its way north

anchored in this harbour, and, feeling perfectly secure, kept a loose watch and no fires burning, while large numbers of officers and men were always on shore. All this was duly reported by his spies to Enomoto, and the time for the bold stroke had arrived. Three of his ships secretly left Hakodate at night. Ill-luck, however, pursued him. A violent gale separated the three, and two of them were driven far out to sea.

Just at dawn, while the crews of the Imperial fleet at Miyako were all taking their ease, fully half of them on shore, a steamer flying the American colours suddenly entered the harbour. The Imperialist officers, assuming that she was what her flag represented her, were undisturbed in their sense of security until the stranger, heading straight for the ironclad, suddenly hoisted the national colours. Then she was recognised as the *Kuaiten*, one of Enomoto's ships, the old *Eagle* of the Crimean War. Her captain quickly laid her alongside the *Stonewall*, whose fires were out and guns all limbered, and for the moment unworkable. The *Kuaiten's* bulwarks towered far above those of the low-lying ironclad, but leaping from over twelve feet down to the decks of the latter, led by their officers, the crew made a desperate attempt to take the ironclad by boarding, while the guns of the *Kuaiten* were also depressed so as to sweep her decks where it could be done without injury to their own men. The ironclad's crew, taken by surprise, soon rallied, and a fierce fight took place, in which Enomoto's men at first gained the upper hand. But the other ships of the fleet now opened fire on the *Kuaiten*, her captain, who, though wounded several times by bullets, had remained on the bridge, was killed, and his ship drifted on the ram of the *Stonewall* and was seriously injured. His death was the final blow to his men. They were beaten back to their own ship and, withdrawing from the *Stonewall*, fled from the harbour, none of the ships of the Imperial fleet having sufficient steam ready to pursue them. The attempt to capture the ironclad was a failure. It had been as cleverly conceived and as dashing attempted as many celebrated exploits in European naval history, with a degree of boldness and courage that recalls some of the exploits of Lord Cochrane. The Imperialists, on their side, though taken entirely unawares, never for a moment thought of surrender and fought with no less degree of courage than that which was shown by their desperate assailants. The result of the attempt to Enomoto was that he lost many of his best officers and men, and one of the two ships which had been driven out to sea. In the gale her engines broke down. There was no engineer on board who could repair them, so she was set on fire and abandoned. His command of the sea was gone.

Warned by this incident, all listlessness on board the Imperialist fleet was at an end. They speedily advanced to the north, and the ironclad, cruising along the shore, and working her heavy gun, with

perfect immunity to herself and her crew, shelled the rebel garrisons out of all the coast villages, forcing them to concentrate in the town of Hakodate. There were also anchored the remains of Enomoto's fleet. It still included the little yacht *Emperor*, which was manned almost entirely by ex-pupils of the short-lived naval college that had been presided over by Admiral Tracey, who in the subsequent fighting against overwhelming odds showed a degree both of courage and skill of which their instructor might well have been proud. On the morning of the 4th of June, the royal fleet of five ships, headed by the ironclad, attacked the harbour. Three only of Enomoto's ships were fit to meet them, but in an engagement fought at close range these poured in such a fire that the Imperialists were forced to withdraw. They soon rallied, but following the rebels into the harbour, they came under the guns of the fort and suffered such heavy loss that they were again forced to withdraw. A second naval combat occurred on the 13th, again ending by the withdrawal of the Imperialists who, on the approach of darkness, feared to risk their ships in the shallow waters of an unsurveyed harbour. One of Enomoto's ships went on shore and was lost, while the engines of the little *Emperor* were temporarily disabled. Three days later, the *Kuaiten*, the one remaining effective ship, actually met the whole Imperial fleet and, vigorously fought, inflicted considerable loss before she and most of her crew were destroyed by the heavy shells of the ironclad. Next day the final act took place. The *Emperor's* engines had been repaired. Her commander was a skilful seaman, her gunners had been trained under Admiral Tracey. As her consort, like herself of English birth, had done on the preceding day, she alone met the whole of her enemy's fleet, and fought with such skill and vigour that one of the ships of the latter was destroyed by a shell in her magazine and the whole kept at a distance for some time. But the ironclad closing with her soon rendered her helpless, and the few of her crew who remained alive set fire to her and escaped to the shore. Her destruction ended the naval operations, and with the subsequent ones on land, resulting in the capture of the town and the final subjection of Enomoto and his followers, we are not now concerned. The whole story of the naval operations is full of individual instances of heroic courage and self-sacrifice. The little *Emperor*, the gift of a royal lady to the ruler who was then thought to be the legitimate sovereign, designed and built solely for purposes of pleasure, with all her consorts destroyed, maintaining for hours the last desperate fight alone against an entire fleet headed by a powerful ironclad, may almost be compared to the *Revenge*, and if the Imperialists seem to have shown less vigour in making effective use of their overwhelmingly superior strength, sufficient to have enabled them to finish the whole affair in one fight, it is to be remembered that they were all absolute tyros in naval warfare,

ignorant of the elements of marine artillery, while they were opposed by many trained officers and men, and that their navigators hesitated to risk their ships in the waters of a comparatively shallow harbour of which they were as ignorant as our own cavalry were of the local characteristics of Northern Natal at the outbreak of the Boer War. Both sides gave throughout the fairest promise of the high degree of naval skill to which the Japanese, under expert instruction, have since attained, and of the courage on sea displayed by them a quarter of a century later in the night torpedo attack on the Chinese ironclads in the harbour of Wei Hai Wei.

Two collateral incidents of this struggle may be here mentioned. In the year 1866 a party of fourteen Japanese students were for the first time sent to England by the Shogun's Government. They were all young men of gentle birth, who had given evidence of ability and industry, and naturally were all scions of families devoted to the Shogun's cause. They returned to Japan two years later, just as Enomoto was on the point of sailing from Shinagawa. One of them joined him, and was entered as a cadet on board one of the ships. He fought throughout the whole of the subsequent struggle, on board ship while a ship remained, and afterwards on land. When the struggle was over, the common soldiers and sailors who survived were soon released, but the officers were imprisoned in Hakodate for a year and a half. The prisons were mere cages, with no protection against heat in summer or the long continued bitter cold of Northern Japan in winter. The prisoners were fed only on pickled radish and Chinese rice, the latter being as much an abomination to any Japanese as Australian tinned mutton is to a well-to-do British workman, and they were defrauded by a dishonest gaoler of half the allowance which the Government had sanctioned for them of this unpalatable food, so that to close confinement in heat and cold were added the pangs of constant hunger. The young ex-student who shared the whole of this imprisonment is now Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese representative at his Majesty's Court.

The second incident is that, at that period, it was not the Japanese custom to show mercy to beaten foes. Only a year previously a leader of the Shogun's land forces, whose strategic skill and undaunted courage had been displayed in many hard-fought actions, had on being taken prisoner, when severely wounded, while the Shogun's forces were still recognised as lawful belligerents by foreign powers, been carried through the country in a cage, beheaded, and his head pilloried in Kioto. The captured officers at Hakodate expected a similar fate, and as they had been proclaimed by their own Government pirates and outlaws, and had at no time met with any recognition as belligerents from foreign powers, they were justly liable to capital punishment. As time passed, leaving their heads intact, the best they hoped for was to be exiled for life to the north

of the island in which they had fought, to serve as frontier guards. Foreign intercourse had, however, taught the Japanese that the wholesale execution of prisoners of war, even of those taken in rebellion, was opposed to the principles of modern civilisation, and to their agreeable surprise all those in Hakodate were unconditionally released in the spring of 1891. Many of them subsequently rose to high office under the very Government against which they had fought so bravely. Enomoto became Admiral of the Fleet, Minister at St. Petersburg, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and finally Prime Minister; Otori, who commanded his army, Minister to Korea; Ando, who led the boarders in the attack on the *Stonewall*, Consul-General at Hong Kong, and he is now distinguished in Japan as an ardent temperance reformer. Admiral Miura, who came a few years ago to England to bring the newly built battleship *Fuji* to Japan, was the principal gunnery officer of the *Kuaiten*, and many others attained high rank either in the army or navy. Years afterwards, when Viscount Hayashi had risen in office, the gaoler who defrauded the prisoners of their rations came to him as a suppliant for employment and assistance.

The capture of Hakodate finished the last struggle of the revolutionary war which had lasted for seven years. Rebellions occurred during the following decade, and though one at least of them involved a long and arduous war, the navy took no part in it, and its active services were not again called into requisition until the war with China. Its development may now be briefly traced from the small incongruous force of obsolete vessels which fought at Hakodate, manned by officers and crews all equally ignorant of even the elementary scientific principles of their profession, to the highly organised navy handled throughout the war with China with strategic and tactical skill, that won the admiration of the world, and still later to its powerful position which, at the present day, enables Japan to exercise an influential voice as a great Power in all the tangled questions of Far Eastern politics.

On the complete restoration of internal peace the government of the Emperor speedily recognised that the creation of a navy was one of the tasks which the future national welfare of Japan as an insular country required to be undertaken. Ships were useless without trained officers and men, so the first step was the establishment on a large scale of a naval college and barracks at Tokio. Instructors were asked for from the Government of England, and the services of a large number of the best officers and men in the English navy were readily lent by the Admiralty. The directorship of the whole was entrusted to Commander Douglas, now Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's fleet on the North America and West India Station, and the choice proved singularly fortunate. The college was soon organised on a high scale of efficiency, equipped with every requisite

that liberal funds could provide, and the results of instruction, given with equal ability and conscientiousness, were apparent ere many years had passed in a young generation of officers fully qualified for the efficient discharge of their duties. These young officers are the admirals and senior captains in the Japanese navy at the present day. Commander Douglas's teaching was not confined entirely to strictly professional subjects. Not only the high principles of honour and devotion to duty but the self-unassertion, which have ever been traditional qualities of the British naval officer, were carefully inculcated, rendering to this day the Japanese naval officer a far more popular citizen among his fellow countrymen of all classes than his military *confrère*. From French and German instructors the latter has imbibed continental ideas of military hauteur and aggressiveness, the results of which it is unnecessary to detail.

While the credit of the initial organisation and training of the modern Japanese navy is justly given to Admiral Douglas and his immediate officers, it has at the same time to be acknowledged that the way had to some extent been smoothed for them by a humbler workman. Prior to the firm establishment in power of the central Imperial Government, territorial nobles had, as before remarked, been purchasing steamers for themselves. One had gone a step further and had caused to be built for himself at Aberdeen a fully equipped composite corvette. This vessel, subsequently known in the Japanese Navy as the *Rinjo*, arrived in Japan in 1869, too late to take part in the Hakodate affair, and her owner was promptly invited to hand her over to the central Government. She brought with her, as a passenger, seeking employment in Japan, a half-pay lieutenant of the English marines. His services were engaged by the Admiralty, and to him originally fell the unaided task—most of Admiral Tracey's old pupils having fallen at Hakodate—of creating the naval officers and bluejackets, of 'transforming,' to use Professor Chamberlain's words, 'junk manners and methods into those of a modern man-of-war.' He organised a small and short-lived though, while it lasted, highly efficient corps of marines, and taught officers of the navy, such as they then were, etiquette, discipline, and drill sufficiently to enable them to present a creditable appearance in their ships and perform satisfactorily the naval functions required in the exchange of international courtesy. It was in Admiral Douglas's college that the Japanese first acquired a scientific knowledge of the technical branches of their profession, but it was from this officer—Lieut. Hawes—that they first learned to present in themselves and in their ships the outward aspects of smartness and efficiency in which they are now the acknowledged equals of the best navies of the world.

It was not till 1877 that the Japanese seriously entered on the acquisition of modern fighting ships, contenting themselves until

then with the *Stonewall Jackson* and *Rinjo* and old wooden vessels, all used for training purposes. In that year the first ship especially built for them in England—a broadside central battery ship of 3700 tons, designed by Sir E. Reed—was launched at Poplar, and she was soon followed by several small but powerfully armed ironclads. In 1895, when the war with China broke out, Japan did not yet possess a single battleship, but she had a powerful fleet of fast and heavily armed cruisers, and it was with these that she won the great naval battle of Yalu, though fighting against armoured battleships. The events of that war are too recent and too fresh in memory to call for description now. Throughout it the Japanese navy played a brilliant part. The successful night attacks in torpedo-boats on the Chinese fleet anchored in the harbour and under the forts of Wei Hai Wei, in the bitter piercing cold of mid-winter, were exploits carried out with a degree of skill, courage, and endurance of which any maritime nation in the world might be proud, and resulted in the capture or destruction of the entire Chinese fleet. The ships took an active part in the subsequent capture of the forts, both at Wei Hai Wei and Port Arthur, interchanging with them a heavy fire, while the siege inland was being carried out by the army. For its services the navy had its reward in the unqualified recognition by the people that it was pre-eminently the national force of the future for Japan, and that no sacrifice could be grudged that was necessary for its expansion and continued maintenance on a high plane of efficiency.

The expansion since 1895 has been such as to give Japan a fleet that is now in offensive and defensive armament, in steaming capacity, both in speed and distance, and in homogeneity, equal to any in the world of the same size. It comprises seven battleships, ranging in tonnage from 12,000 to 15,000, seven armoured and fourteen protected cruisers of an aggregate tonnage of 116,000, together with a large torpedo flotilla, every single ship being of the most modern type of naval constructive science.

The dockyard at Yokosuka has been already referred to. There are now two other fully equipped Imperial dockyards. The first is situated near Hiroshima, on the Inland Sea, where the principal naval college now is, and the second at Sasebo, a port approached by narrow winding channels, on the west coast of the Southern Island of Kiusiu. All three dockyards are so strongly fortified as to be impregnable to attack from the sea. Yokosuka lies inside the Gulf of Tokio, the narrow entrance to which is defended by heavy batteries mounted both on the surrounding hills and in forts built in the Gulf, and the entrances to the Inland Sea, also all narrow passages, are defended in the same way. Even, therefore, if Japan should at any time lose command of the sea, her ships can lie and be repaired with perfect security in her arsenals, while the facilities

for shelter and concealment afforded by her many harbours and islands would enable her torpedo-boats to render the task of a blockading squadron anything but light. Recent events in Northern China have suggested the advisability of a fourth dockyard at Maizuru, a port on the west coast of the main island, almost directly facing Port Arthur, and it is now well advanced towards completion. No battleship has yet been built in Japan. Yokosuka has, however, turned out cruisers of over 4000 tons, and it may be safely stated that, short of building a battleship, there is no work connected with the complete equipment of a vessel of war that cannot be satisfactorily accomplished in the Imperial dockyards, while several merchant steamers of large capacity, admirably suited for transport purposes, have been successfully built in the great private dockyard at Nagasaki. There is to be no resting on the oars in the future. Provision is now being made for an expenditure on naval expansion during the ten years 1903-13 of 10 millions sterling, over 6 millions of which are apportioned to shipbuilding, three to armaments, and nearly one to dockyards.

In the naval review held by the Emperor in April last, twenty-eight ships of war, thirteen destroyers, and twenty-three torpedo-boats were ranged in four lines before his Majesty, constituting, together with such typical representatives of the British Navy as the battleship *Glory* and the first-class cruiser *Blenheim*, and representatives of the fleets of Germany, Russia, France, Italy, and the United States, by far the greatest naval display ever held in Far Eastern waters. The Emperor, as he steamed slowly round the whole fleet, in the *Asama*, one of his finest armoured cruisers, of nearly 10,000 tons, with a speed of twenty-one knots, might well view the scene with feelings of unqualified pride in the people over whom he rules, who in less than thirty years have created from nothing so powerful and efficient a guarantee for the national safety. And the English officers who were so fortunate as to be present might with no less pride regard the ally with whom it may some day be their lot to be ranged in line of battle, well knowing as they do that the personnel of the Japanese fleet is in no respect unworthy of its magnificent ships. The facts of history teach them the undoubted bravery of that personnel, from the highest to the lowest, and their experience of Japanese ships in commission has shown them that, in earnest attention to duty and all its varied details, in zeal and ability, in the capacity of apprehension of all the principles of their profession, both officers and men are not behind themselves. Their pride will not be lessened by the thought that it was the example and history of England that sowed the first seeds of Japan's naval ambition, that it was English officers who brought those seeds to maturity, and that it is in England that the finest and most powerful ships of the Japanese navy have been built. The alliance



between England and Japan is one of the best safeguards for the peace of the world in the present condition of Far Eastern politics. England owes to Japan a debt of gratitude for the promised assistance, should occasion call for it, of a fighting force which, added to her own, should make both irresistible; Japan, on the other hand, owes a still greater debt to England for having provided her with that force and given the best help in making her what she now is, a formidable naval power.

JOSEPH H. LONGFORD  
(*Late H. M. Consul at Nagasaki*).

*LION-HUNTERS AND LADY CARLISLE*

THE monotony characteristic of human life has been the theme of the philosopher from Solomon downwards. To a careless or oversanguine observer, it may appear from time to time that a new factor has insinuated itself into the play; but look a little closer, and you will discover that it is nothing but an old acquaintance in a new dress. The general may discard his uniform and assume the clerical costume, or Judy may put on the attire of a lady of fashion, but the substantial material of the puppet-show remains the same. We must make the best of the old virtues, for there are no new ones to be had, and put up with the time-honoured failings, since they are not likely to be cured.

Among the defects which appear to be so inherent in human nature that they may be recognised as part of its inevitable equipment is the love of notoriety; or rather, to make use of the plural and more accurate term, of notorieties. If the failing must be numbered among the less attractive of our common infirmities, it must also be allowed that it admits of widely different degrees of culpability. To seek a man out because he enjoys a reputation for sanctity is obviously more excusable than to pay the like court to a distinguished sinner. The desire for the friendship of those eminent for wisdom or learning can scarcely be pronounced, on the face of it, blameworthy; and the devotee of a philosopher, however celebrated, may be inspired with a laudable thirst for knowledge. Pure love of literature might lead a man to cultivate the acquaintance of a poet who has achieved distinction, and a genuine wish for enlightenment has been known to bring a disciple to the feet of a popular preacher.

If, further it must be admitted that the refusal to worship at a shrine unless it be crowded is calculated to cast a doubt upon the genuineness of the incense, it is at least as true that for every man to maintain his right to canonise his own saint could scarcely fail to be productive of confusion in the celestial hierarchy; and though to bow the knee to a hero simply in consequence of his reputation is unquestionably to transfer the tribute from himself to his trumpeters, still enthusiasm is proverbially contagious, and there is no more reason to be ashamed of catching the infection than if it were

the measles. To go further, it cannot be denied that, were every one to be compelled to light his own fire with tinder and flint, not a few hearths would remain cold.

So long, therefore, as a man continues content with lending his voice to swell the *aves* of the crowd, there is little fault to be found with him. The pity of it begins when he conceives the ambition of establishing a personal relationship between himself and the object of his veneration. When this becomes the case he will do well to be wary. The longing to receive at your table a guest whose name is on the posters is liable to develop into a consuming fever; and convicted criminals are said to have been pestered with offers of marriage.

The beginnings of a malady which may reach such a perilous height must be heedfully watched. It is an ominous symptom to insist upon letting a successful author know that you appreciate his work; the desire to congratulate a stranger should be viewed with suspicion; and the purity of compassion becomes tainted when you cannot refrain from telling a distinguished victim of misfortune that you are sorry for him.

If we have been tempted to look upon this inveterate love of, so to speak, second-hand celebrity as a special feature of the present day, a glance at history will quickly undeceive us. It can scarcely have been pure accident that fixed Cleopatra's affections on the notorieties of her day; and to come to later times, in a description to be found in a volume written by a contemporary of the Lady Carlisle who was so conspicuous a figure at the Court of Charles the First, one recognises a personality as familiar as a friend, or shall we say, an enemy?

The portrait is from the pen of Sir Toby Matthew, Court gossip and verse-maker, of whom Suckling makes caustic mention in his 'Session of the Poets':

Toby Matthew—(pox on him) how came he there?—  
Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear,  
When he had the honour to be named in Court,  
But, Sir, you may thank my Lady Carlisle for't.

From this it appears that it had been the picture of the great lady—not published till 1660, but handed about in manuscript long before—which had brought Sir Toby himself into notice; while it is further to be inferred that the portrait had given no offence to the subject of it. Had it indeed been painted with less appreciation than it is, Lady Carlisle is likely enough to have been one of the women—again common to all ages—who would rather be written about in any strain than not at all.

To quote the description itself:

She is of too high a mind and dignity [says Sir Toby], not only to seek, but almost to wish, the friendship of any creature. They whom she is pleased to

choose are such as are of the most eminent position, both for power and employment, not with any design towards her own particular, but her nature values fortunate persons as virtuous. . . . She more willingly allows of the conversation of men than of women . . . and affects the conversation of the persons who are most famed for [wit]. . . . She will freely discourse of love, and hear both the fancies and power of it; but if you will needs bring it within knowledge and boldly direct it to herself, she is likely to divert the discourse, or at least to seem not to understand it . . . for since she cannot love in earnest she would have nothing from love . . . contenting herself to play with [it] as with a child. . . . She will observe them whose reputation gives a value to their persons and condition. . . . So great a lover of variety [is she] that . . . she will remove her own thoughts, if not change her opinions, even of those persons who are not least considered by her; and when they have given her this entertainment let them settle into their former places with her.

Such was Lady Carlisle, the beautiful daughter of that 'Wizard Earl' of Northumberland who was Raleigh's fellow-prisoner in the Tower.

It was during her father's captivity that, much against his will—for 'he was a Percy,' he said, 'and could not endure that his daughter should dance Scotch jigs'—she was married to James Hay, the cadet of a Scottish house, who had accompanied King James to England, and upon whom his master had not only conferred in succession the titles of Doncaster and Carlisle, but also—being 'a most prevalent' suitor on behalf of his favourites—had obtained for him, first, the hand of Lord Denny's only child and heiress, and, upon her death, had married him to Lady Lucy Percy.

Whether the measures taken by the captive Earl in opposition to the proposed arrangement were altogether judicious may be open to doubt, nor was a residence in the Tower calculated to detach the affections of a girl of eighteen from the man who represented to her both liberty and a life of pleasure. Neither is it unfair, taking her subsequent career into account, to suspect that Lord Carlisle's position as favourite of the reigning sovereign may have invested him with additional attraction in her eyes. At any rate she was firm in her determination to become his wife, and the marriage took place, though so bitterly resented by the bride's father that she is said never to have regained her place in his affections.

Of the gentleman who had won her accounts differ widely. It is certain that, having disposed of four hundred thousand pounds in the pursuit of pleasure, he departed this life, twenty years later, with, according to Clarendon, 'as much tranquillity of mind, to all appearance, as used to attend a man of more severe exercise of virtue,' leaving his wife at liberty to turn her attention elsewhere.

Whether or not Lady Carlisle had found the companionship of the King's nominee altogether to her taste, she appears, to judge by some verses addressed to her 'in mourning' by Waller, to have lamented him after the most approved fashion. Her weeds,

indeed, must have been unusually becoming, since the ingenious argument used by the poet to induce the widow to refrain from further display of grief hints at the possibility that prolongation of the period during which they were worn might be attributed to another motive than sorrow :

Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase  
Of glory, by thy noble Lord's decease.

It is impossible to say to what extent she took her bereavement seriously to heart. Sir Toby tells us that it was her custom to affect extremes, so that, if she could not be very eminent, she would seek the other extreme of retirement. It is therefore possible that, debarred for the moment from the enjoyment of her usual pleasures, she took the course—like another of similar tastes—of ‘retiring into notice.’ She made, at all events, no second marriage, singular in this respect among the men and women of her day, and preferring her liberty. But the circumstances of her subsequent career do not point to her having remained inconsolable; and the charge of melancholy, brought against her on some occasion by an undiscerning flatterer—whether before or after her loss—proved so provocative of laughter on her own part as effectually to refute the accusation.

If she enjoyed life there can be no doubt that, to a woman of her tastes, there was much in her circumstances to promote enjoyment. Sir Toby sets her before us clearly enough, surrounded by a circle of satellites whose admission to it was a guarantee that they had their foot upon the ladder by which they might hope to climb to distinction. Power, employment, exalted station were the passports to her house. And she would take a deep interest in persons of condition and celebrity; a practical interest too, for we hear of the pawning of a pearl necklace for the sum of fifteen hundred pounds, for the furtherance of affairs in which one of them was concerned. There was trouble, it is true, when she wanted the necklace back; but it is likely enough that she would have been ready to take it to the Jews again on the next occasion that a friend—sufficiently eminent—was in need of cash.

Her conversation also is not difficult to imagine. It was carried on for the most part with men, and though we are told she was not incapable of talking over the fashions with female friends, the discussion was in this case robbed of a part of its interest by the consciousness that it lay in her power to set them. Women, Sir Toby observes, esteemed her more than they loved her, so that her preference for men, who, though he does not mention it, probably loved her more than they esteemed her, was natural enough. Doubtless, too, love being a topic she affected, it was more interesting to elicit the views of the male sex on the subject—the

conversation, notwithstanding the reticence to which Sir Toby makes allusion, being perhaps not altogether unadorned by personal anecdote and illustration.

If she liked notoriety, she must have had enough of it to satisfy her. Not Waller alone, but Suckling and Carew addressed her in their verses. At the Court of Charles she was a power to be reckoned with. The Queen singled her out for favour; so great was her influence that even Archbishop Laud is found soliciting, through Strafford, her interest on behalf of some object he had at heart, the answer returned by the latter evidencing his own estimate of the value of her good offices. 'In good sadness,' he tells the Primate, after promising to hand on the request, 'in good sadness I judge her ladyship very considerable.'

In the counsels of the Royalists she is said to have been as deeply concerned as, at a later date, in those of the Parliamentary party. The intrigues she carried on caused Dryden to confer upon her, justly or not, the name of the Helen of her day—'as famous,' to quote a writer of her own time, 'for intrigues of State, as those of Amour.' Whatever was the precise nature of her relations with the men with whom her name is connected—and Mr. John Forster declares, in his later work,<sup>1</sup> that there is no evidence that it was other than that of friendship—it is certain that, if it were her ambition to include among her intimates the most conspicuous characters of her day, she attained it. Feeling a woman's pride, as Gardiner says, in attracting the strong heads by which the world was ruled, she would have been hard indeed to please had she not been satisfied with the names upon the list of the Earl of Strafford first, and, when that brilliant and ill-starred victim of fate was in his grave, of the statesman described by Clarendon as 'the most popular man, and the most able to do hurt, that hath lived in any time,' and who was nicknamed by the Royalists 'King Pym.'

In Strafford even without taking into account the glamour lent to him by his great position, there must have been much to attract. He was a man who, in spite of the stamp left by pain and sickness on his face, in spite also of his own disclaimer, had been loved by not a few women.

'This bent and ill-favoured brow of mine,' he wrote to the Earl of Exeter, 'was never prosperous in the favour of ladies. . . . Tush, my Lord, tush, there are few of them know how gentle a *garçon* I am.'

*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* Had Strafford suffered reverses such as these at which he hints, he would not have been likely to proclaim it. Nor is proof wanting that his disavowal was not uncalled for. To cite one instance only:

<sup>1</sup> Compare his lives of Pym and Strafford with his later volume on the arrest of the Five Members.

My Lady of Carnarvon [wrote Lord Conway to the culprit—then in Ireland—recapitulating to him his own misdoings], my Lady of Carnarvon came with her husband to the Court; and it was determined she should have been all the year in London, her lodging at the Cockpit. But my Lord Wentworth had been at Court, and in the Queen's withdrawing room was a constant looker on my Lady, as if that only were his business; for which cause, as it is thought, my Lord of Carnarvon went home, and my Lord Chamberlain preached of honour and truth.

Lady Carnarvon was likewise despatched to keep her husband company in the country, having been closeted with her father in his chamber till past midnight on the previous night, he chiding and she weeping. And it was the opinion of some, added Lord Wentworth's correspondent, that the behaviour of the delinquent had been due rather to a desire to do despite to father and husband than to any great love for the lady herself.

The last surmise was likely enough true. Strafford was three times married—in a letter which is one of the proofs of the gallantry with which he met his fate, he prays that his execution may be regarded in the light of a fourth marriage festival—and judging by the tone of his correspondence with the wife who survived him, and his loving and minute care for his children, it is probable that neither the women compromised by his attentions in the Queen's withdrawing room, nor yet others who may have counted for more in his life, could have competed with the paramount claims of his home. As to Lady Carlisle in particular, whatever may have been the nature of her hold upon him, it is difficult to believe that there can have been full sympathy between characters so different. But however that may be, she had no doubt succeeded, in some sort, in annexing him. If solicitous acquaintances desired news of his health, it was to her that their inquiries were addressed. She had established her position as the keeper of the lion. If, as with the Primate, it was a question of obtaining her interest at Court, it was through Strafford that it was sought. When Strafford was absent, Lord Conway, who appears to have kept him informed of Court gossip, is careful to acquaint him with any news concerning her. Lady Carlisle is a constant courtier, and 'her dog' had lately written a sonnet in her praise which Harry Percy—with the intolerance of such tributes sometimes displayed by male relations—had burnt, else should it have been despatched to Strafford forthwith. o

Notwithstanding certain incongruous elements, the intimacy between the great lady and the greater courtier was natural enough. It is more difficult, except as the result of pure love of notoriety, together with the craving for change which is also noted in Matthew's portrait, to account for her connection with Strafford's successor in her affections, 'Master Pym.' If love of variety is an attribute which may lead to singular developments, it has seldom been more strangely exhibited than in the transference of her

affections from the dead Strafford to his relentless and successful enemy. Pym had merits of his own, and those of a high order; but they were scarcely such as to secure for him the favour of the woman who had loved Strafford. The magnetism of a great reputation is, however, a force difficult to measure. Pym, until such time as Cromwell rose to pre-eminence, was the man possessed on the whole of most power and influence in the Puritan ranks. And power and fame were certain passports, if not to Lady Carlisle's heart, to her favour. A dead lion is proverbially of small account, and Strafford, once in his grave, was soon forgotten.

It would be curious to trace the beginnings of this new relationship. That her intimacy with Strafford had lasted to the end is clear from a letter written immediately before his impeachment, in which he tells Sir George Radclyffe that 'a nobler nor more intelligent friendship did I never meet with in my life'; while Clarendon attributes her subsequent defection from the Court party to indignation at his abandonment by the King. But the fact that the affection between herself and the dead man had continued undiminished to the last only renders her conduct the stranger. When was it, one wonders, that the possibility first crossed her mind? Was she present at that most tragic scene when, in the midst of the great indictment that was mainly instrumental in effecting the ruin of his former friend, the eyes of the Puritan statesman, suddenly lifted, met the gaze of his victim, and for once his self-possession was shaken and he faltered in his speech? 'His papers he looked upon, but they helped him not.' Was the representative of noble and intelligent friendship looking on, and even then revolving in her mind the possibility of drawing the great orator to her feet? There is no record to tell. All that can be known is that, Strafford gone, she is next found the friend, the companion, and the ally of the man chiefly responsible for his death—a gentleman of good repute, with little of Puritan austerity about him, but, in spite of his solid and substantial qualities, scarcely likely to have taken by violence a heart which should have been steeled against him by every law of loyalty and truth. But Lady Carlisle 'affected extremes.' If she could not remain faithful, she may have found allurements in an infidelity so glaring. At any rate, according to Sir Philip Warwick, the 'busy stateswoman . . . changed her gallant from Strafford to Pym, and was become such a she-saint that she frequented sermons and took notes.'

Whether these godly exercises were the occasion or the result of her connection with the Presbyterian leader must be left to conjecture. Of Pym's private life little is known; and, as his biographer observes, how much of politics there may have been in his love, or how much of love in his politics, the reader must determine. There is no doubt that Lady Carlisle's attachment could be turned to most



practical purposes. With attendance at sermons she had not discontinued attendance at Court; and while Clarendon hints that the revelations by which she adroitly kept up her credit with the Queen were calculated rather to damage than to serve the Royalist cause, there could be no two opinions as to the value to the Parliamentary party of her counter betrayals. To a woman of her tastes, few moments can have been better worth living than the one when she passed out of the Queen's presence to use the information gained through her mistress's indiscretion for the purpose of frustrating the King's plan and saving Pym and his four colleagues from arrest. That incident, as an unparalleled opening for self-advertisement, probably represents the high-water mark of her success. To the lion-hunter it is not enough to be the friend of the great; it is likewise necessary that the public should recognise the fact; and the opportunity of blazoning abroad not only her intimate relations with the Queen but her connection with the popular leader was one unlikely to recur.

Her career from this point declines in interest. Old age was creeping upon her, and necessitating a change of means and methods, if her profession was to be carried on with success. Even at the time when 'King Pym' was brought to her feet, an astute observer ascribed her line of conduct to 'a willingness to set off her wit, as formerly her beauty'; and upon her wit, coupled with her matchless talent for intrigue, she must have relied more and more as that beauty waned to which Suckling made allusion when he wrote 'There is great danger in that face.' But wit and ingenuity in intrigue are poor substitutes for the brilliance of youth and beauty. Strafford was dead; Pym—unwarrantably soon—was to follow him behind the scenes. Whether or not she cast a longing eye upon the great figure by which the foreground of the stage was now to be occupied, Cromwell was an unfavourable subject for the wiles of the political Circe; and before Pym's death and in spite of attendance at sermons, we find her arrested by Oliver's lieutenant, Harrison, and lodged in the Tower, where, according to a contemporary letter, 'my Lady of Carlisle hath again been shown the rack, but she desires them not to hurt her; for she is a woman and cannot bear pain, but she will confess whatsoever they will have her.' Poor Lady Carlisle!

It is unnecessary further to follow her devious course. Enough has been said to demonstrate that the lion-hunting tendency amongst us is no new complaint; and in the same way that it is soothing to self-respect to find that one is not singular in a fault, so it may be matter of consolation to discover that a foible conspicuous in a day for which we feel ourselves in a fashion responsible, has its roots well struck into the past. 'Let us shake hands,' we say to a fellow-sinner, 'I have been guilty too';

and we fall on the neck of a bygone generation when we discern in it a common ground of weakness. What had appeared purely vulgar assumes quite a respectable aspect so soon as it is established as a heritage from an earlier age, and for an infirmity to count back its pedigree for two hundred years is almost a vindication of its right to live.

Viewing the matter in this light, we may feel a debt of gratitude to Lady Carlisle. For it is certain that by few has the profession of a lion-hunter been carried on with more persistence and success.

IDA A. TAYLOR.

## *THE CANADIAN ICE CARNIVAL*

How the French Canadians during the hundred and forty years that they have been under the dominion of England have been able not only to retain their language, customs, and individuality, but also, unlike their kinsmen in France, to increase from seventy thousand to over a million, has always greatly interested and perplexed me; especially as in the United States emigrants from all nations regularly become assimilated within one generation, and throughout the whole continent lamentations are constantly heard that the native stock is dying out and that the increase of population is dependent solely on emigration. Allured by the vivid pictures of ice-boating and the other charms of winter sports described in the Carnival prospectus—which I happened to pick up in my hotel in New York—I at last decided to visit Quebec.

Rumours that the Canadian trains were snowed up, or possibly less discernment in reading between the lines of the prospectus, caused me to be the only passenger in the sleeper. Nevertheless, I could not prevent the coloured porter from alternately heating the car up to 80° and cooling it down to 50° by opening all the small upper windows on both sides, which caused the most deadly draught. This love of sudden changes is a characteristic of the inhabitants of the whole of North America, and is probably accounted for by the great changes that they are accustomed to in their climate. The Russians, it is true, also overheat their houses, but they wear the thinnest silken underwear, and on going out of doors envelop themselves in furs; whilst the American manner of cooling rooms and habit of keeping on furs in hotels and bars for over an hour are unheard of in Russia.

At Levis the inhabitants, with their ugly bestial faces, their coon caps and long shaggy overcoats, looked uncouth as, amidst a din of whip-cracking and swearing, they drove their bark-laden sleighs on to the little steamer that was to ferry us to Quebec. As we were about to put off there drove up on a sledge drawn by a mongrel pointer a full-grown man who resembled more the long-sought-for missing link than a fellow being.

I was so impressed by the grandeur of the snow-draped view—the

wide expanse of the St. Lawrence filled with floating ice, and Quebec herself just opposite, in the dazzling sunlight rising from the water's edge up apparently perpendicular cliffs—that I did not realise that I was to be disappointed in my hopes of ice-boating.

Notices posted in the hotel that guests would give pleasure to the citizens by joining in all the sports added to my expectations, as I am very fond of all exercises. But my anticipations were not to be realised, as I found that the sports consisted of: *Races on Snowshoes* confined to clubs, with an occasional steeplechase open to all the world, but no handicaps for duffers; *Curling and Hockey Matches*, naturally reserved for clubs; *Skating* on rinks, where a few cut figures while the crowd watched—any man not an adept must have plenty of nerve to put on a pair of skates—I should prefer to attempt to ride the clown's kicking donkey at a circus; *Tobogganing*, I unfortunately answered truthfully the question whether I had ever steered a toboggan, and in consequence was not allowed to go down alone, and as I knew nobody in Quebec, I slowly realised that my participation in the Canadian sports—that had sounded so attractive in New York—was reduced to becoming frozen watching teams that I did not know compete in games that I did not understand; *The Celebration and Dance of Huron Indians at Lorette*, the only other interesting item on the programme, was abandoned. My disappointment ceased when I saw the *Indians*. Though they may have the same right to claim descent from the Huron tribe as the numerous families in the United States have to claim descent from Pocahontas, still no ethnologist from examination could distinguish them from French Canadians.

Young people, who come up in parties, of course enjoy themselves; but then, if they were given moonlight and two seated sleighs, they would be equally happy anywhere. Those who really enjoy the week are the Canadians themselves. They have the same weakness for decorations as their relations in France, and during the week of sports they indulge in it to their hearts' content, as every other person wears badges and sashes apparently indicating that he is a member of some committee. The streets during the afternoons and evenings are thronged with people in snowshoe uniforms going in bands from bar to bar; but, although the rounds of drinks follow one another with sufficient speed to satisfy even the Governors of North and South Carolina, nobody seems to become intoxicated. By midnight, as a rule, everything quiets down. Once, however, I awoke in the middle of the night wondering what I could have eaten that had disagreed with me, when I heard a bugle under my window and knew that I had not dreamt of the carnival, but that some organisation had come to the hotel with its band. After a round of drinks, accompanied by the inevitable song, they departed and peace reigned once more, but the return to the land of dreams was not so easily

accomplished. During the mornings the streets are deserted, which under the circumstances is scarcely surprising.

The reason generally given in Quebec for not having an ice palace is that it costs between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* to give a real Ice Carnival, and that the last one—given five years previously—had not yet been paid for. This would be a good reason for discontinuing the carnival, but a bad reason for giving up the ice palaces, as with their night attacks and fireworks they have always been the main inducement to Americans to make the journey to Canada in winter. But the real reason, I learned at Montreal, is that the directors of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. are afraid that immigration would receive a check, and therefore they ordered the manager of the Château Frontenac Hotel—which belongs to the C.P.R.—to subscribe to the carnival only on condition that it be called a Week of Sports and that no ice palace be built. Kipling's poem describing Canada as the Queen of Snows has no doubt had a detrimental effect on Canadian emigration, but the few foreigners who happen to be in Canada are not likely to change their opinion of the country on account of the presence or absence of an ice palace; and, however momentous an occasion an ice carnival may appear to the directors of the C.P.R., it may be doubted whether even a rumour of it ever reaches a would-be colonist or whether a single man in the past has been deterred by ice palaces from emigrating.

Mr. W. D. Howells in *Their Wedding Journey*—which takes place in 1870—says: 'Slowly out of our work-day, business-suited, modern world the vessel steamed up to this city of an olden time and another ideal—to her who was a lady from the first devout, proud and strong, and who still, after two hundred and fifty years, keeps perfect the image and memory of the feudal past from which she sprung. Upon her height she sits unique; and when you say Quebec, having once beheld her, you invoke a sense of mediæval strangeness and of beauty which the name of no other city could intensify.'

After sleighing all over the town I returned completely disillusioned. One or two churches of uninteresting architecture and containing nothing of artistic interest, in spite of repeatedly having been burned down, can claim comparative antiquity; and the Laval University, founded in 1852, contains a few poor studio pictures of ancient masters. But the citizens of Quebec have the same mania of continually rebuilding that exists throughout the whole continent; so that the St. Louis Hotel, which Mr. Howells speaks of as the new hotel, has become one of the most ancient buildings of Quebec. Even the city walls and gates, which at least might have been expected to remain unchanged, have been rebuilt within twenty years. Nor was I more successful in my search for the quaint French houses with *porte-cochère* described by Mr. Howells as the ordinary houses of the

town. The Parliamentary buildings, City Hall, Post Office, and Champlain Monument have all been built within the last ten years; whilst even the citadel and the cathedral were erected during the nineteenth century. No one seemed to know what had happened to the Montcalm residence which I had seen at the Chicago Exhibition. My inquiries elicited the following characteristic reply: "Well, anyway, it was in a shocking condition, and was a disgrace to the town."

The Quebecers seem utterly unconscious of the continual changes that are in progress. A modern house was pointed out to me as the residence of the Duke of Kent. To my expostulations my informer replied, without appearing the least disconcerted, that that was the site of the Duke of Kent's house. And throughout the whole of Canada the commonest sights shown are tablets stating that here some historical house stood or some historical event happened.

In writing their impressions people, of course, express what they think they ought to feel; and if any one else had written *Their Wedding Journey* I would not have been deceived. But Mr. Howells of all men! It seems hardly possible that the Quebecers, after having withstood successfully American influences for over two hundred years, should suddenly outdo Herod, and in the short space of thirty odd years destroy almost every link with the past and at the same time evolve a frame of mind oblivious to those changes; and yet that a man who has devoted his whole life to the study and description of the commonplace and the uninteresting should draw suddenly on his poetic imagination seems scarcely more credible.

Quebec is noted for its furs, but everywhere foreign goods are the most appreciated. French eau de Cologne is thrust on one in London, and English in Paris, whilst in Algeria and Tunis the natives pester one to buy Maltese lace and Turkish silk and satin embroideries; and, as I noticed that the few men not in snowshoe uniforms wore Astrachan caps, I was not surprised when I was offered Russian sables, Astrachan wool, tiger skins, in fact, everything but Canadian furs. In other shops, likewise, I was shown English leather goods, French modern art jewellery, Austrian wood carving; but the only Canadian goods that I could find were souvenir spoons and paper cutters, with the city arms on the handle or 'Quebec' engraved on the blade, which reminded me too much of Cook tourists to tempt me to purchase.

The climate and scenery, however, far excelled my expectations. The view from my bedroom window is, if possible, finer than my first glimpse of Quebec across the St. Lawrence, as in the crisp clear atmosphere the mighty half-frozen river is seen for miles slowly progressing past overhanging bluffs until it passes right below

one, and then continues its even, majestic course towards the far distant horizon. And the Canadians are quite justified in resenting the aspersions cast on their climate, as it is the best winter climate in the world. During my month's visit I frequently read in the newspapers of the traffic being interrupted by snowstorms and the poor suffering from the cold in New York, whilst in Canada every day was bright and exhilarating, and the temperature only once fell to 10° above zero, which does not feel cold in that dry, windless atmosphere. At Quebec it is over twenty years since there was sufficient frost to render ice boating possible. In fact, I suffered more from the heat, because I was advised by former visitors to take only the warmest clothing, as I was informed it was not unusual to find the thermometer registering 30° below zero. As to the thirty degrees, my friends were quite right, and their mistake in adding below instead of above looks very small on paper; but the magnitude of the error is apt to grow on one when one is forced to walk through thawing snow in a fur overcoat.

But what principally interested me and made me stay longer than I had intended were the French Canadians. Their reserve is a great contrast to the American character, and as they are equally prone to tell travellers tales, they are extremely difficult to understand. Mr. Moorhouse has called the United States the 'Land of Contrast'; the province of Quebec, however, is much more deserving of the title. The French Canadians are famous for their thrift, good habits, and longheadedness, as shown in sending their children to the English-speaking schools and colleges, and yet there is hardly a French family of position or wealth in Quebec. The Jews are the only other white people that have been able to live in the midst of an alien race without assimilation; but they invariably have lost their language and have retained their peculiar characteristics only on account of prejudice and adverse legislation; whilst the Canadians have been treated most leniently, and not only bear no grudge against England, but have not even retained a patriotic feeling towards France, and, in spite of their national unity, are strikingly dissimilar to the modern Frenchman.

The extraordinary leniency of the English will to a great extent account for the apparent inconsistency of these impressions. Not only are French and English equally the official languages of the courts and Parliament, and French as well as English schools are kept at the public expense, but in the administration of the laws also the highest executive offices by tacit consent are filled alternately by English and French. They are shrewd enough to realise that they have more than their share of self-government, and that if they were independent they would be taxed much heavier, and therefore, although their patriotism extends only to Canada, which they define as the land of the French Canadians, through purely

selfish motives they are well disposed toward their fellow Canadians, and are quite willing that England should continue to protect them. Their attitude towards the Boer War was typical. An insignificant few—not even as many as crossed over and enlisted from the United States, where the war was far from popular—entered out of a spirit of adventure the *Strathcona Horse*, whilst the great majority remained apathetic. The French Canadians act on the principle of a restricted Monroe Doctrine—to wit, to take an interest in only the affairs of the world which affect themselves financially.

A knowledge of the provinces from whence the original settlers were drawn will dispel the remaining difficulties. Even their language, which at first sounds more like Spanish, in spite of curious terminations, greatly resembles and is less strange than that of the peasants of Normandy, whilst to strangers they talk correctly, as they have been taught French in the public schools by Parisians. The difference in looks between the small, clever, sunny-dispositioned Frenchman, and the big, bestial, morose habitant, whose ugliness even a Dutchman cannot equal, of course must be attributed to the climate. The difference in character may be similarly accounted for, especially as such an authority as Mr. Louis Parkman describes the Canadians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as gay, tuneful, and thoughtless. But the real reason seems to me to be that Canada was colonised by Normans, who to this day have a morose, miserly character, and none of the qualities generally associated with a Frenchman. And this also explains why the habitant does not grow rich, although most economical and industrious himself, and although he makes his children aid in the family support at a very youthful age. The French Canadians thus have inherited the frugality of the Normans, but sadly lack the artistic temperament and divine spark which make so many modern Frenchmen geniuses, and also the energy and the initiative necessary to compete successfully with Anglo-Saxons.

BRADLEY MARTIN, JUN.



## BEAST IMAGERY AND THE BESTIARY

VIOLLET-LE-DUC has said that 'of all arts, architecture is certainly the one which has the greatest affinity with the instincts, the ideas, the interests, the progress, and the needs of the people.' In other words, in architecture the *soul* of the people expresses itself, fashioning the stone as with an unseen hand, whether it be in the absolute calm of the gods of Egypt or in the infinite variety of the fretted forms of mediæval France. It was not the granite of the Nile Valley or the sandstone of France that alone tempered the manner of the Egyptian or the French worker in stone. It was not merely to suggest the greatness of his god or of his king that the Egyptian set up colossal temples or statues, but chiefly to express his innate sense of the immensity and the force of the superhuman laws by which he felt himself to be surrounded. It was the realisation of this that put its seal on his thought and, as a natural consequence, on the formal expression of that thought. So, too, in French mediæval architecture, the dominant idea was the rendering of what was 'close to men's lives and their history.' We see this the more clearly when we consider the Gothic cathedral by the side of such literary creations as *The Romance of the Rose*. These, although alike made up of intricate detail, yet differ so greatly in their range of expression, that the one, a romance of gallantry, fades away into the past in common with the lovers who fed their souls upon it, and only appeals to us now as a mere literary curiosity, whilst the other is, so to speak, a sublime epic, interpreting both the secular and the religious movements of the age, and suggesting to us, even at this distance of time, their vast complexity. And the reason of this is not far to seek. In literary composition, which is, in its essence, analytic, there is wanting, in an imperfectly developed language such as was that of France in the Middle Ages, the material out of which to develop the delicate lights and shades of sentiment and of thought which are essential to perfection of expression. Architecture, on the other hand, is a synthetic art, and the artist finds ready to hand a concrete material through the medium of which he can express his ideas, the lights and shades, in his case, depending mainly upon the dexterous use of the chisel upon that material. It is because of this

radical difference between the two that, amongst primitive peoples, or in civilisations in a state of transition, there is more complete expression in art than in literature.

In the details of the religious architecture of mediæval France, the ideals of the time, with all the chaos and contrast peculiar to an age of transition, are suggested in the Romanesque church and in the Gothic cathedral alike; Heaven and Hell, the sublime and the grotesque, keeping close company in the mediæval mind. Side by side with symbolic beasts of Eastern ancestry, we find Bible subjects, the favourite ones being 'The Last Judgment' and 'Dives and Lazarus,' subjects so dear to the poor man, to whom the future life, governed as he believes it to be by the law of equality, offers such solace. Think what it must have meant to the down-trodden peasant to see himself, in effigy, in the company of apostles and saints in scenes of 'The Last Judgment;' to see not only the tombs giving up their motley dead, but also St. Michael with his scales, and Satan with his claws, deciding the fate of trembling humanity, lord and villain alike. Think, too, what it must have meant to him to see rich and poor alike represented nude, in spite of the Church's condemnation of such pagan licence, thus emphasising yet more forcibly the great law of equality which men were beginning to see faintly dawning on the far-off horizon of the future.

Such representations are indicative of the beginning of a reaction against the limitations set by feudalism and the Church (or rather by the Church as exemplified by monasticism), a reaction induced by the wider range of thought and experience which the Crusades, and contact with the East through travel and trade, had brought about, and also by the encouragement given by the democratic teaching of the Mendicant Orders, and by their glorification of poverty.

The most complete expression of mediæval thought took the form of cathedral-building. In these mighty structures, 'where light and shade repose, where music dwells lingering'—monuments of religious enthusiasm and civic pride—all the thought of the Middle Ages took a visible form, expressed either in traditional motives or in individual fantasies, symbolism mingling with realism. It is to the cathedral, then, that we must turn if we would understand the evolution that was taking place in life and art.

French religious art, as part of the general evolution of Christian art, had adopted pagan motives from both Rome and Byzantium, adapting and developing them in accordance with its own spirit. It is especially through the animal imagery, both symbolic and grotesque, which was the outcome of this process, that we must seek to understand the religious as well as the social and satirical spirit of the age, and how closely these elements were interwoven. At no time, and in no country, perhaps, did symbolic animals play a more important part, both in literature and in art, than they did in the

Middle Ages in France. The beast confronts us everywhere, greeting us at the church portal, on cornice and capital, in painted window and illuminated manuscript, in sermon and song, in fable and romance, and in its own special province, the Bestiary, or Book of Beasts, aptly called 'the Christian symbolic menagerie of the Middle Ages.' In many of these instances the beast was chosen to represent virtue as well as vice. It was not till the later Middle Ages that the beast-carving in the sanctuary, like the beast-fable in literature, was made use of as a form of satire, behind which the exponent of social wrong, whether artist or minstrel, could, so to speak, hide himself, and give unbridled expression to the growing want of respect for those in high places.

It may well be asked why beasts should have been almost universally chosen to symbolise either virtue or vice. Whilst the mystic Eastern thinker might suggest, as a possible answer, a belief in the doctrine of metempsychosis, the more matter-of-fact Western might theorise, as did Lessing, that as animals retain their natural characteristics, they are better adapted for the purpose than is man, modified as he is by civilisation.

Long before the time of written history, animal imagery played a part in men's lives, though what that part was it is impossible to determine, even when we have carefully examined the animal forms scratched on bones found in caves once inhabited by primitive man, which tempt us to ask the question whether they represent totems, and whether totemism was the origin of the beast in art and in literature. But we hesitate even to surmise, in face of the warning of a well-known writer that we cannot be too cautious in speaking of totems and totemism. At all times, and in all countries, a love of the marvellous is to be found in the human soul, and it is in this connection that the history of the belief in symbolic animals is interesting.

The strange, fanciful beast-carvings found in Christian architecture were, in great measure, the outcome either of Oriental tradition through unconscious copying or irrepressible semi-conscious paganism, or of treatises on symbolic animals dating probably from the second century A.D. The most important of these treatises, in that it became the one from which all later ones drew their inspiration, was the *Physiologus*, or *Naturalist*, compiled from many sources by an Alexandrian Greek. This was condemned by the Church in the fourth century, but was reinstated by Gregory the Great, and from the seventh to the twelfth centuries was regarded as a Christianised summary of natural history, calculated both to teach and to edify. It formed the basis of the French bestiaries, and its influence may be traced in many mediæval works, the most celebrated perhaps being the *Speculum Naturale* of Vincent de Beauvais, the *Speculum Ecclesiæ* of Honorius of Autun, and *Li Tresors* of Brunetto Latini, the friend and master of Dante. It served, through these media, to

inspire the mediæval artist as well as the mediæval poet, and it is by knowing something of its quaint conceits that we must seek to understand both the one and the other. At the same time it must not be inferred that all sculptured objects, whether natural or grotesque, made use of to beautify either cathedral or church, were necessarily symbolic. That there was frequently a desire on the part of the mediæval artist merely to express life in its various aspects, without any ulterior motive, is evident from the world of birds and beasts and foliage which manifestly were carved for the sole pleasure of representing animate nature.

The natural history of the *Physiologus* was doubtless based upon Aristotle's *History of Animals* and Pliny's *Natural History*, supplemented by moral reflections founded upon current opinion and ancient tradition. Such a treatise would appeal in an especial manner to the mediæval mind, imbued with a love, almost amounting to a mania, of accumulating and arranging facts, or so-called facts. The widespread popularity of the work is evidenced by the many translations of it—Ethiopic and Icelandic amongst others—made between the sixth and the thirteenth centuries for peoples as far asunder in sentiment as in local habitation. That such a treatise, with a symbolism at once subtle and simple, should have appealed to the man living in hot sandy wastes as well as to the man contemplating ice and perpetual snows, is but another proof that the human soul is fundamentally the same everywhere in its craving to penetrate into the region of the mysterious and the marvellous. These translations interest us to-day, not for this reason alone, but also because they are one of the means of bringing us somewhat into touch with the literary and poetic feelings of peoples we should otherwise know but little of; for although only translations, and sometimes of mere fragments only, the translators have contrived to give a distinctive character to their work. The Anglo-Saxon version made in the eighth century (which, having been rendered into English, is easy of reference) proves to us, by its poetic beauty and vigorous expression, that the land we now call England was not entirely abandoned to war and servitude, but that the torch of the Muses, though perhaps flickering but faintly, was still alight.

When we open the *Physiologus* or a French bestiary, a motley procession of beasts and birds, and of those 'that glide beneath the wave,' seems to pass before us, the illustrations of which at once attest their Eastern origin, recalling by their forms, as well as by their attitudes, the wall decorations of Theban tombs. But considerations of space make it impossible to refer here to more than one or two examples of the members of this menagerie which are mentioned and moralised upon; and therefore the lion, the eagle, and the whale, as typical representatives of the three elements, earth, air, and water, have been chosen to give some idea of the material by the aid of

which the mediæval artist, as well as the mediæval poet, stimulated his imagination.

In examining these types, the Physiologus and the French bestiaries will be considered together, they being the same in substance, though the symbolism is more developed and elaborated in the latter than in the former.

The Physiologus, in common with the bestiaries, begins with the lion, the king of beasts, the emblem of Christ, and the most frequently used symbol of the Christian menagerie. To the lion is attributed three characteristics, first: that when he is pursued he obliterates his track with his tail; secondly, that he sleeps with his eyes open; and thirdly, that the cubs are born dead, and are brought to life on the third day by his breathing upon them. These characteristics are naïvely explained and commented upon in the French bestiaries, the earliest of which was translated about 1130 A.D. by the Anglo-Norman clerk Philip of Thaon, for Aélis of Lorraine, the second Queen of Henry the First of England. The opening sentence, introducing the work as 'a book of science,' shows us the mediæval attitude towards these, to us, childish though sometimes ingenious, moral reflections. It begins thus: 'Philip of Thaon into the French language has translated the bestiary, a book of science, for the honour of a jewel, who is a very beautiful woman—Aélis is she named, a Queen she is crowned—Queen she is of England: may her soul never have trouble!' But after this courtly opening there is little elaboration, perhaps because Philip of Thaon had but a limited gift of imagination, or was more of a courtier than a moraliser, or perhaps because the royal lady at whose command he laboured, preferred her spiritual food in as concentrated a form as possible. Owing to this poverty of expression, quotations to illustrate the manner of mediæval moralising will be taken from *Le Bestiaire Divin*, the most elaborate example of its kind for inventive thought, and one giving an idea of the boredom which the good folk of the Middle Ages could inflict upon themselves. It was written about the beginning of the thirteenth century by one William, a clerk of Normandy, who begins, as was usual, with the king of beasts, the first characteristic of which, as before alluded to, is there said to symbolise the incarnation of Christ, which 'truly he did covertly'; and the writer goes on to say that

the meaning is very clear. When God, our sovereign Father, who is the spiritual lion, came by his grace on to this earth for our salvation, so wisely veiled he his coming, that the hunter knew not that he was the source of our salvation, and marvelled how he came amongst us. By the hunter we must understand him who makes man to do wrong, and who pursues him in order to destroy him; he is the Devil, who desires evil.

The second characteristic symbolises that on the Cross it was the *man* Christ, and not the *God* Christ who suffered:

When the lion [Christ] was put upon the Cross by his enemies the Jews, who judged him wrongfully, his humanity there suffered death. When the spirit quitted the body, the *man* fell asleep on the holy Cross, but the *Godhead* kept watch there. And think of him in no other way if you would rise again. For the Godhead could never be touched, or felt, or scourged, or beaten. Mankind can wound the man without injuring the Godhead, which shall be shown to you by a parable which can leave no doubt. Cut a lofty and spreading tree when the sun is shining, and in the rent of the first splinter you will see a ray of the beautiful sun; and, as the rent increases and the sunbeams extend, nowhere can you touch, injure, capture, or hold the ray. You can cut down the whole tree without injuring the sun at all. Thus was it with Jesus Christ. Humanity, which he took upon him for our sake and for love of us, and garbed himself in, suffering trouble and labour and death, of this the Godhead felt naught. This you believe if you do well.

Of the third characteristic, which was a favourite symbol of the resurrection of Christ, as well as of the general resurrection, the writer says:

When God was placed in the tomb, for three days only remained he there, and on the third day the Father raised him from the dead by breathing upon him, even as the lion breathes upon his little cub. Now I have told you of the lion; the truth about him is written.

The tradition that the lion sleeps with his eyes open may partly account for its effigy being placed, as is so often the case in Romanesque and Gothic churches, over the entrance or on either side of the portal, as guardian of the sanctuary; although the original idea of making use of a lion's image in such positions was doubtless derived from the traditions of ancient civilisations, such as those of Assyria, Egypt, and Greece, where lions, as guardians of tombs and gates, are constantly found as emblems of strength and prowess, and as inspiring fear.

Although not mentioned in the bestiaries, it is of interest to note that the same beast may symbolise entirely different principles, just as it embodies different qualities. The lion in some instances is typical of the Devil, who 'as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour;' and thus on some early tombs we find the sculptured effigy of the deceased person with the feet resting on a lion, to indicate triumph over the powers of hell, whereas, on later ones, the lion in the same position symbolised strength and bravery.

In mediæval literature, the characteristics attributed in the bestiary to the lion are applied in sundry and strange connections—sometimes to the hero, as in Wolfram von Eschenbach's poem, where Parsifal and his brother are compared to a lion's whelps 'roused to life and energy by the roar of battle'—sometimes to the lover, who could be brought back to life by the voice of his mistress, as the breath of the lion brings to life its young—sometimes to the counsellor, who advises his lord, when he has erred, to blot out the remembrance of his error by repentance and by good deeds, just as the lion, when pursued, obliterates his track with his tail.

The tradition of the eagle renewing its youth, and testing the capacity for endurance of its offspring, is one of the most poetical legends to be found in the bestiary. It opens quite simply:

The eagle is the king of birds. When he is waxed old, in a marvellous manner he becomes young again. When, in old age, his eyes have grown dim and give him pain and trouble, he seeks, when the sun is shining brightly, a clear and pure spring whence the water issues fresh and sparkling. First he soars very high into the air above this spring, towards the ray-emitting sun. When, aloft there, he comes into the heat, he fixes his eyes on the sun's rays, and so long does he look on them that his sight is quite seared. When his eyes begin to burn in this heat, and likewise his wings, then he descends thence into the spring, there where the water is most sparkling and clear, and therein he plunges three times until he is, as he well knows, quite refreshed and rejuvenated, and healed of his old age.

Such keen sight has the eagle, that if, circling about in the air above, he is as high up as a cloud, he can nevertheless see a fish swimming beneath him in the river or the sea. Then he swoops down to seize it. He fastens on it, and so combats with it that he drags it to the bank by main force. Another characteristic is strange. If the eagle is neither sure nor certain that some of the eggs have not been changed, and others put in the nest, before the fledglings can fly well, he takes them up into the air towards the beams and the radiance of the sun when it shines brightly. The one that can look steadily at the rays of the sun, it loves and cherishes dearly, and the one that has not the strength to gaze upon its splendour, it abandons as a bastard, and never more concerns itself about it. The eagle, which thus rejuvenates itself, sets us a good and beautiful example, for in like manner must labour the man, be he Pagan or Jew or Christian, who would renew his old garment. When the eye of his soul is so dimmed that he cannot see sure salvation, then should he seek the spring which is divine and life-giving. This spring is baptism, which quickens all whom it cleanses. For this I call to witness the Gospel, in which I find it written that those who of water and of the spirit are not thus cleansed, are not re-born or made pure, and can in no way enter the heavenly kingdom. He who is baptised in this clear spring in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, surely, without gainsaying, can see and look upon the true sun, which shines clearly. This sun is Jesus Christ, the gentle and the godly one. He who puts his trust in him is renewed by looking on him, just as is the bird who fixes his eyes on the other sun, which holds all the elements in their place, and which created all this world and all things that are.

Allusions to the tradition of the unflinching gaze of the eagle upon the sun are constantly to be met with in mediæval literature, and are employed in various ways to make them fit into the manifold circumstances of life; but the only instance which will be recalled here is that in which Dante, about to enter the first Heaven, sees Beatrice gazing upon the sun, and exclaims, 'Never did eagle so fix himself thereon' (*'Aquila si non gli s'affisse unquanco'*), and, having himself so lately faced the fiery ordeal of Purgatory, the final cleansing by fire that was to fit him for Paradise, he adds, 'and I fixed mine eyes upon the sun, transcending our wont' (*'e fiasi gli occhi al sole oltre a nostr' uso'*).

Perhaps the most dramatic of all the traditions to be found in this bestiary is the story of the whale, whose sudden plunge, with

its human freight, into the depths of the ocean, still sends a thrill of horror through the mind.

To-day I will recount to you a great wonder of the deep. There is a marvellous monster, very knavish and very dangerous. It is called *Cetus* in Latin, and is a bad neighbour to mariners. The top of its back resembles sand. When it raises itself slowly in the sea, those who must needs sail by verily believe it to be an island, but hope deceives them. On account of its size, they make for it for refuge; and because of the tempest by which they are driven, they think themselves to be in a safe place, and throw out their anchors and their bridge, kindle a fire, and cook their food, and in order to make fast their ship, they drive a large stake into the sand, which seems to them to be land. Then they kindle a fire, I pledge you my faith. And when the monster feels the heat of the fire which burns on its back, forthwith it plunges, with great suddenness down into the depths of the sea, and makes the ship to sink with it, and all the crew to perish. In like manner are deceived the wretched, miserable unbelievers who put their trust in the Devil, and who, when their captive soul is sad, indulge in dalliance and tarrying, which sin inclines to. At the moment when they least expect it, comes the cursed one, whom may a terrible fire consume. When he feels that they are clinging closely to him, suddenly he plunges with them straight down to the nethermost hell. Of a certainty those who go thither perish.

In this graphic piece of word-painting, the whale represents the Devil, and the sea the world. The sand on the back of the whale is the riches of this world, the ship is the body, which should be under the control of its steersman, the soul. Thus the Devil allures man to his ruin; for when he puts his whole trust in the pleasures of this world, suddenly, and without warning, the Devil drags him down to destruction.

Although so far we have only considered beasts in their connection with the teaching of the Church, passing allusion must be made to the other rôles in which they played a part in the sculptured details of the Christian temple, where they are constantly to be met with as grotesques—either as grotesques pure and simple, or as forms of satire. It was the encroachment of the beast-image within the sacred precincts that brought down anathemas upon all imagery from St. Bernard, who, when he founded the Cistercian Order, allowed no sculptured representations either within or without the sanctuary. St. Bernard was the incarnation of the religious enthusiast and the political agitator, and withal a twelfth-century puritan. With his despotic intellect and his despotic will, he, in his zeal, like the Puritan of later times, could find no place for the weaknesses of human nature, notwithstanding the fact that the Church had always upheld the use of imagery to assist, as said a kindly Bishop of Auxerre in the twelfth-century, 'those who were likely to be distracted by vanity or weariness.'

As a rule, the word 'grotesque' conveys to the mind the idea of something abnormal and whimsical; but Ruskin, in *The Stones of Venice*, has given us the key to its interpretation when he tells us that 'in true grotesque we shall find the evidence of deep insight



into nature.' It is only by ourselves having, in some measure, this deep insight into nature, that we can in any wise appreciate the spirit of the grotesque; for the essence of things is always veiled rather than outwardly expressed, just as the spirit of the universe is concealed beneath outward appearances. Consider the gargoyles on cathedral or church—strange, unearthly creations for the most part, petrified, as it were, for centuries 'twixt heaven and earth. How ludicrous some, how terrible others! And yet, when we examine them, how full of hidden meaning we find many of them to be! What a depth of insight into nature must many a nameless stoneworker who chiselled these monsters have possessed!

But, passing within the cathedral or church, we there find the grotesque lurking in out-of-the-way corners under the subtler guise of satire. Perceiving how skilfully animal symbolism could be adjusted to, and used for enforcing, the Church's dogmatic teaching, the artist further conceived the idea of using the beast-image, under various forms, to satirise the evils of the time, whether ecclesiastical or feudal, although much that might be taken for conscious satire was often the mere unconscious adaptation, for the sake of their decorative qualities, of oft-repeated motives, used in the spirit of the early Italian painter who decked his Madonnas' gowns with broideries of Arabic characters, or the semblance of such.

The beast-image, like the beast-fable, is one of the oldest forms of satire used to point a moral or to condemn a wrong, and was suited to times when such truths could not with safety be too openly demonstrated. It is this expression of satire, this veiled manifestation of the undercurrent of thought, which was the dominant note of the age, and which gives us the real clue to a right understanding of the spirit of the time, and of all that was to emanate from it. Satire, thus expressed in architecture, as well as in many other ways, was one of the earliest signs of a movement at once subtle, gradual, and varied. Progress in social life is the result of two contrary forces—enthusiasm and criticism—the one positive, the other negative; the one elevating ideas and beliefs, sometimes abnormally, the other undermining and wearing away all that is useless, overwrought, and extravagant in these ideas and beliefs. Satire, as a form of criticism, is a negative force. It does not create—rather it disintegrates, but, whilst disintegrating, it transforms and renews. The effect of criticism in the social world may be compared to some chemical process in the natural world, where matter, no longer serving its purpose under one form, is released in order that it may be recombined into something suited to other conditions. It is the satirical, critical spirit of the Middle Ages, the disintegrating force which exposed ideas and superstitions no longer in harmony with awakening desires and aspirations, which was one of the factors that made the Renaissance possible.

ALICE KEMP-WELCH.

*LAST MONTH*

THE result of the papal conclave was, as has so often been the case, a surprise. The members of the conclave were walled up in the Vatican on the 31st of July, to consider in profound secrecy the election of a successor to Leo the Thirteenth. The old Italian proverb which declares that many Popes go into the conclave, though only one issues from it, was once more verified. When the deliberations of the Cardinals began, there were no fewer than twenty names mentioned as those of the possible new Pope, that of Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State to Pope Leo, being that which seemed to be in highest favour. But when the result of the conclave was made known, it was Cardinal Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice, whose name was announced to the crowd gathered in front of St. Peter's as that of the new Pope. The struggle in the Sistine Chapel had been prolonged and severe; but Rampolla's chances were effectually destroyed by the action of Austria, which, if it did not impose a positive veto upon his election, impressed upon the members of the conclave its strong objection to him. In these circumstances, the Cardinals following time-honoured precedent, sought out a member of the college against whom no political objection could be raised, and whose personal character was such as to commend him to all parties. They found such a man in Cardinal Sarto, the record of whose life as priest, bishop, and deacon was without reproach. Cardinal Sarto, unlike many of his predecessors, had literally risen from the ranks. He is a man of very humble birth, and it may be conceded at once that he owes his election to the Supreme Pontificate entirely to his own virtues and the good work he has accomplished during his career in the Church. He has a reputation for being liberal-minded and conciliatory in disposition; but he makes no pretensions to being either a scholar, like Leo, or a statesman, like Pius the Ninth. One of the most satisfactory features of the conclave was the evident desire of the majority of the Cardinals to secure a spiritual, rather than a political, head for their Church. Many of them seem to have given open expression to their desire for the establishment of improved relations with the Italian Government. Whether the new Pope, who has taken the title of Pius the Tenth,

will make it his business to secure such an improvement, is still doubtful. The evidence that is forthcoming so far does not seem to suggest that he has the force of character which will make him a great Pope, or enable him to bring about any revolutionary change in the policy of the Vatican. That he is a man of rare modesty and amiability seems certain. His election took place in spite of his own strong protests against his elevation to an office for which he felt himself to be unfitted, and since his coronation he has shown a striking distaste for the ceremonial splendours of the pontificate. He had an opportunity, if he had chosen to avail himself of it, on the very day of his election of showing that he was opposed to the policy of the last two Popes. When he was conducted to St. Peter's to bless the people, he might, if he had so willed, have given his benediction from the balcony which faces the great Piazza and the city of Rome. If he had done so, the world would have known at once that the legend of the prisoner of the Vatican was at an end, and that the new Pope meant to inaugurate a new era in the relations of the Papacy and the Government of Italy. Perhaps it would have been too much to expect that a man suddenly raised to such a height should assert his independence so early. At all events, the Pontiff declined the invitation which is said to have been addressed to him to give the papal benediction in public, and, following in the footsteps of his immediate predecessor, turned to the balcony looking upon the interior of St. Peter's and gave his blessing there. Since then he has had more than one opportunity of showing that he is prepared to change the policy of the Vatican. But he has availed himself of none, and so far it seems as though there will be no material alteration in the condition of things that has prevailed since 1870. On the other hand, it is to be noticed that Cardinal Sarto's election has been hailed with satisfaction by every European Government; whilst he himself seems to be sincerely desirous that his pontificate may be one of peace, in which the Church will have an interval of rest from the political intrigues which have so long absorbed the attention of its illustrious rulers. Popes have so often in the past disappointed the expectations formed at the time of their election, that it would be rash to take too sanguine a view of the possibilities of the new pontificate; but at least it may be said without exaggeration that Pius the Tenth begins his reign with the hearty good-will not only of his own Church, but of the world at large.

King Edward's visit to Ireland came to an end early in August. Its success surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine, and there is nothing extravagant in the hope that it heralds the approach of a happier era in the history of the relations of that country with the other portions of the United Kingdom. His Majesty did not confine his tour to the capital and the great business cities of the

North. He visited the wilds of Connemara, the deserted streets of Galway, and even the town that but lately rejoiced in the name of 'rebel Cork.' Everywhere he was received with a welcome as hearty as it was unaffected. It would be unfair to seek to import into this welcome a more decided political meaning than the Irish themselves were willing to give to it. They were true to their native instincts, and received with genuine friendliness the visitor who came to them as a friend. But even if this were all that the welcome meant, it was a demonstration of the fact that a distinct change has come over the spirit of the Irish people. If they still resent the idea of the domination of an English Government in Ireland, they have at least proved that they recognise King Edward as being their King as well as the King of Great Britain. Of the admirable tact which characterised all the sayings and doings of his Majesty during his journey it is unnecessary to say much. From first to last he said no word that could possibly give offence even to the most sensitive; yet he never allowed his kingly dignity to be lowered for the mere sake of winning a fleeting popularity. In the message which he addressed to his Irish people after his visit, he gave expression to his hopes that a new era was being opened up for them—an era of commercial and industrial prosperity, and of a wider use of the powers of local government with which they are now entrusted. One may hope that his Majesty's expectations will not be disappointed, and that his words will move the people of Ireland to take into their own hands that work of social and industrial improvement which has so long been left to a chosen few amongst them. In this connection it may be noted that before the King left Ireland he sent for Mr. Horace Plunkett—to whom more than to any other man the new spirit with which Irishmen are dealing with their own affairs is due—and conferred upon him a Knight Commandership of the Victorian Order. Mr. Plunkett has for years past been labouring with unremitting zeal in the endeavour to bring together the different sections of the Irish people, not upon any political platform, but in the work of social and industrial reform. The honour bestowed upon him by the King has been hailed with pleasure by every true friend of the country. \*

The remarkable success of the Irish visit has emphasised the feeling that in King Edward the nation possesses one of its most valuable assets. Nobody else, it is certain, could have done what he did during his twelve days in Ireland, and it is doubtful if any other man could have accomplished any task of this character with such unflinching grace and tact. His journey seems to have made a deep impression abroad, where the belief has long been current that England and Ireland are hopelessly estranged. One enthusiastic French publicist in discussing the visit, and connecting it with

President Loubet's journey to London, declared that the King had earned the title of 'Edward the Peace-maker.' No nobler tribute could be paid to any monarch. After the fatigues of the Irish tour, his Majesty has been spending some weeks at Marienbad, and there the popularity which he has gained was displayed in a somewhat embarrassing way. He was literally mobbed whenever he appeared in public during the first days of his stay in Marienbad by a crowd anxious to see him. Happily an appeal by the authorities to the visitors has put an end to a demonstration which, however flattering, was decidedly unwelcome to his Majesty himself.

Nothing can wholly divert the attention of the people of this country from their domestic affairs, the interest of which is now so great; but during the past month it has been the condition of politics abroad that has chiefly engaged the attention of politicians. The state of affairs in Macedonia, which for months past has been threatening, has now become distinctly dangerous. The insurrectionary movements on the part of the Macedonians, and the outrages of which the insurgents have been guilty, have exasperated the Turkish inhabitants of the province, who have no thought of the long-continued provocation which they have themselves given to their assailants. Many sanguinary encounters have taken place with varying results, and on both sides it is becoming more and more difficult for the authorities to restrain the active conspirators, who are burning with the desire to take each other by the throat. So long as the Great Powers could be restricted to the position of impartial onlookers there was still reason to hope that the agitation might be 'damped down,' and that, at least for the present, a crisis might be averted. But the murder of M. Rostkowski, the Russian Consul at Monastir, has changed the situation, and has made it much more serious. The unfortunate official had the courage to demand an explanation from a Turkish sentinel who had failed to salute him, and the man instantly shot him dead, his act being witnessed by a fellow-soldier, who made no attempt to prevent it. The crime was as gross and inexcusable as could well be imagined, and its gravity as an outrage upon the diplomatic representative of a Great Power could hardly be exaggerated. No more miserable mischance could have happened. Russia, of course, lost no time in turning to account the outrage of which her official had been the victim. But even before she could formulate her demands for satisfaction the Sultan took action in order to avert her just wrath. He sent his own son to the Russian Embassy at Constantinople to express his grief at what had happened, and, what was still more striking, he had M. Rostkowski's assassin and his accomplice promptly tried and executed. Whether these unprecedented efforts to appease the anger of St. Petersburg will be successful is not known at the moment at which I write. That they should have been made at all is significant of the alarm which Abdul

Hamid feels at his present situation. Too well he knows that in his long reign of criminal selfishness he has alienated every friend he ever had, and that he now stands alone, faced by subjects who detest him, and by nationalities which regard him as their merciless oppressor. That he should have had the courage to execute two of his co-religionists for killing a Christian proves the reality of his present fears. By this act he has bitterly incensed the troops upon whom he relies to defend his authority in European Turkey, whilst he can hardly believe that his prompt submission will entirely avert the anger of the Czar. The first step taken by the Russian Government in order to impress upon the Sultan a full sense of the gravity of his position has been the despatch of a squadron of the Black Sea fleet from Sebastopol to Turkish waters. It is a striking demonstration, and one that pleases neither Turkey nor Austria. But it was clearly demanded by the exceptional gravity of the outrage which Russia had to avenge. One may go further, and say that if the murder of M. Rostkowski were to lead Russia to take an honest and unselfish interest in the fate of the Macedonians, it would not prove in the end to have been an unmitigated evil. It is too soon to decide whether the Government of the Czar will turn the assassination of the Consul to advantage in the interests of the policy of Russia. What one would fain hope is that the rest of Europe would follow the lead of St. Petersburg, and that such combined pressure might be brought to bear upon the Sultan as to compel him to give the Macedonians the reforms they have so long demanded in vain. But as the late Lord Derby once remarked, there is always a great deal of loose gunpowder scattered about in that part of the world, and no one can pretend to say what may be the outcome of a situation of very great gravity.

For the moment it looks as though the hands of Russia were full enough even without this Macedonian question. In various directions during the past month her statesmen have been steadily pushing forward in support of a policy which can only be described as one of aggression. They have not allowed the question of the Persian Gulf and of Russian rivalry with England in the attempt to secure the trade of a vast district to sleep, and their journals are boasting of the way in which British diplomacy has been jockeyed by the Czar's Ministers. In Korea they have succeeded in wringing from the King a concession which has given them an actual foothold in his territory, to the great anger and disgust of the Japanese; whilst in Manchuria their policy of deliberate aggression has been carried further than it ever went before. The meeting of Russian statesmen and experts at Port Arthur has borne fruit in the announcement that Vice-Admiral Alexieff has been made Viceroy of the Amur and Kwantung territories, which are to be concentrated under his rule, whilst any idea of the evacuation of Manchuria seems to be further

off than ever. Slowly, with infinite pains and a most dexterous manipulation of all the weapons of diplomacy, Russia is advancing towards her desired end in the Far East, and the other Powers seem wholly unable to stay her triumphant march. Once during the month there was an attempt to create a panic. Japan, it was declared, had addressed an ultimatum to Russia and war was imminent. The story was soon found to be without foundation. Japan has no more desire to tackle Russia single-handed than has any other Power. Here as in the Near East men look to concerted action on the part of the Powers to avert the danger raised by Russia's all-consuming ambition. It is encouraging to note that the Cabinet at Washington has succeeded where the Cabinet in Downing Street has failed, and that a commercial treaty which provides for the maintenance of the open door is on the point of being signed by China and the United States.

In the meantime, whilst Russia is showing so much of restless activity in connection with questions of foreign policy, her own domestic affairs are by no means flourishing. Despite all her efforts to prevent the truth from leaking out, it has become known that labour disturbances of the most serious character have broken out in different parts of the Empire, and that in the district of Baku, in particular, the disorder has almost led to a state of civil war. It is now said that the disturbances have been quelled and that order once more reigns, not only at Baku, but in other parts of the Czar's dominions. It may be so, but it is at least certain that the Russian Government has enough, and more than enough, to occupy its attention without having to concern itself with the troubled politics of the Far East. Unfortunately domestic troubles have never stayed the hands of the resolute men who carry on the traditions of the foreign policy of the country, and labour disturbances at Baku, however serious they may be, are not likely to affect the steady advance of Russia towards her desired goal. Without being alarmist, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the position of affairs abroad, both in Eastern Europe and in Asia, is the reverse of satisfactory, and that it is Russia which for the moment plays the most important and menacing part on both continents.

Parliament was prorogued on the 14th of August, after a session very different in character from that which was anticipated when the legislative year began. In February the last thing that men expected was that before the Session came to an end the triumphant Unionist majority would be threatened with defeat and disruption, not from the action of its opponents, but from internal dissensions of the most serious kind. At the beginning of the year, though it was generally recognised that Ministers were losing their hold upon the country, and that they had to reckon with the strenuous opposition of a small but active body of men sitting on their own side of the House, nobody thought that a catastrophe was in sight. Unionists referred

complacently to the weakness of the Opposition, and harped upon the old theme that no alternative Government was possible. Mr. Chamberlain was still in South Africa, where his mission had succeeded so well that his personal *prestige* and influence had been wonderfully increased. It was true that the Government scheme of army reform had been riddled by hostile criticism from the Ministerial benches, that the public expenditure had reached a point which caused universal alarm, and that the Education Act had aroused a degree of bitterness among the Nonconformists that boded ill for Ministers when they had to face a General Election. But those who recognised the turn of the tide which had brought the Government to that 'down-grade' that sooner or later awaits even the strongest of Administrations took courage from the thought that Mr. Chamberlain would soon be in his place once more, and that when he arrived all would again be well. No one foresaw that the Colonial Secretary was to be the agent destined to bring about a change in the political situation which, whatever its other results may be, cannot fail to be disastrous to the party of which he is so prominent a member. From the moment when he made his speech at Birmingham and invited the country to reconsider its position with regard to free trade and the policy to which it had held so firmly for sixty years, the position of affairs in the political world was absolutely changed. The close of the Session saw Unionist members wandering disconsolately about the lobbies, uncertain as to whether the present Parliament would ever meet again, and uncertain in the case of the majority as to their own part in the great conflict which had so suddenly been forced upon them. At no time within the memory of living men has a Session closed under circumstances so confused and perplexing. At its very close Mr. Balfour was challenged by one of his own supporters to say whether this Parliament would ever again be called together, and in spite of the challenge he maintained an absolute silence.

So far as the last weeks of the Session were concerned they did not a little to redeem the wasted months that had preceded them. In May it seemed to the political experts that it would be hopeless to attempt to carry the Irish Land Bill and the London Education Bill within the ordinary limits of the Session, and as there were good reasons why no autumn Session should be held, it appeared that these measures were lost. Yet during last month both were placed upon the Statute Book. With regard to the London Education Bill, it need hardly be said that it was ultimately passed in a very different form from that which it wore when it was introduced. It is not a satisfactory measure even now, and it is one which the Liberal party and anti-clericals are sworn to oppose; but at least it is not the preposterous and reactionary scheme which Sir William Anson brought forward earlier in the Session. It has completed the Government



scheme of national education, and it has provided the Liberal party with a battle cry which it is certain to use with effect in the struggle of the General Election, no matter what may be the fate of the tariff proposals of the Colonial Secretary. The Liberal leaders have already indicated that they will not allow any other question, however important it may be, to divert their attention from the education policy of ministers. If they were to take any other course they would simply bring about the disruption of their own party. Education is not in itself a popular theme with the electors, and it is probable that the majority of the working classes do not care very much about the present education question. But those who do care about it care with their whole hearts. The Nonconformists, so long a power in the political world, have been roused from the apathy into which they fell after Mr. Gladstone's introduction of his Home Rule measures, and are once more displaying the spirit which enabled them to win so many victories in the past, and which gave the old Liberal party so long a lease of power. The objections to the policy of passive resistance are obvious and strong. Even the most ardent supporters of that policy will hardly deny Mr. Balfour's statement that the position of those who maintain it is not a logical one. But men in the thick of a great fight, in which not only their political convictions but all their most passionate personal beliefs are involved, do not pause to consider questions of logic. It is enough for the Nonconformists to believe that the Education Bill strikes at the principle of religious equality, makes dangerous concessions to the clerical party, and is distinctly unfair to a large section of the community, to make them take the field against it with a fixed determination to conquer in the fight. And the weapon which they use is upon the whole the most formidable that any controversialist can employ. It is the weapon which lies ready to the hand of any man who is not afraid to suffer personal injury and humiliation rather than submit to what he conceives to be a great wrong. A few months ago most people were inclined to smile at the policy of passive resistance. They did not believe that it would be adopted by any considerable number of persons. They thought that it would die under the ridicule of the world. But during the past month we have seen the policy of passive resistance in full play, and few are now inclined to laugh at it. In scores of towns and villages in all parts of the country men who have hitherto led blameless lives, who have been avowedly among the most law-abiding of citizens, have had to answer in police-courts for their defiance of the law. Practically in every case they have had to submit to a distraint upon their goods, and public auctions of the articles seized have followed, each auction being turned into a demonstration in favour of the advocates of passive resistance. Let us grant, if we please, that these men have assumed an illogical position. It is

none the less a position so formidable that no Government can safely ignore it. Wherever the law has been put into force, and the goods of those who honestly believe that the Education Act violates their consciences have been seized, there the opposition to the policy of the Ministry has been intensified tenfold. The Liberal party is pledged to bring about such a change in the Education Acts of the past two Sessions as will remove from them the provisions most offensive to the Nonconformists of England. The passing of the London Education Bill during last month has not, therefore, settled the Education controversy.

It may be hoped that a happier fate is in store for the other great measure—the Irish Land Bill—which was placed upon the Statute Book in the closing days of the Session. Yet, apart from the votes which it secured in both Houses of Parliament, never had any Bill so curious a history as this. Avowedly a compromise between the tenants and landlords of Ireland, it has given complete satisfaction to neither party. That is what might naturally have been expected, and does not in itself furnish any argument against the measure. But it is notorious that the proposals of the Government, though triumphantly carried by the votes of members of both political parties, were regarded with almost universal apprehension and dislike. Some of the strongest objections to the measure were based upon the fact that its benefits, though conferred by the nation as a whole, were confined to a limited class. Men asked why the descendants of the present race of tenants in Ireland should become absolute owners of land which was enfranchised by the free use of the resources and credit of the whole nation; and it is difficult to find any answer to this question. Again, they asked why the mere labouring population should be excluded from the benefits which the farmers were to enjoy; and, finally, the condition of the cottiers and crofters of the Scotch Highlands was brought into contrast with that of their fellow-tenants in Ireland, and a reason demanded for the refusal of Parliament to consider their claims to help. But strong as were the objections to the measure, it was carried through both Houses of Parliament by those who felt that it was, in any case, desirable to make a final attempt to put an end to the prolonged land war in Ireland, and to secure for a country, which had suffered so much in the past from English legislation, the blessings of peace. The measure represents a great and costly experiment, one, too, that is not wholly free from danger and that may make other measures, still more revolutionary in their character, necessary. But it represents also that new spirit of conciliation which is happily entering into the Irish policy of this country. Therefore men are inclined to accept it, and, with all its faults, to bless it and pray for its success. To old Gladstonians it must be specially grateful, seeing that in its main features it develops the policy of

that illustrious man. During last month it had to pass through some critical stages when the House of Lords sought to bring it into more complete harmony with the traditional rights of landlordism. But, on the whole, both the landlords and the representatives of the Irish people acted with moderation, and so, to the surprise of not a few, this strange measure has become law.

It was neither the London Education Bill nor the Irish Land Bill, however, which seemed to excite most interest in Parliament during last month. Indeed, it may be said that the interest taken in these measures was languid in comparison with that which attended the passage of the Motor Bill through the two Houses. On this subject questions of high policy were at a discount, and, in the House of Commons more particularly, men spoke as simple citizens rather than as political representatives. For once even the present Ministry could not count upon a majority in the division lobby, and it had to yield without reserve to the pressure put upon it by its own followers equally with the Opposition. The truth is that the selfish recklessness with which a certain number of motorists have taken their pleasure, without regard for the safety of the public, has aroused an almost passionate indignation among ordinary people. It may be granted that the majority of those who use motor-cars are not yahoos bent upon exterminating any of their fellow-creatures who venture to use the public highways of the land at the same time as themselves. But the virtuous have usually to suffer for the sins of the wicked, and Parliament in dealing with the Bill for regulating the use of motor cars very quickly made it apparent that it was in a mood to carry drastic measures of restraint, without much care as to the consequences even to innocent persons. It is long since so much heat has been developed in debate, or there has been such a display of almost truculent independence on the part of private members. The general effect of the new measure is to impose a speed-limit of twenty miles an hour upon all motor cars, even when travelling in unfrequented districts. Severe penalties are imposed for any disobedience to the orders of the police; drivers must be licensed, and owners of cars must share with drivers the responsibility for their actions. It remains to be seen whether these measures will effectually stop dangerous driving and restore our highways to the old conditions of peace and safety. The imposition of a speed-limit, and especially of such a limit as twenty miles an hour, was strenuously opposed by those who urged that it would really increase the danger of the public; but Parliament refused to listen to this plea, and absolutely declined to accept Mr. Long's suggestion that the maximum speed should be twenty-five miles an hour. In short it legislated, as even the British House of Commons has sometimes done, in a panic and a passion; and though it is impossible to deny that its indignation

against the reckless motorists was well founded, it is rather difficult to say how far the new Act may require amendment in the not distant future. The Sugar Convention Bill was another topic on which the House in the last days of the Session waxed hot. Here Free Traders and Fair Traders met on novel ground. The vexed question of the sugar bounties is one that has been in dispute so long that the present generation hardly seems able to discuss it upon its merits. The discussion in Parliament was vigorous and excited, and shrewd blows were dealt at the Government measure by the small knot of Liberals who opposed it. But out of doors only a languid interest was taken in the scheme, and, in spite of the protests of Mr. Bryce and his colleagues, the measure was passed without difficulty.

Amid the discursive debates on all manner of subjects with which the Session in accordance with time-honoured custom was wound up, there was one question that, so far as the House of Commons was concerned, was absolutely tabooed. This was the question of Mr. Chamberlain's tariff proposals. I have spoken already of the extraordinary change which the Colonial Secretary's announcement of his new policy has brought about in the political situation. It is, to say the least, a change as great as that which was wrought when Mr. Gladstone became a convert to Home Rule. The future of political parties in this country depends largely upon the way in which the proposal to tax food in the interests of Imperial unity is received by the nation, and there is hardly a member of the House of Commons who has not a deep personal interest in it. In these circumstances it seems strange that the only place where no discussion on the absorbing topic was permitted was in the House of Commons itself. The stubborn refusal of Mr. Balfour to allow any discussion of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals seemed to indicate a certain fear on his own part as to the results of such a discussion. His friends, it is true, declared that in putting his veto upon any attempt to debate the Birmingham proposals he was merely striving to avert for as long a period as possible the inevitable rupture in his own party. This, from the party point of view, was no doubt a good defence of his action. But it is easy to understand the impatience of the ordinary members under an ordinance which deprived them of the right of free speech which they are accustomed to exercise, and their resentment at the refusal of the Speaker to allow the forbidden topic to be approached even in the free-and-easy debate on the Appropriation Bill. Upon that Bill members have been accustomed for many years past to talk at large upon any subject they desired to discuss. But this year the Speaker put his foot down, and, despite the appeals and protests of some of the leading members of the Opposition, would not allow the question of the tariff to be touched. It was a curious anomaly arising from the still

greater anomaly under which a member of the Cabinet has been allowed to make a public declaration of policy upon a question regarding which the Cabinet is hopelessly divided.

But, if the House of Commons was muzzled, out of doors men of all parties were free to speak as they chose, and both in speech and writing politicians of all sections availed themselves of the liberty they enjoyed. The inquiry which is to enlighten the minds of the members of the Cabinet is still in progress. Some of its results have already been laid before the public, and so far it does not seem that the advocates of a sweeping change in our fiscal policy can derive much comfort from them. We must, however, wait until the inquiry is complete before we can say whether it is to bless or to damn the proposals of the Colonial Secretary. He himself has taken only a small part in the public discussion, but his intervention in it has not been without significance. He has issued an emphatic denial of the statement that he has at any time proposed a tax upon raw materials, other than bread-stuffs. To the bread tax, in spite of the appeals addressed to him by some of his friends, he still adheres; but he expresses his belief that nothing that he has proposed will increase the cost of living in any household. On the other hand, he has retreated from the position he took up when he suggested that a tax upon food would enable him to provide old age pensions for the poor. How he hopes to satisfy the Australian Colonies by taxing wheat whilst refusing to tax wool he has not yet explained. His policy, indeed, is still left undefined on many most important points, and we are still asked to wait in patience until the end of September is reached, and with it the fateful meeting of the Cabinet that is to decide not only the fate of the Government but the precise question upon which the coming appeal to the country is to be made. Upon the whole it would seem from the history of the past month that the proposal to tax bread has met with but little acceptance among the public at large. Mr. Chamberlain is, however, a man of many resources, and we must wait until he has defined his proposals and placed his whole policy before the country, before we can speak with confidence of the fate which awaits him.

One question of interest, closely affecting Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army organisation, was dealt with in the House of Commons on the very eve of the prorogation. This was the proposal to charge a large proportion of the cost of the increased army in South Africa upon the revenues of India. Ministers had much to say in defence of this proposal, the gist of their argument being that the additional men in South Africa would be held as a reserve for the Indian Army. But from the first the idea of making India pay for troops in South Africa did not commend itself to the House of Commons or the country, and the vigorous protests of Lord Curzon, backed up by Lord Kitchener,

compelled the Government to abandon a scheme which it would have been better not to have brought forward at all. The extension of Lord Curzon's term of office as Viceroy was a tribute to the manner in which his Excellency has discharged the duties of his high office, that seems to have met with general approval. In West Africa we have had an unexpected renewal of the war with the hostile ex-Sultan of Sokoto. An expedition composed of native troops, led by a sprinkling of white officers, attacked and captured the town of Burmi, and in the operations the ex-Sultan was one of those killed. Remembering the fact that we hold our position in Nigeria not so much by force of arms as by the strength of our prestige, no one can regret that British influence and power should have been so brilliantly vindicated; but it is to be hoped that we have now heard the last of fighting in that quarter of the world for a long time to come. The renewed Somaliland expedition is now being actively prepared, and will commence its operations during the present month. Still dealing with African affairs, the protest of the British Government, addressed to that of Belgium, on the subject of the flagrant disregard of treaty obligations by the Congo Administration, must be noted. It seems to have been the direct result of the debate in the House of Commons in which the cruelty of the Belgian methods on the great river were so freely denounced. France has been preoccupied during the month with the trial of Madame Humbert and her accomplices. To outsiders it seems strange that a case which was transparently one of crude and impudent fraud should have been allowed to absorb the attention of a great nation, and should even have been invested with political importance. It is satisfactory to know that justice has been done and that the criminals have received a punishment by no means in excess of their deserts.

The death of Lord Salisbury, though robbed of its political importance by the fact of his retirement from office, is an event which is mourned by the whole country. Whatever men might think of the ex-Premier's policy, or of his management of public affairs, there was no difference of opinion as to his fine personal qualities and his immense ability. He represented an old type of public servant, now, unhappily, almost extinct. The head of one of our great historic families, identified for centuries with the service of the State, he was absolutely above the doubts and suspicions which are apt to cluster thickly around those who are raised to prominent positions in our public life. Not even his most censorious critics ever questioned his patriotism or his personal integrity. Years ago I remember hearing Mr. Gladstone speaking of him at a time when the two were bitterly divided on the great question of the day. Mr. Gladstone had been talking of the character and career of Lord Beaconsfield, and had given utterance to his well-known opinions

with regard to that remarkable man. Someone happened to mention the name of Lord Salisbury. 'Ah,' said the Liberal leader, in a changed voice, 'he is a very different person. Lord Salisbury is a high-minded, patriotic, and most able man, for whom I have always entertained the greatest respect. We are no longer on the terms of personal intimacy on which we once were, but I shall always have the warmest regard for him.' Mr. Gladstone, of course, was not blind to Lord Salisbury's faults, the chief of which, in his opinion, was that he too often made rash speeches; but it is pleasant to quote his generous tribute to his rival's character, now that both have passed beyond the region of contention.

There was much in Lord Salisbury's early career to enlist the sympathies of his fellow-countrymen. His youth was passed amid circumstances which, in the case of a man of his social position, might fairly be described as those of poverty and hardship. As a younger son, he was left to fight his own way in the world, and his first great start in public life was gained entirely by his own efforts. It was as Lord Robert Cecil that he made his mark in the House of Commons, and those who remember him in those far-off days cannot have forgotten the strenuous and almost passionate zeal with which he fought for his principles and for the great cause with which he and his ancestors had been so closely identified. Everybody remembers how long he held aloof from Mr. Disraeli's showy policy, and how bitterly he resented the great surrender on the franchise question in 1867. I have in my mind's eye the picture of Lord Cranborne, as he then was, rising from his place below the gangway, and delving in his waistcoat pocket for the scrap of newspaper containing the famous 'Maundy Thursday' letter of Mr. Disraeli, which he read with sarcastic emphasis to the House; and I remember how for once the Tory leader grew pale with passion, and could hardly trust his voice as he answered his assailant. That is, indeed, a far-off memory. In the later years of Lord Beaconsfield's life Lord Salisbury was his most loyal and most trusted supporter, and from the days of the Berlin Congress he stood next to him in succession to the leadership. From the time when he first became Prime Minister, in 1885, he commanded the unwavering and universal loyalty of his party down to the day when the present Cabinet was reconstructed in 1900, and one heard the sarcasms that were muttered about the Hotel Cecil. He was, indeed, an ideal leader for the Conservative party. Cynic though he was, he was never unmindful of the duties which were imposed upon him by his position both in the political and social life of the nation. His chief fault in the eyes of his followers was, indeed, his complete absorption in those duties. He never mixed with the people who formed the society of his time, and was not even on speaking terms with the majority of his political friends in Parliament.

He stood aloof, an unknown and almost mysterious figure in the world in which he played so conspicuous a part. For the vulgar publicity of the newspapers he had an absolute abhorrence. Mr. Gladstone once lamented the fact that he found himself compelled by force of circumstances to live in a crystal palace in which his most trivial actions were revealed to a public always eager to satisfy its curiosity about the great. The reverse was the case with Lord Salisbury. He was almost as completely shut off from the petty gossip of the hour as a hermit in his cell. Yet when he emerged from his retirement to make one of his rare appearances on a public platform, he always impressed his hearers as a man who kept himself in close touch with all the currents of public life, and always had some fresh and original criticism to offer on the topics of the day. Much of his exceptional knowledge of the great questions of the time was undoubtedly gathered from the extensive correspondence which he kept up with his personal friends, and above all with the members of the Diplomatic Service. Nothing could have been more frank and unreserved than his letters to our Ambassadors and Ministers abroad. Here he was at his best, and not until his correspondence is published, as one may hope that in due time it will be, can his fellow-countrymen know the vigour and originality of his mind.

That he had his faults it is needless to say, though this is not a theme which need be dwelt on now. His 'blazing indiscretions' can well be forgotten in view of his genuine and exalted patriotism, his unswerving devotion to his duty as he saw it, and to the principles which were a part of his heritage. He was the last of the great Tory statesmen who have played so large a part in the history of our country; and though he, too, had to march with the times and to accommodate himself to the changed order of things, he never attempted to conceal from his friends his profound distrust of advancing democracy. His greatest error was his attempt to combine in himself the two offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. Under that double burden, undertaken from no selfish motive, his health at last broke down, and his latest years of administration were, in consequence, his least successful. Our country is sensibly the poorer for the loss of such a man, and he carries with him to the grave the unfeigned respect of all his contemporaries.

WEMYSS REID.

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*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.*



THE  
~~SUPPLEMENT~~  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY  
AND AFTER



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*THE FISCAL POLICY OF GERMANY*

DURING the present discussion of our fiscal policy Germany's economic success under a protective régime has so frequently been quoted, and has so often been quoted with insufficient knowledge of the facts of the case, that it would seem worth while to look somewhat closely into the economic history of Germany, into the economic policy which she has pursued and is still pursuing, and into the economic ideas which prevail in that country. By doing so we shall be able to understand clearly the principles on which her fiscal policy is based, we shall see how economic problems similar to our own have presented themselves to another nation, and how they have been solved, and we shall then be able to consider our own problem in the light of German experience.

The close of the Napoleonic wars left Germany devastated, impoverished, and exhausted; her commerce and her industries were

destroyed. While the whole Continent had been ravaged and ruined by incessant wars and hostile invasions British industries had flourished and prospered in internal peace. The official value of the exports of British and Irish produce had risen from 18,556,891*l.* in 1798 to no less than 42,875,996*l.* in 1815, or by more than 130 per cent., and our shipping had grown from 1,632,112 tons in 1798 to 2,601,276 tons in 1815, or by 60 per cent. After the Napoleonic wars the Continent remained utterly exhausted for a long time; its industries were shattered, its wealth had disappeared, and during the slow progress of its recuperation Great Britain conquered the commerce and industries of the world, and the exports of her produce rapidly rose from 42,875,996*l.* in 1815 to no less than 134,599,116*l.* in 1845, while our shipping increased from 2,601,276 tons in 1815 to 6,045,718 tons in 1845. The foregoing figures are taken from the old official records.

Thus it came that, towards the middle of last century, Great Britain was the merchant, manufacturer, shipper, banker, and engineer of the world and ruled supreme in the realm of business. Two-thirds of the world's shipping flew the British flag, two-thirds of the coal produced in the world was British; Great Britain had more miles of railway than the whole Continent, and produced more cotton goods and more iron than all the countries of the world together. Her coal mines were considered inexhaustible, and the coal possessed by other nations was believed to be of such inferior quality as to be almost useless for manufacturing purposes. Great Britain had therefore practically the manufacturing monopoly of the world, and the great German economist Friedrich List wrote with perfect truth in his *Zollvereinsblatt*: 'England is a world in itself, a world which is superior to the whole rest of the world in power and wealth.'

Our economists and many of our merchants thought that our economic position was so overwhelmingly strong and so unassailable that it would be impossible for other nations either to compete with us in neutral markets or to protect their own manufactures against the invasion of our industries by protective tariffs. They believed that Great Britain's industrial power was stronger than all tariff walls. During the reign of these intoxicating ideas of Great Britain's irresistible economic power Cobden proclaimed that 'Great Britain was and always would be the workshop of the world;' Great Britain threw away her fiscal weapons of defence, opened her doors wide to all nations, and introduced free trade.

While Great Britain was the undisputed mistress of the world's trade, industry, finance, and shipping Germany was a poor agricultural country. She had been impoverished by her constant wars; she had neither colonies nor good coal, nor shipping, nor even a rich soil or a climate favourable to agriculture. She was divided

into a number of petty States which were jealous of one another and which hampered one another's progress. Communications in the interior were bad, and her internal trade was obstructed and undeveloped. Besides she was burdened by militarism and she possessed but one good harbour. According to the forecast of the British free traders Germany was predestined always to remain a poor agricultural country, exactly as Great Britain was predestined always to remain a rich industrial nation.

At that time arose in Germany Friedrich List, a writer on political economy and a convinced believer in protection. He had travelled and seen the world and had lived a long time in England and the United States. Consequently he spoke with greater practical knowledge on international affairs than do the majority of political economists. His principal work, *The National System of Political Economy*, was published in 1840, and created some stir at the time of its appearance. Like Cobden's doctrine of free trade, List's system of national protection was hailed with enthusiasm by the business men of his country, but viewed by the German governments with suspicion and dislike. Embittered and disappointed by the lack of official appreciation and by the persecution of the German governments, List shot himself in 1846. After his death his system rapidly became as authoritative for German economic policy as was the system of Adam Smith for this country, and it became, and is still, the textbook of the German statesman. Consequently it will be interesting to consider some of his more important views.

At the time when Friedrich List wrote Great Britain was wealthy and powerful, while Germany was poor and weak. Consequently List endeavoured to show how Great Britain had become so wealthy and how Germany might also acquire wealth by profiting from Great Britain's example. After investigating the economic history of this country and the causes of its wealth he summed up the result of his inquiry as follows:

The English, by a system of restrictions, privileges, and encouragements, have succeeded in transplanting on to their native soil the wealth, the talents, and the spirit of enterprise of foreigners. This policy was pursued with greater or lesser, with speedier or more tardy, success just in proportion as the measures adopted were more or less judiciously adapted to the object in view, and applied and pursued with more or less energy and perseverance.

It is true that for the increase in her power and in her productive capacity England is indebted not solely to her commercial restrictions, to her protective laws, and to her commercial treaties, but in a large measure also to her conquests in science and in the arts.

How comes it that in these days one million of English operatives can perform the work of hundreds of millions? It comes from the great demand for manufactured goods which by her wise and energetic policy England has created in foreign lands, and especially in her Colonies; from the wise and powerful protection extended to her home industries; from the great rewards which by means of

her patent laws she has offered to every new discovery; and from the extraordinary facility for inland transport afforded by her public roads, canals, and railways.

England has for a long time monopolised the inventive genius of every nation. It is no more than fair that England, now that she has attained the culminating point of her industrial growth and progress, should restore again to the nations of Continental Europe a portion of those productive forces which she originally derived from them.

From these facts List draws the logical conclusion and applies it to Germany. He says:

Modern Germany, lacking a system of vigorous and united commercial policy, exposed in her home markets to competition with a foreign manufacturing power in every way superior to her own, while excluded at the same time from foreign markets by arbitrary and often capricious restrictions, is very far indeed from making that progress in industry to which she is entitled by the degrees of her culture. She cannot even maintain her previously acquired position, and is made a convenience of by that very nation, until at last the German States have resolved to secure their home markets for their own industries by the adoption of a united vigorous system of commercial policy.

We venture to assert that on the development of the German protective system depend the existence, the independence, and the future of German nationality. Only in the soil of general prosperity does the national spirit strike its roots and produce fine blossoms and rich fruits. Only from the unity of material interests does unity of purpose arise, and from both of these national power.

The position of disunited Germany in 1840 strangely resembles the position of the scattered British Empire of to-day, and if we insert in the last two paragraphs quoted the words 'British Empire' for 'Germany' List's words might easily be attributed to Mr. Chamberlain.

By a curious coincidence List wrote at the same time in Germany when Cobden and his disciples preached their gospel in Great Britain, and the British free traders, who with their universal theory and their cosmopolitan views simply ignored the existence of nations, naturally did not like to see a pronouncedly national system of political economy arise that was absolutely opposed to free-trade cosmopolitanism. Consequently List's book was vigorously attacked by free traders throughout Great Britain. The *Edinburgh Review* devoted in July 1842 an article of no less than forty-two pages to that book, in which we find expressions of contempt such as 'a pretended system,' 'his poor misconception of the doctrines which he tries to brand with the nickname of cosmopolitan economy,' 'his treatise is unworthy of notice,' 'unworthy of grave criticism,' &c. The writer of that article did, however, not confine himself to abuse, but proved to his own satisfaction that, whereas England was, and ever would remain, the workshop of the world, Germany was, and ever would remain, a poor agricultural country, and that all attempts to build up industries in Germany under the shelter of protection were misdirected and would prove of no avail. The writer says:

The manufactures in which our author exults are an evil to Germany. The labour and capital which that country has expended upon them have been forced from more profitable employments.

The *Edinburgh Review* sapiently concludes :

In Continental countries they naturally reason thus: 'England has protected her manufactures—England is rich; if we protect our manufactures we shall be as rich as she is.' They forget that England has unrivalled natural capacities for manufacturing and commercial industry, and that no country with capacities distinctly inferior can ascend to an equal prosperity by any policy whatever.

The tone of conscious superiority and the confident prediction as to England's everlasting industrial supremacy and as to the hopeless case of the protectionist countries, which were characteristic for all our free traders, seem somewhat out of place in the light of subsequent events.

We have now heard the voice of the English and of the German prophet of sixty years ago. Since that time Germany has had about half a century of almost uninterrupted protection, and Great Britain has had about half a century of almost uninterrupted free trade. Germany, which was then a country without experience in industry, finance, commerce, and shipping, without capital, without colonies, without good coal, with only one good harbour, a country weighed down by militarism, convulsed by three great wars and a revolution, and, according to free-trade doctrines, kept back by protection, has nevertheless become so wealthy and powerful that she competes with us in all markets and presses us hard even in our home market, that she has the swiftest ships on the ocean, that she is paramount in some of the most important industries, and that she can even afford to emulate Great Britain's fleet after having created for herself the strongest army in the world. She has been able to introduce an immense scheme of workmen's insurance against accident and old age, under which German workmen have received 120,000,000*l.* between 1885 and 1899, a scheme which, as we are told, Great Britain cannot afford, and she is calmly contemplating and preparing herself for a tariff war against this country and the United States while our free traders, who still speak of the economic paramountcy of this country, confess that they tremble at the thought that a change in our fiscal policy might lead to friction with other countries. Our free traders who formerly so loudly spoke of the irresistible commercial and industrial power of Great Britain have become humble indeed, and they tell us now that a slight tax on corn would create widespread misery and starvation in this country, while the German masses are able to stand a high duty not only on bread stuffs, but on all articles of consumption. Truly the relative position of Germany and Great Britain has changed during the last half-century!

Germany's progress under protection has been steady, continuous, and rapid. Between 1850 and 1900 Germany's production

of iron has risen sixtyfold, her consumption of cotton twentyfold, and her savings-banks deposits sixtyfold. Her population has more than double the amount of savings in the savings banks which is to be found in the British savings banks. Fifty years ago the average wages of British workmen were, according to List, 18s. a week, or four times higher than the average wages of the German workman. Now German wages and British wages are almost equally high in many instances, and German wages have risen fourfold in many trades. Considering that living is much cheaper in Germany than here, the German workman is much better off than the British workman. From a poor debtor country Germany has become a rich creditor country. Formerly she had to borrow money in foreign countries and on onerous terms; in 1897-8 German capital invested abroad was officially estimated at about 1,000,000,000*l.*, giving an average yearly yield of about 60,000,000*l.* Such progress is more than rapid, it is marvellous for a naturally poor country, and when we compare that rapid progress with Great Britain's vaunted progress under the reign of free trade the latter would perhaps be more correctly described as stagnation if not as retrogression.

In view of Germany's triumphant economic progress the economic policy and the economic views of Germany should be of the greatest interest to the British statesman and the British public.

Free trade has never had much influence in Germany, and that is only natural, for free trade has never flourished in a struggling country. Free trade is an excellent policy for industries of irresistible strength. When the producer feels assured that he can always easily sell his produce he can afford to devote his whole attention to the interests of the consumer. Therefore it comes that those parts which are so greatly favoured by nature that they feel assured of a free market for their produce are always in favour of free trade, while struggling industrial parts are always in favour of protection. In France the Gironde with its matchless wines is in favour of free trade, and the great free trader Bastiat hailed from that district. In the United States the cotton belt and the wheat districts are for free trade, while the industrial parts are for protection. In Germany, where neither nature nor art had given to any industry an overwhelming power, the idea of free trade has never taken hold of the country or of any part of it. Jhering, the greatest German jurist of his time, expressed very happily the ideas of the leading circles in Germany on free trade when he wittily said: 'It is a matter of course that the wolves demand freedom of action for themselves, but if the sheep raise the same demand it only proves that they are sheep.' The demand for free trade arose in Great Britain from the cotton industry, and List was not slow in pointing out the real cause of that demand. In his weekly paper, the

*Zukunftsblick*, he drew attention to the fact that England was practically the only cotton manufacturer in the world, that the British cotton industry was by far the most powerful exporting industry in the world, and that the demand of the British cotton manufacturers for free trade was as natural as it was for the other countries to resist that demand.

A certain number of free traders existed in Germany, such as Prince-Smith, Wiss, Ascher, Michaelis, Wirth, Hübner, Soetbeer, Braun, Bamberger, Böhmert, Emminghaus, Lammers, Meyer, Eras, Wolff, and others. These men were mostly professors, journalists, and authors, and were therefore never considered in their country as the spokesmen of the productive industries. It is interesting to note that the chief representative of free trade and the man who introduced free trade into Germany was Prince-Smith, an Englishman and by profession an author. In merchant and banking circles, especially in Hamburg, free trade found naturally more support, for the purely distributive business of the merchant and the banker is greatly hampered by irksome and often vexatious customs regulations. Besides it is immaterial to merchants and bankers whether they trade in foreign goods and bills or in domestic ones, and unless patriotism is stronger than business instinct these two classes always incline to free trade. In consideration of these circumstances their pleadings were ignored, and the German Government made up its mind to look chiefly after the interests of the productive industries, which were considered to be the only basis of a nation's wealth.

Bismarck, when referring in the Reichstag to the German free traders, significantly said, 'They do not sow, neither do they spin. Nevertheless they are clothed and fed;' and he delighted in describing them as people who pore all day long in their study over books and papers and who are perfectly unacquainted with practical life. His practical mind observed that the men who in later years directed the commercial policy of Great Britain were clergymen, like Adam Smith, Malthus, and John Stuart Mill, that Ricardo was a stockbroker, that Cobden went bankrupt, that Bright was a cotton manufacturer, and therefore personally interested in the establishment of free trade, and that Villiers was a lawyer. In private conversation his derision of these men knew no bounds. Nevertheless his standing instructions were that his unflattering remarks on these men and on 'Professor' Gladstone should not get into the papers. According to his opinion free trade in England was a most excellent thing—for Germany—and he did not like to see that happy state of affairs altered. Therefore he wished neither to see the free traders of Great Britain, whose rule was such a blessing to his country, attacked by the German press nor Great Britain's belief in the panacea of free trade shaken. Nevertheless when the German free

traders became too loud in their praise of British free trade, of which they had no practical knowledge, he had a pamphlet written on the Cobden Club by Lothar Bucher, his confidential assistant, in which he declared, 'The Manchester free-trade agitation is the most colossal and the most audacious campaign of political and economic deception which the world has ever seen.'

While some of the minor political economists of Germany were free traders, Wilhelm Roscher, Germany's greatest political economist, considered free trade as an impracticable and unattainable ideal. He said with regard to free trade :

When the feeling that all mankind constitutes one family has abolished all political boundaries, and when universal righteousness and love have killed all national ambitions and jealousies, differences between nations will become of rare occurrence. However, arguments presupposing such a state of affairs are not admissible before it has been clearly proved that such ideal conditions exist. It is so improbable that such an ideal state will ever be created, and universal 'philanthropy' is something so suspicious, the people are so unable to develop except when they constitute a nation, that I should look at the disappearance of national jealousies with concern. Nothing contributed more to the subjection of Greece by Macedon and Rome than the cosmopolitanism of Greek philosophers.

Professor von Treitschke, the eminent historian, condemned free trade from the historian's point of view. He wrote in his *Politik* :

We have found it to be an erroneous idea that protection is only necessary for young industries. Old industries, too, require protection against foreign competition. In this respect ancient Italy teaches us a terrible lesson. If protective tariffs against Asiatic and African bread stuffs had been introduced in time, the old Italian peasantry would have been preserved and the social conditions of Italy would have remained healthy. But Roman traders could import cheap grain from Africa without hindrance, the rural industries decayed, the rural population disappeared, and the Campagna, which surrounds the capital, became a vast desert.

Professor Mommsen expresses the same view in his *Römische Geschichte*.

One of the youngest political economists, Mr. Victor Leo, a rising man who has represented the German Government on more than one occasion, says in *The Tendencies of the World's Commerce* :

Protective tariffs must continue, and a moderate increase of them cannot be considered as a misfortune. In practice it is not possible simply to drop entire industries because similar industries can produce more cheaply somewhere else. From the point of view of the world economist it is correct to insist on a division of labour which gives to every nation those industries for which it is most adapted; from the point of view of the national economist the disadvantages resulting from such a policy would be greater than the advantage to the consumer of being able to buy the article in question at a cheaper price.

The belief that free trade presupposes a universal brotherhood among the nations, and is therefore impracticable, is general in Germany. Therefore it comes that we read in the article 'Free Trade' in *Brockhaus's Encyclopedia*, which faithfully reflects the mind of the nation :



As long as mankind is divided into autonomous states possessing individual institutions, no state must expose itself to the danger, which is not only an economic but also a political and social danger, that home production should lose its independence by over-powerful foreign competition. . . . A weaker state, if it wishes to preserve an independent existence, is absolutely justified in safeguarding its imperfect means of production against foreign competition by protection.

In spite of the almost universal opposition to free trade we find that protection has not been elevated to a dogma in Germany, as free trade has been in this country. Protection is considered merely as a policy in Germany, which is well adapted to the requirements of the present time, but which, like every policy, is subject to revision and reconsideration in altered circumstances. Professor Schmoller, the distinguished lecturer at the Berlin University, says:

Protection and free trade are for me not principles, but remedies for the political and economic organism which are prescribed according to the state of the nation. A doctor who would say that he prescribed on principle to every patient *restringentia* or *laxantia* would be considered insane. However, that is the idea both of the extreme free trader and of the extreme protectionist.

Professor Biermer wrote, using a similar metaphor:

Protection and free trade, rightly considered, are not questions of principle but only remedies of political and economic therapeutics which, according to the state of the patient, have to be prescribed sometimes in big and sometimes in small doses.

Professor Roscher believed strongly in protection and in customs unions. He wrote:

The greater the extent of a territory protected by tariffs, the sooner will active competition spring up within its frontiers. Foreign markets are always uncertain. Hence all customs unions between related states are to be recommended, not only as financially, but also as economically advantageous.

The uncertainty of foreign markets and the danger to a nation which has become dependent for its very existence on foreign markets and on foreign goodwill have become a matter of the greatest concern to the statesmen and political economists of Germany. Therefore we find in that country a feverish anxiety in political circles to acquire colonial possessions and to found a Central European Customs Union, while the political economists loudly warn the country against a state of affairs in which Germany may become economically dependent on foreign nations and in which the prosperity and the very life of the country may be made the sport of its enemies. Professor Oldenberg, comparing economic Germany to a huge building, said:

When our home industries work for exportation and live on foreign countries by exchanging their produce for foreign food, the huge industrial structure of Germany branches sideways into the air and is made to rest on pillars of trade which are erected on foreign ground. But those pillars, which support our very existence, will remain standing only for so long as it pleases the owner of the ground. Some day, when he wishes to use his own land, he cuts off the pillars of

our existence from under us and thus breaks down the building which we have reared on them.

Another economist, Mr. Paul Voigt, shares the misgivings of Professor Oldenberg. He writes :

The loss of our export trade would bring starvation to the masses of German workers, and compel them to emigrate and to beg before the doors of foreign nations for work and for food. The collapse of our export trade would be the most terrible catastrophe in German history and would rank with the Thirty Years' War as a calamity. It would wipe out the German nation from the great nations of the world and might end its political existence.

The latter views have been expressed but a few years ago.

The cotton famine in Lancashire, the constantly growing dependence of Great Britain on foreign food and raw material, the numerous 'corners' in grain and cotton under which our country has suffered so much owing to the conspiracies of foreign monopolists, and the certainty that the other nations would corner our supplies at the outbreak of a great war in which we might be engaged, and that the British masses would then be starving, have made a deep and lasting impression in Germany. Therefore Germany wishes to act with foresight and tries to take her precautions in time.

Before 1879 there was a period of moderate free trade in Germany, and German industries were acutely suffering for years. At last Bismarck intervened and inaugurated in that year a strongly protective policy, and since then Germany's prosperity has grown by leaps and bounds. Up to the early eighties Germany was only known as the provider of inferior goods, which were usually clumsy imitations of English goods. The 'Made in Germany' stamp was enforced largely, in order to check that abuse. But since that time Germany has conquered the markets of the world with products of the highest excellence, and every English newspaper-reader has become familiarised with German liners, Krupp armour, Siemens steel, Mauser rifles, Zeiss field-glasses, and German electrical and chemical products of the highest class which have supplanted British products.

There have always been many free traders in the German Reichstag, as that assembly is largely composed of professional men and of men belonging to the leisured class who are consumers, not producers, who can easily understand the consumers' argument but who are out of touch with the producers of their country. Consequently Bismarck's proposal for protection met with considerable opposition from the parliamentarians and from the bankers and merchants. Agriculture and the manufacturing industries enthusiastically supported him. It must be interesting for Englishmen of all classes to follow Bismarck's arguments in favour of protection. In his speech of the 2nd of May, 1879, in which he introduced his protective policy, he said :

I do not mean to discuss protection and free trade in the abstract. . . . We have opened wide the doors of our state to the imports of foreign countries, and we have become the dumping-ground for the over-production of all those countries. Germany being swamped by the surplus production of foreign nations, prices have been depressed, and the development of all our industries and our entire economic position has suffered in consequence. If the danger of protection were as great as we are told by enthusiastic free traders, France would have been impoverished long ago, for she has had protection since the time of Colbert, and she should have been ruined long ago, owing to theories which have guided her economic policy.

After my opinion, we are slowly bleeding to death owing to insufficient protection. This process has been arrested for a time by the five milliards which we have received from France after the war; otherwise we should have been compelled already five years ago to take those steps which we are taking to-day.

We demand a moderate protection for German labour. Let us close our doors and erect some barriers in order to reserve to German industries at least the home market, in which German good nature is at present being exploited by the foreigner. The problem of a large export trade is always an extremely delicate one. No more new countries will be discovered; the world has been circumnavigated, and we can no longer find abroad new purchasers of importance to whom we can send our goods.

In questions such as these I view scientific theories with the same doubt with which I regard the theories applied to other organic formations. Medical science, as contrasted with anatomy, has made little progress with regard to those parts which the eye cannot reach, and to-day the riddle of organic changes in the human body is as great as it was formerly. With regard to the organism of the State, it is the same thing. The dicta of abstract science do not influence me in the slightest. I base my opinion on the practical experience of the time in which we are living. I see that those countries which possess protection are prospering, and that those countries which possess free trade are decaying. Mighty England, that powerful athlete, stepped out into the open market after she had strengthened her sinews and said, 'Who will fight me? I am prepared to meet everybody.' But England herself is slowly returning to protection, and in some years she will take it up in order to save for herself at least the home market.

On the 14th of June, 1882, Bismarck made again an important speech on protection and free trade and said :

I believe the whole theory of free trade to be wrong. . . . England has abolished protection after she had benefited by it to the fullest extent. That country used to have the strongest protective tariffs until it had become so powerful under their protection that it could step out of those barriers like a gigantic athlete and challenge the world. Free trade is the weapon of the strongest nation, and England has become the strongest nation owing to her capital, her iron, her coal, and her harbours, but not owing to her favourable geographical position. Nevertheless she protected herself against foreign competition with exorbitant protective tariffs until her industries have become so powerful.

It is interesting to observe that Bismarck predicted already twenty-four years ago that Great Britain would have to go back to protection, 'in order to secure for herself at least the home market,' and that the demands for protection which were advanced by List in 1840, and by Bismarck in 1879, were based on the same arguments as those on which Mr. Chamberlain based his demand for the reconsideration of our fiscal policy. German good nature was shut out

of foreign markets by the arbitrary tariffs of foreign nations, which besides exploited, swamped, and spoiled her home market with their surplus production. It was necessary that she at least should reserve the home market for herself and create for herself a weapon which would make it possible for her to conclude advantageous commercial treaties.

The usual objections to protection were naturally raised by German free traders when Bismarck reintroduced protection, and it was predicted in non-industrial circles that protection would mean disaster to German industries and especially to the German export trade. The industrial classes, which clamoured for protection, were loftily declared to be so short-sighted as to favour a suicidal policy. Protection would benefit only a few capitalists at the cost of the whole people, and it would ruin Germany by customs wars with other nations. These objections were very effectively dealt with by the German political economists who favoured protection. Professor Schmoller, for instance, said in 1879, in reply to the objection that commerce and exportation would suffer by a protective tariff:

Exports will certainly suffer in one or the other branch, but that is a point of minor consideration. At present the conditions of our export business are so bad that they can hardly become worse. Our export trade can only become better if we have commercial treaties and an autonomous tariff.

Arguments like that of Professor Schmoller caused the Society for Social Policy in Berlin to adopt the following resolution in favour of protection:

Considering that our endeavours to conclude commercial treaties, which will open new markets to German industries, must prove unsuccessful in view of the present position of the world, and

Considering that it will be necessary to increase some important duties in order to place the finances of the Empire on a firm basis,

The Society for Social Policy declares itself in favour of a moderate fiscal reform in a commercio-political and protectionist direction by a tariff which is especially directed against those countries which are particularly harmful to German production.

This resolution might have come from the mouth of Mr. Chamberlain.

The protective duties which, according to the German free traders, were to prove so ruinous to Germany have, as yet, not crushed the German industries. Though the receipts from customs duties have quadrupled since 1879, having risen from 114,716,000 marks in 1879 to no less than 483,651,000 marks in 1902, German industries have not only not been crushed by the tariff but are most prosperous. This is particularly noticeable in Saxony, the Lancashire of Germany, the income of that country having risen from 959,222,000 marks in 1879 to 1,666,521,000 marks in 1894, and if later figures were available it would appear that the income of that

country has considerably more than doubled since protection was reintroduced into Germany. It is also significant that Saxony with 4,500,000 inhabitants has more than 50,000,000*l.* deposited in its savings bank—as much as have 10,000,000 Englishmen.

The beneficial effect of the protective tariff on German industries was immediate. On the 16th of March, 1881, Mr. von Kardorff stated in the German Diet that 85,901 men were occupied in the German iron and steel industries in January 1879, and 98,224 men in January 1881. They received in wages 5,288,539 marks in 1879, against 6,459,694 marks in January 1881, which is equal to an increase of 50.28 marks per annum for every worker. Mr. Loewe, another member of the Diet, reported on the same date that in the important districts of Bochum and Dortmund wages had risen from five to fifteen per cent., but not only had wages risen but the men who some years ago had been only partly occupied were now fully occupied. Some had formerly been working only three or four days a week. Other deputies gave similar reports. This rising tendency of wages has almost uninterruptedly continued from 1879, when Bismarck's protective tariff was inaugurated, down to the present time. The average daily wages at Krupp's, for instance, have risen from 3*s.* in 1879 to 4*s.* 9½*d.* in 1900.

At present the German Government is preparing to increase again its protective duties. Again we hear the non-industrial croakers predicting ruin in Germany, and again we see the manufacturers supporting protection. The German Government is putting up its duties not because the present protection has proved disappointing. On the contrary it has explicitly enumerated the great benefits which protection has conferred upon Germany. In the preamble to the new Tariff Bill the Government has summed up the results of the protective policy hitherto pursued. It says:

Strengthened by protection our industries have been able to increase considerably their production, and have thereby afforded fuller employment and rising wages to the working classes. With the larger turnover the traffic on our railways, rivers, and canals has grown, and our merchant marine has experienced a considerable and constantly increasing expansion, and its freight services for foreign countries have been a source of great profit to Germany. At the same time the participation of German capital in foreign enterprises has increased. Emigration has very substantially diminished. The effect of the growing wealth of the nation may be seen by the visible progress in the conditions and in the life of the broad masses of the people, especially of the working men. The improvement in the standard of life may be seen in the larger proportion of taxpayers who pay taxes on intermediate incomes; from the improved yield of the income tax; from the growth of savings-banks deposits; from the expansion of life insurances, and from the rising consumption of the more expensive articles of food. This improvement is especially striking, as a considerably increased population has had to be provided for, the inhabitants having increased from 45,000,000 in 1880 to 56,000,000 in 1900.

The vast increase in the wealth of Germany has chiefly been derived from the home market, which is no longer swamped and

depressed by foreign surplus products and which has become extremely stable and profitable. The semi-official year-book *Nauticus* says in 1900, in an article on the foundations of the industrial prosperity in Germany:

To sum up: during the last two decades the industrial production of Germany has experienced an extraordinary increase. That increase has been caused less by the greater amount of our exports than by the growing importance of the home markets—that is to say, by the growing wealth of the German people.

How rapidly the wealth of Germany has grown and how wealthy Germany has become is so well known that it requires no further proof.

People in this country who are insufficiently acquainted with German affairs may often be heard speaking somewhat vaguely of the great evils of protection in Germany, and they will repeat, what they have so often read in text-books on political economy, that those iniquitous trusts only flourish under the shelter of protection. Now it is quite true that a large number of very powerful trusts exist in Germany which are called 'Kartelle' in that country, but nobody intimately acquainted with Germany will be prepared to condemn indiscriminately those 200 large combinations, the majority of which are distinctly beneficial and are kept under proper control, because some of them may have abused their power. The doctrine that trusts flourish only under protection, which doctrine has been invented by free traders, is considered a fallacy in Germany, and it is pointed out that the most powerful and the most harmful trusts in the world exist and flourish in the paradise of free trade and of free competition, in Great Britain. The traffic arrangements between British railways and the 'Shipping Conferences' which have abolished nearly all competition are considered in Germany as gigantic trusts, which are trusts in everything but in name, which exercise not only a tyranny over the people of this country, but which directly favour foreign nations at the expense of Great Britain by carrying their goods more cheaply than British goods, and which have therefore been the cause of ruin for many British industries and especially for British agriculture.

The German Government observes the development of huge trusts in Germany not only with a benevolent interest, but lends them its active assistance and encourages their formation, from which it may be seen that their activity is not considered an evil by the German Government. The German Government adopts this attitude chiefly because the activity of the German trusts outside Germany largely consists in undermining and ruining foreign industries by swamping them with surplus products which are sold below cost price and in thus ridding German industries of dangerous competitors. The way in which the German Sugar Trust has created a huge industry in Germany, and has ruined and killed the formerly so prosperous West

Indian sugar industry by flooding England with cheap sugar, is the best known example of that policy. Many similar but less well known instances of the activity of these trusts might be quoted. Their oppression of the consumer, of which we hear so often, seems chiefly to exist in the imagination of British free-trade doctrinaires, for in Germany few complaints are heard with regard to these combinations.

We have now followed Germany's economic history for the last sixty years, and we have seen how Germany has prospered and developed, how correct have been the economic views of German political economists, and how eminently successful her statesmen have been in their fiscal policy. Consequently it would seem interesting to hear what those men think of the economic position of Great Britain. Mr. Victor Leo wrote in *The Tendencies of the World's Commerce* with regard to Great Britain:

The constantly growing excess of imports over exports, which has now risen to 150,000,000*l.* per annum, is difficult to provide for even for a creditor country like Great Britain without entrenching on her capital.

Mr. Paul Voigt said in *Germany and the World Market*:

British exports have developed far less favourably than German exports. British exportation has become completely stagnant since the seventies, fluctuating between 210,000,000*l.* and 250,000,000*l.*, and being therefore now very little larger than German exports. In Great Britain the export industry *par excellence*, the textile industry, is in a particularly unfavourable condition. The adverse balance of British trade has grown continually from less than 50,000,000*l.* in the sixties to more than 150,000,000*l.* at the present time.

These two statements are characteristic for the very serious view which is generally taken in Germany with regard to our economic position, and in the best-informed German circles it is often asserted that Great Britain has for a long time been living on her capital. German statesmen and financiers find a confirmation of this view in the low price of British Consols and of all British investment stocks; in the fact that Great Britain used to possess huge quantities of Continental Government loans and other Continental investments, and of American railway stocks and bonds, and that she now holds hardly any of them; that American and Continental trade used to be financed, and American and Continental property be mortgaged, in London, and that the trade of the world is no longer financed by this country. From these and many other symptoms of similar portent German observers conclude that<sup>3</sup> Great Britain has paid for the huge excess of her imports over her exports by realising a large part of her foreign investments, that the capital of Great Britain is constantly being drained away by foreign countries, and that this process cannot go on indefinitely.

Bismarck said in 1882: 'Free trade is the weapon of the

strongest.' This argument appears to be irrefutable by logic and in the light of history. Great Britain is economically no longer the strongest among the nations of the world, but is, in proportion to other nations, rapidly getting poorer, and this fact alone should be of sufficient importance to make us consider our position and reconsider our fiscal policy.

O. ELTZBACHER.



## *SUGGESTIONS FOR A COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH AUSTRALIA*

'GET customers and keep them' is one of the soundest business maxims. In the early days of a British Colony the settlers naturally send to the old country for every article they require. As the population increases certain local manufactories are established. The cost of importation of bulky carts, for instance, is out of all proportion to their value. With a few thousand residents there is little to be done in the manufacturing line. When the numbers mount up to several hundreds of thousands the manufactures increase, but it is not until the millions can be counted that many industries can be successfully established. Without protection it is extremely difficult to obtain the necessary capital to start a large factory; the capitalist is proverbially shy. He says, 'Unless you start with the best machinery and secure competent managers and workmen, you cannot manufacture at a reasonable cost; and how am I to be sure that importers, assisted by subsidised steamers, and foreign-made goods shipped at less than cost-price, will not undersell you?' Meanwhile, as the imports increase, the manufacturing world at large tries to obtain some of the trade of the young country. Agencies are established, the commercial traveller's voice is heard in the land, and the American, the German, and the other foreigners obtain a footing. 'Get orders, at a profit if you can, but get orders.' Under such instructions orders are obtained. The British manufacturer loses a customer and in losing him misses orders for new lines. To put the matter more plainly, to press it home to every one, ask any man does he not generally apply first to the shopkeepers he knows for an article he expects to have some slight difficulty in obtaining. In young countries many new inventions are required which it will not pay to manufacture locally. These orders go with other orders, and the country which supplies them gets a good start against other competitors. The imports of Australasia in 1891 were valued at nearly thirty-one millions sterling (30,823,474*l.*) from the United Kingdom. Ten years later the figures slightly exceeded thirty-two millions (32,122,863*l.*), an increase of about a million and a third, and scarcely worth mentioning. During the same period the imports

from foreign countries nearly doubled, increasing by about seven millions sterling (7,490,474*l.* to 14,430,554*l.*). Here is evidence, if it were wanting, that the United Kingdom is not holding her own. If the competition of the foreigner were fair and level, we could justly blame the commercial classes of the old country. But the competition is unfair. The manufacturer in the United Kingdom cannot claim his own home market, nor even the benefit of as low freights as some of his rivals. He may well ask, Can nothing be done? When told that the Colonies are only too anxious to assist him if he will only consent to discuss a business proposal, he replies with insular caution, 'I distrust anything new.'

The working man, who is worked by politicians for all he is worth, is crammed with threats of dear food, though he knows it is of little advantage to him if food be cheap and employment scarce. In Australia, as elsewhere, the working man does not set up competition as a tin god. The less he has of it the happier he is, or thinks he is, and the working man of the United Kingdom is not, and never will be, a believer in encouraging the competition of the foreign manufacturer either at home or abroad. To the Australian working man, employed in a factory, the competition of his brother in England is not welcome. But if goods are to be imported he prefers that they should come from the old country. We are all selfish and it is the duty of every Government to take care that the selfishness of the individual does not injure the many. Although selfish we are sentimental, and patriotism and blood-kinship come under the latter heading. Therefore for the sake of the Empire and for the love of kindred, most Australians are willing to make alterations in the tariff by imposing rates against the foreigner and by granting concessions to the old country. There are, of course, many who want some preference in return, and it is here that the great question has arrived, What will England grant? We do not ask for twelve or twenty million sterling to settle land differences. On the contrary we merely require a business deal for our mutual advantage. There is a very formidable list of articles, 'special exemptions' from customs duty, too numerous to quote, which are manufactured in older countries and which under a preferential tariff might be obtained solely from the United Kingdom, and without increasing the cost to the Australian buyer. This, as has already been pointed out, would lead to more orders from time to time coming to Great Britain for new lines. The English manufacturer would get a new customer and ought to be able to keep him.

It will be argued, and fairly, that it is unreasonable to expect Australia to grant concessions without asking for some in return.

In all commercial treaties each party has to be satisfied. Owing to the vastness of the British Empire, its climates, soils, and labour conditions, there is much to be said in favour of the Imperial

Government entering into different agreements with different Colonies or 'British possessions.' It is evident that Australasian demands would vary from those of other countries. No Australian has yet advocated taxes in Great Britain on wools, so such a preferential tax might be omitted. A tax on wheat, remitted in the case of Australia, would probably increase the area placed under cultivation. Lands now under pasturage and returning 5 per cent. might be ploughed up if the owner could obtain 10 per cent. from growing wheat. It means more worry to the owner, but the additional profit would be a sufficient compensation. This presupposes, however, that he would get higher prices for his wheat than he would otherwise receive, and as we may doubt the advantage so may he. The price of wheat in Australia is practically ruled by the London market save, as recently, in exceptional circumstances. Cheaper freights by land and sea, and improved machinery, have opened up such vast tracts of wheat-growing country that only low prices can check the world's increasing production. For horns, and hides, and skins, Australia has not requested special treatment. Neither has the Imperial Government been approached on an import duty on other than Australian meat. It is another matter when we come to wines. The total imports of wine in casks are about  $14\frac{1}{2}$  million gallons, and only one million gallons come from Australia. The duty on the bulk of the wine imported is 1s. 3d. per gallon. The grower in Australia receives about 2s. to 2s. 6d. This extra 1s. 3d. would be of great benefit to him. It is a small matter to the Imperial Government, about 62,500*l.*, but if Australian wine were admitted free a very much larger area would be immediately put under vine cultivation, more labour would find employment, and the revenues of Australia<sup>1</sup> increased. The whole of the 1s. 3d. per gallon remitted would not, however, go to the grower. The producer never gets the full benefit of any reduction in the tariff, nor does he obtain as much as the Manchester cotton manufacturers expect to receive by the reduction of the cotton duties in India. The consumer gets a slice, and in this particular case a cheaper glass of wine. He uses the less harmful intoxicant more freely, and thus encourages the producer. The total value of the brandy imported in 1902 was one million sterling, and only a thousand pounds' worth came from Australia. The value of the raisins and currants imported from foreign countries exceeded two millions and a third. The duties of seven and of two shillings per cwt. might be waived in the case of the Australian articles without any detriment to the consumer, and with very great benefit to Australian producers and many thousands of their employes. Surely the time has come to make a beginning. Reciprocity is of the nature of free trade. It is, in fact, free trade up to date. Nor is there any need for Great Britain

<sup>1</sup> New Zealand cannot be regarded as a wine-producing country.

to be a loser whatever fiscal arrangements she may make with the rest of the Empire. The suggested treaties may contain clauses that the amounts which would otherwise have been collected shall be paid by the countries representing the producers as a further contribution to the cost of the Navy. The Empire will gain by increasing production, population, and power. More employment will be obtainable for our boys, who, no longer forced by a fatuous policy to seek a precarious living in a foreign country, will still remain soldiers of the Empire and sons of the nation. When before did we read of the degeneracy of the race, of the miserable physique of the recruit? It is not in the Colonies nor in the United States that the British born degenerate. Independent in mind, they inquire and decide for themselves, caring little about what 'some old fossil who turned out all wrong said some sixty years ago.'

When Mr. Secretary Chamberlain took over the control of the concentration camps in South Africa, he stated that so far as possible British requirements should be supplied by British products. That was the statesmanlike view to take, and was entirely in opposition to the past policy of the Admiralty and of the War Office. Why any nation should ladle gold into the laps of its enemies or possible enemies is difficult to explain. We are instructed by our grandmothers that the greater the benefits we confer on foreign nations the more we shall make out of them. 'Imports are paid for by exports,' and 'the more you import the more you will export,' are, with all due respect to our grandmothers, inaccurate if very catching assertions. The object of other countries is to export as much as possible, and Great Britain is the most convenient and accessible dumping ground this world has ever provided. Across the Channel we have a republic of sorts, yet there food is heavily taxed, and so far as we know the French working classes raise no outcry. Frozen meat from Australia is shut out of the Paris market and France raises no complaints. The custom taxes in that country, and in Germany, on wheat have produced no demonstrations, no protests regarding the poor man's loaf. Why? The reflection must give us pause. Here are skilled workmen of equal intelligence to ours, as liable to go on strike and to advocate Socialistic doctrines as any set of trade unionists in Great Britain, and yet they permit their Government to tax their food and to tax it rather heavily. The free trader takes refuge when fairly cornered in the perfectly fair statement that 'in other countries the conditions are different'; yet when he in his turn wants to adorn his argument he quotes these countries so far as they suit him. With certain free traders it is useless to try to argue. They only get cross. The more level-headed free trader has so far an open mind that he will listen to a statement or two and condescend to express his doubts regarding the facts. Cogan (page 1055) gives the Australian imports direct from the

United Kingdom for 1891 as 26,453,841*l.*, and for 1901 as 25,287,032*l.*. This looks as if, so far as Australia is concerned—New Zealand figures are not included—the free trader has little to boast about. If he, as he probably will, be so incantious as to plead exceptional circumstances, that Australia was too poor to import more, then the imports from foreign countries are trotted out for his edification; total 1891 6,927,941*l.*, and for 1901 12,412,336*l.*. The case against the free trader, who is content to let the foreigner take his customers away from him, is really worse than these figures show, for, as Cogan truly remarks:

With respect to some countries, however, principally France and Belgium, and in a less degree other European countries, a certain proportion, both of the import and export trade, is carried in British vessels to London, and thence distributed. . . . It is impossible to expect that the whole of this trade could with absolute exactitude be referred to the country of origin, particularly when it is considered that in all countries of the world consignees of various lines of goods do not always furnish reliable information as to ultimate origin or destination of merchandise. The defects above referred to are not common to the Australasian trade returns alone, but more or less disfigure those of every country.

England gets the credit of producing goods which are made by the foreigner. This makes the trade returns with Australia look better than they really are. But for the purposes of argument we may safely put that fact aside, and rest content with asking ourselves whether it be wise to miss the present opportunity of entering into commercial treaties with our own kith and kin. The seed which Mr. Secretary Chamberlain has scattered is beginning to germinate. Although opinions differ about his methods, the fact that they are so strongly denounced by his opponents should cause his friends to conclude that they are probably right. When all his cards are face up on the table it will be time enough to condemn him for bad play. A Liberal Unionist has asserted that Mr. Chamberlain's pill is too big for the gullet. It is astonishing how big a pill a man can swallow when it is silver coated and when also he is convinced that it will do him good. At present the public does not know to what extent Mr. Chamberlain intends to commit himself. That he may be in favour of taxes on food is admitted, but it remains to be seen whether he will insist on the immediate imposition of customs duties on wheat and meat. Few taxpayers besides some free traders will object to a duty on flour. The late Mr. Hanbury believed in it although opposed to the duty on wheat. Mr. Chamberlain was and is in favour of both. He may in October proclaim that he intends to proceed slowly, and little by little, by experiment and experience, so to bind the trade of this greatest of all Empires together that the increased prosperity of the whole shall redound to the credit, and augment the comfort, enjoyed by the electors of the United Kingdom.

ALLERDALE GRAINGER.

## FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION

FROM THE WORKMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

IN the few following pages I propose, as the above title indicates, to treat the question of free trade and protection solely from the workman's point of view. The subject is too vast and complex to be exhaustively expounded in an article, and a mere summary of the heads of the argument could only be inconclusive and unsatisfactory. If the question is to be thoroughly understood it must be examined at close quarters and in detail: generalities in such an inquiry do not give much assistance. Besides, other writers are discussing its general aspect, and I am content to deal with that which I have chosen. Nor am I of opinion that the part of the subject with which I deal is the least important. The appeal is to Cæsar, and Cæsar is the working man.

What is the value of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals to the British workman? Are they good enough? Are they any good? Are they useless? Are they actually injurious? Which of the three policies—free trade, free imports, or protection—is best for him? Is the best attainable, and how? These are the questions I propose to examine.

The first point to be observed is the condition, the economic condition, of the worker. What is that condition? I am averse to the use of strong language: it usually weakens the effect of an argument; but, after all, things should have their proper names, and, in my opinion, the economic condition of the worker is one of slavery. I know there will be protests and objections here; but protests are not evidence. Let us look at the facts. Nominally, no doubt, the wage-paid worker is a free man, but practically he is a slave. Indeed, he must work harder and longer, and with less security for the means of life, than did the average slave in slavery days, and under penalties for default that the slave had not to fear. It is true that no master stands over him with uplifted whip to enforce service, nor are his feet linked together with iron chains. But economic circumstance is stronger and less merciful than any human master, and, unlike the chattel slave, there is no land of freedom for the free worker to escape to. In fact, and this furnishes

some measure of his bondage, the free worker has no wish to escape from his daily toil: on the contrary, his only fear is that it may escape from him. The slave, unlike the free worker, might see his wife and children sold before his eyes; the free worker, unlike the slave, often sees his wife and children die before his eyes of preventable want. The difference is in favour of the slave. The slave, in his day, had a sufficiency of food and clothing and shelter given him in return for his labour: the free worker has the same, only, instead of the commodities themselves, he is given a money wage that will enable him to buy them—and no more.

That the average wage of the free worker in modern industrial society is, and must be, based on the cost of subsistence is generally recognised by all economists. Marx's demonstration of the fact is perhaps the most perfect, but Adam Smith and others are not less emphatic. 'The value of labour power,' says Marx, 'resolves itself into the value of a definite quantity of the means of subsistence. The minimum limit of the value of labour power is determined by the value of the commodities without which the labourer cannot renew his vital energy, of those means of subsistence that are physically indispensable.' Marx quotes, with approval, Sir William Petty, who says, 'the value of his (the labourer's) average daily wages is determined by what he requires so as to live, labour, and generate.' 'The labourer,' continues Marx, 'supplies himself with necessaries in order to maintain his labour power, just as coal and water are supplied to the steam engine, and oil to the wheel. The fact that the labourer consumes his means of subsistence for his own purposes, and not to please his employer, has no bearing on the matter. The consumption of food by a beast of burden is none the less a necessary factor in the process of production because the beast enjoys what he eats.' 'The wages of labour,' says Adam Smith, 'are everywhere regulated partly by demand and partly by the average price of the necessary articles of subsistence.' 'The habits and requirements of the labourer,' says John Stuart Mill, 'determine his real wages.' 'The price of labour,' says Ricardo, 'is determined by the price of the commodities necessary for the support of the labourer.' To these authoritative pronouncements I would add that the subsistence standard that governs each worker's wage is not even his own standard, but is that of the unemployed man standing idle in the labour market ready to take his place. For example, if I were to fight for and obtain employment as a dock labourer, the foreman would not pay me a wage based on my subsistence standard, but would pay me a wage on the subsistence standard of the average docker whose position I occupied.

There is one argument sometimes advanced against the theory of a subsistence wage which may be answered here. Men who have risen from the ranks of the workers, who have saved money, and

themselves become capitalists, point to their own case as conclusive evidence against it. But the argument will not hold. There are several reasons, any one of which is sufficient to account for that result. The man who has risen may have possessed exceptional powers of mind or body. In that case his labour passed into a higher category, a category in which the subsistence standard of the workers was higher than that he originally was used to, and which, therefore, left him a margin to save. Or, in the second place, he may have been exceptionally industrious, working after the average man had left off; or exceptionally abstemious, denying himself things which the average man considers necessities; or exceptionally healthy or exceptionally free from family or other dependents. The wages of labour are necessarily based on the ascertained requirements of the average workman who *will* drink and smoke and marry and beget children; and that is why there is a margin for the teetotaler, the non-smoker, the bachelor and the miser.

This law of the subsistence wage, so emphatically laid down by the great free trade economist, Adam Smith, is strangely overlooked by his professed disciples; and when Mr. Chamberlain says that higher wages will accompany the increased price of food and other commodities necessary to the workers, his statement is jeered at as a self-evident absurdity. 'I want to know,' cried one of the newest of the Labour members of Parliament at a public meeting the other day, 'how paying more for his food will benefit the working man'; and the ignorant jibe is to be found in almost every free trade harangue. Some go even further, and declare, not only that wages will not rise with the increase in the price of commodities, but that they will fall, both relatively and absolutely. Let me, to these, again quote Adam Smith:

As the wages of labour are everywhere regulated partly by demand for it, and partly by the average price of the necessary articles of subsistence, whatever raises this average price must necessarily raise those wages, so that the labourer may still be able to purchase that quantity of those necessary articles which he requires. A tax upon those articles of subsistence necessarily raises their price. Such a tax must therefore occasion a rise in the wages of labour proportionate to this rise of price. The labourer, though he may pay the tax out of his hand, cannot, for any considerable time at least, be properly said even to advance it. It must always in the long run be advanced to him by his immediate employer in the advanced rate of wages. Taxes upon necessities, so far as they affect the labouring poor, are finally paid partly by landlords in the diminished rent of their lands, and partly by rich consumers, whether landlords or others, in the advanced price of manufactured goods. The middling and superior ranks of people, if they understood their own interest, ought always to oppose all taxes upon the necessities of life as well as all direct taxes upon wages of labour, for the final payment of both one and the other falls altogether upon themselves.

And Stuart Mill, in his *Political Economy*, says, 'A tax on necessities is equivalent to a tax on profits.' How do these



authoritative pronouncements from the recognised exponents of free trade doctrine commend themselves to those modern free trade orators who declare that taxes on food and other necessities are, and must be, borne by the workers?

Such, then, is the condition of the worker, a virtual slave, condemned to labour on a subsistence wage. How is that condition to be altered? How is the doom to be evaded? To answer that question we must first ascertain why the worker is in that condition, what is the cause of his economic subjection. The cause lies upon the surface: it is competition. This competition confronts the worker in two forms, firstly, in the form of the labour of his fellows in the labour market, and, secondly, in the form of the finished article, the product of foreign labour, in the product market. How has the British worker grappled with these evils in the past? How does he propose to grapple with them in the future? And what help, if any, can he look for through Mr. Chamberlain's proposals? The British workman is not open to the charge of excessive perceptiveness, but he *has* at times realised, in a dim sort of way, the first of these evils, and made some spasmodic efforts to remedy it. Some years ago he was very earnest about an Eight Hours Day, and marched with bands and banners to Hyde Park to affirm his devotion to that plan. But, latterly, other toys have attracted his attention; and when he now marches to Hyde Park it is to denounce a Tory peer for not allowing his workmen to manage his business, or to insist on the secular and spiritual rights of the Nonconformist Conscience.

But, even in his advocacy of a shorter labour day, the British worker, or, to be more just, his leaders, display a lack of intelligence that must have surprised everybody who did not know them. Many of these leaders did not understand the proposal to which they had assented, and many more shrank from its logical application. Some advanced it as a plea on behalf of the physical health of the workers, alleging, truly enough, that prolonged labour is physically injurious. And, in order to disarm the hostility of employers and the employing classes, they suggested that the workers, by working harder during the shorter day, would produce as much as in the longer. Others urged it as a philanthropic scheme for enabling the working man to have more opportunities for mental culture and domestic society, and these, also, promised the employers that there would be no diminution of the output. Only a small portion advocated the shortening of the hours of labour as a means of spreading employment amongst a greater number of workers, and even these failed to carry their proposal to its logical end, the only end that is really worth troubling about, that end being, of course, the total absorption of all the surplus labour in the market, so that not one single unemployed man remained. Apparently none of them realised that to stop short of that point is to defeat the whole purpose, and that any surplus in

the labour market, however small, will suffice to give the employers the whip hand and compel the workers to accept a subsistence wage.

But behind the native labour market, which it was the object of the Eight Hours movement to deplete, stands the foreign labour market, from which the native market is being constantly recruited. The number of these recruits is variously estimated, but it is admitted that it is very great, several thousands weekly. And if their number is great, so also is their poverty; so great, indeed, that their compulsory entrance as 'blacklegs' into the British native labour market can only be, after their landing, a question of hours. What has been in the past, and what is still, the attitude of the accredited spokesmen of British labour on this matter? Incredible as it may be, it is nevertheless the fact that the attitude of these gentlemen on this subject was, and is, one either of positive approval or of absolute indifference. Yet, obviously, it would be useless to absorb the present surplus in the native labour market if the stream of labour from the foreign market is to continue to run.

The precise amount of surplus labour at present in the British market is, of course, unknown; but, in my opinion, it represents from 1 to 1½ million full-grown men. I do not enter into the question of the labour of women and children. The men in full work, on the other hand, may be said to number between 7 and 8 millions. The average labour day, including unskilled workers, is about twelve hours. These figures are necessarily only approximations; but they are the result of many years' investigations and may, I think, be taken as substantially correct. And from them we see that not an eight hours day, but even a ten hours day, if made universal and compulsory, would absorb the whole of the surplus now in the native labour market. Surely that would not be a very revolutionary proposal, and even trade union leaders might be expected to give to its support such time and energies as they could spare from the service of the Liberal party.

With regard to the inflood of foreign labour, I am afraid it is useless to reason with the present spokesmen of British trade unionism. If the evil is to be stayed, the rank and file of the workers must themselves take the matter in hand and settle it without the assistance, probably against the active hostility, of their own leaders. The latter are, for the most part, quite hopeless in their infatuation for the foreigner—French, German, Belgian, Russian, Dutch, especially Dutch. The Englishman is the only enemy. They are good British trade unionists, and in that capacity will fight the native 'blackleg,' their own countryman, readily enough, and break his head if need be, in the sacred cause of trade unionism; but they welcome the foreign blackleg with open arms. The destitute alien may be vicious, unclean, dishonest, but he is a

foreigner, and that outweighs all his vices. These friends of the foreigner invest their favourites with imaginary political virtues. They are patriots and martyrs, fleeing from some despotic tyranny or other, and the honest British workman is not going to shut the gate of political asylum against them. Said British workman, moreover, is not a narrow nationalist. He is an internationalist. He is not going to work on national lines. He will reform the whole world at once and altogether or not at all. And he will conclude by quoting some doggerel lines about the world being his country and all mankind his brothers. They sound very grand, and are useful as perorations.

But the destitute alien who to-day is crowding, in tens of thousands, into the British labour market, is not a political refugee—not one in 100,000. He is a very different person. He may be a fugitive criminal, nay, often is, and certainly a potential criminal, as East London police and county court records show. But he is not a political refugee. It is not because he is a foreigner that the British workman objects to him: it is because he is a 'blackleg.' It is true that his economic condition in his own land is deplorable, and that he may be pardoned for trying to better it. But that remark applies also to the native 'blackleg.' He, also, may be starving, but that fact is not, in his case, accepted as justification for his conduct. He, and those dear to him, may starve and die, but he must not accept work under the recognised wage. The foreigner, on the contrary, may come and welcome, although he comes in a state of destitution that, as I have already pointed out, makes his instant entrance into the British labour market as a 'blackleg' an absolute certainty.

I have often tried to discover a rational and creditable explanation of this strange affection of these British labour leaders for the alien immigrant, and have always failed. There is only one that seems at all possible. The great majority of these immigrants are, notoriously, lawless and desperate men, unscrupulous, unprincipled, at war with all ordered society and even with their kind. Many of their patrons, on the other hand, are avowed enemies of the existing order of things in this country and propagandists of 'The Social Revolution,' whatever that may mean. Who shall say that the latter do not find in the former valuable recruits for the revolutionary army, useful missionaries of disorder in the English body politic?

The second form in which competition confronts the British worker, the form namely of the finished article, the product of foreign labour, comes next to be considered. We have seen that, in the interest of the worker, the present surplus in the native labour market must be absorbed by shortening the present labour day, and that all foreign labour must, in the future, be excluded.

But of what use will it be to exclude foreign labour if the products of foreign labour are admitted? It is not the foreigner's labour that the British employer wants: it is the product of his labour. Therefore, so far as the British employer is concerned—and the British consumer stands behind him—the British workman may exclude foreign labour, and legislate his own working day down to zero, if he likes, so long as he admits the finished article. It is quite true, of course, that even then, even with unlimited free imports, some actual labour would be required at this end; but the amount of that labour would be so small that a labour day short enough to divide that labour equally amongst all the workers in the country would be practically impossible of attainment. Only a revolutionary Parliament would enact such a law, and I do not propose nor anticipate an early revolution.

But here, again, the innate conservatism of the British labour leader asserts itself more stubbornly than ever. Even the most enlightened of them, those few who see the necessity of excluding foreign labour, shrink from excluding foreign products. It is a question of religion with them. The exclusion of foreign labour is all right, they say, that is trade unionism; but the exclusion of the products of foreign labour, that would be an interference with free trade! Some years ago I witnessed a curious incident bearing on this point. A large building in a leading London thoroughfare was being erected. All the outer walls were up, but the woodwork was barely started. At this stage the Society of Carpenters and Joiners, for some reason or other, ordered a strike, and called their members off this particular job, amongst others. I observed the society's 'pickets' for some time, and saw them turn back several 'blacklegs' who wished to go in to work. So far, well. But presently, down the street came, slowly and leisurely, an open lorry laden with ready-made doors and windows, an importation from Sweden. The gates of the works swung slowly on their hinges and the lorry, with its load, passed slowly in. The 'pickets,' who would have broken the head of any Englishman who had gone in that gate to make those doors and windows, lifted no finger, uttered no word to prevent the passing of the finished, foreign-made article. To have done so would have been a 'violation of the sacred principle of free trade.'

In striking contrast to the free trade religion of the average British trade unionist leader is the protectionism of the working class in all our Colonies and in the United States of America. These workmen are as ardent trade unionists as are their British fellows; but they are protectionists to a man. The reason for this is, in my opinion, that these Colonists and Americans had the advantage of starting life in practically new countries, under virgin conditions, and absolutely untrammelled by prepossessions. They were free

to judge all questions on their merits, and had a clean slate on which they could write their own unbiassed judgments.

What is free trade? It is free exchange. But we have not got it. We have free imports, with slight exceptions, and taxed exports, with slight exceptions, and all the other nations and our own Colonies have, practically, protection. Free exchange, the absence of all obstacles to commercial intercourse, is, no doubt, the ideal method of exchange from the consumer's point of view; for by it he would obtain his commodities at prices lower than would otherwise be possible. But, with a surplus in the general labour market, free trade is fatal to the producer. If the French silk manufacturer and the British coal-owner agreed to exchange their wares without the intervention of the customs officer, the result would of course be a saving of expense, tantamount to a reduction in the cost, the natural price, of these commodities. But who would be benefited by that, by the non-intervention of the customs officer? Not the sellers of the articles on either side, for the competition of their fellows would prevent them adding an imaginary duty to the cost; and certainly, not the actual producers, the French silk weaver and the British collier, if there was, as now, a surplus in their respective labour markets, keeping their wages down to the subsistence point. The only persons who would benefit by the non-intervention of the customs officer would be the idle consumers of the two commodities on both sides of the Channel. These would obtain their commodities at a price lower by the amount of the customs officer's salary and expenses: that is the whole story of free trade.

What, on the other hand, is protection? It is a system by which nations set up barriers at their ports and frontiers against the trade of other nations. The barriers take the form of duties, or taxes, levied on such trade, and are erected for two separate and distinct objects. In some cases the tax is levied for the sake of revenue only; in others for the purpose of wholly or partially excluding from the country commodities which the country can, and wishes, to produce for itself. The effect of this tax, or customs duty, is, of course, to increase the natural cost of the commodities so taxed, and protection is therefore as obnoxious to the idle consumer as free trade is acceptable. It is true that the natural cost is not the price at which the commodity is always sold, some nations giving their exporters a bounty on some particular exports in order to prevent rival nations from establishing or preserving that particular industry. But speaking generally, the consumer, of course, pays either the customs duties or their equivalent; the equivalent taking the form of higher prices—higher, that is, than he would have to pay if the duty did not exist. So it is quite clear that free trade is the ideal system of exchange so far as the consumer is concerned.

To the merchant who buys and sells, the manufacturer who

produces and sells, the carrier and the dealer, free trade is likewise preferable to protection, being more conducive to the expansion of commerce. But to the manufacturer, at least, it is essential that the free trade shall be universal, that he shall not be handicapped in the race by having markets closed against him that are open to his rivals. And if he cannot have general free trade, he would prefer, with all its waste and restrictions, general protection. Whichever it is to be, he asks that it shall be equal all round, a fair field and no favour, so that every man shall obtain such results as his skill and energy deserve.

But to the worker, free trade is, and must be, most disadvantageous; for, under it, the product of his labour is subject to the competition of the whole world. And to the worker in highly civilised and prosperous communities like Great Britain, our own great Colonies and the United States of America, free trade is, or would be, specially disadvantageous, for the competition of the poorer and less civilised races of the earth would tend inevitably to lower his standard of living down to theirs. This fact is clearly recognised on all hands. In South Africa at the present moment proposals to import cheap Asiatic labour are being hotly resisted by the workers there. The importation of Asiatic labour to work the gold mines of South Africa would infallibly lower the standard of living of the white workers, but it would be free trade. The exclusion of that labour will help to preserve that standard, but it will be rank protection. A 'white Australia' is the watchword of the workers in that country, and the organised Labour party there are resolute on the subject. But it is a flagrant violation of free trade and the very incarnation of protection. At home, amongst ourselves, we see the fact recognised every day. In every trade union in the country the skilled workers object to their work being done by the unskilled. The bricklayer will not allow his labourer to lay a brick, and in other trades similar restrictions prevail. This action, of which I entirely approve, is not adopted in any spirit of hostility to the unskilled workman, but simply to prevent the fall in wages which would inevitably ensue, and which, after a time, would reach the labourer as well as the skilled workman. But to permit the labourer to do skilled work would be free trade, and to deny him that permission is rank protection; yet the permission is refused in every trade union in the three kingdoms. In a word, trade unionism is protection, as every candid and intelligent thinker must acknowledge.

But it may be said that the adoption of the policy I have outlined would tend to the impoverishment of the country collectively, and to the weakening abroad of the power and prestige of the British Empire. It has been said that you cannot argue with a prophet: you can only refuse to believe him; and I do not believe this prophet

of evil." I hold, on the contrary, that the home market, which we should recover by the adoption of protection, would more than counterbalance our losses in the foreign markets. But, even if it did not, what then? What is the *worker's* share in the collective wealth of the country?—a subsistence wage. And what matters the power and *prestige* of the Empire if they cannot, or will not, save him from the necessity of ending his days in the workhouse, and being buried in a pauper's grave? What is wanted, in his interest—and it is from his point of view that I am examining the whole question—is not so much an increase in the total income of the nation as an increase in his portion.

The annual income of the three kingdoms is a matter of dispute amongst statist, the majority placing it at about fifteen hundred millions. In my opinion these calculations are vitiated by insufficient allowance for concealment in income tax returns, on which they are partly based; and the real amount is nearly, if not quite, two thousand millions. Assuming that that is the case, the national income reveals a weekly average of 18s. or thereabouts for every man, woman and child in the country. That, if equally divided, would obviously afford a comfortable living for every one. But, assuming the workman's family to number four or five, and his wages to amount to 24s. or 30s., two very reasonable assumptions, it comes out that his family's share is not 18s. per head, but 6s. Clearly, then, what is necessary, in the workman's interest, is, as I say, not so much an increase in the total income of the nation as an increase in his portion.

But, it is said, it cannot be to the interest of the worker to diminish the aggregate income. The more wealth that is produced the more there is to divide, and therefore the better for all, producer and consumer alike. That sounds almost like a self-evident proposition, and its fallacious character only becomes apparent when it is seen that it assumes that which does not follow, but which is the whole point at issue, namely, an equal division. If an equal division always followed, the proposition would hold good; but, as an equal division never follows, the proposition is an insult to one's intelligence. As a matter of fact, under existing economic conditions, the opposite of the proposition is the truth, and, with the obvious and necessary qualification that the amount must be sufficient for the community's requirements, the scantier the production the better for the producers. Take any trade, the coal trade, for example, and see how the doctrine works out in practice. Say the miners of the country, by excessive labour, raised an unusual quantity of coal, a quantity in excess of the nation's consumption. What would happen? The excess quantity would be banked, ready for the market, the pit would be laid idle one or two, perhaps three, days a week, and a number of miners would be told that their services were not required.

They might, if they liked, have a certain small quantity of employment, but, if they did, it must be at a reduced wage, as stocks were already heavy on hand. The outcome of this operation, obviously, would be, not to the advantage but to the disadvantage of the workmen. They might, although this is by no means assured, have received, during the period of increased production, a daily wage correspondingly increased; but that advantage would be more than counterbalanced by the subsequent compulsory idleness and the reduction in the rate of wage which would follow, as it always follows, the glutting of any market by over-supply. Obviously it would have been better for the miners to have limited their output to the actual daily needs of the country; for, in that case, their labour would have continued in demand. Or, better still, if they had drawn the line inside, and not outside, the nation's actual wants; for, in that case, their labour would not only have continued in demand, but would have commanded a greatly increased price.

We now come to the argument about producers and consumers, the argument that is considered by the free traders themselves to be their strongest point, especially when addressing working-class audiences. The argument is as follows: The workers are themselves consumers, and, by my own showing, the consumers will have to bear the burden of any customs duty that may be placed on food or other necessary commodities. And not only are the workers consumers, but they are the majority of the consumers, and will, therefore, have to bear the greater part of the burden. Besides which, they are the poorest section of the consumers, and, therefore, the least able to bear the load. This is the great argument of the free traders—their very sheet-anchor. It is used by the most learned of them as well as by the most ignorant, and is the one that confuses the real issue for the workers more frequently and more effectually than any other, especially when it is garnished with the clap-trap about the big and the little loaf. And I freely admit that it looks and sounds like a quite self-evident proposition. But it is, in fact, a complete fallacy, as I will show.

The interest of the consumer—so runs the argument—is a common interest, and, therefore, must be paramount. The nation is made up of different sections, classes, and occupations, each having its own sectional and separate interests. But all are consumers, and, the whole being greater than the part, the interests of the consumers, as consumers, must be preferred before all others. But the proposition rests on the assumption that all consumers are equally interested in consumers' interests, and, as a matter of fact, all consumers are not equally interested in consumers' interests. The consumers form two great divisions: firstly, those who are consumers only, and, secondly, those who are producers also. The members of the first of these divisions are naturally averse to any proposals—



such as protection and the shortening of the labour day—that will increase wages and thereby raise the price of produce. As non-producers (and therefore non-wage receivers), they will have no share in the increased wages that will cause the price to rise, while, as consumers, they will have to pay the increased price. Obviously it is to their interest that prices should be kept down as low as possible.

So much for the consumer who is a consumer only and not a producer. As to the other consumer, he who is also a producer, his case is wholly different. He has two capacities—that of a producer and that of a consumer. These capacities are not only distinct and separate: they are directly antagonistic to each other. They are antagonistic to each other because it is to their possessor's interest as a producer that the prices of products shall be high, so as to afford him high wages; while, as a consumer, it is to his interest that prices shall be low, so as to enable him to obtain his commodities for a small outlay of those wages. This fact, this junction in one person of mutually antagonistic and unequal interests, is the root of the whole matter. Confronted with this problem, it becomes necessary for the producer to ascertain which set of interests are most important to him, in order that he may promote them in preference to the others. And a brief examination shows him that his interest as a producer greatly outweighs his interests as a consumer.

Here is the proof. The great bulk of the commodities are consumed by the non-producing consumers. Of course, I am speaking here of values, not mere quantities. The fact is proved thus: if we suppose that the wage-receiving workers spent the whole of their income, saving nothing, that would be, according to my calculations, about 400,000,000*l.* annually. That, therefore, is the outside measure of their present possible consumption. If the other classes did the same, that is, spent the whole of their income, their consumption would be about 1,600,000,000*l.*, that being the amount of their income. But, giving these other classes the benefit of the assumption that they save one-fourth of their income—a large concession—they still stand debited with an annual consumption of the value of 1,200,000,000*l.*, or three-fourths of the whole. And, that being so, it is evident that the burden of increased prices would be borne to the extent of three-fourths by the non-producing classes, the working class bearing one-fourth only. The result, therefore, would be that while the worker would receive, in his wages, the whole of the increase of the prices of commodities, he would pay, in buying his commodities, one-fourth of that amount back again, leaving him a net balance to the good of three-fourths of the total increase.

Let me simplify it by an easy illustration. A workman, say a

baker, is in receipt of a weekly wage of 25s., and the amount of value this baker produces for this 25s. is, say 4l. Now let us suppose that this 4l. takes the form of 160 quartern loaves, value 6d. each, which the baker turns out each week. We have already assumed that the baker spends the whole of his wages every week, saving nothing, and, for convenience of illustration, let us put all his commodities in the form of the loaves he himself produces. It gives us this result: 160 loaves, value 6d. each, total value 4l., produced for a wage of 25s., with which 25s. the baker buys back for his own sustenance fifty loaves. Now comes the change. By the shortening of the labour day and the consequent scarcity of labour, the baker is able, we will suppose, to obtain an increase in his wage of 100 per cent., bringing it up to 50s. per week. And in order to cover this increase in the cost of production, amounting to 25s. on 160 loaves, the master baker puts 2d. on each sixpenny loaf, thus raising its price to 8d., and the total increase on the 160 loaves to 26s. 8d., or 1s. 8d. more than the increase in the workman's wage. Now, what is the result? The result, so far as the workman is concerned, is that he now, buying the same commodities as before, has to pay 33s. 4d. for his fifty loaves, instead of 25s. as previously, but that, on the other hand, he receives 25s. more as wages, leaving him a net weekly balance to the good of 16s. 8d. It is clear, therefore, whatever else may be doubtful in this controversy, that the interests of the producer and the interests of the consumer are diametrically opposed to each other, and that the assertions of the Cobden Club economists to the contrary are entirely unfounded.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavoured to show, firstly, that the present condition of the British worker is one of virtual slavery, and that that slavery is the result of competition, which, making use of the surplus in the world labour market, dooms the worker to a subsistence wage. Secondly, that that competition is the very soul of, and inseparable from, free trade. And, thirdly, that it can only be overcome by protective legislation which shall (a) exclude all foreign labour; (b) exclude all foreign products that we can ourselves produce; and (c) shorten the labour day, by law, on the lines of the Factory Acts, to such a point that the labour of the whole of the workers in the country will be necessary for the satisfaction of the wants of the community. The exclusions, it is self-understood, must apply to our Colonies and Dependencies as well as to foreign nations, for many of them possess a superabundant store of cheap labour; but with this difference in favour of our Colonies, that we should, in return for corresponding advantages conceded by them to us, purchase from them, in preference to foreign nations, such products as we required and could not ourselves produce. This preference given to our Colonies would, of course, have the effect of raising the price of the commodities we bought

from them, for the competition of the foreign nations would be absent. But this slight extra expenditure would be more than counterbalanced by the reciprocal concession, from the Colonies to us, of preferential access to their markets.

I am, of course, aware that the measures I have indicated, the remedies I have advised, are in advance, considerably in advance, of the opinions of the majority of our present labour leaders, and that any attempt to make the measures law will be stoutly resisted by these gentlemen. But that fact need not affect any one. The gentlemen referred to are excellent officials—secretaries, presidents, &c.—of their respective unions, and their members would be sorry to lose their services in these capacities. In trade disputes, strikes, &c. they render good service to their societies, and no doubt faithfully reflect, on such matters, the views and opinions of their order. But in general politics, and especially in Imperial politics, it is notorious that these gentlemen do not truly represent the views and opinions of the English working class. Writing to a correspondent the other day, Mr. Chamberlain pointed out this fact, and referred, in proof of it, to his own steady election majority of 4,000 votes in Birmingham, where the local Trades Council is almost solidly Liberal. The right honourable gentleman was quite justified in his point, but he might have given a much stronger instance. He might have referred to our experience during the late war. During that struggle these same gentlemen who are now so zealously defending the foreign protectionist Governments and denouncing any suggestion of retaliation against them, were equally zealous in defence of England's then enemies, and denunciatory of all efforts for their overthrow. But the British worker, instead of following the traitorous counsels of his would-be leaders, rallied to the defence of his country with unbounded enthusiasm, and carried her arms to victory. It will be so again. Our rulers have but to lead the way in a patriotic and courageous policy and the people will be with them. It is only their frequent cowardice that chills the nation's spirit.

There remains the question of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and how far it will be found to favour the measures I have proposed. I do not pretend to have any information on the matter. The right honourable gentleman keeps his own secrets. But I am quite persuaded that these are the only measures that will, in this country, solve what is called the Labour Question, and I am not without hope that a statesman who has proved himself so capable and courageous in the settlement of other questions will show himself equally capable and equally courageous in the settlement of this.

M. MAITMAN BARKER.

*THE JAPANISATION OF CHINA*

DURING the last few weeks the East has been opened to travellers as it has never been before by the new express service on the Trans-Siberian railway. One can now go from Piccadilly to Peking in seventeen and a half days, or to Japan within eighteen, and the greater part of the journey with a degree of comfort not to be found in any other long-distance railway journey in the world. There should no longer be that remoteness, that feeling of inaccessibility with which it is habitual to regard the countries of the Orient.

As this new railway has made them more neighbourly, so will it quickly have the effect of directing more of the attention of Westerners to the movements in progress there and to events whose significance has hitherto been dwarfed by distance. Never has the East been so full of weighty happenings as at present, empire-building and the struggle for empire, migratory movements, as that great trek from Russia eastwards, which this year has assumed such gigantic proportions, the practical transfer of 300,000 square miles of the rich territory of Manchuria to Russia, the quiet invasion of Korea by the Japanese which is but a small part of the field of their enterprise, all these movements are afoot. 'Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?' one is inclined to ask on returning to London, but the public ear is so filled with the noise and strife of party politics that the hum is drowned in a tumult about what appears of parochial smallness in comparison.

While living in Peking for a couple of months after the occupation of the city by the Allies in 1900, there was ample opportunity for comparing the conduct and relations of various nationalities brought into direct and immediate contact with the Chinese. The city was divided into sections under the control of Americans, British, Japanese, Germans, French, and Italians. Going round through the different sections, one saw the progress being made in re-settling and governing, and restoring order. I was particularly struck at the time, as was everyone else, by the way the Japanese managed things in their quarter. Of course, they started with considerable advantages. First of all, though the spoken language is different, the written language of the Chinese and Japanese is the same, which gave them a means

of communicating which was not possessed by the others ; more than that, however, was the kinship in their habits of thought and intellectual and moral attitude. This was not to be wondered at when we bear in mind that besides the written language the Japanese took their religion, their art, and most of their old civilisation from China. The results were very striking ; the Chinese soon returned to the Japanese quarter while still fighting shy of returning to the others, order was rapidly established, business recommenced, and in a short time the streets reassumed their normal aspect, while the other parts of the town had a very different appearance. The Germans, for instance, worked very hard in their quarter but always on lines of military rigidity ; they seemed to be aiming at converting their quarter into the likeness of a model German town ; they made all sorts of rules and regulations, such as, for instance, that each householder was to keep the street in front of his house clean, and punished the natives for offences that were incomprehensible to them. The effect was that the majority of the natives did not return, and it was little better populated than the Russian or French quarters, each of which was a wilderness of ruined or empty dwellings. I recollect thinking that, if the Japanese could exercise their influence so successfully in such a small sphere, what might not their influence effect if they got the opportunity of exercising it on the Chinese on a much larger and wider scale ? I found myself speculating as to what would be the result if Japan should seriously devote herself to influencing China towards following in her own footsteps.

Now, when again visiting China and Japan, where I have spent the past three months, I find convincing and plentiful evidence that such a movement is actually in progress. My attention was first called to it by what I saw and heard in Japan. I found that during the last three years a large number of young Chinamen have been coming to Japan to be educated ; and what is surprising is that young men of good position, who were wont to look upon the military profession as one unworthy of a gentleman, have been going in large numbers to be educated in the military colleges. Of course, for many years back a few Chinese have been educated there, but never in anything like the same numbers as at present. I had an opportunity of speaking to a few of those who are at the military schools. When dressed in the same clothes as their Japanese fellow-students it was impossible to tell they were Chinamen except that they were taller than the Japanese boys of their age. They were a fine-looking lot of young fellows and every bit as smart in bearing and appearance as the Japanese. One of them, when I asked why he had come there, explained that he believed that China would soon go in for having an army just like the foreign armies, that Chinamen made good soldiers if they only got good officers, and that they hoped to become officers.

In their commercial relations China and Japan have drawn much closer together; the volume of their trade has increased very considerably during the past three years. Many of the Japanese banks have opened branches in China, and there is a talk of starting a Japanese-Chinese bank very much on the same lines as the Russo-Chinese bank. I was at Osaka when a number of prominent Chinese business men came over to visit the exhibition and saw the attention they received from some of the foremost bankers and manufacturers of Japan, a number of whom came down specially from Tokio to entertain them. In dozens of ways I saw signs of this *rapprochement* between the two countries. From the Press, and in talking to prominent men, one sees how the idea has taken hold of the Japanese mind that it is the mission of Japan to bring China as it were into the sphere of her intellectual, moral, and social influence. Both from a commercial and military standpoint they realise how great and important this mission is, and have already set about the task in a manner worthy of its importance. Essentially an imitative people, they have grasped the importance of the part that the Russo-Chinese bank has been made to play for Russia, how it has been used as a dummy to do all sorts of things for the Russian Government which must not appear in the latter's name. The railway through Manchuria, for instance, was built by the bank, and the bank's officials form a sort of Russian consular service at the places where their numerous branches are established. The manager of the branch in Pekin, Mr. Pokotiloff, is rightly regarded as having as much influence as the ministry. He is, in fact, a Russian financial minister to China.

Even from what I had seen and heard in Japan, I was not prepared for the manifold evidence of the movement in operation that I saw in China. Perhaps the thing that may be pregnant with possibly as important results as any is the establishment of a high school or university in Pekin by the Japanese. They have already a staff of very able professors there, and are sending over more, one of whom was in the steamer with me going over.

It is called the Imperial University, but all of the professors are Japanese. There is a nice touch of delicate Eastern cleverness about this. In this branch of the invasion—the intellectual—they would not think of calling it the 'Japanese University' in Pekin; no, it is the 'Imperial University'; and so successful have they been that early last month a decree was issued expressing the Imperial approval of it, together with the wish that its influence should be extended and a uniform mode of procedure be adopted throughout the provincial system.

There appears to be a curious amount of mystery about the establishment of this university. It is difficult to get definite information about it. The professor going out with me, whether

intentionally or not, gave one the impression of being curiously ignorant of the scope or status of the institution. It is quite probable that there may be very good reason for this, inasmuch as it is probably more or less of an experiment and will have to be handled with tentative diplomacy, so that its establishment may not antagonise the Chinese but win their support and approval. There will be no opposition to it on religious grounds such as attaches to the missionary schools of the various denominations, which never have succeeded in attracting scholars, any more than converts, except from the very lowest classes.

The commercial invasion was evidenced by the largely increased number of shops and places of business that have been opened by Japanese in Peking and other of the large towns. All old residents agree that a much larger number of Japanese are to be met with now travelling about the country than at any time heretofore. In many branches of manufacture their goods have taken the place of British goods; Japanese cottons, Japanese beer and mineral waters in every hotel, Japanese cigarettes in all the roadside stalls, and Japanese imitations of all the well-known proprietary articles from brandy to bicycles. Pains-taking, pushing, and polite, they are ideal commercial travellers, and their understanding of their neighbours and customers, the Chinese, makes up to a considerable extent for the inferiority or defects of some of their goods, in comparison with those of their longer established competitors. They are quick to adapt themselves to the requirements of the new markets they seek to enter. For instance, in Korea the bales of English cotton the natives were in the habit of buying were too large to be carried by the Korean donkeys. With traditional conservatism of possession the idea of altering the size of the bales would never enter the Englishman's head. The Jap competitor offered bales the size to suit the donkeys. As most of the goods-carrying throughout Korea is done a-donkey-back, this is an important consideration; anyhow the Japanese goods may now be seen all over the country.

In a military direction their influence is no less apparent. The Chinese up to 1900 had German, English, and a few French instructors; these have now been entirely given up, and the instructing of their soldiers and the reorganisation of their army as far as outsiders are concerned have been completely handed over to the Japanese. The previous instructors were as a rule capable men for the work, for which they received such very good salaries, but none of them ever appear to have got a grip of those they were supposed to instruct; they never got in touch with their men. It was a perfunctory duty perfunctorily performed. It is not very surprising that these officer mercenaries did not produce better results. They had none of the incentive reasons which inspired the only successful Western commander of Eastern troops, Gordon, when he formed and led his 'Ever

Victorious Army.' Gordon singlehanded showed what can be done with Chinese troops, but these pipeclayed, stock-stiff Germans cannot move out of their own barrack-square of thought, and the British who were employed had not sufficient elasticity of intellect to adapt themselves to such a widely separated standpoint of conditions. The heart of Europeans cannot be in such work. Pay alone will not make men keen on a distasteful task. They must always feel that it is more or less treacherous to engage in the manufacture of probable enemies. With the Japanese it is altogether different. They have the deep-lying feeling of distant kinship. Every man they drill is a potential ally. He is a possible help to the great dam they would throw across Eastern Asia against the glacier-like advance of Russia. They have the underlying feeling that blood is thicker than water, that the community of colour and race and religion makes them natural allies and the great dream, nebulous and yet unformed to definiteness, is nevertheless in the background of their minds—the dream of an awakened China which following in their footsteps shall unite with them in declaring a Monroe doctrine for the East, and, with the power to make pronouncement good, shall tell Westerners that they must go no farther, that China must remain indivisibly and for ever for the Chinese as Japan for themselves. As the slight change of costume makes them almost indistinguishably Chinese, so it is for them but a natural and easy transition to adapt themselves to the idiosyncrasies of those they have taken in hand, make concessions and meet their prejudices in unimportant matters for the better exercise of their influence in more important. I am one of those, perhaps in the minority, who believe in religion being an important element in the making of good soldiers. I have heard the Boers singing in their laagers outside Ladysmith, and seen the Russians bend devoutly for blessing before going into battle, and Indian cavalrymen lay their mats on the mud of the banks of the Pei-ho and turn Mecca-wards to say their prayers at sunset, and I have seen Irish soldiers seek their army chaplain on the eve of a fight and fight all the better for it on the morrow. Probably as little evidences of genuine religion are to be seen about the Japanese as about any people; their religious attitude has been delightfully described as one of 'politeness towards possibilities' that may be correct for the higher classes, but these no more represent all Japan than Paris represents the peasantry of France.

Campaigning with them in China, I remember well that every evening, as the time came for turning in, either under our tiny shelter tents or only our blankets beneath the higher canopy, there was always to be seen a ring of men tramping around with some non-commissioned officer generally in the centre chanting their Bhuddist hymns. The quaint rhythm of the tune comes back with the memory of those warm nights after sultry days of sweaty marching



in parching heat. It is not a small thing towards the making of an army that the religious faith of the common soldiers should be the same as that of their commanders and instructors, as is the case with the new tutors of the Chinese. There are seventy Japanese officers employed in the reorganisation of the Chinese army. That there are at least this number I have been able to satisfy myself on most reliable authority, but I do not know how many more or how many times as many there may possibly be, as both the Chinese and the Japanese are most reticent on the subject themselves.

It is more than probable that there is a very much larger number, but with people who are so accustomed to 'ways that are dark,' and with such complete facilities for keeping their proceedings secret, it would be next to impossible to ascertain how many there are, when it is obviously so desirable from the point of view both of the Japs and Chinese to prevent such information getting abroad. I met one of the officers thus engaged who had been up on the expedition to the relief of the Legations in 1900, and with some little difficulty got him to speak of the capabilities of the Chinese for being made into good soldiers. In his Chinese uniform I would never have recognised him as a Japanese. According to him, they possess many of the essentials that go to the making up of what he called 'war-soldiers.' They possess great endurance and physical stamina and can stand extremes of heat and cold; they can work on simple rations of practically rice alone. They learn to handle their weapons quickly and with dexterity, and with a little practice become excellent marksmen; they are obedient, and their discipline is excellent when they have capable officers over them who are at all in earnest about their work, and he thought would show bravery and devotion in following such. On the other hand, they lacked the patriotism of the Japanese soldier and his innate and hereditary love of fighting almost for fighting's sake. He thought this would be made up for to a great extent if the Chinese soldiers were only regularly paid, and laid great stress on the bad effect it has always on them of being irregularly and intermittently paid and sometimes for periods receiving nothing at all. This being changed, as he led me to understand was the case, he considered they would be first-class 'war-soldiers.' The centres of this military activity and reformation are none of them near Peking. The Chinese have no love for foreign military attachés. The nearest large military station is at Pao-ting Fu. At the time of the recent visit there of the Emperor and Empress Dowager, when some of the foreigners inquired about the military review, they were assured that there was to be no such thing; but it took place all the same.

The Korean army has already been reorganised to a certain extent by the Japanese on the model of their own, and the Koreans

have copied the Japs even to the details of uniform, so that it is often difficult to distinguish between the troops the Japanese have in Korea and the Korean soldiers themselves. The Russians at present are doing just the same in Northern Manchuria as the Japanese are doing in China proper. They are training and drilling troops who are officered by Russians, who, as they wear the Chinese uniform, are not readily distinguishable except by the omniscient agents of the Japanese intelligence department. From what I could make out, they have close on 10,000 men already so trained; the Japanese papers say that the number is considerably larger, and that they aim at having an army of 50,000 Russian-trained Chinese soldiers there, but this I think may be taken as a mere newspaper rumour.

The Pekin police force has been reorganised by Japanese, and, I understand, with the most satisfactory results.

One would think that the idea of a Chinese navy had been for ever sunk at the mouth of the Yalu. Yet it does not appear to be so. Three gunboats were ordered last month, and under the advice of Chang Chih Tung they were ordered to be built by the Japanese; so it will not be surprising if we find the influence they have exercised over the army, the police, and university education next extended to what remains of the Chinese navy. It is well known in China that the arsenals are again busy, particularly in the South, and that quantities of arms are being quietly imported, principally from Japan. Most of all in the diplomatic sphere is their growing influence increasingly felt, and not the less so on account of the almost intangible subtlety of its pressure. Throughout this quiet invasion of China by them, there is little to attract attention or arouse alarm: everything is done unobtrusively, and there is no jubilation over their progressive steps towards achievement. Their diplomatic struggle with Russia through the Chinese is not the less important from the deadly earnestness of its silence. That they know how to work quietly is shown by their marvellous military Intelligence Department, probably the best in the world. All over China, Korea, Manchuria, and Siberia their spies are at work. The Russian general at Newchwang says he is perpetually shadowed by them wherever he goes. I got my hair cut there a short time ago by a polite but woefully incompetent barber whom the Russians told me was a Japanese officer, but a Japanese friend subsequently, while denying his rank, admitted that he was a spy. Before I left Japan the Intelligence Department had just completed the compiling of an immense and elaborate map of Manchuria as a necessary part of these preparations for the great struggle which in the back of the Japanese mind is regarded as sooner or later inevitable.

In contrast to the increasing diplomatic influence of the Japanese

in Pekin is the loss of British prestige there. From a plain business standpoint nothing can be more humiliating than the diplomatic conduct of British affairs in the Far East during the last few years. Our position has been a shifting one from the front rank to taking what may well be called 'a back seat.' It seems rather unfortunate that when such a keen struggle is in progress we should be represented by such a lot of delightfully charming invertebrates as we have selected to represent us. The slaps in the face of lost battles following in quick succession arouse the British public to inquire into the methods of the War Office. But how about the Foreign Office? There is a mystery, a sanctity about the diplomatic service that hides its members from criticism as much as it protects them from inquiry or reprimand. The red tape that has mummified the War Office is nothing to that which wraps up our Foreign Office. The men who represent Russia, on the contrary, are strong, vigorous men of affairs, business men who will not be denied in pushing the business of the great firm they represent. That we have in Sir Ernest Satow one of the most distinguished Oriental scholars living and in Mr. Townley a most excellent judge of a Chinese pony is all very well, but instead of savants or English squires we want men with some of the instincts of commercial travellers. It seems almost incredible the neglect of opportunities for developing business we show in the Far East. When I was in Dalny a few weeks ago, the British consul from Cheefoo had just paid his first visit to the city and expressed his astonishment and admiration for what he saw. But why in the name of all that is businesslike did he not visit the place before? The city was being erected there under his nose, so to speak, for it is only twelve hours' journey from Cheefoo; over two millions of money was being expended in machinery, electric light works, the construction of docks, piers, and breakwaters, and work was pushed on with a rapidity that demanded an immediate supply of machinery, tools, and so forth, that English firms are certainly in a position to furnish; surely it is, or ought to be, the duty of our consuls to examine and report on the existence of such a new market, yet this vigilant commercial scout comes to visit the city three years after the building of it had been started, and when it is practically completed. Why have we not a consul at Dalny, the terminus of 7,000 miles of railway? The United States have one. Why have we not a commercial agent at Vladivostok, as Belgium has? An Englishman is not allowed to buy a town lot or open a shop in Harbin, the most important city in the centre of Manchuria, yet German influence was strong enough to enable Messrs. Kunst & Albers of Hamburg to open a branch establishment there.

I know of no movement more pregnant with possibilities than this now in progress which makes towards the Japanisation

of China. In the space of this article, I have alluded only to a few of the signs of it which I might easily multiply. There will be great changes in the government and life of that vast Empire just as soon as the Empress-Dowager dies, and she is now an old woman. In the upheaval of change, if the industrious, persistent, far-sighted efforts of her neighbours bear fruit, we may witness quite a rapid transformation in the life of the Empire. That clever conspirator, Sen-Yat-Sen, said to me, that, once the Chinese made up their minds to change, they would effect in fifteen years as much as it has taken Japan thirty to accomplish. There are some men in the East who affect to regard this *rapprochement* between Japan and China with alarm, as carrying in its development the menace of a really genuine Yellow Peril. A member of one of the Legations in Peking was emphatic that before long England would have cause to regret having entered into an alliance with Japan, but I could not help thinking that there was a touch of jealousy about this, and that the country he was the representative of would only have been too pleased to have taken our place. Time alone will show how this Japanese movement of quiet invasion of China progresses and if I have exaggerated its significance and importance. If it develops, as I expect it will, it will have the effect of stopping the advance of the Russians before they reach Peking, which, judging by their present rate of progress might be expected to be their ultimate goal. They may well rest content with their diplomatic triumph in the annexation of Manchuria, and, judging by the way they are closing the door there against the commerce of the rest of the world (for it remains to be seen what the promises are worth of opening ports given in response to the strenuous importunity of Mr. Hay), it will be well if they are halted at its frontiers by the Japanisation of China.

GEORGE LYNCH.

## THE ORNAMENTS RUBRIC

AS EXPLAINED BY THE PRIVY COUNCIL AND THE COURTS

As Mr. Russell Wakefield and his co-signatories have declared their belief that 'the Ornaments Rubric retains the ceremonial system which was lawful under the First Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth, and that for the peace of the Church this ought to be frankly recognised as a lawful inheritance in the English Church,' and thus raise again the whole question of the position of the rubric, it may be interesting to give shortly the conclusions of the Privy Council as to that rubric's history and effect.

The belief of the signatories involves not a question of theology, but one of mixed history and law. History, so far as the circumstances under which the rubric came to be placed into the Prayer Book, and law as to its effect when once there. The belief expressed by the High Church clergy happens to be in express contradiction to the decisions in the law courts, but it may possibly be correct all the same. These decisions are open to revision at any time, so it is a pity that, if the signatories really believe they are right, and intend to abide by the result, they should not raise the question of what is the real effect of the rubric again before the Privy Council. Lord Cairns said, in giving judgment in the most important of all of these cases, that the tribunals ought to be slow in any new suit to exclude any fresh light. Mr. Wakefield is not therefore in the position in which the Earl of Mar, for example, found himself, when the House of Lords decided against his claim. The noble Earl had no method of reversing their decision but an Act of Parliament. Any day a fresh ritual suit, friendly or otherwise, might reopen the whole question, and the position of the rubric be reconsidered in the light of any fresh historical knowledge that the declarants may have obtained since the last suit, and the position of the High Church declarants vindicated. Of course, there is also a risk that the decision may be still more strongly against them than ever.

In what follows the reader will bear in mind that this article does not attempt more than a *résumé* of the findings of fact of the Privy Council, and the consequences of such findings. The correctness of the conclusions of the Privy Council depends first on the accuracy

and completeness with which the historical facts as to the Church settlement in Queen Elizabeth's and Charles the Second's reigns have been brought before them; and, secondly, on the correctness of the reasoning from such facts. The judgments in their reasoning attempt to establish and maintain 'as far as possible, a clear and unvarying interpretation of rules, the stringency and effect of which ought to be easily ascertained and understood by every clerk before his admission into holy orders' (Lord Cairns, *Ridsdale v. Clifton*, L.R. 2 P.D. 276, at p. 307). These decisions, as long as the Church of England remains an Established Church, must bind any law-observing member of the Church of England until a case is brought wherein the fresh light brought to bear induces the Privy Council to alter its previous decisions.

The 'Ornaments Rubric' is as follows :

And here it is to be noted, that such ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration, shall be retained, and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth.

Before going into the history (as found by the Privy Council) it ought to be explained what the word 'ornaments' means in the rubric. It has been held to mean all the articles *used in and ancillary* to the performance of the prescribed Church service. It does not mean an embellishment or adornment in the popular sense. Vestments, books, cloths, chalices, patens, communion tables, and a number of other things, none of which may, in fact, be decorative, are in law 'ornaments.' These are divided by lawyers into two classes: (1) Ornaments of the Church; (2) Ornaments of the minister. There is a third class of things which have been held not to be 'ornaments' *if not used*, and comprise what are popularly known as 'ornaments,' but which lawyers call 'decorations,' viz., things inert, and either not capable of use, or not actually used, as for instance, decorative patterns, pictures which cannot be a medium of worship, &c.

The First English Prayer Book was issued in 1549 by Edward the Sixth, by authority of Parliament in the second year of his reign, and is known as Edward the Sixth's First Prayer Book. That Prayer Book contained at the end of it 'certain notes.' The directions contained in these general notes as to ornaments of the minister were as follows :

In the saying or singing of Matins and Evensong, Baptizing and Burying, the Minister, in parish churches and chapels annexed to the same, shall use a surplice. And in all cathedral churches and colleges, the Archdeacons, Deans, Provosts, Masters, Prebendaries, and Fellows, being Graduates, may use in the Quire, beside their surplices, such hood as apertaineth to their several degrees, which they have taken in any University within this realm. But in all other places every Minister shall be at liberty to use any surplice or no. It is also seemly that Graduates, when they do preach, should use such hoods as pertaineth to their several degrees.

And whosoever the Bishop shall celebrate the Holy Communion in the church, or execute any other public ministration, he shall have upon him beside his rochette, a surplice or albe, and a cope or vestment; and also his pastoral staff in his hand, or else borne or holden by his Chaplain.

A rubric (in the same Prayer Book) at the beginning of the Communion service, contained the following direction:

Upon the day and at the time appointed for the ministration of the Holy Communion, the Priest that shall execute the holy ministry shall put upon him the vesture appointed for that ministration, that is to say: a white albe plain, with a vestment or cope. And where there be many Priests or Deacons, there so many shall be ready to help the Priest in the ministration as shall be requisite, and shall have upon them likewise the vestures appointed for their ministry, that is to say, albes with tunicles.

The same book, in the first rubric at the end of the Communion service, directs the English Litany to be said on Wednesdays and Fridays, and directs the priest on these days (after the Litany is ended) 'to put upon him a white albe or surplice with a cope,' and to read that part of 'the Communion service until after the offertory' (although there is no one to communicate with him), and then to add one or two of the collects in the Communion service, and to let the people depart with the usual blessing.

In 1552, by an Act of Uniformity, 5 & 6 Ed. VI. c. 1, Edward the Sixth introduced his Second Prayer Book into the Church of England. This Prayer Book does not contain the 'certain notes' given above, nor the above rubrics as to albes, tunicles, and copes in the Communion service (the one in the Communion service, the other at the end of the Prayer Book), but has instead the following rubric before the Order for Morning Prayer:

And here it is to be noted that the Minister at the time of the Communion, and at all other times in his ministration, shall use neither alb, vestment, nor cope; but being Archbishop or Bishop, he shall have and wear a rochet, and being a Priest or Deacon, he shall have and wear a surplice only.

When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne, and the Reformation which had been put back in Queen Mary's reign was continued, she reintroduced, by the Act 1 Eliz. c. 2, the Second Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth, with certain trifling specified alterations which have nothing to do with the question of ornaments. The Act does not mention the last-mentioned rubric (forbidding alb, vestment, and cope) as one of the alterations, nor does it suspend it directly. Indirectly by section 25 it seems to have temporarily suspended it. Section 25 reads as follows:

Provided always, and be it enacted, that such ornaments of the Church and of the Ministers thereof, shall be retained and be in use, as was in this Church of England by authority of Parliament in the second year of Edward the Sixth, until other order shall be therein taken by authority of the Queen's Majesty, with the advice of her Commissioners appointed and authorised under the Great Seal of England for causes ecclesiastical, or of the Metropolitan of this realm.

The second year of Edward the Sixth is the year when his First Prayer Book was enacted by authority of Parliament. This 25th section has been held by the Privy Council to mean, not that the ornaments lawful at the time of the introduction of the Prayer Book were to be the standard, but the ornaments 'prescribed by' the First Prayer Book. And they also held that that section was clearly only intended to have temporary effect, since it speaks of the ornaments being 'retained and being in use' only 'until other order.' The result then was that while the Act made the Second Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth compulsory, together with the rubric forbidding any vestments but surplices for deacons and priests, and rochets for archdeacons and bishops, and carefully specified the only alterations which it made in the book, the 25th section directed the ornaments of the First Prayer Book to be 'retained and be in use until other order should be taken.'

When the authorities came to publish the book, they got over this temporary difficulty by entirely omitting the above-mentioned rubric, and substituting in lieu of it the following note referring to the statute of Elizabeth, which they printed in the beginning of the Prayer Book.

And here it is to be noted that the Minister at the time of the Communion, and at all other times in his ministration, shall use such ornaments in the Church as were in use by authority of Parliament in the second year of King Edward the Sixth, according to the Act of Parliament set in the beginning of this book.

They did this, as the Privy Council have held, without any legal authority.

This note was misleading, as it did not refer to the fact that the Act only directed that such ornaments should be 'retained and be in use until other order,' but at the same time the note, on the face of it, showed that it professed to have no intrinsic authority, for it referred to the Act of Parliament 'set in the beginning' of the book. And this is the view the Privy Council took.

In 1566 'other order was taken' by the advertisements of that year. These advertisements contain the following directions as to ornaments :

Item.—In the ministration of the Holy Communion in cathedral and collegiate churches, the principal Minister shall wear a cope, with Gospeller and Epistoler agreeably, and at all other prayers to be said at that Communion table to use no copes, but surplices.

Item.—That the Dean and Prebendaries wear a surplice with a silk hood in the Quire, and when they preach . . . to wear their hood.

Item.—That every Minister saying any public prayers, or ministering the Sacraments (plural), or any other rites of the Church, shall wear a comely surplice with sleeves, to be provided at the charges of the parish, and that the parish provide a decent table standing on a frame for the Communion table.

Item.—They shall decently cover with a carpet, silk, or other decent covering,



and with a fair linen cloth (at the time of ministration) the Communion table, and to set the Ten Commandments upon the east wall over the said table.

• Item.—That the font be not removed, nor that the Curate do baptize in parish churches in basons, nor in any other form than is already prescribed. . . .

These directions having been made under the authority derived from the 25th section\* of Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity, have statutory authority (*Ridsdale v. Clifton*, L.R. 2 P.D. 276, at p. 321), and have been observed as such up to 1840. They have been copied almost verbatim into the 24th, 25th, 81st, and 82nd Canons, the first quoted of which refers to them expressly. In spite of this, those who wished to use the cope, alb, &c., argued that no 'other order' had ever been taken, and that consequently such vestments were the only legal ones at the time of Communion, the fact that from 1566 to 1840, over two hundred years, the vestments in question had never been used, but universally discarded, weighing for nothing with them when seeking to interpret the rubric.

The Privy Council therefore held that the 25th section of 1 Eliz. c. 2 must now be read as if these directions of the advertisements were part and parcel thereof (see *Ridsdale v. Clifton*, at p. 321). The section so altered then reads as follows :

Provided always that such ornaments of the Church and of the Ministers thereof, shall be retained and be in use, as were in this Church of England by authority of Parliament in the second year of King Edward the Sixth, except that the surplice shall be used by the Ministers of the Church at all times of their public ministrations, and the alb, vestment, or tunicle shall not be used, nor shall a cope be used except at the administration of the Holy Communion in cathedral and collegiate churches.

In spite of the 'other order' having been taken, the rubric continued to be printed in the same form and with the same wording as it had before Queen Elizabeth's advertisements altered the law, until the time of the Restoration and the last Act of Uniformity; a correction not having been made either *per incuriam*, or because the law was well known. Queen Elizabeth's advertisements were universally obeyed in that no attempt was made by anyone to use the alb at all, and the cope was worn only in cathedrals and collegiate churches.

When, at the Restoration, in Charles the Second's reign, the Prayer Book came up again for revision, the Puritans objected to the rubric which had been inserted without authority in Queen Elizabeth's book as above mentioned, because it 'seemeth to bring back the copes, albs, &c., and the vestments forbidden by the Common Prayer Book, 5 & 6 Edward VI.' The bishops at the Savoy Conference replied by stating that they intended to leave the law as to vestures unchanged. The rubric, however, was altered by making it more closely conform to the wording of the 25th section of the statute of Elizabeth by substituting instead of the words 'The minister

*at the time of the Communion, and at all other times in his ministration,*' the words 'such ornaments of the Church, and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration, shall be retained and be in use,'—all these new words being extracted from the Act of Elizabeth, except the words 'at all times of their ministration'; they also omitted the words at the end of the old rubric—'according to the Act of Parliament set in the beginning of this book.'

The Prayer Book with the rubric in this altered form was passed by both Houses of Convocation, and received legislative sanction both from the Houses of Convocation and from Parliament. The Act of 13 & 14 Charles II. c. 4, in order that there should be no uncertainty as to it, 'annexed' the original MS. of the Prayer Book, containing the alterations, to the Act itself as a schedule, and ordered carefully compared copies to be made, and when properly verified to be sealed with the Great Seal of England. Each cathedral and certain other places were ordered to provide themselves with one of these 'sealed copies.' The sealed books contain both Acts of Uniformity—that of 1 Elizabeth, c. 2, and 13 & 14 Charles II. c. 4. The Act of Elizabeth was not repealed by the Act of Charles the Second in 1662, for it was made by Convocation and by that Act part of the Prayer Book and put as No. 1 in the list of contents. Charles the Second's Act of Uniformity not only specially refers to the Elizabethan Act in the preamble as an Act which was in force, and which Parliament intended to enforce and strengthen by passing the then Act of Uniformity; but section 24 of Charles the Second's Act provides as follows:

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid that the several good laws and statutes of this realm which have been formerly made, and are now in force, for the uniformity of Prayer and administration of the Sacraments within this realm of England and places aforesaid, shall stand in full force and strength, to all intents and purposes whatsoever, for the establishing and confirming of the said book.

It was then, in 1662, for the first time by virtue of the Uniformity Act (but only in an altered form), that the rubric of 1559 as to ornaments, which was put in without authority by those who published the Prayer Book, obtained legislative sanction. When it was argued before the Privy Council that the present rubric repealed the Act of Elizabeth and the advertisements and canons, they held that could not be so; first, because the Act of Elizabeth was specially confirmed by the Act of Uniformity of 1662. Next, because the universal practice from the time of the passing of the Act until the beginning of the modern Oxford movement showed that no one considered that the rubric altered the rule universally enforced from 1566 to 1662 (omitting the time of the Rebellion) which abolished the alb and other vestments in parish churches.

The Privy Council held therefore that the present rubric, if it was not in conformity with the statute of Elizabeth as amended by the 'other order' contained in the advertisements of 1566, was not 'otherwise than what it had been before, a memorandum of reference to that law' (*Ridsdale v. Clifton*, 2 P.D., at p. 324). Charles the Second's Act of Uniformity was specially subscribed and adopted by Convocation. The Elizabethan Act was also incorporated into the Prayer Book by it, and made part of its contents No. 1.

The result of this history, and the law laid down by the Privy Council at the same time, is that the only ornaments that are lawful are: (1) those prescribed by the First Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth as altered by the advertisements; (2) any prescribed by the present Prayer Book; and (3) such ornaments as are consistent with, and subsidiary to, the prescribed service, as pews, hassocks, church bells. The test of legality is not what ornaments were used, in the second year of Edward the Sixth's reign, nor what ornaments the canons or royal injunctions prior to 1549 directed to be used, but what ornaments were retained and in use by authority of Parliament dating from the second year of Edward the Sixth, and not abolished entirely, or else changed as to the time and place of their lawful use, by the advertisements of Elizabeth of 1566. Besides these negative enactments, there is the statute of 3 & 4 Ed. VI. c. 10, which was revived in 1603, 1 Jac. I. c. 25, sec. 25, and which is still a binding statute. This requires that all antiphons, missals, grailes, processional, manuals, legends, pies, portuasses, primers in Latin or English, couchers, journals, ordinals, be abolished and forbidden to be used. It required all images of stone, timber, alabaster, or earth, graven, carved, or painted, to be defaced and destroyed in churches, except images on tombstones of persons not reputed to be saints. So that from 1603 these ornaments used at the time of the introduction of the First Prayer Book are expressly forbidden.

*The Ornaments of the Church.*—We will now see what ornaments of the Church are mentioned in the Prayer Book of 1549, the first one of Edward the Sixth. They are: An English Bible, the new Prayer Book, a poor men's box, a chalice, a corporas, paten, an altar, pulpit, font, and bell.<sup>1</sup>

*Altar altered to Communion Table.*—The First Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth speaks in the rubrics in the Communion service, and in the service itself, four times of a 'Table,' four times of 'the Altar,' and once of 'God's Board.' The Second Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth, reintroduced by Elizabeth, speaks throughout

<sup>1</sup> There are one or two other 'ornaments' which are not mentioned but implied by ordering a 'ceremony.' Thus for anointing in the service for the sick and in baptism a vessel to hold oil would be required, but when a ceremony is abolished the ornament must follow for reasons given hereafter.

in the rubrics of the Communion service, and in the service itself, of a 'Table,' and of 'God's Board' (in the present book altered to 'Table'), and of the Communion itself as 'a supper,' 'a feast,' or 'a banquet.' The Injunctions of 1559, which were issued by Queen Elizabeth contemporaneously with the publishing of the Prayer Book, contain an article headed 'For Tables in the Churches.' This article contains the following directions: 'And that the Holy Table in every church be decently made, and set in the place where the altar stood.' The advertisements, following up the Injunctions of 1559, directed the parish to 'provide a decent table standing on a frame for the Communion Table,' and then had the following direction: 'Item. They shall decently cover with a carpet, silk, or other decent covering, and with a fair linen cloth at the time of ministration, the Communion Table.' The rubric orders that 'The Table at the Communion time having a fair white linen cloth upon it, shall stand in the body of the church, or in the chancel, where Morning and Evening Prayer are appointed to be said.' The 82nd Canon is so worded as to carry out the provisions of the rubric and the advertisements, for it says:

Whereas we have no doubt but that in all churches within this realm of England convenient and decent tables are provided and placed for the celebration of the Holy Communion, we appoint that the said tables shall from time to time be kept and repaired in sufficient and seemly manner, and covered in time of divine service with a carpet of silk or other decent stuff thought fit by the Ordinary of the place if any question be made of it, and with a fair linen cloth at the time of the ministration, as becometh that table, and so stand, saving when the said Holy Communion is to be administered, at which time the same shall be placed in so good sort within the church or chancel as thereby the Minister may be more conveniently heard of the communicants in his prayer and ministration, and the communicants also more conveniently and in more number may communicate with the said Minister.

The result of these directions has been held to be that stone altars are illegal in the Church of England, and that wooden movable tables are the proper ornament (*Faulkner v. Litchfield*, 1 Robertson Eccl. Report, 184; *Westerton v. Liddell*, Moore Sp. Report, p. 185). In *Westerton v. Liddell* it was also held that as there was no direction as to the colour of the 'carpet,' any colour might be used. This did not apply to the fair white linen cloth. As to that it was held it must not have an embroidered or lace border. *Prima facie* two Communion tables are not lawful in one church, but if part of a church is separated from the rest, and is used when there are small attendances, it has been allowed (*re* Holy Trinity, Stroud Green, 12 P.D. 199),

*Bell.*—Ordered by the rubric in the Communion services and mentioned in Canons 15, 67, 88, and 111.

*Bible.*—Ordered by the Prayer Book and by the 80th Canon, and described as 'the Bible of the largest volume.'

*Flagon, Chalice, or Cup.*—Ordered by the rubric in the Communion service. By the 20th Canon the wine is required 'to be brought to the Communion table in a clean and sweet standing pot or stoup (= flagon) of pewter, if not of purer metal.'

*Stone Font.*—The rubric in the Baptismal services mentions a font, but does not otherwise describe it. Elizabeth's advertisements have the following provision as to it: 'That the font be not removed, nor that the curate do baptize in parish churches in basons.' The 81st Canon is as follows: 'According to a former constitution (viz. the Canon of 1571 [Card. Synod. I. 123]), too much neglected in many places, we appoint that there shall be a font of stone in every church and chapel where baptism is to be ministered; the same to be set in the ancient usual place; in which only font the minister shall baptize publicly.'

*Reading-desk.*—'A convenient seat to be made for the minister to read service in,' Canon 82, and also referred to in the rubric in the Communion service as the 'reading-pew.'

*Pulpit.*—Referred to in the rubric at the head of the Communion service, and ordered by the 83rd Canon: 'The churchwardens or questmen, at the common charge of the parishioners in every church, shall provide a comely and decent pulpit to be set in a convenient place within the same, by the discretion of the Ordinary of the place, if any question do arise, and to be there seemly kept for the preaching of God's Word.'

*Ten Commandments.*—Queen Elizabeth's advertisements provide that the Ten Commandments shall be placed at the east end over the Communion table, for, after speaking of the Communion table, they say: 'And to set the Ten Commandments upon the east wall over the said table.' The 82nd Canon provides as follows as to the Ten Commandments: 'That the Ten Commandments be set up in the east end of every church and chapel where the people may best see and read the same.' It omits the provision of the advertisements which directs their being placed 'over the said table.' The Canon continues: 'and other chosen sentences written upon the walls of the said churches and chapels in places convenient.'

*Alms-bason.*—Directed by the rubric in the Communion service to be a 'decent bason.' In the First and Second Prayer Books a poor men's box is mentioned. The Prayer Book of 1662 omits all reference to it, but it is mentioned in the 84th Canon under the name of alms-chest.

*Register of Christenings, Weddings, and Burials.*—Ordered by Canon 70 to be of parchment, to be kept in one sure coffer with three locks and keys, one with the minister, and the other two with the churchwardens severally. This book shall not be taken out except in presence of the minister and churchwardens. The register must now, by 19 & 20 Vict. c. 119, be kept in an iron chest. It should be

noted that the Registration Acts to some extent supersede this Canon.

*Table of Degrees of Affinity*, within which marriages are not lawful.—Ordered by Canon 99 'to be in every church publicly set up.'

*Homilies, Book of*.—Ordered by the 80th Canon.

The above is a list of all the ornaments directed by law to be used. Mr. Justice Phillimore, in the second edition of the late Sir Robert Phillimore's *Ecclesiastical Law*, has a long list of others, and as an authority for their use he gives Lindwood. Lindwood was Bishop of St. Davids in pre-Reformation times, namely, in Henry the Sixth's reign, and a canon lawyer. He wrote a book discussing how far the English provincial constitutions were valid, testing their validity by examining whether they agreed with, or contravened, the Roman Canon law, in the same way as an American lawyer at the present day tests the laws of the various states by the constitution. It is needless to say that this writer is not recognised by the English courts as an authority as to what ornaments are lawful since the Reformation. (The only ornaments that have been held lawful are things consistent with the rubric, and subsidiary to the prescribed service.) In discussing how far ornaments are legal, the courts have taken notice of former rubrics on the subject, and where a former rubric prescribed the use of a certain ornament, and that ornament has been omitted from the later one, they have held such ornament illegal. Most of the decisions deal with vestments, but this principle of construction has been applied to ambiguous rubrics (see, for instance, the way in which the words 'it shall suffice' were construed in *Hebbert v. Purchas*, 3 P.C. 605, in discussing whether wafers are legal. See also *Martin v. Mackonochie*, L.R. 2 P.C. 365, at p. 390). The Privy Council in *Westerton v. Liddell* (Moore Sp. Report, at p. 187), after saying they 'entirely agree with the opinions expressed by the learned judges in these cases (i.e. *Westerton v. Liddell* and *Beal v. Liddell*, and in *Faulkner v. Litchfield*, 1 Rob. Ecc. Rep. 184), "that in the performance of the services, rites, and ceremonies ordered by the Prayer Book, the directions contained in it must be strictly observed, that no omission and no addition can be permitted," said that they were not prepared to hold that the use of all articles not expressly mentioned in the rubric, although quite consistent with, and even subsidiary to, the service, is forbidden. They pointed out that organs, pews, cushions, pulpit-cloths, seats by the Communion table, were permissible. On this basis they dealt with the question whether a credence table was permissible, and held it to be so. And this view the Privy Council held to be right in *Martin v. Mackonochie*, L.R. 2 P.C. 365, at p. 390.

*Lighted Candles when not required for Light*.—The law as to

these is not quite clear owing to the late Archbishop Benson's judgment in the Lincoln case, at least that was the view taken by Dr. Tristram in 1897 when the question came before him in the case of St. Paul's, Camden Square. He there refused either to give leave to light the candles or to prohibit their lighting. The law depends partly on the question whether lighted candles *when not required for light* are treated as 'ornaments,' and partly on the question whether the 'ceremony' apart from the act of lighting is a 'ceremony.' Lord Cairns in *Martin v. Mackonochie*, L.R. 2 P.C. 365 in the Privy Council said :

The lighted candles are clearly not 'ornaments' within the words of the rubric, for they are not prescribed by the authority of Parliament therein mentioned, namely the first Prayer Book, nor is the injunction of 1547 the authority of Parliament within the meaning of the rubric. They are not subsidiary to the service, for they do not aid or facilitate—much less are they necessary to the service, nor can a separate and independent ornament previously in use be said to be consistent with a rubric which is silent as to it, and which by necessary implication abolishes what it does not retain.

Archbishop Benson in *Read v. Lincoln*, 1891, P. 6, came to an opposite conclusion, the grounds for which are not quite clear so far as they affect them as 'ornaments.' Adopting a definition of his own of 'ceremony,' he held that 'ceremony' without an act of lighting during the service was not a 'ceremony.' On appeal, Lord Halsbury in giving the decision of the Privy Council intimated that that tribunal adhered to the view it had previously adopted in *Martin v. Mackonochie*, but considered that as the Bishop was not in his own church he had no power to remove the lighted candles, and therefore could not be held responsible for their use.

*Illegal Ornaments of the Church.*—Bearing in mind the definition of ornament—'a thing used in the services and ministrations of the Church'—it will be seen that on the principles laid down in the cases cited, *all ornaments not prescribed* by the first Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth, the rubrics and the canons (which are to be read together with the former), *are illegal* unless it can be proved that they are quite consistent with, and subsidiary to, the prescribed service. Thus, a cross used as an ornament and carried about is illegal, and *a fortiori*, a crucifix (*Elphinstone v. Purchas*, 3 Ad. & Eccl. 67). Holy-water stoups, on the same principle, were held illegal in *Davey v. Hinde*, 1901, p. 95, and ordered to be removed. We will now give a list of some ornaments which have been held to be illegal.

*Baldacchino*, or canopy over the Communion table. This at first sight would appear not to be an ornament, as incapable of use, but it has been held that as it was used for the purpose of protecting the Host when exposed for worship, and for the honour of the Blessed Sacrament, it was an ornament, and illegal. The Prayer

Book forbids the elevation or showing of the Sacrament, and a baldachino was inconsistent with the service prescribed therein.

Other illegal ornaments are :

*Confessional Boxes.*—Bradford v. Fry, 1878, 4 P.D. 93; Davey v. Hinde, 1901, P. 95.

*Stations of the Cross.*—Ridsdale v. Clifton, 2 P.D. 316; Davey v. Hinde, 1901, P. 95.

*Tabernacle.*—Davey v. Hinde, 1901, P. 95; Kensit v. St. Ethelburga, 1900, P. 80.

*Images* representing the Virgin Mary, the Good Shepherd; the same case; Davey v. Hinde, 1900, P. 95.

*Decorations* have been defined in Martin v. Mackonochie (2 P.C. 364, at p. 387) to be 'things inert and unused,' and were distinguished from ornaments which have an 'active use . . . as part of the administration of a ceremony.' Decorations are of two kinds—things, like decorative patterns, which are incapable of use. Next, things which though inert can be used. These, as long as they are not used, are treated as decorations. There is often considerable controversy as to whether a 'usable' thing is an 'ornament' or a 'decoration.' Thus, one picture might be an 'ornament' if used for a religious purpose, or as an aid to prayer as Stations of the Cross; and another, of an historical scene, would only be a 'decoration.' As to the first class of things, they are legal, and no question arises as to them. As to the latter, for example, a cross, the rule has been to allow them *if not used* or put up in a place where they lead to misconceptions. Thus, a cross is not allowed in connection, or apparent connection, with the Communion table, for it must not be given the appearance of an altar. The judgment of the Privy Council in Liddell v. Beal (Moore Sp. Rep.), in dealing with a case where a wooden cross had been put upon a narrow ledge 'raised above the rest of the table' (see p. 151), the ledge being attached to the table (p. 186), contains the following conclusions: 'The distinction between an altar and a table is in itself essential, and the circumstances, therefore, which constitute the distinction, however trifling in themselves, are for that reason important.' The cross was therefore ordered to be removed from the table, so that it should not look like an altar. The existence of a cross attached to the table was said to be neither consistent with the letter nor the spirit of the canons. In consequence, the cross was removed to the sill of the east window, which was 5 feet 10 inches away from the Communion table. This did not satisfy some of those who objected to the cross, and they took further proceedings (Liddell v. Beal, 1860, 14 Moore P.C. 1). The Privy Council then held that the cross was not 'in any sense in communication or contact with the Communion table,' and that the monition in that case had not been disobeyed. In Durst v. Masters (1876, 1 P.D. 373) the incumbent put a cross on a ledge a quarter of an inch



above the table, and asserted that it was legal in such a position and was movable. The Privy Council, however, refused to enter into any such refinements as to its being movable and a quarter of an inch away from the table, and said that to the eye of a stranger coming into the church there was no difference from what had been originally condemned in *Liddell v. Beal*; and laid down the principle that no cross should be placed in such a position as to be in apparent connection with the Communion table.

The Privy Council in *Phillpotts v. Boyd* (L.R. 6, P.C. 435) allowed a marble reredos at Exeter Cathedral, having on it a bas-relief carving which represented the Ascension, Transfiguration, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost as historical scenes. They allowed this reredos on the ground that it could not become an object of superstitious reverence. Courts have to judge on the evidence presented before them as to the likelihood of any decoration or figure becoming an object of superstition. Thus, the figures in relief on the reredos at Exeter were held subsidiary to the representation of the events, and so were permitted, as unlikely to lead to superstition. It is not sufficient that a figure might be, it must be *likely to be*, or *probably would be*, a cause of superstitious reverence; thus, a bas-relief of the Crucifixion scene on a reredos was held not likely to be a cause of superstition in *Hughes v. Edwards*, 1877, 2 P.D. 361, and the Bishop of London, exercising his discretion (*R. v. Bishop of London*, 24 Q.B.D. 213), refused to sanction proceedings in the case of the reredos of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the ground that he thought it would not be a cause of superstition.

By the words 'superstitious reverence,' 'adoration,' or 'worship,' the Courts do not only mean to convey the limited idea of a figure or object itself worshipped like a pagan idol, but to embrace the far more extended conception of worship, adoration, or reverence paid to the Deity in presence of, or before and through the medium of, those objects or figures, and referred to the Roman Catholic doctrine as laid down by the Council of Trent, Sess. XXV., *De invocatione, veneratione, et reliquiis sanctorum et sacris imaginibus*. \*It is this kind of worship which the XXII<sup>nd</sup> Article of Religion repudiated, and declared to be 'a fond thing vainly invented.' The principle on which the Courts go is that the best forecast as to whether a thing is in danger of being an object of superstitious reverence, especially in those cases where the weaknesses and failings of mankind are concerned, is to be obtained from the experience of the past. Thus, as the worship of the crucifix on the roodscreen was enjoined in the Missal according to the Sarum Use, such a crucifix was clearly liable to abuse. Lord Penzance laid down the rule in the following words in *Clifton v. Ridsdale* (1876, 1 P.D. 316, at p. 356), which were quoted and approved of by the Privy Council on appeal (1877, 2 P.D. 276): 'When the Court is dealing with a well-known sacred object

—an object enjoined and put up by authority in all the churches in England before the Reformation in a particular part of the church, and for the purpose of "adoration"—when the Court finds the same object, both in the church and out of it, is still worshipped by those who adhere to the unreformed Romish faith, and when it is told that now, after a lapse of 300 years, it is suddenly proposed to set up the same object in the same part of the church as an architectural ornament only, it is hard not to distrust the use to which it may be put, or escape the apprehension that what begins in "decoration" may end in idolatry.' If this apprehension is a just and reasonable one, then there exists that likelihood and danger of superstitious reverence which the Privy Council, in *Phillipotts v. Boyd* (1875, L.R. 6 P.C. 435), pronounced to be fatal to the lawfulness of all images and figures set up in a church. Sir A. Charles, the late Dean of the Arches, held in *re St. Anselm*, Pinner, 1901, P. 202, that the question whether a particular decoration was in danger of superstitious reverence depended on the probability considering the circumstances of the particular church, and suggested evidence being adduced as to the nature of the services in the church wherein it was proposed to put up on a chancel screen a crucifix with figures of the Virgin Mary and St. John on either side. When he was satisfied as to the nature of the services, he allowed these figures to be put up. It is submitted that the principle of this decision is not correct—a new vicar might commence all the superstitious practices forbidden—and that the principle laid down by Lord Penzance is a more satisfactory one, viz. that when the particular thing has been associated, and still is, with a practice the Church of England holds superstitious, it cannot be permitted.

*Gates* to chancel screens have not been approved of by the different chancellors, as appearing to make a distinction between the chancel and the rest of the church which is not recognised by law; yet they have been allowed for protection of church property where it was customary to keep the church open all week days, and on condition that they should be kept open during the services (*Rector of St. Andrew's, Romford, v. All Persons having Interest*, 1894, P.D. 220).

*Flowers*, if used only as decorations, are legal (*Elphinstone v. Purchas*, L.R. 3 P.C. 605). As to things forbidden because used ceremonially, see CEREMONIES.

*Ornaments of the Minister.*—The reader who has followed the introductory history has seen that the Privy Council have held that the lawful ornaments for a minister are those authorised by the advertisements of Queen Elizabeth, and that these advertisements have not been superseded by the Ornaments rubric. The consequence is that the surplice is the only lawful ornament to be worn

in parish churches *while ministering*, unless, perhaps, the scarf or tippet, and hood in addition.

*Tippet, Scarf, and Hood.*—The advertisements direct deans, masters of colleges, archdeacons, other dignitaries in cathedral churches, doctors, masters of arts, batchelors (*sic*) of divinity, medicine, and law, having ecclesiastical living, *inter alia* to wear in their common apparel abroad tippets of sarcenet. The 74th Canon directs for the same persons hoods and tippets of silk or sarcenet, and square caps. All other ministers, 'admitted or to be admitted,' are to wear the same dress as the others, except *tippets*. The tippet has become part of the dress worn by ministers, though it is clear both from the advertisements and Canon that it was an outdoor dress and only to be worn by dignitaries in colleges and cathedrals, and doctors and bachelors of theology, law, and medicine. It has never been the subject of any judicial decision. The scarf is to be distinguished from a stole. A stole is a narrow strip of *coloured* silk expanded at the ends and reaching down to the knees. A tippet, or scarf, is made of folded black silk going down to the ankles.

*Copes*, according to the advertisements, are ordered to be worn in cathedrals and collegiate churches in the ministration of the Holy Communion by the principal minister, with Gospeller and Epistoler agreeably. They have fallen into disuse for nearly two centuries now in cathedrals, and if an action were brought against anyone for not using them, it is not improbable that the Court would hold that the contemporary, general, and continuous disuse of the same had created a legal practice authorising their disuse, and the use, instead, of a surplice with the other usual ornaments. This disuse seems to have been recognised in 1604, for the 24th Canon, instead of directing the clergy in cathedrals to wear the cope at every ministration of the Holy Communion, limits its direction to the 'principal feast days,' although a few lines further down it refers to Elizabeth's advertisements.

The *black gown* has been held to be legal for two reasons: first, because the surplice has been only directed to be worn during the administration of the Holy Communion and the other rites (rite being 'a service expressed in words,' *Martin v. Mackintosh*, 2 Ad. & Eccl. 116, at p. 136) of the Church, and preaching is not a rite nor ministration within the rubric; secondly, the Court held that the use of the black gown had been legal all along through three centuries, and that if it had not been so, on the principle that *communis error facit legem*, i.e. since there has been a continuous use of such gown for three hundred years, such use would make it legal even if it had not been so originally (*Wright v. Tugwell*, 1897, 1 Ch. 85).

*Illegal Ornaments.*—The following vestments have been held to

be illegal: alb, amice, maniple, chasuble, tunicle (*Hebbert v. Purchas*, 7 Moore, P.C. N.S. 468, or L.R. 3 P.C. 605; *Ridsdale v. Clifton*, 2 P.D. 276); a biretta, if worn (*Hudson v. Tooth*, 2 P.D. 125; *Enraght v. Lord Penzance*, 1882, 7 App. Cas. 240). In ruling on this point (*Elphinstone v. Purchas*, 1870, 3 Ad. & Eccl. 94), the Court thought it could be innocently carried in the hand.

*Bishop.*—The bishop is ordered by the rubric in the consecration of a bishop to wear a rochet. With this they wear a chimere, which was an upper robe originally worn out of doors, and since Queen Elizabeth's time made of black satin.

*Pastoral Staff.*—If we apply the method of interpreting the rubrics which has been laid down by the Courts, and which is explained on a previous page of this article, it will be clear that the pastoral staff is an illegal ornament. The First Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth enjoined it in the 'certain notes' at the end, where vestments are dealt with; the Second Prayer Book and the present one have omitted all reference to it. In the 'certain notes' at the end of the First Prayer Book the bishop was directed to hold it in his hand, or have it borne or held for him by his chaplain, both at Holy Communion and when executing any other public ministration. The Ordinal of 1550, in the service of consecrating bishops, also directed the consecrating bishops to have their pastoral staves in their hands, and, as part of the ceremony of consecrating a new bishop, in the middle of the exhortation, after he is given the Bible with the words 'Give heed unto reading,' directs the archbishop, while saying the words 'Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd,' to put a pastoral staff into the new bishop's hands. All these references to a pastoral staff have been cut out of the present Prayer Book and Ordinal. The view that the pastoral staff is now an illegal ornament is borne out by Gibson, who in his *Codex*, published in 1761, says at p. 118, referring to the pastoral staff, episcopal ring, mitre, and gloves (all enjoined in the Roman Pontifical), 'All which, and many other superstitions of like nature (as savouring more of the ceremonies of the Jewish than of the simplicity of the Christian religion), our Reformed Church hath prudently and piously laid aside in the consecration of her archbishops and bishops, retaining only such outward tokens as are most ancient and most grave.' And it may be noted that at the first Elizabethan consecration of a bishop, viz. Archbishop Parker's (of which he took care there should be a very exact account in his Register), no pastoral staff was given, as is expressly mentioned in the Archiepiscopal Register.

*Mitre.*—This also is probably illegal, since it is not part of the specified dress of a bishop in either the First or Second Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth, or any other, and the rule laid down by the Courts is that no garments shall be worn except such as are authorised. In *Read v. Bishop of Lincoln*, it was held that when a

bishop ministers in any office prescribed by the Prayer Book, he is a 'minister,' and bound to observe the directions given to the minister in the rubrics of such office (L.R. 14 P.D. 148).

This concludes the *résumé* of the decisions relating to ornaments and the ornaments rubric. Anyone who enters a fair number of churches during the year will form his own opinion as to the extent to which that law is observed by bishops and clergy. These decisions do not relate merely to matters of millinery or æsthetics, as some Gallios affect to believe, but indirectly involve matters of doctrine. Both those who adopt the ornaments declared illegal, and those who object to them, do so because they symbolise doctrines which they believe important. A large number of the forbidden ornaments are more appropriate to the doctrine that the Holy Communion is a sacrifice than to the belief that it is a feast and banquet, as declared by the Prayer Book. Very frequently in addition to the 'ornament' a 'ceremony' is introduced. Indeed, Mr. Russell Wakefield and his co-signatories seem to believe that if the 'ornaments' were declared legal the ceremony appropriate to it would be also, for they say 'the ornaments rubric retains the ceremonial system which was brought under the Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth.' The declarants appear to have forgotten that in ecclesiastical legislation 'ornaments' have been always dealt with separately from 'ceremonies and forms,' and that there is no difficulty similar to that which exists as to 'ornaments' in deciding what ceremonies are lawful. It is easy to understand why the declarants should lay more stress on the 'ceremonial system' than on the 'ornaments,' for the intended symbolism of a garment or the 'ornament' might not be noticed without its attendant 'ceremony,' giving a life and meaning to what would otherwise be inexpressive. But a decision as to the lawfulness of an ornament does not justify the ceremony, for no ceremony is lawful except such as are expressly ordered by the Prayer Book. Both the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity and that of Charles the Second especially forbid any other ceremonial. The fourth section of Queen Elizabeth's Act makes it a criminal offence to 'wilfully or obstinately, standing in the same, use any other rite, ceremony, order, form, or manner of celebrating the Lord's Supper openly or privily, or mattins, evensong, administration of the Sacraments, or other open prayers than is mentioned and set forth in the said book' (the second Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth); and the Act of Charles the Second enacts 'that no form or order of Common Prayers, administration of Sacraments, rites, or ceremonies, shall be openly used in any church, chapel, or other public place, or in any college or hall in either of the Universities, the colleges of Westminster, Winchester, or Eton, or any of them other than what is prescribed and appointed to be used in and by the said book.' The Act of Elizabeth having been passed, as has been already pointed out, by both Houses of Convocation, and

sealed by them and added to the Prayer Book, besides being passed by the Houses of Parliament as part of it, can scarcely be contended to be only legally and not morally binding on the clergy. Moreover, as the Archbishop of Canterbury pointed out the other day, 'the very meaning of an ornament is that it is a thing to be used for the fitting performance of a ceremony, and if no ceremony be prescribed, the so-called ornament has no place.' If the High Church clergy loyally adhered to this principle, and refused to introduce a ceremony unless it was mentioned in the Prayer Book, then they would see that as long as the rites and ceremonies were forbidden they would obtain only a Pyrrhic victory by having an ornament declared legal when the appropriate ceremony remains illegal.

E. BLACKWOOD WRIGHT.

## A PAPAL CONCLAVE AND ITS CHRONICLER

PAUL DE GONDI, Cardinal de Retz, was a man who in his day played many parts and had strange experiences. He was at once a model archbishop and a libertine, a demagogue of demagogues and a courtier. He was the confidential friend and adviser of half the great ladies in Paris, at the very time when all the riffraff of the city were swearing by him as '*notre chéri*,' and kissing the bridle of his horse as he passed. His charity was unbounded and so was his debauchery: he would give away the very coat from off his back, and make love to his dearest friend's wife or his own nearest relative. He revelled in mysteries, plots and conspiracies, and had a perfect genius for playing off one section of society against another. That maddest, wildest, and wickedest of ventures, *la Fronde*, was his most characteristic handiwork. He would preach before the Court one day, with thrilling eloquence, too, and fight a duel the next; and he would hurry away from a chapter-house meeting to a *rendez-vous*. And no matter where he was, he always took the lead by the sheer force of his ability and—audacity.

To Paul de Retz, as a cardinal, a conclave was, of course, a perfect godsend: it afforded him the best of all fields for the display of his somewhat peculiar order of talents. Never was he perhaps quite so much in his element as when locked up in the Vatican, measuring his wits against those of the various members of the Sacred College. Even the conclave of 1655 was welcome, although it came at an inopportune moment, just when his fortunes were at a low ebb. Only a few weeks before it met, he had arrived in Rome, a fugitive, penniless and maimed—with a dislocated shoulder. He had been proclaimed a traitor, and all the world knew that Anne of Austria would give his weight in gold for him dead or alive—more gladly dead, though, than alive. None the less, during the papal election he played a more important and brilliant rôle than any other cardinal, even than he who had the King of Spain at his back. From first to last, indeed, his influence was paramount, and practically it was he, outlaw though he were, who decided to whom

St. Peter's throne should be given. In his *Mémoires*, one of the brightest, wittiest, and most cynically audacious of books, he gives a full account of all that took place at that conclave. He draws aside the curtain with which the Sacred College loves to veil its proceedings; and, with a sneering little laugh as it were, he invites the profane to step in and see for themselves exactly how Popes are made.

At the time when this conclave met, Paul de Retz was only some forty; yet, for fully twenty years before, his name had been one to conjure with in Paris. If saints were made, not born, he would certainly have been a saint of the first order; for both his father and his mother were renowned throughout France for their fervent piety; and they, together with his tutor, no less a personage than St. Vincent de Paul, had devoted themselves heart and soul to the task of fitting him to shine, not in this world, but in the next. Nature was too strong for them, however: in very early days the boy sturdily refused to be led into the narrow path; and when he was told he must take orders—he was only fourteen at the time—he shook the very heavens with his protests. But it was all in vain; his father stood his ground firmly; become a priest Paul must, as therein lay his one chance of escaping damnation. When once he realised that he was to be driven into the Church *nolens volens*, he set to work deliberately, and most energetically, to force the Church to refuse to admit him. Boy as he was, the whole country-side was soon ringing with his adventures; and, when he was sent to Paris, things went from bad to worse. He consorted openly with disreputable women and fought duels on their behalf; he rioted and gambled, and tried to run away with his own sister-in-law's sister. He even threw down the gauntlet to the great Richelieu himself, laying siege to the heart of one of his *bonnes amies*, and joining in a conspiracy to murder him. Not content with outraging every law of decency, he blazoned the fact abroad, calling on the very man in the street to bear witness how unfit he was to be a priest. But it was all a waste of time: 'je demeurai toujours avec ma soutane,' he complains bitterly. For he was a de Retz, and, no matter what he might do, the Church would not close her door on a de Retz. Nay she even made him Archbishop-Coadjutor of Paris before he was thirty, and gave him a cardinal's hat.

For some ten years, de Retz's life was one long frantic struggle to free himself from this soutane that had been thrust upon him and that threatened to stifle him. Then, realising at length that the powers against him were too strong, that in fact the only alternative for him to the Church was a prison, he gave up the fight. Since the world was determined that he should be a priest, he would be a priest, but—'tant pis pour le monde.' The very day he was appointed Coadjutor, he made up his mind, as



he tells us frankly, 'de faire le mal par dessein.' Theretofore, his evil deeds had, it seems, been unpremeditated. Not but that he would have preferred 'de faire le bien;' but there were difficulties in the way; and of these, as he remarks, 'la plus grande et la plus insurmontable était dans moi-même.' No one knew better than he did that his chance of ever becoming a bright haloed saint was *nil*; therefore, as he loathed mediocrity and dearly loved extremes, he decided to become 'un vrai diable.' Still, as he had a strong artistic sense of the becoming, and was bent moreover on being a power both in the Church and in the world, he resolved to comport himself, outwardly at least, as a model prelate. 'Je pris une ferme résolution de remplir exactement tous les devoirs de ma profession, et d'être aussi homme de bien pour le salut des autres que je pourrais être méchant pour moi-même.'

This resolution he certainly kept to the letter: most unscrupulous of men though he were, never had Paris a more conscientious Coadjutor, one more just and kindly in his dealings with his subordinates, more generous and pitiful to the poor. The diocese was in a scandalous state at the time; for the Archbishop, who was his uncle, was at once lazy, vicious, and incapable; and de Retz threw himself eagerly into the task of bringing about in it a complete transformation. He swept away abuses with a ruthless hand; yet so cleverly did he do his work that, instead of raising up for himself enemies, as most reformers do, he gained for himself friends: before he had been in his office a month, he was more loved than any of his predecessors, by the citizens as well as by the clergy. As for the populace, they were, and had been for years, his staunch friends; for he had won their hearts completely by going about among them, even in his early riotous days, distributing not only charity but sympathy—kindly greetings, little tokens of personal interest and regard. For, strange to say, this man, who never spared an equal, whether friend or foe, who robbed, betrayed, and killed the rich and great of this world without a scruple, was as one transformed the moment the poor were in question. 'I have always lived with my servants as with brothers,' he wrote in his old age; and not only his own servants but the veriest varlets in the highways were, in his eyes, brothers. And that, too, in an age when it was the custom to look on varlets as on chattels.

While living apparently as if he had no thought beyond the furtherance of religion, de Retz was in reality intriguing night and day to secure for himself the post of chief minister; for even before Richelieu's death, he had firmly made up his mind that he would step into his place and rule France, even as the great Cardinal had ruled it. And there is little doubt that he would have done so had Louis the Thirteenth lived a few months longer; but, before he had time to mature his plans, Anne of Austria was at the head of affairs; and

she, by fair means or foul, was in the power of Mazarin. For years there was war to the death between the two cardinals as to which of them should play the king, while the real king, Louis the Fourteenth, was a minor; and from first to last it was de Retz who was the popular favourite. The Parliament, the citizens, and the populace to a man were on his side; and even the princes and nobles would rather have had him for a ruler than Mazarin—not that they wished for either. Then all the great ladies espoused his cause and did for him yeoman's service; for although, as he himself tells us, he was one of the ugliest of men, it was with him as with Wilkes—she who listened to him was a lost woman. Among his closest allies were the three most beautiful dames in Europe, the Duchesse de Longueville, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, and Madame de Bouillon. Of Madame de Bouillon he complains, oddly enough, that although 'd'une très grande beauté, la modestie manquait à son air;' and of la Chevreuse, that 'jamais femme n'a eu plus de mépris pour les scrupules et pour les devoirs.' As for Madame de Longueville, he assures us that she was 'une des plus aimables personnes de France;' that she would have had indeed 'peu de défauts si la galanterie ne lui eût donné beaucoup.' As it was, he is forced to admit that from being 'l'héroïne d'un grand parti, elle en devint l'aventurière.' Still, whatever their faults might be, they, and dozens of their kind, devoted themselves to him heart and soul: they coquetted for him, stole for him, carried his messages; nay, they even sold their diamonds for his sake, and made love to their own husbands to win them over to his side.

Again and again the post he coveted seemed almost within his grasp; once, indeed, he reigned supreme in Paris for months, as, the citizens at his bidding having risen in arms, Mazarin fled—taking with him, however, the Queen Regent and the boy-King. De Retz had an army at his back and a second, which the King of Spain had placed at his disposal, just across the frontier. Thus he was able to dictate his own terms; and when the Regent and the King returned to Paris he rode by their side, while Mazarin was left behind in exile; and what cheers they received were given at his signal. At that moment his triumph seemed assured; for, although the motley parties he fed were already at sixes and sevens, intriguing against one another, he was, as he believed, independent of their support, as he had won over the Queen Regent to his side by professing that he had conceived for her a violent passion, and that it was only jealousy of Mazarin that had induced him to throw in his lot with her enemies. But, just when his hopes were highest, they were dashed to the ground, and by a woman, one who loved him, too, and whom once he had loved. Proof was given to the Queen that de Retz cared no more for her than he did for her old cat; that he had turned her openly into ridicule, had called her not only a fool

but 'une vraie Suisse'! She who struck this blow in the dark was murdered within a few days of striking it, by whose orders, as history saith not, we must decide for ourselves. The mischief was done, however, for the Queen, whose strongest passion was vanity, was transformed at one fell swoop into de Retz's implacable foe. And he was in her power, too; for, by paying court to her, he had alienated all his old friends and supporters. Mazarin was recalled; and one fine morning de Retz found himself in prison.

Then the very people he had deserted rallied around him again, a fact that speaks volumes in his favour and in theirs. Crowds besieged the Queen's palace demanding his release; and they would have rescued him by force had they not been told that he would at once be shot if any attack were made on Vincennes. During the whole time he was a prisoner all Paris was on the alert to give him a helping hand; and many were the ingenious stratagems devised whereby to hold communication with him and convey to him money. His friends even contrived—and that was a *coup de maître*—to enthrone him by proxy, when his uncle died, as Archbishop of Paris, in open defiance of the Queen and Mazarin, whose agents were locked out of the chapter-house until the ceremony had been duly performed. At length, by dint of scattering gold right and left and risking their necks times unnumbered, they managed to effect his escape, just in time, too, by a piece of supreme good luck, for him to attend the 1655 conclave. Anne of Austria is said to have torn her hair with rage when she learnt that the man she hated most on earth was beyond her reach.

Cardinal de Retz arrived in Rome on the 28th of November, 1654; and the very first thing he did, tired as he was, was to pay a secret visit to the Pope's sister-in-law, Signora Olympia Maldalchini, the Papessa, as she was called, who, to the scandal of Europe, not only lived in the Vatican but ruled there as the veriest autocrat. Thence he promptly turned his steps to the palace of her most dangerous rival, the Princess Rossanne, the wife of the Pope's nephew; and before he went to sleep that night he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had won the favour and active support of the two most powerful ladies in the Papal State. But they had no opportunity of helping him, for luck was against him just then; and he must betake himself to bed, owing to inflammation of the bone he had dislocated while making his escape. Before he had recovered they were stripped of their power, as, on the 7th of January, 1655, Pope Innocent died; and 'tout le monde témoigna plutôt de la joie que du déplaisir de sa mort,' Guy Joli assures us. He was deserted, it seems, even before he was dead; for, as soon as the agony began, all the members of his court, Signora Olympia among the rest, rushed away from his bedside to render homage to whomsoever they thought would succeed him. So completely was he neglected that

when the day for his funeral came it was found that the rats had eaten away his ears. For, during the ten days that must elapse between the death of one pope and the opening of the conclave for the election of another, *rabbia papale* always holds Rome; and no one has a thought in his head but as to what can be done to capture for himself, or his candidate, St. Peter's golden keys. Upon these occasions the wildest dreams are indulged in, and the very air is alive with diabolic plots and compacts. Even so keen an observer as Guy Joli is forced to confess that 'il n'y a peut-être personne qui puisse se vanter de savoir toutes les intrigues, les cabales, et les négociations secrètes qui se font dans ces rencontres.'

The moment the struggle began, de Retz rose from his bed like a giant refreshed; for there was no time to be lost, he knew, if he were to make his influence on the election to be felt. He stood practically alone, for he was comparatively a stranger in Rome; he must, therefore, 'capture' a party before he could have any chance of 'capturing' the popedom. Besides, he had some little difficulty in deciding for whom he wished to capture it: he could not be a candidate himself, and none of those who could, appealed to him very strongly. Still the first question was the party.

At that time there were in the Sacred College three distinct parties, the Spanish, the French, and the Barberin; as well as a large number of members who claimed to rank as Independents. The Spanish party was the most important, as it included in its ranks twenty-two cardinals, and among them two Medicis. Could they but make up their minds to act together loyally for once in their lives, and support any one candidate with all their strength, they might, with the help of a section of the Independents, carry the election. But of this there was little chance, as some of them were known to wish to elect a strong pontiff, one who would rule the Church with a firm hand and keep Churchmen in order; whereas others were inclined to think that it would suit their convenience better to enthrone a mere puppet. The French party, although numerically weak—it counted but five cardinals—was influential owing to the strength of the nation it represented. The Sacred College would, as all the world knew, think twice before choosing as pope a candidate whom France had vetoed. As for the party of which Cardinal Barberin was the chief, it numbered eighteen members, and there was not one of the lot but was firmly convinced that it would conduce to the best interests of the Church if he himself were elected pope. They were all old men, all furiously jealous of one another, plotting and scheming against one another, and quite prepared to sacrifice cheerfully their consciences to their interests.

Of the Independents, the most interesting section was that known by the name of the *Squadron Volante*—the Flying Squadron. There were only some ten of them, but they made up

for their paucity in number by their alertness and vigour. They were for the most part young men, and, cardinals though they were, of the sort who are much more bent on enjoying this life than on preparing for another. Some of them, indeed, had gained a quite notable reputation for unscrupulousness. There was the Little Squadron too, which had only six members, all friends of the Princess Rossanne and enemies of Signora Olympia. Then there were the Jesuits, not a distinct party, it is true, but a section of every party, and a very powerful one.

The Flying Squadron was the party Cardinal de Retz decided to join, not only because he was more in sympathy with it than with the others, but because it was the one in which he had the best chance of playing a dominant rôle. Before joining it, he had, it is true, made advances to the French party, but its members would have none of him, for Mazarin had given positive orders that they should hold no intercourse with him. He had little difficulty, however, in convincing the Flying Squadron that they had found in him an ally beyond price, an adept in the very art in which they were all eager to excel. Adroit though they were, he was, as they soon confessed, more adroit than they, more skilled as a strategist, more cunning in devising pitfalls for enemies. At the very first council he attended—it was held in the Transpontine—he fully established his right to speak as one having authority; and, while the various candidates were being weighed in the balance, it was to him his colleagues turned as by instinct for guidance. Well might he say in speaking of the Squadron, ‘il n’y a peut-être jamais eu de concert où l’harmonie ait été si juste qu’en celui-ci; et il semblait que tous ceux qui y entraient ne fussent nés que pour agir les uns avec les autres.’ It was by his advice that the Squadron entered into close relations with the Barberin party, giving the Spaniards to understand the while that they would gladly co-operate with them also.

Before the conclave began, the Flying Squadron issued a public declaration that must have taken the world somewhat by surprise. This is the attitude they assumed. The rest of the cardinals were free, of course, to act as seemed right in their own eyes: let them obey the dictates of the rulers of this world if they chose; let them consider the interests of party, and listen to the promptings of personal ambition; but they, the Flying Squadron, were resolved to comport themselves in a very different fashion. Come what would, they would do their duty. It was to the Holy Spirit alone they would look for guidance, they announced, in choosing a new head for the Church.

When the appointed day arrived—the 18th of January—all the cardinals betook themselves with great ceremony to the Vatican, and the door was locked behind them. They would see no more of the world, or the world of them, until a new pope had been chosen. In

earlier days an odd regulation had been in force, one devised by Gregory the Tenth for the express purpose of forcing the conclave to conduct the election without undue loss of time. This pope, who knew his fellows thoroughly, enacted that if a conclave lasted longer than three days the rations of the conclavists should be reduced: instead of having dainty little dishes without number supplied to them for their dinners, they should be given but one course, and that of the plainest. If even on this humble fare they continued to disagree, and when five more days had passed Rome was still popeless, then they were to be reduced to bread and water. Nothing but bread and water for breakfast and dinner and supper so long as the conclave lasted. Had this rule still been in force in 1655, either the conclave would have been shorter or murder would have been done. There were half a dozen cardinals there at least who would have made short work of voters opposed to agreement, had agreement been a *sine qua non* for good dinners.

It was an odd company that assembled at that conclave. Cardinal Medici, 'qui avait l'esprit du monde le plus doux,' was there, and so was his nephew, John Charles, who was a tiger and a fox combined. It was this John Charles Medici who once gave a ball in honour of Cardinal de Retz and invited to it all the beautiful women he could find, without any regard whatever to their reputations. Cardinal Barberin, 'qui a dès son enfance aimé jusqu'à la passion la piété,' as de Retz assures us, sat side by side with Cardinal Cesy, 'l'homme le plus singe en tout sens que j'aie jamais connu.' There was Rasponi, who for his rascality was known throughout Rome as 'la Volpe;' Ursin, 'l'âme du monde la plus vile;' old Spada, 'rompu et corrompu dans les affaires;' and Cardinal Trivulce, of whom even so lenient a judge as our chronicler is forced to confess that 'ses débauches étaient à la vérité scandaleuses.' Then there was Sachetti, who, although gentle and kindly, was, as de Retz declares, 'bon qu'à peindre;' and Cardinal Chigi, the man of virtue of the whole party. 'Ses mœurs avaient été sans reproche dès son enfance' we are assured; wherever he had been, whether in Malta as inquisitor, at Münster as nuncio, or elsewhere, 'il avait acquis la réputation d'une intégrité sans tache. . . . Sa sévérité paraissait douce; ses maximes paraissaient droites. . . . Tous les dehors d'une piété véritable et solide relevaient merveilleusement toutes ces qualités, ou plutôt toutes ces apparences.' 'Ces apparences' is a significant expression; one, however, that de Retz would hardly have made use of here, if he had written his sketch of Chigi on the day the conclave opened.

Although Paul de Retz did not think much of the morals of his colleagues, he pays a very high compliment to their manners. In spite of all their mutual jealousy, their envy, hatred, and malice, during this conclave, he assures us, they lived together 'avec le

même respect et la même civilité que l'on observe dans les cabinets des rois ; avec la même familiarité que l'on voit dans les collèges ; avec la même modestie qui se rencontre dans les noviciats, et avec la même charité, au moins en apparence, que pourrait être entre des frères parfaitement unis. Je n'exagère rien . . . je puis dire avec vérité que je n'ai jamais vu ni un seul cardinal, ni un seul conclaviste, s'emporter : j'en ai vu même fort peu qui s'y soient échauffés. Il est rare d'y entendre une voix élevée, ou d'y remarquer un visage changé.' He advances a convincing proof of the touching confidence these Fathers of the Church had in one another: if one of them sent to another a bottle of wine as a present, he to whom it was sent, he tells us, would sometimes venture to taste it ! In the midst of their kindly courtesies, however, they certainly contrived to deal one another some rather nasty little blows. For instance, Cardinal Spada whiled away the tedium of the conclave by writing an attack on his colleague Rapaccioli, whom he accused of believing that the devil could repent if he but would. Fiorenzola, too, one of the ablest of the cardinals, and a pronounced Jacobin, found time while shut up in the Vatican to write a lampoon on Cecchini and his beautiful niece, Signora Basti. In it he depicted in vivid colours the sort of carnival that would be held in Rome should those two ever hold rule there. Nor did Fiorenzola himself escape scathless ; for the whole Jesuit tribe were against him ; and they used to wander about dropping hints that, for some mysterious reason or other, he could never act as pope even if he were elected.

Twice a day, in the morning and again in the afternoon, for the whole time the conclave lasted, all the cardinals met together in the chapel and solemnly recorded their votes for one or other of the various candidates. The voting was by ballot. Each conclavist handed to the appointed official a piece of paper so folded that the only words on it that could be seen were 'eligo in summum pontificem dominum N.' (the name of the candidate voted for), if the balloting were for the first time ; and either 'accedo domino N.' or 'accedo nemini,' if it were for the second. On the same paper, but hidden away by a fold that was securely sealed down, was the name of the voter 'Ego Cardinalis,' while right at the bottom were the words : 'Sic me sancta Dei Evangelia adjuvent.' When these voting papers were unsealed, which was not until the conclave was over, strange revelations were made. As Guy Joli remarks : 'Par là on découvre bien des mystères et des infidélités.' Between the ballotings, the cardinals were free to do what they chose ; and most of them spent their time strolling about in the gardens, gossiping, intriguing, or entertaining their friends in their cells.

The candidate who had apparently the best chance of being elected was Cardinal Sachetti, who could be counted on to do no evil as pope, if he did no great good. Spain, it is true, had declared

against him ; but, on the other hand, France was known to be warmly in favour of his election, and so was Cardinal Barberin ; while the Barberins as a party were more inclined to support him than any one else. The worst that even his enemies could urge against him was that he had a sister-in-law, but ' sister-in-law ' was a word of evil omen in Rome just then. That there should never again be a Papessa was the one point on which all parties were agreed. Cardinal Cecchini's chance of election was lost solely by the fact of the lovely Basti's being his niece. Cardinal Fiorenzola would have been a strong candidate, had it not been for the enmity between him and the Jesuits. Ginetti's only claim to election lay in his devotion to the house of Barberin ; while Rapaccioli's lay in the delicacy of his health. If he were chosen pope, he allowed it to be understood, there would soon be another conclave. Rasponi, la Volpe, was the candidate whose election was most dreaded by the outside world ; his only possible supporters were the Medicis, but John Charles was a host in himself.

Oddly enough, considering who they were, the Flying Squadron adopted as their own special candidate the man of virtue, Cardinal Chigi ; and this they did from the best of motives, if Paul de Retz is to be believed. His stainless reputation appealed to them strongly, we are gravely assured ; and so did the fact of his being the only cardinal who had protested openly against the presence of Signora Olympia at the Vatican. He had, it is true, another recommendation, stronger in their eyes perhaps than either of these. The forces arrayed against him were practically overwhelming, and quite extraordinary efforts would be required—master-strokes of genius, in fact, such as they alone were capable of—to insure his election. The French party, by order of Mazarin, whose schemes he had frustrated at Münster, had announced their intention of voting against him ; while the Spaniards looked on him askance, as some of the more important among them were afraid lest, if he were made pope, he would show but scant toleration for their vices. Then all who had any hope of ever becoming pope themselves were against him ; for, as he was comparatively a young man, he might reign for years, and thus prevent another election being held.

Although the Flying Squadron, and above all Paul de Retz, were bent at any cost on carrying the election of Chigi, they were much too wary to allow the fact to be known. On the contrary, they made the very heavens ring with their protestations of devotion to the cause of Sachetti. This was, as our chronicler informs us, part of their regular plan of campaign. ' Nous sommes persuadés que Chigi est le sujet du plus grand mérite qui fût dans le collège, et nous ne le sommes pas moins que l'on ne le peut faire pape qu'en faisant tous nos efforts pour réussir à Sachetti. Le pis du pis est que nous réussissions à Sachetti, qui n'est pas trop bon, mais qui est toujours un des moins mauvais. Selon toutes les apparences du monde nous



n'y réussirons pas, auquel cas nous ferons tomber Barberin à Chigi par reconnaissance et par l'intérêt de nous y conserver. Nous y fêtons venir l'Espagne et Médicis, par l'appréhension que nous n'emportions à la fin le plus de voix pour Sachetti, et la France, par l'impossibilité où elle se trouvera de l'empêcher. . . . ' They entered into a close alliance with the French and the Barberin parties for the express purpose, as they announced publicly, of securing the election of Sachetti, taking infinite precautions, however, secretly the while to prevent this election being made. They always gave him their votes on the days when they were useless, and withheld them whenever there seemed a chance of his obtaining the required majority. One of them used to stand at the chapel door, and, by a secret sign, let his colleagues know, as they passed in, whether or not their leaders thought it would be safe to vote for Sachetti that day.

The conclave went on for week after week; for although every day when the votes were counted Cardinal Sachetti was at the head of the poll, he never obtained the two-thirds plus one majority—forty-three votes—necessary to secure his election. He never had more than thirty-five, sometimes only thirty-one; whereas, if all who had promised to support him—the Barberins, the French, the Flying Squadron, and some few Independents—had proved faithful, he would have had at least thirty-nine. What became of the missing votes was to all but the Flying Squadron a mystery, one that sorely troubled Cardinal Barberin, as he suspected that it was some of the members of his own party, 'mie bestie,' as he called them, who were playing him false. De Retz, needless to say, turned this suspicion to good account; indeed he so disgusted the worthy old man with his own followers as to make him resolve that none of them should be pope whoever else were. At length Sachetti, tired to death of being balloted for day after day, implored Cardinal Barberin to select some other candidate; whereupon the Flying Squadron professed their willingness to support any member of the Barberin party whom their leader chose to nominate. This they did, of course, at a moment when they knew the cardinal to be particularly incensed against his 'mie bestie,' owing to the audacious fashion in which each of them was intriguing for his own hand. It was not until he had declared against the whole set that de Retz ventured to draw his attention to the honour and glory that would redound to him personally and to the house of Barberin, should he adopt as his candidate a man of such singular merit as Cardinal Chigi. Barberin declared that his only objection to Chigi was his doubt as to whether he was as faithful as he ought to be to the doctrines of St. Augustine, for which, it seems, Barberin himself 'avait plus de respect que de connaissance.' This doubt de Retz promptly undertook to remove. A hint was given to Chigi, perhaps to the Jesuits

too; for the very next day a member of that order attacked Augustine violently in full conclave. Whereupon Chigi espoused the cause of the Saint warmly, and denounced the Jesuit for his irreverence in terms of such severity that Barberin was 'captured' at one fell swoop. This done the Flying Squadron at once adopted Chigi as their candidate; and Quoechi, the most eloquent of the Jesuits, began to depict him in his sermons as an ideal pope.

Meanwhile the Flying Squadron were actively engaged in exciting dissension among the Spaniards; and this they were able to do the more easily as they knew all their secrets, having intercepted a letter to them from the Spanish Ambassador, in which the policy they were pursuing was strongly condemned. For two whole months the Spaniards had voted for no one. 'Accedo nemini' was on every paper they handed in, as no candidate could be found whom they were all willing to support. Poor old Cardinal Medici, who was sorely weary of the whole business—his nephew bullied him terribly—was easily convinced by de Retz that his one hope of peace lay in voting for Chigi. Then Montalte, who looked upon Fiorenzola as the devil incarnate, was given to understand that he would have to choose between him and Chigi, as, if the one were not made pope, the other certainly would be. Dissension was sown too in the French party, and Ursin was induced to desert it by a promise that the pension Mazarin had refused him should be paid by Cardinal Barberin. Cardinal Este was by this time willing to vote for any one, so long as the conclave might come to an end, so sorely troubled was he by the news that a Milan army was in Modena.

While the other parties were becoming from day to day more divided and more weary, the Flying Squadron waxed stronger and stronger. There was neither bound nor limit to their activity; they were here, there, and everywhere, persuading, entreating, promising and threatening, and above all extolling the virtues of their candidate. Never was there such an angel on earth as this Chigi. And Chigi certainly played up to his rôle admirably. According to our chronicler, 'il ne se trouvait ni aux fenêtres, où l'on va prendre l'air, ni dans les corridors, où l'on se promène ensemble. Il était toujours enfermé dans sa cellule, où il ne recevait même aucune visite. . . . Tous les discours qu'il me faisait n'étaient pleins que de zèle pour l'église et de regret de ce que Rome n'étudiait pas assez l'Écriture, les conciles et la tradition.' None the less Paul de Retz, who always sat by his side while in chapel, and who was more in his confidence than any one else, began before long to have his doubts concerning this 'âme la plus angélique du monde,' as he called him. Consummate actor though he were, Chigi could not entirely disguise his true nature; and little touches of his meanness and spiteful jealousy kept coming to the fore from time to time. De Retz did not, however, on this account champion his cause the

less stoutly: for one thing, he was not the man to change horses while crossing the stream; and, for another, he honestly believed that Chigi, with all his faults, was the best candidate in the field.

When Sachetti withdrew from the contest, one after another some twelve of the minor candidates were balloted for; but it was soon evident that none of them had any chance of success. Then, even the most dull-witted of the cardinals began to realise that his one hope of ever returning to the outside world lay in electing Chigi. But to elect Chigi, in defiance of France, was a risk, all parties agreed. Cardinal Sachetti was therefore persuaded to make a personal appeal to Mazarin to induce him to withdraw the veto he had placed on the popular cardinal's election. To this the French Minister consented the more easily as he had received a hint that, whatever he might do, the election would be made. The very day his answer arrived in the Vatican, the leaders of the various parties met together; and, after a certain amount of bartering, no doubt, agreed to elect Chigi on the morrow. De Retz, who was sent to announce this decision to the future pope, found him in his bed, for it was nine o'clock at night. Within an hour, however, his cell was crowded, and all the cardinals—excepting Rossetti and Grimaldi—were assuring him that it was for his own elevation they had been longing and striving during the whole eighty days the conclave had lasted. Nothing could be more edifying than the humility with which Chigi received these demonstrations of affection and respect. He burst into tears as he listened, and exclaimed, 'Pardonnez à un homme qui a toujours aimé ses proches avec tendresse et qui s'en voit séparé pour jamais.' During the ceremonies that followed he lavished marks of gratitude and favour on the man to whom, as he knew, he owed in a great measure his election. 'Signor Cardinal de Retz, ecce opus manuum tuarum,' he cried, embracing him tenderly the while, when, at the Adoration in St. Peter's, de Retz knelt before him to kiss his foot. That day, when the Cardinal returned home, 120 carriages accompanied him; for all Rome believed that it was he who, as the new pope's chosen friend, would rule supreme in the Vatican.

The gratitude of Alexander the Seventh, however, if lively was short-lived: he objected to those around him having more brains than he had himself; and, before many months had passed, Paul de Retz found himself thrust aside to make way for some mere nonentity. Whereupon he straightway shook the dust of Rome from off his feet and started for the Netherlands, where he wandered about from place to place, sorely harried and worried by Mazarin's agents, but making friends none the less wherever he went. He once spent some weeks in London at the Court of Charles the Second, who conceived for him a great affection, and fain would have induced him to stay with him as *âme damnée*. De Retz,

however, declined the invitation, and for a reason his enemies could never quite understand. As a Frenchman and a royal favourite, no matter what he might say or do, the English people would, he knew, hate him; and life would not be worth living, he felt, if whenever he stirred abroad he had to encounter unfriendly glances. He therefore betook himself again to Holland, where he had none too pleasant a time, as he was at the end of his resources and his friends were, as he complains, waxing niggardly. When in 1661 his old enemy Mazarin died, he went back to France and met with quite a kindly welcome from Louis the Fourteenth, who, in return for the surrender of the archbishopric of Paris, gave him several rich abbacies. The Cardinal did not stay long in Versailles, however, for he had lost his taste for court life, and was too weary and worn to take up politics again. He therefore retired to an estate he had at Commercy, and passed the rest of his days there, much loved and revered by his neighbours.

EDITH SELLERS.

*SOME FACTS ABOUT  
MADEMOISELLE DE LESPINASSE*

WHATEVER be the defects of this age in which we live it cannot be charged with any lack of generosity to the merits of former generations. The almost daily rescue from oblivion of long-forgotten characters and careers forms a prominent feature of the time, and there is perhaps no more conspicuous example of this sort than that furnished by Julie de Lespinasse. In her lifetime a social power of great importance, and afterwards endowed with posthumous literary fame, she has for many years been lost sight of by all but a small band of devoted admirers, her own countrymen almost exclusively. Now the wheel is come full circle, and, thanks to Mrs. Humphry Ward, she is once more, in England this time, in the forefront of public attention. Yet even now the amount of information diffused concerning her bears no proportion to the interest which she excites. Two factors only in her career are matter of universal knowledge—her connection with Madame du Deffand and her disastrous passion for Guibert. Much zealous research has been undertaken in the hope of filling up the imperfect outline thus obtained, and it has been rewarded by a considerable degree of success, though large gaping intervals still remain to stimulate our curiosity.

Little has been discovered regarding the earlier periods of her life. It is well known that she always looked back upon her childhood as a time of happiness, and spoke with deep affection and even reverence of her mother, the only parent she had ever known. This lady, Françoise d'Albon, an heiress of ancient lineage, was married at sixteen, as M. Eugène Asse informs us, to a cousin bearing the same name. The marriage proved unhappy, and after the birth of two children the young couple separated by mutual consent, and without the formality of a divorce. Julie de Lespinasse (a surname borrowed from one of the Albon estates) came into the world after this rupture, and though never explicitly recognised as a daughter was brought up in company with the two legitimate children, who were also left in their mother's care. Her parentage on the father's side has always, in spite of many conjectures, remained unknown to

the world, and perhaps to the girl herself. As there had been no divorce, Julie's claim to legitimacy and a share in the family property might, in law, have been made good; and, according to Guibert, some such project was entertained by Madame d'Albon, when death cut short the execution of it. There is no doubt that Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, in her own opinion and that of her friends, made a real sacrifice of a perfectly valid claim when, on taking up her abode with Madame du Deffand, she promised that lady to abandon all title to the Albon estate. Regard for her mother's memory was supposed, and probably with truth, to have influenced her in this renunciation.

On the death of Madame d'Albon Julie, at the age of sixteen, was left with no better provision than an annuity of 12*l.*; but this miserable pittance was supplemented by a large additional sum which her mother, when dying, secretly bestowed upon her. Of this she was shamefully robbed by her legitimate brother, Camille d'Albon, to whom, with childlike confidence in his honour and affection, she had entrusted it. As the only resource open to her she now accepted the position of nursery governess to the children of her sister, who had been married to the Marquis de Vichy, Madame du Deffand's brother, and in that capacity passed four years, which were probably the most miserable of her life. She was always fond of children, and we hear that she showed much devotion to her pupils, and that they in return entertained a strong affection for her. But her relations with the heads of the household were extremely unhappy, and the monotony of a French country house was also a serious trial to a person of her eminently social disposition. She determined at all costs to escape, and by an appeal to her brother, who seems to have claimed the rights, while exercising none of the duties, of a guardian she succeeded in carrying out her purpose of entering a convent as a boarder. In spite of the violent scenes which she says were daily occurrences in her life with M. and Madame de Vichy the parting was affectionate. The whole household, father, mother, children, and servants, were, says Madame du Deffand, dissolved in tears, and a promise, never redeemed, was exacted that she should visit them every summer.

After eighteen months uncomfortably spent in a convent at Lyon, where she could not afford a bedroom to herself, and was obliged to be in every evening by six, she entered upon her engagement with Madame du Deffand, for which negotiations had been begun before she quitted the De Vichys. As the circumstances of this arrangement (which lasted ten, and not, as in the novel, three years) are fairly well known we shall not dwell upon them at any great length. One or two points, however, seem to deserve more attention than they have yet received. In the first place, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse would appear to have enjoyed an amount of liberty truly remarkable in that age and that country for an un-

married woman under thirty. Madame du Deffand had originally intended to install her young companion, during her own occasional absences from Paris, as an inside boarder in the Convent of St. Joseph, on the outskirts of which she herself resided, in company with other ladies and gentlemen who had by no means renounced the world. Her motive for this arrangement was ostensibly propriety, but really the fear that Julie, if left to herself, might depart from her promise regarding the disputed inheritance. For the same reason, and under the same pretence of solicitude, she had determined never to allow the girl to go out except in the company of friends or servants of her own. But these restrictions cannot have been permanently enforced. We have two letters written by the companion to her patroness, then absent at Montmorency, seven years after their engagement began, and while they were still on good terms. She here speaks of returning from a supper party at one in the morning, and mentions numerous dinners and visits. If at this time she really occupied her destined lodging within the cloister she must plainly have been exempted from all the ordinary regulations, such as the six o'clock rule.

The all-important question of finances may also be dealt with here. It is not clear whether Julie received any salary from Madame du Deffand. In one of that lady's letters, written before Mademoiselle de Lespinasse became an inmate of her house, a passage occurs which has been variously interpreted as requiring Monsieur d'Albon to settle upon his sister the sum of 16*l.* yearly, and as undertaking to do so herself. No fact is more clearly established than that Monsieur d'Albon never bestowed a penny upon the playfellow of his childhood, but if Madame du Deffand made the promise she may have fulfilled it. In the same year that Julie de Lespinasse came to Paris we find a contract drawn up by which the Duke of Orleans pledges himself to pay her a life annuity of 692 francs (about 28*l.*) So far as we know she had no acquaintance with the Duke, whose part in the transaction was probably that of a banker, the annuity being paid as interest on a principal placed in his hands by a third person, possibly Madame du Deffand, who in that case was liberal beyond her first intentions. Four years later a second bond is executed binding the King to pay Mademoiselle de Lespinasse an annuity of 600 francs (24*l.*), and after four years more we have a similar undertaking for 2,000 francs (80*l.*) yearly, the meaning no doubt being that the principal sums were in each case invested for her benefit in what we should now call Government securities, while the real donors remained anonymous. The young lady's income is thus brought up to 144*l.*, and a few months after her rupture with Madame du Deffand it was further increased by another 80*l.* paid to her by Monsieur Laborde, a well known financier of that day, in consideration of 20,000 francs placed in his hands by the annuitant herself. It is

impossible that she could have saved this sum, and we must therefore suppose that it was given her for the purpose. Several years after there are two more annual donations of 80 and 1,800 francs respectively. We must also reckon the pension of 120*l.* secretly paid her from the beginning of her independent existence by that munificent female Mæcenas Mademoiselle Geoffrin. Her entire income at the time of her death amounted to about 440*l.*, entirely in the form of life annuities. She can have had absolutely no capital. The sources from which most of the above-mentioned donations proceeded have not yet been discovered, but it seems certain that no shadow of blame, either in fact or in misrepresentation, ever attached to her for accepting them. Her disinterestedness and integrity in all monetary matters were universally admitted. 'She had but a small fortune,' says Guibert; 'she was surrounded by influential friends, who could have helped her in this point, without wounding her self-respect. But she never asked for such help, and frequently refused it.' Probably those offers which she did accept were on both sides regarded as natural tributes to that social genius so eminently possessed by Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and in those days equally esteemed with literary ability. Allowing for the different standards of different centuries, there was no more degradation for her in receiving such tribute than for Julie Le Breton in accepting the highly paid journalistic work provided for her by a friendly editor.

The quarrel with Madame du Deffand and its causes, described with substantial correctness in *Lady Rose's Daughter*, need not be touched upon here. After quitting that lady's protection Julie was installed not, like Mrs. Ward's heroine, in a *bijou* cottage rent free, but in the second and third floors of a house in the Rue Saint-Dominique, which she held on a nine years' lease for a yearly payment of 950 francs (38*l.*), with forty-two francs extra to the porter. On the second floor were the salon, henceforth nightly thronged with distinguished guests, a small ante-chamber, the bedroom occupied by Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, a dressing-room, and a bedroom for a man-servant. Above were two rooms which she sublet to D'Alembert for 20*l.*, a bedroom for her *femme de chambre*, a kitchen, and a lumber-room. The whole set of apartments was furnished in the latest fashion by the generosity of Madame de Luxembourg, who, though one of Madame du Deffand's intimate friends, had, like most people, taken sides with the younger woman. The salon was upholstered in white wood and hung with engravings, many of them after Greuze. Curtains of crimson damask adorned the bedroom.

Although the poverty of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was less absolute than used formerly to be believed we can easily imagine that to maintain the very prominent social position which she now



occupied good management was imperatively required. Such management was regarded by her in the light of a sacred duty, an unexpected trait of character to which Mrs. Ward has called attention. Nobody ever had a firmer grasp of the all-important truth that without justice there can be no generosity. 'I have forced myself to study method and economy,' she writes to Guibert, 'though I was brought up in extravagant habits, and in after-life always lived in other people's houses and so never knew the price of anything. I can always get to the end of the year without debts or other embarrassments.' All the evidence goes to show that she was a good manager, in the true sense of that much-abused term, avoiding everything that partook of meanness or sordidness, and generous to an extent which her rich friends could scarcely understand. For a woman who had known nothing of housekeeping till she was thirty-two this seems as decisive a proof of practical cleverness and right feeling as could well be desired.

One would gladly have more details as to the internal economy of her household, but enough have been preserved to give us an interesting insight into the customs of the time. She kept a *femme de chambre*, a footman, and a female cook, who did not sleep on the premises. The footman, on her death, receives a legacy of 702 francs (about 28*l.*) as equivalent to a year's wages, clothes, and food. The cook is paid at the rate of about 3*l.* yearly. A charwoman (apparently) named Madame Joinville has twenty-four francs a month, or nearly 12*l.* a year. Her son, whom we may suppose to work as 'boy' under the footman, gets half this stipend, from which facts it appears that service was not then an expensive item. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse evidently kept no carriage, as we find no mention of one in the very exhaustive inventory made after her death and published by M. Eugène Asse, but she must have spent a good deal in coach-hire. From her own words to Guibert, 'I know so many rich people who go on foot for pleasure,' it would appear that walking in the streets of Paris was not so utterly impossible as we are in the habit of thinking. Yet when we bear in mind that the filthy condition of those streets made a deep impression upon Horace Walpole, who was not accustomed to any exaggerated cleanliness in London, we can understand that driving must have been generally a necessity. More than once she speaks of calling for Guibert, obviously in some kind of vehicle, to take him to the theatre or to a party, and on one occasion she expressly tells him, *à propos* of the duty of economy, that he is not to provide a carriage.

Entertaining in the Rue Saint-Dominique cost little beyond lights and attendance, as no refreshments were offered to the guests. Dress, however, must have counted for a good deal in Julie's expenditure, though certainly management can effect more in this direction than in almost any other. 'Her economy,' says Guibert,

'was so skilful that nobody noticed it. She was always simply but tastefully dressed.' In the inventory of her effects we find over thirty dresses enumerated, of all materials from cotton to silk, and ranging over nearly the whole gamut of colours. Almost every costume consists of a *robe et jupon*, or, as we should say, upper and under skirt, the under skirt of one dress being probably worn with the upper skirt of another. On this system thirty dresses would furnish, at comparatively moderate cost, a number of toilettes sufficient to impress the masculine mind at least with a sense of boundless variety. The fact that in respect of jewellery her possessions were but trifling furnishes a strong confirmation of Guibert's statement that she objected to receiving presents, especially from admirers belonging to the opposite sex.

Nominally Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was at home to visitors every evening from five to nine, but in her letters to Guibert (1773-1776) she repeatedly mentions suppers, operas, plays, and evening visits, and moreover represents herself as having now to a great extent withdrawn from society, in comparison with the years which immediately followed her installation in the Rue Saint-Dominique. It is plain therefore that, in spite of Grimm's assertion to the contrary, she must, as was only to be expected of a person in such request, have frequently deserted her own salon. Her popularity seems to have been as great with women as with men, mainly, no doubt, owing to that absence of petty spite and jealousy which D'Alembert mentions as one of her finest qualities. But her attitude towards her female friends, such as the charming Duchesse de Châtillon (probably represented by the Duchess of Crowborough in Mrs. Ward's novel), always strikes one rather as that of *l'autre qui se laisse aimer*; her real friendships were all with men. We are not now speaking of lovers or pseudo-lovers, like Guibert, Mora, or D'Alembert. Apart from such she had at least two intimate and attached friends who never appear to have been suspected of being anything more—Turgot and Condorcet.

Turgot's schemes of reform always received her ready and intelligent sympathy. In her eyes, as in those of the encyclopedist party generally, he was the Messiah destined to bring salvation to suffering France. In the midst of a great personal sorrow she could still feel exultation when, on Louis the Sixteenth's accession, he was made Controller-General. She dwells with enthusiasm on what Carlyle calls his 'noblest plainness of speech' to the King, and the King's 'noblest royal trustfulness' in return. When his efforts to reform the corn laws resulted in popular riots (May 1775) she was bitterly disappointed and indignant on her friend's behalf. 'Is it not dreadful,' she says in a letter to Condorcet, 'that with a king inclined to well-doing, and a minister who has no other thought, only evil is done, and that most people wish it so?' While the

corn riots lasted she would not leave Paris, wishing to be within reach of the latest intelligence, and received bulletins from Turgot ten times in a day. When a war of pamphlets followed on the riots she was fully in his confidence, and, once at least, he was guided by her advice as to the best method of carrying it on. In her relations with him Mademoiselle de Lespinasse always appears to great advantage. Guibert has recorded her indignation at the idea of exploiting her friend's ministerial influence in order to secure a government pension for herself, and in the minor question of making claims on his time and attention she shows the same sensitive self-respect and disinterestedness.

I can't think how any one can trouble a man so overwhelmed with business, except for a good reason [she writes to Condorcet]. There are people who wish to be looked on as his friends, and make a point of going frequently to see him, and interrupt their country visits to get back in time for his dinners. When he was laid up with gout in the Rue de la Chaise [*i.e.* in the days of his obscurity] these same people used to visit him once a fortnight, while we [Condorcet and herself] spent every afternoon with him.

It is almost a relief to reflect that Mademoiselle de Lespinasse must have been too ill at the time of Turgot's dismissal from office, which took place eleven days before her death, to realise the downfall of those passionate hopes of social amelioration which she had built upon his tenure of power. Philanthropy was with her a strong and genuine sentiment, and several small but significant details show that it was not restricted to theory. Her will, written with her own hand, and obviously without the intervention of a lawyer, bears testimony to her rigorous exactitude in money matters, and the generous consideration for those poorer than herself which went hand in hand with it. Such debts as she leaves are covered, with a wide margin, by the money due to her; legacies (amounting in the case of the *femme de chambre*, a devoted retainer of long standing, to 400*l.*) are bequeathed to her servants, and the poor charwoman and boy above mentioned receive 24*l.*, with the considerate proviso that it is to be paid them as soon as possible, 'because they are in want.' Another interesting example of her practical sympathy with all who were desolate and oppressed is given by M. Henri. While she was at St. Joseph a relation of Madame du Deffand's *femme de chambre* incurred the displeasure of his employer, a farmer-general named Dangé, and was consequently subjected to a rigorous and illegal imprisonment. The *femme de chambre*, in great distress, entreated Mademoiselle de Lespinasse (then aged twenty-six) to countenance by her assistance and company two friends of the prisoner, who were to lay before the unjust farmer-general certain papers supposed to be exculpatory. When this request was preferred to Mademoiselle de Lespinasse she was in bed—a circumstance which will surprise no one who notes that

the time was between eight and nine on a February morning, and who remembers to what a very late hour her bedtime was generally postponed. What is really remarkable is that she at once rose, dressed, and accompanied the two men in Madame du Deffand's carriage, lent for the occasion. The examination of the papers proved a lengthy affair, and, her presence seeming to be required, she remained on the spot till six that evening. It is scarcely likely that many ladies in Paris, or in London either, would, in those days, have thus subjected themselves to fatigue, publicity, and probable insolence to help a stranger and a social inferior.

Condorcet, the 'philosophic marquis,' afterwards of revolutionary fame, seems to have been still closer to her in friendship than Turgot. Judging from her letters to him, published by M. Charles Henri in 1887, she confided more in Condorcet than in almost anybody else. In these letters we get Mademoiselle de Lespinasse at her best. She was not in love with the person to whom they are written, and thus her shrewdness and sense of humour have full play, which is not always the case in the correspondence with Guibert. There is a sincerity also in her dealings with Condorcet which shows that with intimate friends she could rise superior to that passion for pleasing at all costs which D'Alembert attributes to her, and which on the whole is perhaps the dominant note in her character. She takes her correspondent seriously, though kindly, to task for giving way to an unrequited attachment, and lavishes wise counsels upon him by which, alas! she was wholly unable to profit when her own turn came. She rallies him good-naturedly upon his indifference to appearances, which, as we with some dismay discover, went the length of bitten nails and unwashed ears. Her insight had discerned the fiery and implacable character hidden beneath Condorcet's gentle and benevolent exterior, and saw in him thus early the future *mouton enragé* of the Girondist party.

As I said before, kind Condorcet [she writes], it is too good of you to live on familiar terms with us. You differ so widely from all the other people whom I have respected and admired that I am at times tempted to believe in some mixture of the supernatural or demoniacal in your character. I repeat, demoniacal; for if kind Condorcet chose he could be as vindictive as Pascal is in the *Provinciales*.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse suffered much from weakness of the eyes, and on this account the letters to Condorcet are frequently written to her dictation by D'Alembert, who adds parenthetical comments of his own. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the bright and witty letters so written and those from her own hand. The last-named are nearly always pervaded by a tone of the deepest melancholy. Such passages as the following are of common occurrence:—

I keep asking myself about everything, 'Oui bono' ? and I find no answer. . . . I hear people saying how cheerful I am, and am delighted that I can so far over-

come my feelings as to appear cheerful. It is not from deceitfulness, but to keep my circle together. The strange thing is that nobody sees what an effort it costs me. But society is not observant, and it is better so. There is not much gained by seeing more clearly than others.

It is worth notice that the letter from which this extract is taken bears date the 4th of May, 1771, *i.e.* it was written more than a year before Julie's first meeting with Guibert, or her final parting with Mora, the two epochs which mark the beginning of all her worst troubles. Plainly 'the six years' heavenly bliss' which, poor soul, she afterwards spoke of having enjoyed in Mora's society, and which should at this time have been in full swing, was not so unalloyed as it appeared in retrospect. We are left in doubt whether the unhappiness which she confided to Condorcet, but evidently hid from D'Alembert, arose from anxiety about Mora's health, from despair at the obstacles in the way of their union, or from uncertainty as to his feelings towards her, which, according to Madame Suard, were only definitely declared on the eve of his departure for Spain in August 1772. The precise nature of her relations with the young Spanish marquis is still involved in obscurity, and from considering it we inevitably pass to the question, as yet unanswered, whether she ever in her life received a *bona fide* offer of marriage. In this respect the destiny of the real Julie differs widely from that of the imaginary one, but Mrs. Ward cannot here be accused of fancy painting. The French and English conceptions of matrimony differ fundamentally, and there is little doubt that in London a woman so fascinating as Julie Le Breton would, despite her poverty, be at no loss for an eligible husband, though not perhaps the one of her choice. That such was not the case with her prototype we learn from Marmontel, who goes so far as to accuse her of repeated and unsuccessful attempts to secure a partner for life, a course of action which seems totally at variance with her romantic and impassioned character.

La Harpe, on the other hand, asserts that the President Hénault at one time contemplated marriage with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. But, setting aside the forty-seven years of difference in their age, it is scarcely likely that he would have ventured thus to ignore the prior claims of Madame du Deffand herself. D'Alembert, again, at the time when he came to live in the same house with Julie (also occupied, as he cautiously explains, by ten other lodgers), was almost universally regarded as her affianced husband, but he himself always strenuously denied the impeachment, declaring that there was 'neither love nor marriage between them.' It is quite true that D'Alembert was generally supposed to disdain the tender passion. In the letters to Condorcet above quoted he professes to look upon science as his only mistress. Madame du Deffand, in the days when he stood highest in her estimation, considered him wanting in heart,

and more distinguished by rectitude than tenderness. Madame Suard observes that he was obviously made for friendship rather than for love. Yet it is difficult to reconcile these theories with his own words written after Julie's death :

You, whom I have loved so tenderly and so faithfully. You, by whom, for a few moments, I imagined myself loved in return. You, who, if you had chosen, might have been everything to me. . . . Nature seemed to have sent us into the world that we might seek each other out, and be all in all to each other.

It would certainly seem as if D'Alembert, in spite of his protestations, had made overtures of marriage and been rejected. This supposition is confirmed by a sentence in the 'portrait' or character of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse which he addressed to her in 1771 : 'I could name more than one of your friends who, had you wished it, would have been more than a friend to you.' In the preceding paragraph he had regretted her *lack of passion*, a reproach which reads strangely indeed in the light of her subsequent history, but which, it may be observed, tells strongly against the hypothesis of an irregular connection between the two. Yet, after all, the offer of his hand may never have been made. Setting aside as undeserving of serious attention certain scandalous rumours such as in former times invariably clustered round men who, like D'Alembert, were reputed to lead a blameless life, we may yet conclude that his strongly expressed horror of the responsibilities of marriage was genuine. He may have thought that they were both happier as they were, and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse may have taken the same view or—she may not. She may have felt something of the surprised resentment which marks the attitude of both Stella and Vanessa towards Swift. But D'Alembert, though an infinitely more amiable man than Swift, had not his fatal gift of fascination for women, and Julie was to encounter not only one but two men before whom her tardy adorer soon faded into insignificance in her eyes. In respect of her relations with both these men she has been accused of treachery towards D'Alembert, and it is impossible wholly to acquit her of blame. But we must remember that, by modern standards at all events, no woman is bound to a man who has either never made her an offer of marriage or having made it has been refused, while her dissimulation was almost certainly prompted more by a desire to spare him pain than by any other motive.

As for the two lovers just referred to, Mora and Guibert, Guibert's intentions were frankly non-matrimonial, but we are far from believing that this was the case with Mora. M. Eugène Asse originally held a contrary opinion, based mainly upon the presumption that Mora, who is spoken of as 'the son-in-law of the Count d'Arandà,' must have been a married man. But in the official announcement of Mora's death, since unearthed, and published by

M. Charles Henri, the deceased is defined as a widower, and it is almost certain that he had lost his girl-wife before coming to Paris. Nothing is known of her beyond Horace Walpole's passing remark: 'The daughter-in-law (of the Count de Fuentes, Mora's father, then Ambassador to England) was sick, and they say is not ugly, and has as good a set of teeth as one can have where one has but two and those black.'

As this was written in 1760, and the Marquis de Mora was born about 1744 (twelve years later than Mademoiselle de Lespinasse!), it follows that he was married at sixteen, or perhaps earlier. Walpole only mentions him as distinguished by 'high-born ugliness;' but this must have mellowed in after life, if we believe Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, who credits him with a very attractive face and a particularly graceful bearing. His intellectual abilities, which were much admired by D'Alembert and Voltaire, we are obliged to take upon trust. One or two of his letters to Condorcet have been preserved, but they show no particular signs of either depth or originality. With regard to his moral character, we are, as usual, much at a loss to define the exact meaning of terms like 'virtue, sensibility, high-mindedness, tenderness, merit,' which are showered broadcast upon him by Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and others. Yet all testimonies agree that he was of a peculiarly generous and chivalrous nature, and such an estimate is confirmed by the fervour with which this blue-blooded noble espoused the democratic cause, and by his passionate devotion to a woman unendowed with birth, fortune, beauty, or even youth. We see no reason to doubt Marmontel's statement that they would have been married but for the opposition of Mora's family, to which, for a time, he judged it prudent to give way. On any other hypothesis it is difficult to explain his own words to Condorcet, written a month before his departure for Spain: 'I cannot possibly express the grief which I feel at leaving France. I could never bring myself to it if I were not certain of a return which will more than fulfil all my hopes and wishes.'

By certain biographers of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse it has, as in the case of D'Alembert, been insinuated rather than openly expressed that her relations with Mora were not of a wholly blameless description. It would be idle to say that this is impossible, but there really seems no proof of it. Madame Suard positively asserts the contrary, and it would certainly appear as if their love-making was carried on chiefly by post. It is Mora's rhapsodies, written from Madrid, and the glorious ten days when during his absence at Fontainebleau she received *twenty-two* letters from him, which loom largest in Julie's memory as the great landmarks of their love-story. Apart from such considerations there is something about her whole personality which negatives the idea that she was a light woman. Marmontel has told us that her presence was always an effectual check on

licentious conversation, and that nobody ever ventured to make an indecent remark before her. This statement receives a remarkable confirmation from her letters, which (rare phenomenon in eighteenth-century France) do not contain a single coarse expression. It is difficult to believe that such mental refinement could be compatible with wantonness of behaviour. That under Guibert's baleful influence she deteriorated there is unhappily little doubt, but the depth and sincerity of her remorse prove conclusively that deterioration was not a slight thing in her eyes.

The tragedy of this part of her life is fully revealed in the now generally accessible love letters to Guibert, and may therefore here be passed over almost in silence. Guibert's share in the correspondence is chiefly matter of conjecture, but a very few of his letters to Julie have been preserved, and fully bear out the impression of complacent egotism produced by the diary of that famous tour which with gross exaggeration he called his 'journey round Europe.' Like everything else which we know of Guibert, they increase our indignant astonishment that a man of such a paltry nature should have had power to break the heart and wreck the life of a woman immeasurably his superior.

Her character is a difficult one upon which to pass judgment summarily. There are contradictions doubtless in every human being, but in her they are accentuated in an altogether unusual degree. She astonishes us by her blending of good sense and high principle with wild extravagance and disquieting laxity. In order really to understand her we need more information than we yet possess, and, what is still harder of attainment, a thorough comprehension of the strange transitional period in which she lived. Yet without fully understanding her we can realise something of the wonderful fascination which she exercised, something of the love and pity which she inspired in all who knew her well.

In one respect our regret for her unhappy and premature death will be less than that felt by her contemporaries, since we know what at the time was hidden from them, that she was taken away from evil to come. Dying, as she did, on the eve of the Revolution, she was spared the sight of her country's agony and of the miserable fate which was to befall some of her best friends.

CAMILLA JEBB.



## *CIVILISATION AND BABYLONIA*

THE connection which exists between the Old Testament and Babylon is of undoubted importance and of great interest; at the same time, the very great stress which has been laid upon this aspect of the results of research is apt to lead to an underrating of the influence of Babylonian civilisation upon the world at large apart from religion, an influence which is traceable down to the present day. It may be well, therefore, to call attention to the debt which the civilised world owes to Babylon, without entering into any considerations which are connected with the history of religion.

All antiquity recognises the Chaldeans as excellent astronomers and mathematicians, and the accounts we have of them in the classical writers show that they did not occupy themselves merely with astrology and mathematical trifling, but that they carried on these studies in a scientific way. Not, however, till the cuneiform inscriptions were studied in our own times had any idea been obtained of the astonishing thoroughness and precision of this knowledge. For modern astronomy the observations and calculations of the Babylonians are not only of historic interest, but also of actual practical value; for instance, in the determination of such matters as the movements of the moon; and so we are led to the conclusion that ancient astronomy by no means dates from the Alexandrian scientists, but that they only carried on what the Babylonians had begun.

Moreover, Greek science and philosophy had been undoubtedly influenced by Babylonian knowledge and Babylonian ideas at a much earlier period. Among other things, it has been shown<sup>o</sup> of late that the Pythagorean theorem was known in India long before the time of Pythagoras. Independent development at both places is improbable, and that Greek views could have been influenced by India at so early a date is almost out of the question. But India was certainly influenced by Babylonia in matters relating to astronomy and mathematics, and so we may assume that in this respect the knowledge of India and Greece was drawn from a common source, the science of Babylon.

We owe our whole method of measuring time to the Babylonians. The dials of our clocks, with the division of the hour circle into sixty, and the three hundred and sixty degrees of the circle in our mathematics and geography, are witnesses to the fact that the influence of ancient Babylonia is in active operation still. The Babylonians rounded off the three hundred and sixty-five days of the apparent revolution of the sun into three hundred and sixty. This led to the division of the orbit of the sun, of the celestial equator, and of every great circle into three hundred and sixty degrees. The solar year is approximately equal to twelve revolutions of the moon; hence the division of the ecliptic into twelve (signs of the Zodiac), with thirty degrees in each division. The moon takes twenty-seven days before it returns to its position near a given star; hence the division of the orbit of the moon into the twenty-seven stations of the moon, which found its way from Babylonia to India and China. The vault of the heavens passes before the eye of the observer once in a day of twenty-four hours according to our reckoning, in an equinoctial night in twelve hours; a sign of the Zodiac is therefore the twelfth of a complete day, that is equal to two hours. Thus was the oldest measure of time, the Babylonian double hour, gained; in course of time it was accurately determined and retained by primitive methods such as sand and water clocks, apart from observation. A smaller natural measure to be found in the sky was the time in which the sun or moon in their daily or nightly course apparently advance by their own diameter. As the sun, when totally eclipsed, is completely covered by the disc of the moon, there could be no noteworthy difference between the two. Probably it was by comparing the disc of the full moon with the apparent distances between stars as determined in celestial degrees that the diameter of the moon and therefore of the sun was found to be about half a degree, that is, the sixtieth of a sign of the Zodiac; or, expressed in time, the sixtieth of a double hour, or a double minute, a fact which was verified later on by somewhat more complicated means; for instance, by the occultation of stars and by the water level. Thus, two measures of time were found in the sky which stood to each other in the relation of sixty to one, and that is the foundation of the sexagesimal system, which was further developed by certain algebraic and geometric considerations. This system spread over the whole known civilised world, and we can trace its operations from Iceland to China, where to this day time is measured in cycles of sixty years. Wherever we find the round numbers sixty, as in the French *soixante-dix*, or one hundred and twenty, as in the German '*Grosshundert*,' or six hundred, as with the Romans, this intrusion in our numerical system is a remnant of Babylonian influence. The moon traverses the road between new moon and full moon four-and-twenty times in the year; the twelve double hours were replaced by the twenty-four hours of

the complete day, the subdivision into sixty parts being retained, and we have our own division of time.

Moreover, the Babylonians not only had a scientific system for measuring space, in which, as in the metric system, capacity and weight were functions of the measure of length, they also connected the measures of time and space in a manner the ingenious simplicity of which is astounding. The oldest Babylonian measure of length we know of was the double ell, which was equal to  $992\frac{1}{2}$  millimetres. The tenth part of this formed the edge of the cube, which was the normal measure of capacity. Filled with water at a given temperature, this measure of capacity became the normal measure of weight, the Babylonian *ordinary mina*, which was equal to 982.4 grammes. Sixty minæ made one talent. The *light mina*, weighing 491.2 grammes, was a measure of weight known throughout the whole of antiquity, and it lived on in many modern standards—for instance, in the French pound, which weighs 489.5 grammes. The sixtieth part, 8.19 grammes, and, after subtraction of 1 per cent. for the cost of minting, 8.10 grammes, formed the unit of gold of the Lydian gold coins and Cæsar's aureus; fifty such gold units made the Babylonian gold mina, weighing 409.3 grammes. This still exists in the Russian pound, which weighs 409.52 grammes, and the subdivisions of which are called to this day *zolotniki*, from the Russian word for gold, *zoloto*.

The gold units gave rise to weights of silver, in the ratio 360 (sun) to 27 (moon) =  $40 : 3 = 13\frac{1}{3} : 1$ , which corresponded approximately to the actual relative value of the precious metals at the time of the introduction of the system. So, although they did not possess coined money, there was a Babylonian double currency, and it was of great importance in the economic development of antiquity. The same may be said of the fixed ratio of silver to copper, which was determined at  $1 : 120$ , so that one silver mina was equal to 120 copper minæ. All the variations of the ancient weights and measures are rooted in the Babylonian system.

The way in which they connected the measures of time and space was this: In one minute a sturdy pedestrian can take 120 (twice 60!) steps of three-quarters of a double ell each, therefore he can walk 90 double ells in one minute and 360 double ells in four minutes. Four minutes is  $\frac{1}{15}$ th of a day, or one degree. In a double hour the steps taken amount to 10,800 double ells. In this way the double hour became an earthly measure, from which were developed the ancient measures of distance.

Thus science was made serviceable to the cause of international commerce and traffic, of which Babylonia and Babylon were always the centre in olden times, and we may well suppose that not only the weights and measures, but also the legal customs and standards, made their way with the wares, so that much which the Romans adopted from the regulations of the nations with whom they came

into contact originated in the first instance in Babylonia. Indeed, the newly-discovered code of Hammurabi shows the important part which Babylon played in the development of the entire system of law in Western Asiatic and European civilisation.

© In the matter of writing the Babylonians were the teachers of many ancient nations. The range of the Babylonian cuneiform script and of the systems which were developed from it stretches from Transcaucasia to the Persian Gulf, from the high lands of Iran to Egypt and Cyprus. And the use as a writing material of clay, which was plentiful enough in Babylonia but must have been often difficult to obtain in other places, extended further still; for the clay tablets recently discovered in Crete, which bear a script that may date from before the times of Greece, undoubtedly bear witness to the influence of Babylon.

Another of our most important means of communication in war and peace we owe indirectly to the Babylonians—namely, the horse. At any rate, they had much to do with the introduction of the ‘ass of the East’ into Western Asia.

It is well known, too, that the Babylonians were proficient in fancy weaving and in tapestry work, and also that ornamentation and even sculpture depend upon tapestry work, since the tapestries hung up in the tent become the models for the decoration of the walls in metal or stone bas-reliefs, when the tent gives place to more solid dwelling places. Both in execution and in design, the still living tapestry industry of the East can be traced in great part back to Babylonia.

Another valuable heritage from Babylonia is the art of making faience and majolica ware. When the Islamite Arabs erected a dominion in Mesopotamia, which was both politically and socially their greatest, they revived many of the dwindling and stunted elements of native civilisation, and it was the Arabs who carried the art of baking enamelled earthenware to Spain, whence it spread over Western Europe. In the lion, the wild bull, and the ‘dragon’ of Babylon, as well as in the splendid ornamentation from Nebuchadnezzar’s throne-room, which the excavations of the German *Orient-Gesellschaft* have brought to light, masterpieces of decorative tile-work of the best period have been given back to us.

The lion, wild bull, and dragon are further proofs of the well-known mastery of the Babylonians and Assyrians in the representation of animals. This mastery is also shown in the productions of Babylonian gem-carving, an art for which there was wide scope in the cylindrical or die-shaped seals, which were indispensable for the authentication of the clay tablets. It is universally recognised that the development of engraving, both as regards technical details and artistic expression, is due to the Babylonians.

There are other domains in which we can only say at present

that the influence of Babylonia is probable, and that there are a few striking coincidences, which may make it worth while to search further.

From inscriptions and representations we know that the Babylonians and Assyrians carried the art of besieging to great perfection. The Greeks, on the contrary, as long as they were politically independent, never got beyond the rudiments. Now, when we see that before the conquest of Asia under Alexander the Great had begun King Philip introduced many important innovations in the besieging art into Macedonia, we shall be inclined to conclude that Eastern influences—that is to say, in its origins, Babylonian and Assyrian influence—were at work, and we shall find that this most important ancient European monarchy did not remain free from Oriental influence in other respects.

The Orientals, and before them the Babylonians of the oldest time, used colours in the field in the same way as we do: for them also the 'flag' was the symbol and representative of the ruler, and of the god for whom he and they were fighting; they also rendered it due honour.

Theocracy also—and that in the form of the apotheosis of the living ruler—which played so great a part in the development of the monarchy in antiquity, has one of its oldest roots in ancient Babylon.

In the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus there is a description of how the news of the fall of Troy was carried in one night to Mycenæ by fiery signals from mountain to mountain. The Greeks considered this fire post to be an invention of the Persians, but of late the Babylonian inscriptions seem to suggest that it also had its origin in Babylonia, and so the much-lauded Persian arrangements for the rapid transit of persons and messages probably originated in great part with the older conquerors and rulers of Asia.

The few points I have mentioned show how great and how lasting was the work of the Babylonians in the past. In conclusion, I wish to touch upon one point which concerns the future.

The two streams were once the veins of life of Babylon and Mesopotamia. Babylonia, which was formerly perhaps the most fertile country on the face of the earth, might become again a flourishing land, if, but only if, the ancient native system of drainage, irrigation, and canalisation were revived. It is true that the skill of modern engineering would soon be able to surpass what was achieved in the past. The most important point would be the regulation of the streams in the upper part of their course, as the rise of the waters depends upon the melting of the snow in the Armenian mountains. The mountain aqueducts and irrigation works, some of which are still in action, of the ancient inhabitants of Armenia would furnish excellent models. A great change, however, would

have to take place in the condition of that unhappy land before engineering works on a large scale could possibly be begun there.

In any case, if Babylonian civilisation is to be revived in the land of its origin, the past, the present, and the future must be taken into consideration together. I am giving expression to my earnest conviction, and not advocating any Utopia, when I say that it would be perfectly possible to carry out the excavations for the discovery of the old civilisation and the plans for the inauguration of a new civilisation hand in hand.

C. F. LEHMANN.

## CHARLES READE'S NOVELS

Of Charles Reade's novels we may say, as Abraham Lincoln said of the Panorama: 'For people who like that sort of thing, that's just about the sort of thing they like.'

Charles Reade wrote two good acting plays, *Masks and Faces* and *Nance Oldfield*, and one great novel—of which more anon—the rest is Panorama.

He died in the year 1884 at the age of seventy, having lived a full, interesting, and occasionally pugnacious life; during nearly forty years of which he enjoyed the pleasures, whatever they may be, of celebrity.

He began life as a brilliant young man, a scholar, and D.C.L. of Oxford. He also took a dilettante interest in the Bar; and that is as much as is to be said for Charles Reade when he entered on his dazzling career. In the course of that career he wrote very well indeed about Australia without having been there; he wrote in great detail about banking without having been in business; he wrote of strikes and 'rattening' as if he had been a picketed operative; he described accidents and incidents in coal-mines much better than most men who pass their lives in that kind of work, and even now we are only at the beginning of his astonishing volume of information. His handling of the technicalities of trade is bewildering in its minuteness; Mr. Rudyard Kipling might envy it. His knowledge of prison life makes one marvel how it could have been acquired except as a warder or an amateur convict. Lunatic asylums had a special attraction for him; they were fruitful (in his hands) of blood-curdling melodrama, where almost every page contains not only a judicious thrill, but a valuable piece of information (laboriously acquired by the author) and a handsome moral. It is inconceivable that any man could write the sea-fight in *Hard Cash* without having himself commanded, and fought, a merchant vessel. There is not a move in that battle that we do not watch with breathless attention, however often we read it. His descriptions of country life are quite good—more than good perhaps; while on board ship he is convincing and even enthralling. He is equally at home with respectability and with crime; and when he tells us of a forgery it is our own

fault if we cannot go away and do likewise; for he writes as one whose only trade was forgery and who earned a handsome income by practising it.

Now the days of man are threescore years and ten, from the cradle to the grave; and his days as a writer of books are but a poor two-score. Consequently, if he is to annex and develop this mountain of miscellaneous information his limitations will declare themselves early and definitely. What is gained in one direction will be lost in another. Moreover, Charles Reade was no slipshod hack. He brought to the work of his life the studious habits of the man of learning. Although we may well open our eyes when we read (in *Foul Play*) that 'Our Universities cure men of doing things by halves,' there is no doubt that Charles Reade himself laboured with the energy and conscientiousness of a Strafford. So that if, or rather since, he laboured over detail to an extent that far out-distances any other writer of his time, we must prepare ourselves for what we, in fact, find; namely, somewhat colourless people moving amid accurate and elaborate staging—in short, Panorama.

'I rarely write a novel,' he has recorded, 'without milking about two hundred heterogeneous cows into my pail.' Or again: 'In all my tales I use a vast deal of heterogeneous material, which in a life of study I have gathered from men, journals, Blue-books, histories, biographies, law-reports, &c.' This is very interesting; and tells us much more (perhaps) than Charles Reade intended to tell us. The process which he thus describes, and probably describes without the slightest exaggeration, implies an amount of courage, conscientiousness, and industry that is surely without a parallel. A similar case, however, is that of the illustrious author of *Daniel Deronda*, who told Charles Leland that before writing that novel she had studied 140 volumes dealing with Hebrew lore, Hebrew traditions, and Hebrew aspirations. 'I did not tell her,' wrote Leland, 'that she had far better have talked with 140 Jews and Jewesses; till she had learned to tell (as I can) Señorita Dolores of the Sephardim from Fräulein Lilienthal of the Ashkenazim by the corners of their eyes.' The world knows that, whether Leland's advice was right or not, George Eliot's admirable efforts were ineffective; for if any part of her giant work can be said to be blurred it is precisely that over which she took such scholarly pains. The Cohens, Lapidoths, and Pashes, even Deronda himself and his mother the Princess Halm-Eberstein, what tiresome people they all are, even when we realise them; and for the most part, what phantoms!

A method which fails in the hands of a giant may well produce different results in the hands of smaller folk; so we need not of necessity say that Charles Reade's process of 'milking two hundred heterogeneous cows into one pail' was destined to fail, because George Eliot christened her great work after Daniel the Shadow



instead of after Henleigh Grandcourt—that astonishing creation. But, in point of fact, what is the effect produced by Charles Reade's work? It is that the mustard is good, but the pancakes are naught. The mustard is not only good but of superlative excellence; one actually dines off it, in so far as one can dine off mustard. To quit metaphor, while we read the story, we revel in incident and detail. We positively enjoy the minutiae; and we study strange and sometimes uncongenial occupations with attention and absorption. The plot is equally exciting. There is no mistaking the villains, horns and tail are clearly visible from the commencement of the story, lights are turned down at their appearance, the orchestra executes a tremolo on the violins; green lights flare. Equally emphasised is virtue. Flowers, and summer morns, and sweet manners and white muslin introduce

Injured Innocence in white  
Fair but idiotic quite,

only that Charles Reade will not allow his heroines to be brainless. That *sine qua non* of German romance (according to Bret Harte) is not a *sine qua non* for Charles Reade. Moreover, his innocents are as often in broadcloth and corduroys as in muslin; and one lays down his books with a sigh of regret that the world bears so little resemblance to the scenes of these enchanting works, where vice is always vanquished and virtue victorious.

One closes the book; and half an hour after reading the last page one would be puzzled to give the name of one single character in the story. This is very strange: and one inquires, and marvels, why the people in these exciting tales are really of no more interest than the actors in the play-bill of a Drury Lane melodrama. One gets from the novel, as from the play, much interest, much profit, and many moments of excitement—and one has hardly the curiosity to remember, or even to ask, who the people may be.

There was another novelist of the nineteenth century who, like Charles Reade, revelled in detail—Anthony Trollope. It may well be asked why Anthony Trollope's minor characters are more easily remembered than the heroes of Charles Reade. Often as I have read the fight of the East Indiaman (in *Hard Cash*) with the pirates, I cannot remember the name of the indomitable captain or even the name of the victorious ship. For some reason the names of two quite unimportant Trollopian characters—Montgomerie Dobbs and Fowler Pratt—seem impossible to forget; and what is true of two is true of two hundred such. How is this? If it is a mere freak of memory it is not worth spending two minutes over; or two seconds. But it may be more than that. When Charles Reade tells us that he milks two hundred heterogeneous cows into one pail before he writes a novel he gives us our answer. To change the

figure, and substitute one more manageable, a man may live, and write of, and out of, four or five lives, but assuredly not two hundred. Now, Trollope knew the life of London clubs because he lived that life. He knew the hunting-field, and so could write of it, convincingly, in detail. It is to be observed, in passing, that wherever (as in the case of the House of Commons) he wrote of that of which he had no practical experience his work becomes noticeably blurred. Not that these characters were ever so shadowy as Charles Reade's, for the obvious reason that the Houses of Parliament are tenanted by people who lead the lives that Trollope led—only the conditions are strange.

Turning to Charles Reade the reflection that immediately suggests itself is that Charles Reade was not a cutler, he was not a convict, he was not a merchant-captain, he was not a banker, he was not a diamond-miner, he was not a gold-digger. The one thing that Charles Reade was—a University Don—stood for a life in which he apparently took no interest at all, and did not attempt to describe—with the exception of using his knowledge of Oxford to introduce some boating incidents which are, presumably, quite accurate padding. The effect of this is twofold. Firstly, Trollope's detail was easily and vigorously handled; and secondly, his detail being completely under control, all the energy of his mind went to the elaboration of his characters, and they live. On the other hand, all the energy of Charles Reade's mind was exhausted (and no wonder!) by the tremendous effort of mastering and presenting his detail, and his characters must look out for themselves, with the natural result that they remain puppets.

There remains the soul of the man; and the soul of the man was great: he loved righteousness, and hated iniquity. For him, as for Trollope, life looked very black and white. From their point of view, it was easy, instinctive even, for the good to play the man, and the good were rewarded; but the way of the transgressors was hard. This chess-board view of life was more marked in Reade's work than in Trollope's because Reade took himself more seriously. Trollope regarded himself solely as a craftsman, labouring honestly at a profitable trade. He likened himself to a bootmaker; continually turning out good work for sale, and not stopping to admire his own productions. 'Stopping to admire himself' would perhaps have been Trollope's definition of a typical artist's attitude. Indeed, he was unjust to artists and unjust to himself; but in his rage at the nonsense talked in the name of art, he spurned a noble title which we might justly award him if respect for his memory did not restrain us. Charles Reade's attitude was markedly different. 'Artist' would have struck him as too mean a title. 'Reformer' would have been nearer the mark. But the rage of honesty, reinforced by the rage of the reformer, produced more the temper of the Apostle than

the temper of the Novelist. It is as the Apostle, in fact, that we must regard Charles Reade if we would rightly understand him. We shall understand neither his twenty volumes of ingenious romance nor his one work of immortal merit if we regard him merely as the Novelist.

The 'Tendenz-stück' was his ideal; and, carried away as he was by his ideal, he allowed nothing to interfere with the accurate presentation of his side of the question—not even the demands of the story. In this respect he was an even more earnest devotee of the Tendenz-stück than Charles Dickens himself; for it is quite possible to read Charles Dickens for the real fun and excitement of the story; but Charles Reade will not permit that: the temper of the Apostle forbids all such trifling; and the eye of the reader must be fixed on the public grievance—be it fraudulent banking or a cruel prison system—from first to last. It is a veritable *tour de force* that he should so imperiously persist in this attitude and yet not exhaust the patience of his readers.

Charles Reade's style was very uneven. As a rule we find neither rhetoric nor music. We are gratified by a plain narrative prose, which is a capable vehicle for any incident and any piece of descriptive work. It is, however, disfigured here and there by wonderful grimaces which would be sternly corrected in a schoolgirl's exercise, and which are truly surprising in the work of an experienced scholar and author. Thus in *Put Yourself in his Place* we read: "One piece of advice I can conscientiously give Mr. Little." "Yes, papa." "And that is—TO INSURE HIS LIFE." Or, again, in *Hard Cash* we read: "While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this deathblow to hope, Monk fired again; and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and a solemn voice whispered in his ear: "Our ammunition is nearly done." Or, again, in *The Cloister and the Hearth*: "Unhappy youth," said Denys, solemnly, "the sum of thy troubles is this: thy fever is gone, and thy wound is healing. Sith so it is," added he indulgently, "I shall tell thee a little piece of news I had otherwise withheld." "What is it?" asked Gerard, sparkling with curiosity.

"THE HUE AND CRY IS OUT AFTER US:  
AND ON FLEET HORSES."

Or, again, in *Foul Play*: "He is gone—and we are alone—on this island." The man said this in one sense only; but the woman heard it in two.

'ALONE!'

With Charles Reade it is quite a habit to alter the type; and to rely on this device to produce the emphasis that ought to be produced by carefully chosen words and carefully constructed sentences. He is as dead as Mayne Reid to the deplorable injury that is thus wrought to his otherwise workmanlike prose.

There are other curiosities and vagaries. In *A Simpleton* we find four consecutive sentences without a verb, thus: 'Person—straight, elastic, and rather tall. Mind—nineteen. Accomplishments—numerous; a poor French scholar, a worse German, a worse English, an admirable dancer, an inaccurate musician, a good rider, a bad draughtswoman, a bad hairdresser, at the mercy of her maid; a hot theologian, knowing nothing, a sorry accountant, no house-keeper, no sempstress, a fair embroideress, a capital geographer, and no cook. Collectively, viz. mind and body, the girl we kneel to.'

He does not disdain the aid of quaint illustrations when he thinks that they will add force to his prose. Thus, in *It is never too late to Mend*, he ends the fifty-second chapter thus: 'Would you behold this great discovery, the same in appearance and magnitude as it met the eyes of the first discoverers, picked with a knife from the bottom of a calabash, separated at last by human art and gravity's great law from the meaner dust it had lurked in for a million years?—Then turn your eyes hither, for here it is.'

There follows, occupying a half-page of the book, the illustration of an open clasp-knife, the blade of which is covered with specks of gold, ranging in size from a pin's head to a large pea.

Again, in *Love me little love me long*, he is anxious to give the reader the impression of a country squire in whose mind 'the county' came first and 'the country' next, while the world at large was of quite third-rate importance. He does this very amusingly by printing: 'Could you have looked inside Mr. Fountain's head you would have seen ideas corresponding to the following diagrams.' This brings us to the bottom of the page, and overleaf we encounter an outline 'county,' while underneath it are a map of 'Britain' about one-fourth the size of 'the county,' and a globe, illustrating 'the world at large' about the size of a small pea.

This is very funny; but it is not prose. Moreover, Charles Reade did himself an injustice when he descended to these artifices; for he was perfectly capable—no man more so—of conveying, by legitimate means, whatever impression he desired to produce. Thus, in *Put Yourself in his Place*, he introduces the character of Guy Raby, whose mind was cast in the mould of Mr. Fountain's, and he draws the man, this 'antique Tory squire,' in two swift telling sentences. 'He had a sovereign contempt for tradespeople, and especially for manufacturers. Any one of those numerous disputes between masters and mechanics, which distinguish British industry, might have been safely referred to him, for he abhorred and despised them both with strict impartiality.'

This is admirable. Here we have 'that extinct animal the Squire' in full length; with his noble and narrow qualities perfectly set forth. His courage, his impeccable honesty, his sagacity, his pride, his vigour are all given in one master-touch. This is much

better than helping the story out with funny little thumb-nail sketches. But Reade had a Turner-like contempt for the conventions when he thought that he saw a short cut to his effect, and cared nothing for style except as a means to an end.

It seems quaint that one who went so boldly to his aim without thought of rules, should upon occasion disclose a sensitive artistic conscience. In his introduction in the *Autobiography of a Thief* we read: 'A story within a story is a frightful flaw in art.' Could one safely go so far as that? 'The Baroni family' seems quite in place in *Tancred*, but perhaps that is an exception. The story within the story is undoubtedly to be deprecated, and it is quite in Charles Reade's manner to call it 'a frightful flaw.' But is it not, again, curious to read this from the hand of an author who wilfully disfigures his page with gigantic capitals—a trick which exasperates or amuses according to the temper of the reader; but which is assuredly a violation of the most elementary canons of literary art?

Here, however, we must recognise the fervour of the learned Apostle. Rules exist; and he knows them and bows to them—so long as he chooses. When he chooses to fling them to the winds he does so, and you must take his word for it that they serve no useful purpose: the man of learning merges in the Apostle.

Charles Reade was a prolific author. He did not, however, make his mark early in life like Lytton, who produced *Pelham* at the age of twenty-five, or Disraeli, who wrote *Vivian Grey* when he was twenty-two, or Charles Dickens, who was only twenty-four when *The Pickwick Papers* were published. Rather he belonged to the class of studious, industrious authors whose minds mature late. Such were George Eliot, who published *Scenes from Clerical Life* at the age of thirty-nine; Anthony Trollope, whose first successful novel, published after several previous failures, did not appear till the year 1855, when he was forty years of age; and the great Thackeray, who was thirty-six before he was famous. At the age of thirty-eight Charles Reade made his first hit with *Peg Woffington*. From 1852 till the year of his death he produced (neglecting their chronological order of appearance): *Put Yourself in his Place*, *It is never too late to Mend*, *A Terrible Temptation*, *Love me little love me long*, *A Perilous Secret*, *A Simpleton*, *Peg Woffington*, *Foul Play*, *Hard Cash*, *The Autobiography of a Thief*, *Griffith Gaunt*, *Christie Johnstone*, *The Course of True Love never did run smooth*, *The Double Marriage*, *The Wandering Heir*, *A Woman-hater*, *Singleheart* and *Doubleface*, and *The Jilt*; all of which are probably forgotten. This is at the rate of one book for every eighteen months of his life, and represents a very considerable output.

Is it possible, one reflects, that a man may be so well read, so learned even, so industrious and so courageous, and yet produce

nothing of first-rate excellence? Learning, industry, and courage are great endowments, and yet Reade possessed them all and something more. Perhaps I may be permitted to make one rather long extract from *It is never too late to Mend*. This is what Reade wrote of his own century: 'God has been bountiful to the human races in this age. Most bountiful to Poets; most bountiful to all of us who have a spark of nobleness in ourselves, and so can see and revere at sight the truly grand and noble (any snob can do this after it has been settled two hundred years by other minds that he is to do it). He has given us warlike heroes more than we can count—far less honour as they deserve, and valour as full of vanity as courage in the "Iliad" is monotonous—except when it takes to its heels.

'He has given us one hero, a better man than Hector or Achilles. For Hector ran away from a single man; this hero was never known to run away at all. Achilles was a better egotist than soldier; wounded in his personal vanity he revenged himself, not on the man who had wronged him—Prudence forbade—but on the army, and on his country. This antique hero sulked; my hero, deprived of the highest command, retained a higher still—the command that places the great of heart above all petty personal feeling. He was a soldier, and could not look from his tent on battle and not plunge into it. What true soldier ever could? He was not a Greek but a Frenchman—and could not love himself better than his country. Above all, he was not Achilles but Canrobert.

'He has given us to see Nineveh disinterred by an English hero. He has given us to see the North-West Passage forced, and winter bearded on his everlasting throne by another. (Is it the hero's fault if self and snowdrop singing poetasters cannot see this feat with the eyes of Camoens?)

'He has given us to see Titans enslaved by man: Steam harnessed to our carriages and ships; Galvanism tamed into an alphabet—a Gamut and its metal harp-strings stretched across the earth *malgré* mountains and the sea, and so men's minds defying the twin monsters Time and Space; and now, gold revealed in the east and west at once, and so mankind first in earnest peopling the enormous globe. Yet old women and children of the pen say this is a bad, a small, a lifeless, an unpoetic age: and they are not mistaken.—For they lie.

'As only tooth-stoppers, retailers of conventional phrases, links in the great cuckoo-chain, universal-pill vendors, Satan, and ancient booksellers' ancient nameless hacks can lie, they lie.

'It is they who are a *small age*. Now, as heretofore, weaklings cannot rise high enough to take a bird's-eye view of their own age and calculate its dimensions.

'The age, smaller than epochs to come, is a giant compared

with the past, and full of mighty materials for any great pen in prose and verse. My little friends, aged nineteen and downwards—fourscore and upwards—who have been lending your ears to the stale little cant of every age as chanted in this one by Buffo-Bombastes and other foaming at the pen old women of both sexes—take, by way of antidote to all that poisonous soul-withering drivel, ten honest words.

‘I say before heaven and earth that the man who could grasp the facts of this day and do an immortal writer’s work by them, i.e. so paint them as a later age will be content to engrave them, would be the greatest writer ever lived: such is the force, weight, and number of the grand topics that lie this day on the world’s face. I say that he who has eyes to see may now see greater and far more poetic things than human eyes have ever seen since our Lord and His Apostles and His miracles left the earth. It is very hard to write a good book, or a good play, or to invent a good picture, and, having invented, paint it. But it always was hard, except to those—to whom it was impossible. Bunglers will not mend matters by blackening the great canvases they can’t paint on, nor the impotent become males by detraction.

‘Justice!

‘When we write a story or sing a poem of the great nineteenth century, there is but one fear, not that our theme will be beneath us, but we miles beneath it; that we shall lack the comprehensive vision a man must have from heaven to catch the historical, the poetic, the lasting features, of the Titan events that stride so simply past IN THIS GIGANTIC AGE.’

It would be easy to say hard things of prose like this. But the somewhat lengthy passage is not set forth for the purpose of gibing at it. Rather let us see what is good in all this violent rhapsody with its concluding grimace. Well, it is clear that no man could write this who did not possess a spark of divine fire. These are the words of a man whose heart is aflame with generous enthusiasms; and, if only he can drag himself away from the Central Criminal Court with its fascinating horrors, and allow his soul to soar, we shall hold our breath as we watch its flight.

Once in his life did Charles Reade’s soul burst its way through the prison gates of realism. In *The Cloister and the Hearth* it found expression in a work of orchestral magnificence.

It would be enough to say of this book that it possesses in ample measure all the faults of all his other books, and that those faults are of no more consequence to the story than the bubbles on the stream of a noble river. Strangely enough, *The Cloister and the Hearth* is the song of a century—the fifteenth—whether Charles Reade meant it to be so or not. Much as he admired his own century, he could hardly hope that any artist would ever do for it what he himself did for the fifteenth. Over it all he casts a glory of light and love in

which the story, no longer a panorama, moves like the epic it is. If we apply to it the homely test that we applied to *Hard Cash*, and inquire how much of it can we remember? the answer is, What detail do we forget? The sober life of sleepy little towns in Holland, the noisy paganism of Rome, the squalor of German inns, the grandeur of Duke Philip's court; Duke Philip himself, the adorable life-worn old Pontiff, the venomous Ghysbrecht van Swieten, Denys with his gallant *consigne*, Martin van Wittenhagen, the sober Richart, the jolly little dwarf, Cornelis and Sybrandt the traitors, the Princess Clælia, the austere Jerome, how many more and how much more has Charles Reade not made to live in this matchless romance?

It has been commented that the climax and anti-climax of *The Cloister and the Hearth* detract from its artistic merit. We will consider of that; but meanwhile, apart from the subtle human delight of the story, it is true that as regards sheer dramatic excitement the story is hard to beat for intensity and variety. The author showers upon us, with all the careless prodigality of genius, scene after scene, in country after country, Flanders, Burgundy, Germany, or Italy, any one of which would make the fortune of a short-story teller of to-day. It is not, therefore, a question whether this scene or that scene is inferior in dramatic interest to its predecessor; and so tends to produce a wearisome effect. Rather the story flows in so full a stream that episodes are but as the glittering waves of which we do not concern ourselves to measure the size.

If we were to select two of the most dramatic movements of the story for the purpose of determining whether or no the author is given to anti-climax, our choice might perhaps fall upon the attempted suicide of Gerard, and the confession of the Princess. The saving of Gerard from drowning is a wonderful episode; and yet it is a question whether in dramatic intensity it must not yield the first place to the confession of the Princess. But everything pales before the tremendous climax of the last lines of the book. After love and adventure and joyous life and stress, the story plunges into gloom of tragic intensity. We are crushed with grief as we read; the very sun seems chill in the heavens; joy is to be no more known in the world. I know of no parallel in fiction to the stroke of genius with which Charles Reade completes his epic. Even his detestable change of type cannot blur its magnificence.

It even seems (for once) to be appropriate. The pomp of larger type is like the (otherwise meaningless) pomp of heraldic costume which we cannot dissociate from the trumpeters who announce the King in his glory. From the depths of our woe and our abasement we are aroused by these tremendous words of promise and consolation:

Hæc est parva domus natus quæ magnus Erasmus.



## THE LOST ART OF SINGING

(Concluded)

### ( II. THE INSTRUMENT.<sup>1</sup>

ROME was not built in a day, neither is singing learnt in six lessons. The chief business of the singer is the formation of the instrument; the difficulty of singing does not consist in *what* is sung, but it consists, as every true singer has always known, in making the voice to sing with. If a person who had never played a note on the piano were to be brought to a master for half a dozen or a dozen lessons with a view to performing on the instrument, we should not fail to recognise the absurdity. Yet the difficulty before the singer is not, as in this case, the acquisition of sufficient technique merely to play a waltz of Waldteufel's creditably, or to do justice to Chopin—to find a parallel we must suppose that the beginner had first to make the Broadwood piano on which he has to play either one or the other. The first step to forming the instrument is a return to the 'strenuous application' of old days. Porpora's pupil Caffariello vocalised the same two pages of exercises for nearly six years, and none of the great singers of that time made a début under at least as many years' study. Tosi, the early eighteenth-century singing master, taught that 'it takes at least four years for a pupil to become even moderately proficient as a singer,' and then only if he has fallen into the hands of a competent master.

Many modern teachers are not slow in preaching similar truths. Thus Mr. Albert Randegger writes that the cultivation of the voice for singing 'is a study infinitely more laborious than that needed to surmount the technical difficulties of any manufactured musical instrument whatever.' The great masters of singing regarded the voice as little more than an embryo instrument—as presenting, that is, the elements for forming one. We are not endowed with a ready-made singing voice as we are with a ready-made speaking voice. Among those with a potential singing voice only one here and there becomes a Malibran, a Mario, as only a few who study the violin become Joachims, Wilhelmjs, and Kubeliks. Many of us, however,

<sup>1</sup> The first article dealing with the singer as *Esecutant* appeared in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for May.

learn to be excellent and delightful performers on various instruments, and if study were to be again the fashion we might learn to be excellent vocal performers. Those who attain to the chief excellence differ, in fact, from others less in natural talent than in the perseverance and length of their study. Some of the great vocal careers have been made with small, even poor, natural voices; and as, while music exists, the human voice in which music itself originated must always play a great rôle, we have some encouragement to undertake the arduous study which is to endow us with an instrument whose beauty, perfection, intimacy, and moving power exceed that of every instrument made with hands.

When the old masters required four, five, six years' continuous training they did not mean one lesson a week. They meant a lesson every day. No beginner can practise by himself; the voice must be placed by the master. Out of the prescribed years of study three should be spent in vocalisation, no songs with words being even looked at. Yet it is by no means uncommon for a man to make his *début* after twelve months' teaching, and amateurs usually bring an operatic air or some bagatelle of that sort with them when they come for their first lesson. Even in our singing academies we begin with the 'finishing' process, the necessary musical knowledge, the little tricks of the trade, the creation of a *répertoire*—we begin, that is, with the roof, and *never lay a foundation at all*. We should be fully persuaded that we are throwing away a possible good voice, time, and money on this 'finishing' process, the eight or twelve very expensive private lessons which are the merest farce, and lay us open to the pity or the contempt even of our social acquaintances, and in all cases of that *rara avis*, the man who understands singing.

All writers in the foremost rank speak of the 'deplorable deterioration' and the 'decadence' of singing. Is this primarily due to its difficulty, or are we to lay it entirely, as they do, at the door of that modern haste and hurry which insists on swift results and has forgotten how all art is learnt? The singing teachers ask: Is there a dearth of good voices, of good methods, of good teachers? And they answer their questions negatively. All that is wanted is for the student to make up his mind to study. Now I venture to say that of these three requisites we have, as a matter of fact, only one remaining to us at the present day. There is no dearth of good voices. There is, in good sooth, no dearth of 'methods' either, but to that we shall return later. But the most important element is to seek. The desideratum is the great teacher; and the incommunicable, the unpurchaseable quality in the great teacher is his ear. It is not enough to tell the pupil what to do; the master must know not only *how it is done*, but *whether his pupil is doing what he tells him*. These things sound quite elementary. Nevertheless, nothing is more

certain than that vocal scales and exercises are nowadays regarded as a patent automatic voice producer, the master naïvely trusting that the pupil will hit on the right way of producing the given note. The talk about teachers and methods, the journeys to Dresden, to Milan, and to Paris (no one, I think, comes to London, though the fare is of the same quality) are mere waste of time while we can only count on a literary acquaintance with the methods of the old *maestri*, on sound principles and paper systems which are worse than useless unless the master's ear can detect the infinitely delicate shades in the difficult art of 'placing the voice.' Many of us say all—or most—of the correct things. The note is to go 'towards the roof of the mouth,' says the Englishman, 'alla maschera,' says the Italian; whereupon it comfortably settles on the throat, or the herculean efforts to bring it forward land it in the chin, to the satisfaction of both master and pupil. The great singers and the great singing masters appear in nebulous clusters, together. Great vocal art demands two sets of geniuses, and the more we understand of singing the more we shall realise that if great singers have been rare, great teachers have been rarer still. Nothing less than an acoustic freemasonry is necessary—a sufficient amount of good singing to train the ear of masters, and make them authoritative with their pupils. Where the ear is, there the pupils have always been, and will always be.

The first and only concern of the pupil at starting is, therefore, the choice of the master. As to where he is to find him there seems little or no disagreement. One can read between the lines of these opinions:—The writer of an article on singing in this Review four years back said: 'There are at the present time, be it in England or abroad, exceedingly few really authoritative professors;' and a friend writing from Milan says to him: 'We have scarcely any great teachers left.' A critic of long standing, himself a pupil in early days of the old Italian school, writes to me: 'We have no good teachers, and therefore I suppose no *good* singers;' while Signor Montefiore in a Roman musical paper allows us to see the naked truth in this delightfully draped sentence: 'Some one will say: Are there no more voices? Are there no masters? There are too many masters, and no one can prevent there being bad and execrable ones among the excellent and good. These do horrible execution on the throat! There are, however, still voices left: nature has not changed its laws in so brief a space of time.' Authoritative teaching has ceased to exist. There are no schools in Europe where a man or woman can learn the mysteries of the art of *bel canto*. None of the masters can pretend to a trained vocal ear; and while this is so it is vain to speak of confusion of methods or of the febrile haste of pupils.

When we come to the *method* of training the voice we find not method but pandemonium. Any one who takes the trouble to

inquire will find that pupils have usually learnt two, three, even four different systems. What is the true method? But first, to what instrument shall we liken the singing voice; is it *sui generis*, or has it its mechanical counterpart in any manufactured instrument? We cannot have a better guide here than Professor Louis Mandl. 'Physiological and physical researches have shown that the vocal organs act in the manner of wind instruments, consisting of a tube with a reed mouthpiece.' There are three essential parts of the vocal instrument—the lungs and its tubes, corresponding to the bellows and windpipe of a wind instrument; the larynx or vocal lips, corresponding to the reeds in an oboe (and double like these); the pharynx and its neighbouring cavities, answering to the resonating body in a manufactured instrument. The implications are (1) that there should be only one sounding-board (hence the chest is not a sounding-board for the singing voice; it serves merely as the pumping apparatus for air); (2) that there should be only one method of producing the sounds; (3) and that the characteristic peculiarity of the human voice is its power of uniting sounds, a union *effected after the manner of wind instruments*. The initial error of the modern hodge-podge which goes by the name of a system of singing is that the voice is treated not like a reed wind instrument but like a keyboard, where the notes are produced by strokes of the larynx as we strike the keys of a piano. But keyboard instruments are guiltless of a difference of structure in the course of producing the notes of two octaves. The existence of all other 'methods' is sufficiently accounted for by the difficulty of producing such an instrument in ourselves. How much easier for the master, who having heard nothing but bad singing is incapable of teaching the old method, and how much easier for the pupil, if it be once allowed that the distinct registers of the speaking voice may remain, and be dragged up and dragged down, cozened and mishandled and abused into some semblance of a homogeneous instrument!

Our 'anatomist' singing masters asseverate that there are three distinct ways of producing the voice in singing; that sounds are produced 'from the chest' or 'from the head.' These errors perpetuate the belief that the voice being a natural function should be trusted to act in the right way by itself. If the singing voice were indeed a natural function in this sense, not Porpora's method only but all training of the voice would be out of place. Even the worst schools of singing, however, teach that *some* equalising of registers is necessary to render the voice a pleasant and efficient instrument on which to perform. The mistake is to suppose that registers can be equalised with three modes of producing notes. A modern singing master has, in fact, told his pupils that the old theory can no longer be maintained, and that every sound

originates in the same place and is produced in the same way, yet continues to speak of the 'chest cavity' as one of the sounding-boards. He is rivalled by the master of another School who assists his pupils with a diagram, and informs them that the 'chest notes' are those which they see placed against the upper teeth. Now we no longer believe that notes are actually produced in the chest, and the only other way to obtain a chest note would be to make the note *resound* in the chest, which, *ex hypothesi*, these notes do not do. The mystery is explained when we know that, while the diagram is borrowed from the old masters, the letter-press is contributed by the new master. The inconsistency of all other methods, their incapacity, even if they were or could be faithfully followed, to obtain the effects desired is the best argument for the method which refuses to treat the voice partly as an imperfect wind and partly as an imperfect keyed instrument.

All learning to play on the vocal instrument is inseparable from a momentary creation of the structure of the instrument itself. The metal of a trumpet remains immobile, but the throat is only rendered immobile by an exercise of volition. There is nothing so apparently unimportant, no movement so slight, that it may not disturb our instrument. The true vocal artist has, of course, made his instrument long ago; but it is not an external thing of seasoned wood or metal, it is affected by everything which affects him, and not only the art with which it is played but the very existence of the instrument itself is a response to his will. This is the crowning difficulty and individuality of his art. When the singing masters assure us that the teacher should possess a complete knowledge of vocal anatomy, we may rejoin that a personal experience of the stages by which a voice is placed is a better preparation for his task. Physicists and throat specialists may analyse the instrument for us—it is a *Porpora*, before this analysis, who taught us to play upon it.

'He who knows how to breathe knows how to sing,' and 'he who does not unite notes does not sing' (*chi non sa legare, non sa cantare*). Every one admits that the management of the breath is a *sine qua non*, and all are persuaded that they 'take their breath properly.' They do not appear to realise that while they are obeying a sapient natural law in taking their breath, refreshing, nay essential, to our being, much more to our speaking or singing, the art of breathing consists not in the mere taking it, but in how it is taken and above all in not letting it go. There is only one mode of respiration which the great teachers recognised as the *respirazione cantabile*, and it is not that which is either mastered or taught nowadays. Again, far from uniting sounds, all our modern singing is *staccato* singing, there is no *canto legato*, even the notes of a sequence being produced by separate and several movements. One

fault, however, has struck the critic of one of the daily papers, and three or four others have recently joined him. What they tell us is that the voices do not blend, that they do better alone than in concert. Now why should voices not blend? Because they are imperfect instruments. Two oboes, two cornets, blend; two violins, from the hand of different makers, however 'individual' they may be as instruments, blend. But the voices of two imperfect instruments will not blend any more than the voices of two instruments of antagonistic structure. The blending of voices is therefore a thing which we have never heard since the introduction of German singing. A duet between La Rota and Pasqua Rossi, or a century later a duet between Malibran and Mario, was a thing to remember for life: now, duets, trios, and quartets are things to forget as soon as possible.

Another touchstone is to be found in the *mezza voce*. A true *mezza voce* is the best evidence of a well-placed voice. It is of the same 'colour' and has the same carrying qualities as the *voce piena*, or full voice. It is a true *half-voice*, produced in the same way as the full voice, and depending only on a greater control of the breathing. It is much more difficult of acquirement in the case of the robuster voices, but also more wonderfully effective. It does not consist in that singing more or less softly, those murmured tones without character or carrying quality which singers call their *mezza voce* nowadays. Yet another touchstone is the production of high notes. The full, round, high note is one of the chief beauties of the classical school of singing, one of its acquisitions and one of its secrets. The high notes we now hear are of two qualities, closed in the nose or forced from the larynx. The well-placed, *sustained and firm*, high note requires the lightest possible treatment and costs no effort at all.

But the worst part of the business is that we are not out and out barbarians, but continue to adopt the language and the style of civilisation; a language we persistently misapply and misinterpret because we have lost the clue to it. Some singing terms can only be appreciated after long study; the master and the modern pupil can never have had any use for them, any appreciation of them at all. A short time ago there was a discussion in one of the monthly Reviews entitled 'The Wagner Bubble,' in which a writer mocked at Wagner for requiring his hero to look down instead of facing his public while singing. He was told that the old masters had always taught that a downward position of the head helped the voice to ascend. When Wagner's hero looked down, however, it did not assist his voice to go upwards, nor did Wagner himself intend that it should when he gave this stage direction, for this precept applies only to the production of high notes with the *imposto leggiero*. A criticism in an important daily paper presents another capital instance of the confusion now reigning. Here the voice,

which 'was 'beautiful,' came out 'splendidly'; 'perfect production of all parts of a beautiful voice' had been learnt; the singer walked and stood on a platform in a way to win all hearts; in style there 'was little room for improvement.' Yet the conclusion is that 'Miss — has been brought out before the proper time. The difference between the position attainable by a mature artist and that within reach of those who use the London concert-room as a place for gaining experience, if not actually for practice . . . must be evident even to the most commercially-minded parents or teachers.' Now with all these artistic perfections, how could she possibly be only a raw schoolgirl all the time? The small criticisms as to faulty pronunciation of Italian and other languages, or that in one passage 'rhythm,' in others 'phrasing,' left something to be desired, would not explain it, for where is the artist so inhuman as to leave no fault for the critic to find? The poor girl could not possibly have gathered from this criticism any notion whatever of what was wanted of her to retail when she got home to her parents and guardians. The pity is that the critic deprived her also of the power to tell them the only thing about which there could be no doubt, namely, that she had not an inkling of the perfect production of all or any parts of a beautiful voice, for—hey, presto!—this was the very young lady whom *Legato* advised to give up singing until she had learnt the *a b c* of her art. Yet it cannot be denied that such criticisms show unsatisfied yearnings on the part of critics.

The unanswerable truth is that the moment we attempt to criticise voice production we are out of our depth, and we employ a jargon which can never mean anything to anybody, amateur or professional. We sometimes hear it said that 'resonant voices are no longer liked.' One might just as well say that the speaking voice one preferred was that of a person suffering from an advanced cold in the head. All voices resound if they are well placed; if they do not resound, it is a certain sign that they are ill placed. Or the critics speak of a singer's 'abuse of the tremolo'; they might as well talk of the orator's abuse of the stutter. Strakosch taught his pupils Patti and Nikita to assume while singing an attitude similar to the orator's as he slightly inclines forward to speak. But one of the tricks of our singers—stars and lesser luminaries alike—is to take a high note with the head thrown back. What is this done for? If the singer would deign to swallow while in that position he would discover that it is one which closes the throat. Another ludicrous pose, that of thrusting forward your music at arm's length, impedes the breathing functions, and was one of the anti-artistic affectations to which Strakosch drew attention. Shall we sing at once after eating; is the possession of a fine voice proof against a mutton-chop, as one of our 'classical' singers assures us? That depends on whether we are going to hold our breath when we sing, or

not. Our singers are not only expected to sing after dinner (and a dinner, like 'a *hose*,' seems to be quite a resource for certain systems of voice production), but to sing immediately they arrive—and they arrive, the men in stiff four-inch collars, the women with their throats strangled in draperies. They tell us all these things can be, and they are not affected. I quite believe it. *They* are not affected. But if their voice were an instrument these things would do it as much good as sousing your violin or thrusting a cloth into your oboe before performing. There is, however, no need to husband resources which are conspicuous only by their absence. Shall we close or open the throat? Shall we breathe through the mouth or through the nose? Shall we sing our exercises at full voice or at half voice? In these cases again both methods cannot be right. If any sense of humour could be left him after a course of modern singing lessons, the long-suffering pupil would find an apt parallel to his experiences in the native pastor's instruction of his flock: 'De way to hebben, belubbed bredrin, is broad and narrow, and de way to destruction is narrow and broad.' This explanation, we hear, failed to satisfy one of his audience, who made off, observing: 'Well, if dat be so, dis child will take to de woods.' How preferable are the pathless deserts of the natural voice to the roads it is now required to travel!

It may be asked: Is the modern Italian school any better than the French, the English, the German? And the answer is, No. The mysteries of *bel canto* are forgotten there as elsewhere. But Italy is the classic land of singing, and some 'trailing clouds of glory' accompany her decadence. The Italians at least remember that we must begin by *placing the voice*, and that this will occupy two or three years. The utter absence of artistic resource, of technical skill, which we suffer gladly in England would not, despite all the decadence of musical taste in Italy, be tolerated on any Italian platform. Again, the Italian, being the only language which has none but vocal endings, remains the same assistance to the singer as when it gave the original impulse to *bel canto*. The Italian voice is naturally placed more forward than ours, and there is still some knowledge in Italy of what the voice can do, and what it can best do, some artistic knowledge of what is well and what is ill written for the voice—things of which there exists no tradition at all in Germany, but which were at one time understood in England. It is indeed a mistake to suppose that the beauty of the early voices depended on those *floriture* and *colorature* with which the Italian name is associated. Such things are possible, and one may add are only agreeable, with the highly trained voice, but 'fireworks' and trills are not the legitimate resource of all kinds of voices, and Porpora's favourite pupil, surnamed *Il Porporino*, was most admirable in the *adagio* and the *canto largo*. If fireworks



and flourishes are not appreciated, indeed are not heard nowadays, the breadth and pose which demand a highly cultivated voice in at least the same degree are equally absent, and the famous *larghi* of Handel are slurred over by our inefficient performers.

Inefficient training has introduced another confusion, the confusion as to classes of voices. We all know, or ought to know, that there are distinct classes of voices with perfectly definite characteristic differences. Thus, operas used to be written for the two kinds of soprano. But our singers kindly sing all music, all styles for us, and if it does not sound quite right, the 'body' or the 'timbre' or the 'production' or the 'tone-colour' is criticised. The same confusion exists about the two classes of tenors, and the baritone, who, by the way, sometimes obliges us by singing bass. The dramatic soprano (always a rare voice) is indeed forgotten, but *en revanche* the singing portent in England is that all the women just now have contraltos. This voice, it is true, remains as rare as ever, but two common errors in voice production keep us constantly supplied with contraltos both for the concert platform and among drawing-room amateurs. Either the bass notes are placed on the chest, producing an unmistakable cavernous sound, which is no pure vocal sound at all and is more likely to induce tuberculous disease than a contralto voice, or the difficulty, which always handicaps the modern singing master, of producing high notes with the miserable methods at his disposal, soon persuades him to shorten the voice and call the remaining notes 'contralto.' I have heard not only mezzo sopranos but light sopranos, small insignificant voices with no resource in the bass at all, thus dubbed; and in the list of professionals genuine mezzo sopranos and genuine dramatic sopranos have made their careers among us as 'contraltos.' Until the voice has been liberated from what I crave licence to term its present functional disturbances—the chest, throat, or nasal accompaniments which are supposed to confer on it its character—it is nowadays difficult to classify it. Not the least convincing proof of the system of the old masters is that when a voice has been thus disembedded its true character is emphasised; a bass or a contralto being not less but more deep, as well as fuller and more resonant, when it is freed from the chest and throat.

This confusion as to kinds of voices is matched, naturally enough, by a parallel confusion in composing for them.\* The old composers studied singing seven years in order to write for the voice, and its individuality was recognised in the practice of writing operas for the great singers. Nowadays few men know how to write for the voice. Take, for example, the set of soprano and of mezzo soprano songs written by Schumann, whose greatest delight was song writing. The former differ from the latter chiefly by being written in a lower key: this is bad enough, but when we find a soprano song ending on seven lower A's, a note which no soprano can be required

to touch, while the highest note—the resource and resolution of the song—is an *E*, that is, is a central note for a soprano, we must see that such ‘songs’ may be beautiful musically, but they cannot by any possibility be beautiful vocally; they are, or should be, *Lieder*

*ohne Worte, ohne Stimme*. Even Mendelssohn has 

where the lower *B* is to be *forte*. In such a case the old writers knew that the lower note must be sacrificed to the upper. With a piano you can put down the pedal and make any note *forte*, but with the voice you have not such a ready-made instrument. It is a strange irony of fate that it is those German composers who set at naught the cultivated voice and habitually worked with imperfect and strident organs who nevertheless delighted in long sustained passages where the voice is required to do nothing less than shriek. There can indeed be no improvement while we are unable to enjoy music which is beautiful *vocally*, nor while there are no ears to which a fine vocal performance gives greater pleasure than an inferior vocal performance of music which, though beautiful in itself, is entirely unsuited to the voice.

‘*Chi canta italianamente, canta tutto il tempo della sua vita.*’ If an instrument is improperly used, its career will be short. Pacchierotti’s friend Rubini wrote to Duprez: ‘You have lost your voice because you sang with all your capital, whereas I have always sung with the interest.’ This is, in brief, the secret of the *imposto leggiero*. The old singers never lost their voices, and when Donzelli sang the tenor duet in Mercadante’s *Bravo* at eighty years old, though his legs, we are told, trembled so that he had to be carried to the footlights, not for an instant did his voice tremble. To-day there are no Homeric careers. Our would-be singers come out from the academies with their voices half or wholly ruined; the deterioration can be traced while the lessons are in progress. Our fledged singers sing for three or four years and are heard of no more—at least if they go on the stage. Off the stage the voice better resists the strain put upon it by its burden of bad training. There was a quality of the finely trained voice which appears to have struck everyone alike. Burney speaks of Pasqua Rossi and La Rota as *Galuppi’s nightingales*, whose facility is ‘equal to that of birds.’ The immense advantages of the voice *placed forward* are recognised, by contrast, even to-day; for I think it is of Madame Melba only, and with justice, that the critic has ventured to declare that ‘she sings with the same ease with which other people speak.’ In England and Germany we are opposing the *throat-voice* to the *imposto leggiero*. Now the characteristic of all notes whose basis is the throat is that they are loud and noisy near, but have no carrying power at all. The apoplectic efforts to make such voices carry, to

sustain such notes, only serve to shorten the singer's career without attaining his object. It was said of Madame Patti (whose training was one of the longest on record) by an Italian trained on the old methods who heard her in the Albert Hall two years ago, that her medium notes were still those of a girl of twenty. Jenny Lind, on the contrary, a born artist who had dreamed in Sweden of singing 'like the birds,' with no technical training of the voice, was told by Manuel Garcia when she at length threw up her operatic engagements to study in Paris (only four years after her début in *Freischütz*), '*Mademoiselle, vous n'avez plus de voix*!' It was to his training and her own courage that she owed her subsequent brilliant career.

The thin nasal French singing where the centre notes are neglected and all the attention is bestowed on the high notes was classical even in the eighteenth century. The Italian pretends to give the 'body' which is lacking to such a voice by sending the notes on the chest, whereas the remedy is to let them find their own sonorous sounding-board. But we are only out of the frying-pan into the fire with the German or its modern imitator, the English system, where the 'body' is provided by forcing the notes from the throat. The fact noticed last season at Covent Garden, that the Italian voices best resisted the strain, is simply due to their general freedom from *throatiness*. These principles could be easily brought to the test; it could be shown that there is really no such thing as voice-training in three distinct registers; that if one note goes on the chest the next will not go 'in the head'; that many notes, for example, called and believed to be 'chest notes' are really on the throat or in the chin. The choice is between one register and half a dozen, one vocal 'colour' or half a dozen vocal 'colours'—the mixed sounds defying all attempts to reduce or even to classify them, to which alone we are now accustomed.<sup>2</sup>

I picture to myself William Beckford of Fonthill, fresh from Venice and Rome and from Pacchierotti, set down at a musical entertainment in Florence on the 6th of October, 1780, to listen to voices such as he could hear around him anywhere to-day. 'Everyone seemed as well contented as if there was no such thing as good singing in the world, except a Neapolitan duchess who delighted me by her vivacity.' They both feel better after calling down maledictions on the singers, the performance, the supine audience. Such a gleam of divine discontent may yet linger, for some veterans at the Opera House this May were found invoking the great singers of the past, and assuring each other that 'There are no such *artistes* now.' Rossini was asked what

<sup>2</sup> The only recent writer who shows a real comprehension of the problem of the equalising of registers is the baritone Monsieur Victor Maurel.

were the three most important things for the aspirant to vocal fame, and answered for all three '*la voce*.' He would not say so now. He would look round for the means of saving fine voices from utter ruination, of providing us with some of the graces which we have a right to expect of the first and finest of instruments, and he would say that *the* requisite is no longer the voice, but *la scuola, la scuola*, and again *la scuola*.

M. A. R. TUKER.

*BENJAMIN JOWETT—  
MASTER OF BALLIOL COLLEGE*

*SOME RECOLLECTIONS*

‘A FRIEND of Jowett’s’—that is how I am introduced in a certain social circle in London; and with what a thrill of glad possession I hear the description none but the dear Master’s friends can realise.

It was in the October Term of 1889, when I was in residence at Somerville College, Oxford—a very humble ‘fresher’—that the Master came to call upon me. And well do I remember my first sight of the little quaint figure in its dinner dress and cap and gown, walking up the garden path, with those tiny footsteps which afterwards, like his writing and his voice, seemed to me but one unique expression of the man.

He talked of the friends in London who had commended me to his kindness, and of his connection with the East.

‘Many of my pupils have found there the reason for existence,’ he said.

When he had gone, one in authority at College took me in her arms, and, ‘This was a great honour, my child,’ she said. In my then ignorance of social and academical values, I mind me how I wondered if this were some strange English custom—if kind elders always folded one in an embrace when kinder old men came to call upon one.

I had many opportunities, however, of learning how great an honour it was. For thereafter did the dear Master ‘adopt’ me—‘making memories’ for me, as he himself put it later. (‘This is the time of life when you should be making memories. I hope you will not know till long afterwards how very well worth they were in the making.’ Nor did I.)

Often did I go to his delightful London parties: often to *tête-à-tête* luncheons when he packed wisdom into the simple staccato form of speech himself invented, and which was indeed almost a dialect of his own.

Many were the subjects we discussed: eastern thought, western manners, men and books. All one's ambitions and hopes and aspirations found utterance somehow in the presence of the Master. Things one hardly dared to breathe to other people would tell themselves to him almost unconsciously. His was that rare gift of self-revelation. I mean he revealed one's self to one's self: he put his friends in touch with their own resources. Ordinary social intercourse gives other people to us; the dear Master gave you yourself, but a better self, a new-made self: a *best* self—which in truth had hardly existed but that he compelled it.

'Many a man by being thought better than himself has become better,' has said the Master. And his mission to the dull commonplace world was methinks to transmute it into the gold of his own beautiful imaginings.

A *Guru* in the eastern sense was he to many; but unlike the eastern *Guru* he never wished his disciples to be mentally drugged with his own influence or impressions. 'Be yourself,' was his gospel—a gospel of divine individuality, and yet an individuality which had for background the brotherhood of man. You were a unit—yes! but only in order that you might better yourself for your place in the great mass.

And in another sense was the *Guruship* peculiar. There was about it the reciprocity of true friendship. The Master gave, but he needed too. There was something which the very least of his friends had to give him, something which he wanted, which he demanded. You were of consequence to him, even though you were a poor little undergraduate, unformed, uneducated, mediocre. And he made you feel that you were of consequence. He taught you true self-respect. Perhaps that was the real secret of his influence. The great, and alas! often the good, sometimes make us hate or despise ourselves by comparison: we shrivel up into a conviction that being untalented nothing is expected of us. The Master made you feel that everything was expected of you. The illimitable was your inheritance. You loved the *self* which he revealed to you. And yet, with no self satisfaction. For the Master was like the embodiment of Browning's *Rabbi ben Ezra*. Ever was he saying to one, 'The best is yet to be.' 'Yes!' he would say, time and again, 'so far you have done well: but there is yet another goal; do better.'

It was a perpetual renewing of strength, a restful, harmonious activity which he enjoined: no sense of strain or competition was there about it, for he had made you feel that the work that was yours in the world was yours by some strange election of fate, and no one could wrest it from you. An unerring instinct had he too about one's moods, one's depressions and exaltations.

I remember on one occasion when I was rather sad, having dis-

appointed myself in something I had sought to do—a case of reach exceeding grasp—the Master found me out, and honoured me with very special notice. ‘I am proud of you,’ he said, ‘and want to have you beside me.’

Now, I am conscious that I am giving an impression of the Master which is unlike that of the casual stranger, who knew him only through the undergraduate fiction about him. But the casual stranger’s wrong impression is far too generally accepted, and to me it is a marvel that other of the Master’s friends have not combated it. Except that it is so difficult to write down a friend, as one knew him, one’s self. Moreover, when he was being written down by the outsider, the dear Master had left us too recently to make speech possible. Which of us has not been the victim of some dinner-table story-teller, who has thrust upon us that old, old story of the undergraduate out for a walk with the Master, with, ‘Cultivate small talk’ for finale?

But, *but*—the Master was not snubbing the silent, shy undergraduate when he said that, even that. He was but talking to himself, in a way, soliloquising. Oh! I understand so well. He was but disappointed with himself that he had not helped the youth out: had perhaps lost a chance of gaining confidence, of using influence. So, ‘Cultivate small talk,’ said he, as much to himself as to him. And I mind me of something which emphasises this view of the case. At one of the Balliol Lodge Sunday parties, when the usual batch of undergraduates had come in to coffee before the concert, the Master came across to me, and ‘Look,’ he said, ‘at that shy boy, shivering on the edge of the sofa. If he but knew it, I am far more shy of him than he could ever be of me.’

He went to entertain him, however, immediately; and I watched the silent couple with new comprehension, wishing the boy would try to put the Master at his ease. For the Master was right; he was the shyer of the two, he was conscious of his own unlikeness to other men, and of being in the eyes of the undergraduate an oddity. And his sensitiveness on this point was a real grief to him. )

Did any of us, I wonder, ever realise how much it cost him to entertain those new batches of critical juniors? And yet he did it regularly to the end; in the same humble spirit of self-improvement in which he has jotted down the little programmes of reformation and resolution which his note-books reveal to us. Once he told a story against himself. It was at a dinner-party of good talkers. Many a good story had been told that evening, and finally we clamoured for a story from the Master. ‘I will tell you one,’ he said. ‘An undergraduate says of me that when I die my epitaph will be, “They found him an ass, and he sat upon it!”’ . . . But I am not prepared to say that though the Master did not snub the shy undergraduate, because he was shy and an undergraduate,

he never snubbed anyone. I can quite believe that he would snub an affectation in whomever he found it. All he wanted of you was that you should be yourself, just yourself, however ignorant or illiterate. He was not impatient with ignorance, but he was impatient with the ignorance which posed as knowledge. No one who had nothing to conceal need ever have feared the Master. I found that out almost the first week I knew him. He had quoted something in German to me, as I sat beside him at dinner. I answered him, adding, 'I did guess the meaning of that, but I do not know any German.'

'I like you better,' he said, 'for confessing what you might have concealed.'

And the rewards of honesty were really so delightful that one wondered what could be the joys of deception.

For, to the ignorant, the Master was a perpetual guide and interpreter. In this little matter, for instance, my non-acquaintance with German gained me the most charming of *viva voce* translations at the Balliol concerts.

On one occasion the Master, to his great joy, trapped me into thinking aloud. He was discussing with his other neighbour some new appointment to a bishopric. 'Even St. Paul,' he said, 'declares that he who getteth the office of a bishop getteth a very good thing.'

'I cannot believe it,' she made answer. And he turned to me for confirmation. In my stupidity I murmured *sotto voce* and a little puzzled, for I was not quite sure myself, 'He that desireth, he that desireth. . . .'

'You have corrected me,' said the Master, 'in my own book,' and he sniffed (for a sniff was his equivalent for a chuckle), with much enjoyment of my distress.

Another day we were talking about society lies.

'If you tell truth in matters of principle,' said the Master, 'you are allowed to use your own discretion in answering the inquisitive outsider.'

And, later, writing to me about a bad illness during which I had struggled through a daily letter to my parents, with intent, I fear me, into deceiving them that I was quite well, said the Master:

'I am a very lax casuist; but am of opinion that you are justified in telling any number of falsehoods to your parents, for their good, and if you are sure not to be found out!'

One Sunday as we went across from the Lodge to the Hall, 'They say that Luther's ghost haunts this quadrangle,' he said to me. 'I often wish I could talk to him about religious reform.'

An 'Imaginary Conversation' between the Master and Luther—there is a suggestion for some one.



Another day we fell to talking of a good memory—the Master was walking back with me from the Codrington Library, and I was grieving the lack of a verbal memory and the extra labour which this entailed on a student.

‘Don’t be sorry,’ said the Master; ‘when you are as old as I am you will realise that most of us have more memories than are good for us.’

‘Never read a book because everyone is talking about it,’ was another of his *on dits*. ‘Wait till it blows over. Let the world do your selection for you.’

I made some feeble objection about feeling outside general discussion in society, if one adopted his plan. But ‘I never read a contemporary book myself,’ was his only response.

It was true: he never did, I suppose, and yet he could always criticise and comment upon anything that was being discussed. But then he was different; only one could not point that out to him, any more than one could have convinced him that he had not answered the objection.

Somewhat contrary to this advice was another piece of wisdom—‘Always have on hand one serious and one light book of current literature, and one classic, in whatever tongue.’

‘Never be impetuous, except in the defence of a friend,’ was a maxim enunciated when we were discussing manners.

Of things religious we often talked. And the Master was the most understanding of guides in helping one to see the best in all religions.

‘God has not left Himself without witness in any nation,’ he said to me one day.

After I had been at Oxford some little time, I took him a puzzle. ‘What one gained in breadth, I felt, one lost in intensity. How was it possible to be both charitable and zealous? Was it possible?’

‘Yes!’ he said—‘a discriminating charity, a chastened zeal: you will arrive at both in time. I am not afraid for you. Be patient.’

But I must admit that except in the Master’s own personality one has seldom found the combination. Were he with us, I should take him my wail, that the world, this side of the water at any rate, is so monotonously tolerant. No one seems to have any real prejudices, few have any principles.

Is any view of life, or religion, or morals sufficiently important to claim defence with our lives? Are we not always finding justification for our opponents? It is better-mannered of us, no doubt, but it is a little dull. How one wishes the Master were here to tell us his view of the situation!

The Master’s comment on people was perhaps more characteristic than any of his utterances. He would sum up individuals in a sentence or two, turn the flash-light of his quaint, incisive, humorous,

kindly speech upon some particular foible, or gift, or excellence: and the more one knew of his sitters, the more one marvelled at the genius which had etched them so correctly, so justly, so sufficiently.

Before a dinner party, the Master—perhaps out of the extra kindness he reserved for the foreigner—would give me a little running commentary on the people I was to meet.

It would not be fair to repeat all he said, but here is a sample. In the case of a distinguished novelist, ‘ . . . will be here to-night,’ he said; ‘talk to her about her books.’

‘But I should not dare.’

‘Try. She will not love you if you don’t.’

Another characteristic gift was his fine instinct for the little sensitivenesses of his friends. Often has he come to the aid of a social embarrassment with some kindly speech, putting one instantly into harmony with one’s self and one’s surroundings. I have heard unkind things said of the Master’s appreciation of the advantages of the world, place, position, power. Perhaps it is not unmeet that the least of his friends, to whom he often talked on these subjects, should set down the sum of his ‘wisdom of the world.’

The impression he made upon me was that he wished to conserve for the best purposes any sort of power which was adrift in the world, whether of intellect, or position, or money, or influence. The higher the place in the scale of life, the greater the opportunity, the wider the sphere; but so often the less the knowledge of how to use opportunity.

No power should go to waste, for lack of direction from the Master. One must remember, too, that the young man of family was just as much his province as the poor Scotch scholar who came into residence with his pride and his sack of oatmeal. It was the Master’s duty to use his influence with one as with the other. And neither did he neglect. It would indeed have been a kind of snobbishness, an over-consciousness of, let us say, earldom, to avoid doing your duty by it, because you feared the imputation of over-attention to it. Is it not the man who in his heart of hearts is impressed by titles who affects to despise them, and who is always looking for signs of capitulation in others? Methinks it is this type of man who originated the charge against the Master.

In answer to him one can only say, ‘How do you know how many others, of no caste, of humble origin, were not also honoured with the Master’s friendship?’ The unknown strugglers all over the English-speaking world, whose constant inspiration is still the dear Master, must naturally remain dim specks upon the world’s horizon. Some few have already fought a place for themselves among the ranks of the great, and at the time of the Master’s death did, I think, speak out: but the mass must be silent. We who love the Master have never any doubt about the hall-mark of his friend-

ship. In the brotherhood he created, each was of use to the other, each of consequence for some one gift which was his in order to be shared—influence, worldly position, no less than the more personal attributes, and ever be it said, character most of all.

Do the Master's letters reveal the Master? I am not sure. I think in a peculiar way they give him to his friends; for one hears his voice in the quaint little sentences, one feels in the odd little script the grasp of a friend's hand. But neither of these things is possible for the stranger. Was it not his personality that made the Master's influence? But through the written word alone his personality did not reach you. It was the written word alive with the memory of the man that made the right medium. Therefore did I hesitate to give for publication the letters which I was honoured in receiving.

And even now, when lapse of time has given one a truer focus, it seems to me as if they were too personal to interest the outsider.

Here, however, are a few extracts. This is from a letter written at the house of the late Post Laureate at Haslemere, on the 21st of September 1892, the last visit paid to his old friend:

'I am staying with Lord Tennyson, where I have been during the last week. He is far from well and suffers a great deal. They have a very pleasant recollection of your visit to them. . . .'

Then, talking of the work which I had set before myself in life, and which he himself had made possible by using his influence to open to me the Law Schools at Oxford:

'It is hardly possible,' he says, 'for you or for anyone to form a judgment of your probable success, until the attempt has been made. But if it should turn out impracticable, do not be disappointed. Your object is to benefit your countrywomen, and there are many ways of doing this. For example, by the improvement of their education, by diffusing among them the knowledge of wise things, by teaching them the best things which you have learnt in England, and to read the best books. . . .'

'Everybody who undertakes an enterprise like yours must necessarily have many phases both of exaltation and depression. As St. Paul says, "Our strength is perfected in weakness." Did you ever read the Second Epistle to the Corinthians? That gives a very striking picture of the life of a person who has to fight against great difficulties. . . .'

And again, later, the 6th of August 1893:

'It seems to me that your best chance of carrying out your original plan is to make friends of as many Government officials and native princes as possible, and secondly, of firms of solicitors, native and English.

'Not much, if anything, can be done which goes against the popular feeling; and people must talk to you and become acquainted if they are to have confidence in you. Confidence is a plant of slow growth among a people who live by cunning. I cannot imagine any other principle of action.

'Yet, in India, you seem to have a few persons who perhaps lead a better and more spiritual life than any Europeans. What I have heard of such men as Rammohun Roy makes me say this. And no doubt there have been women in India who have been saints and angels in their families.

'The aim of a Christian teacher should be to present to them the life of Christ, under that or some other name, saying nothing against their native rites and customs, except so far as they are positively hurtful and vicious. Also, to give them in very simple form the best results of civilisation, in respect of health and education. I think that you will have a very happy and a very useful life in devoting yourself to your fellow countrymen. It seems to me a happy thing to depend for success on your own character : on unselfishness, on disinterestedness and firmness.

'The two first I think that you have already, and the last you must acquire by hinking and acting—thinking first and acting afterwards . . . the way will open to you as you go forward.'

When I was at Oxford I had been attacked by certain zealous English folk because it was not as a 'missionary' that I was going home to India. They forgot that I must act according to the foolishness that was in me, and not by the wisdom that was in themselves. Some one told the Master of this, asking that he would exercise his influence in converting me.

'She has a mission,' he said, 'but to this country,' and would say no more. And then he made occasion to write to me :

'It seems that no Indian lady was ever received as you have been, in Oxford and in London. That is a very good beginning of your "missionary" work.'

Sometimes there were references to people in his letters. He was always wondering how his friends could serve his friends :

'Is Mr. Elliot still at Baroda ? If he is, will you give my kind regards to him, and tell him that I shall be much obliged if he will take care of you ? His sister, Mrs. Butler, was a great friend of mine, and I have a strong feeling for her memory.'

Or again, also when I was an officer of the Baroda State :

'I am glad to hear that you have found so good a place of refuge as in the Gaekwar of Baroda's dominions. Do you know that one or two of his sons were at Balliol for some time, and that he came to see me about them ? I thought him a good man and very intelligent. His brothers were too martial for our peaceful college.'

The last words he wrote to me were, oddly enough :

'Life is short, and youth is a good deal shorter. Try to get something done as soon as you can for Hindu women.'

Dear, gentle, kindly Master, the miss of him is a miss perpetual : a miss which finds its only solace in the attempt to be what he thought one might become.

Cheer in moments of depression and self-condemnation ; sanity, restraint, in moments of exaltation, that was his peculiar gift to his friends. Self-poise, to be equally balanced, unmoved in pleasure and pain, that was his frequent text.

'If your heart condemn you, God is greater than your heart.'

'If your heart approve you, it is well, for it points you to further effort.' Effort—and yet no unrest in that effort. Something

Buddhistic was there in the calm he brought one in his old age. When I knew him he stood at the turning of life's ways—one hand in the past, one held out to the unknown future. If they called to him, the silent voices of the dead, it was from the steeps of Time, on the sunlit hillsides of the forward journey, and in his turn he called to us to follow.

'The Master'—sufficient epitaph. Great was he in scholarship, great in his estimate of things eternal, as of things temporal: greatest of all in his knowledge of human needs, in his gift of human friendship.

CORNELIA SORABJI.

## THE BANE OF BORROWING

DURING the last twelve months there has been a depreciation in values on the London and New York stock markets amounting to hundreds of millions of pounds sterling, whilst at the same time the condition of trade, on the face of it, seems to be all for the best both in the British Empire and in the United States, if we are to judge solely by the figures of imports and exports, bank clearings, railway revenues, and income-tax returns. Last year was a record for all of them, and there is no falling off for the first half of this year, yet the losses to people carrying stocks on borrowed money have been enormous, on both sides of the Atlantic, and the question arises, To what cause are these losses attributable? There is perhaps only one general answer, applicable to both cases, and that answer is 'Over-borrowing.' There has been too rapid conversion of liquid capital into fixed capital. The evidence of this is obvious and overwhelming in the United States, and a great deal of attention has lately been called to it, but we have not yet turned on the search-light with equal intensity to the state of affairs at home, having been too much occupied with the 'illimitable veldt.'

Our Government, however, has at last undertaken to make an inquiry—better late than never—but as we shall not know the results of that inquiry for months to come, it may in the meantime be worth while to look into matters for ourselves in order to ascertain whether our business is sound as well as big, for that is the vital issue. With this object in view we must shovel away all the masses of figures and come to close grips with the bottom facts, some of which are palpable enough. We want to look at the things at our feet and immediately in front of us, rather than at the things behind us. For instance, month after month for many months past the percentage of unemployed remains above the mean of the last decade, whilst the yearly increase in the Savings Banks deposits is now only about one-half of what it was two or three years ago. These are two pregnant facts from the workmen's point of view, and they do not indicate good times. On the other hand, when we look at the facts from the employers' point of view we find that the cotton trade, which is our largest trade, is in a thoroughly unsatisfactory state.

It is true that shipments of cotton goods on an immense scale go to swell the figures of our exports, but manufacturers for the last year have scarcely been receiving back from India and China two shillings and sixpence for every half-crown that they have spent on the raw cotton and the cost of its manufacture, so that the big exports are far from proving that the business is profitable; nevertheless, so long as Manchester can negotiate bills—so long as the wheel of credit can be kept turning—this possibility of losses, instead of profits, eludes the attention of statistic students for the simple reason that losses are not revealed by the figures. They can only be inferred from a consideration of the market reports day by day and from the published statements of the joint-stock companies engaged in the cotton trade. These evidences have certainly been very unfavourable for the past twelve months, and at the present high price of raw cotton there is no probability of immediate improvement.

The next most important trade—the iron trade—only spurts on a small demand from the United States, and this demand cannot possibly be maintained in the present inflated state on the other side of the Atlantic, where, with a home production of fifteen million tons of steel in 1902, there has also been a large import of pig-iron and steel from Europe. No country can continue to do business on such a scale for its domestic needs only, because the amount of new enterprise must always be conditioned by the amount of available capital, and, for the time being, the United States has come to the end of its tether in this respect; accordingly, at this very moment our iron and steel masters in England are looking with anxious eyes to the day when the United States Steel Corporation will begin to dump its surplus products on our shores.

The immense increase in our mercantile marine may be a source of pride, but with freights at existing figures the ordinary shipping business cannot be carried on at a profit, which is an awkward position for the mortgagees of the ships.

Building improvements in London, and in all the great cities of the kingdom, are no doubt desirable luxuries; and boulevards, with smart new houses, at Bournemouth, Brighton, or Blackpool—in fact at every watering-place in Great Britain—may increase the attractions of these pleasure resorts; but this unparalleled activity in the building business, both in town and country, has been kept alive by borrowing, and mortgages on real property, however well secured, are awkward assets wherewith to repay cash deposits. All this shipbuilding and housebuilding (not to mention railroad building and new machinery) has necessitated an immense transfer of liquid capital into fixed capital, during the last few years, in England, and yet the result is an increase of the unemployed and a decrease in savings. We see, then, that when we brush aside the flaming statistical figures and look the cold, hard facts in the face, there is already an unsatisfactory

state of matters in the cotton trade, in the iron trade, in the shipping trade, and in the building trade, so that all the felicitations as to the immense volume, and the supposed profitableness, of our home trade appear upon analysis to be a little wide of the mark. The volume of this trade is to a great extent the result of borrowing, and it can only be maintained by further borrowing. Concurrently with this great lock-up at home we have enormously increased our lock-up in our Colonies, particularly in South Africa; yet the latest accounts from that quarter, as well as from Australasia, of the working men's condition is anything but encouraging—in the one case owing to the high cost of living and in the other case owing to lack of employment. The most menacing aspect of the existing situation is that things have come to this pass during a period of complete ease in the money market; when borrowing has been a simple matter. Our trading ship has been sailing along in perfectly calm seas, so far, and if there are signs of difficulty now, if there are signs of a water-logged condition, what is likely to happen if a squall should arise?

It is dangerous enough for any country to lock up too much of *its own* liquid capital in financing new enterprises, but it is doubly dangerous to lock up cash borrowed, on call, from abroad; and anyone who wishes to understand the realities of the position must take into account that every day we, in England, are opening wider and wider a very vulnerable place in our national armour by a constant increase of our dependence on the Continental money-lenders. There is a peculiar irony in the situation when we consider that we are spending vast sums on a navy which is intended, in case of need, to overwhelm the very Powers from whose peoples we are borrowing cash, on call, to an extent which enables the Continent to hold the London money market in the hollow of its hand. This is rather a humiliating position for the financial centre of the world, and it is one of the effects of a continued excess of our imports over our exports.

It may be taken as a general proposition that the mere fact of any country being dependent on foreign capital is an index that the borrowing country is doing too large a business—and consequently an unsound business. This is undoubtedly the case when the borrower is not a new undeveloped country but, on the contrary, is the country that for generations has been the greatest lender of capital abroad.

Borrowing abroad is a new departure for Great Britain, and although we are Americanising many of our methods we ought to draw the line at our financial methods, for in this respect the United States is not an example to be followed but a warning to be avoided, considering that the loans of all the banks in that country have increased by more than 600,000,000*l.* in the last six years, whilst over and above this gigantic inflation of domestic loans the American financiers have been borrowing largely in every European capital,



during the last year or two, with consequences that are to-day very apparent. It is easy to pay high wages with borrowed money, but when the supply of borrowed money runs dry the first people to suffer will be the wage-earners. We must, however, take into account that the United States is a huge undeveloped country with plenty of elbow-room, great diversity of occupations, and an unprecedented power of rapidly increasing its capital by fresh production, so that a temporary check to its manufacturing side will not fall with the same crushing weight as a similar check to manufacturing would fall on us here in England.

But it may be said that in Canada, Australasia, and South Africa, teeming with every kind of agricultural and mineral wealth, the British Empire has undeveloped resources even greater than those of the United States. This may be true enough, but the populations amount to only 11,000,000 white people compared with 70,000,000 white people in the United States, and any great increase of the colonial populations by emigration of Englishmen requires time—many years, in fact—whilst the point now under consideration is a possible strain at home within the coming months. We must also bear in mind that on a moderate estimate there is British capital amounting to 700,000,000*l.* already invested in these Colonies, requiring an annual tribute in the shape of interest, which may be taken at about 30,000,000*l.* This is a first charge on their exports, and it is only after deducting this amount that we can arrive at the balance they have remaining free to pay for fresh imports. If they were to cease borrowing from the Mother Country, their power of purchasing imports would be limited to the amount of their net exports. Already their exports ought to exceed their imports by at least 30,000,000*l.* a year to keep them on an even keel. They never have come within measurable distance of such a happy consummation, and the consequence is that their external debts go on increasing year by year. And it is this consideration which differentiates our trade with our Colonies from our trade with Germany and France for instance. With these Continental nations we exchange commodities for commodities—it is a business of small profits and quick returns with no lock up of capital—but with our Colonies we exchange our commodities to a considerable extent for paper, in the shape of Colonial Government stocks, gold mining stocks, and the stocks of other exploitation companies. The extent of this class of business must be limited by the amount of liquid capital in Great Britain, for we cannot go on indefinitely locking up our means in the Colonies whilst at the same time we are locking them up at home, in house-building, ship-building, railroad building, and unremunerative manufacturing—not to mention our increased unproductive expenditure on navy and army.

It is well, therefore, that we are to have a national inquest; and the most important points to ascertain are—

(1) An estimate of the amount of continental money repayable by Great Britain on demand or on short notice: *i.e.* the amounts held by foreign institutions in the shape of loans on call in Lombard Street, or on the London Stock Exchange, or in sterling bills.

(2) An estimate of the amount of British capital invested—

(a) On the African continent—is it between 200,000,000*l.* and 300,000,000*l.*?

(b) In Australasia—is it between 300,000,000*l.* and 400,000,000*l.*?

(c) In Canada—is it between 100,000,000*l.* and 200,000,000*l.*?

(3) An estimate of the annual value of the exports from these Colonies *after deducting the amount due to the Mother Country for annual interest*, so as to show the amount they have free to pay for fresh imports, irrespective of further borrowing.

There are also additional subjects which require grave deliberation, and on which public attention has not yet been sufficiently concentrated, namely:

(1) Who are to be the future law-givers and law-administrators in South Africa? The value of our British investments there will depend to a great extent on the votes of the majority, supposing that equal political rights are ultimately to be given to all white men south of the Zambesi.

(2) Is it not the fact that the population in Australia is now increasing very slowly, whereas it ought to be increasing very rapidly in proportion to the increasing debt?

(3) Is the great increase now going on in the population of Canada mostly English or mostly American?

These are some of the questions which the British nation is now required to consider, for the populations of our self-governing Colonies are in an unprecedented position in regard to external claims for interest. It is true that we have seen a similar state of things in the United States during the forty years between 1857 and 1897, when the excess of exports from that country was scarcely ever sufficient in any year to pay the interest, freights, and other charges abroad, but then the population there was increasing all the time by leaps and bounds, and notwithstanding this increase in population there were the crises of 1857, 1873, and 1890. It was by no means all plain sailing, even in that favoured land; for the undeveloped wealth, or the half-developed wealth, of any country, however great that wealth may be, will not always suffice to pay obligations maturing in cash, and it is absolutely essential to distinguish between this immobile wealth and mobile wealth when we are attempting to gauge the strength of the back for bearing a financial burden.

The danger to our Colonies arises from too rapid development by borrowing from the Mother Country, combined with too slow an increase in their English populations; and the danger to the Mother Country arises from being obliged to borrow from the Continent to help this colonial development and at the same time to maintain an extravagant home expenditure.

The inquiry, then, ought to be really wider than a mere fiscal inquiry. It ought to go to the very foundations of our whole financial structure, and the key to the position will be found not in the statistical figures of imports and exports, income tax returns, &c., but rather it will be found in the amount of borrowing. All the phenomena, both at home and in the Colonies, are marked by this 'bane of borrowing,' and in this respect there could not be a more valuable object-lesson than the existing position of the United States, and it is a lesson which we ought to lay to heart. For there we see 80,000,000 enthusiastically industrious people in the richest country in the world, and in the full career of apparent prosperity, thrown back on their haunches (so to speak) by the strain of too rapid conversion of liquid capital into fixed capital. They possess a railroad mileage nearly equal in length to the railroad mileage of all the rest of the world, the value of their manufactured products is equal to the value of the manufactured products of Great Britain and Germany combined, their agricultural production is unparalleled, and they are increasing their population by 800,000 immigrants a year, so that they have arrived at a stage of development incomparably beyond the present stage of development of our Colonies—yet they are in financial straits. They are making a bold bid for further European capital by putting the quotations of their best railway stocks down to figures which return 5 per cent. interest to investors. The rate is tempting, looking to the probabilities of the future on the American Continent. But the question arises, what nation in Europe has capital to spare sufficient to meet this American demand? Great Britain certainly has not, for, as we have seen, she is already borrowing from the Continent in order to carry her existing load, and in front of her she has the increased demands for her own Government and Municipal expenditure, as well as further demands from South Africa, Australia, Canada, India, and Ireland.

France is helping to carry the English load, and is at the same time investing very largely in Russian, Egyptian, Spanish, and other continental securities.

Germany has got the Euphrates Valley railway on her shoulders, besides a heavy lock-up at home in new house-building, ship-building, canal-making, and unremunerative manufacturing, as well as her expenditure on navy and army. Taking into account, then, the claims for industrial development outside of Europe—particularly by

the American continent, by the African continent, and by Russia in Asia—it is evident that the European powers will have to keep a sharp look-out on their bank reserves, for there is the point of danger when liquid capital is being converted too rapidly into fixed capital, as the United States is now learning to its cost. We have seen lately how the shipment of a few million pounds of gold from New York has shaken the credit fabric there very rudely, and yet it remains perfectly true that there are half-a-dozen men in New York (when Mr. Carnegie is there) who are worth among them certainly not less than 200,000,000*l.* No other country in the world can produce half a dozen men so rich, and the contrast is suggestive between this 200,000,000*l.* and say 10,000,000*l.* of gold exported. A consideration of this fact ought to lead us to think of what would happen supposing that the Bank of England were to be called on for gold during the coming autumn. There has been a good deal of congratulation lately on the increase of our exports of commodities in the last six months, because the apparent effect is that the excess of our imports is not likely to be so great this year as it has been for the last five years, and therefore the exchanges of the world ought not to be so much against us, with consequently less liability to a call for gold. But if we analyse these exports it will be seen that the increase is chiefly in goods shipped to South Africa. These goods do not go to pay for our imports. They represent for the most part capital loaned to South Africa, and a considerable part of our exports to Australasia represent in the same way capital loaned there. We take payment for these goods in Colonial stocks, but these stocks are only paper evidences of debt, and they are not available to pay for imports until they have been converted into cash, and this process of conversion entails a call upon our liquid capital. As has been said, there is a limit to the amount of this capital, and already the leading underwriting Stock Exchange firms in London have decided that they will not for some time to come underwrite any Colonial loans. The increase of our exports is therefore scarcely likely to continue on the scale of the last six months, after the proceeds of the 30,000,000*l.* Transvaal loan have been used up. In any case, however, the whole question of our excess of imports will require to be thoroughly investigated, because we are in danger of being misled by an axiom of the economists that the bigger the imports are the better, since they show the purchasing power of the country. Must we not add that they show also the *borrowing* power of the country? If this latter way of putting it is correct, it follows that one of the chief points of inquiry by the national inquest must be the condition of our bank reserves, for they are the surest indication of the extent of our borrowing.

The result of inquiry will be to let us know how we stand and will help us to meet any temporary difficulties. No one can doubt

the existing resources and the future material prosperity of the British Empire or of the United States. A few years hence they will probably both have increased enormously in wealth, but for the last few years they have been engaged in too rapid development, with consequent strain on capital.

J. W. CROSS.



‘THE GRANARY OF THE EMPIRE’

AMONG the features of interest which marked the Coronation, one of the most striking was the splendid arch erected by the Government of Canada in Whitehall; a not unsuccessful attempt to bring before the people of England—to visualise, as it were—that aspect of the Dominion Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in *Our Lady of the Snows*, and other writers have somewhat obscured, not intentionally, of course, but from lack of knowledge or prescience. And in the popular imagination Canada, until comparatively recent times, was generally regarded as a country of ice and climatic rigour, with a certain touch of picturesqueness in its history and that charm which attaches to the romance of adventure in strange lands. The North American Indian, as the noble red man of story, or, more simply and truly, as squalid savage, with his dog feasts, his bear dances, his tomahawk, his peace-pipe, and his quenchless thirst for fire-water, figured conspicuously till lately in all pictures of Canada—concepts which even now have scarcely passed away from current notions of what is by long odds the most magnificent heritage of Englishmen. It is a heritage, however, whose magnificence Englishmen have been extraordinarily slow in realising; indeed, it is hardly too much to say at the present moment that our cousins, the ‘Americans,’ are more open-minded and keen-eyed than ourselves in recognising the greatness of Canada, for a genuine though peaceful American invasion of Manitoba and the West of the Dominion is not the least significant of the signs of the times in which we live.

The real and abiding magnificence of this heritage principally lies in the fact that in the Dominion is found the largest and finest area of wheat-producing land, not only in the Empire, but in the world; though Canada is not without many other high claims to importance. It was to this vital fact that the Coronation Arch drew attention by having inscribed upon it ‘Canada: the Granary of the Empire’; while the overlaying of its structure with ordered sheaves of golden grain added emphasis to the statement. It was much the same as saying Canada was no frozen, inhospitable, desolate country, but possessed richly the kindly fruits of the earth; yet it did more

than that, for it asserted, in effect, that out of her overflowing abundance she was able to supply the Empire with bread. Thus Canada writes a new epic of the wheat, but she writes proleptically, presenting the vision of what shall be, rather than the plain tale of what is. She looks into the future and sees what is coming, and that at no distant date. She looks 'with more than hope; she forecasts her destiny with absolute conviction. How far is she justified in this? This is a question which, in these days of hot debate on our food supply in war time, is one of national interest and importance.

When compared with the United States (and the comparison always and inevitably arises), the growth of Canada must be pronounced to have been slow. The population of the Republic is nearly fifteen times that of the Dominion, and it may be expected that for years to come the ratio will increase rather than decrease, but most probably not to such an extent as in the past. And there can be little doubt, taking a wide view of the whole case, that at some point in the future the tide will turn—the ratio of population will go the other way, and Canada proportionately gain on the United States. At the same time, it is hardly likely that the Dominion will ever better the Republic as regards population. The Americans have had too much of a start, and they still have plenty of room for many millions more in their great, ever-growing, and wonderful country. But there is not so much room as there was—a condition of things which accounts partially, though not altogether (as will be noted later in this article), for the movement, becoming more and more marked each spring and summer, of American immigration into Canada. Yet that the Dominion in some respects does more than hold her own is shown by the trade returns for last year, the percentage of increase in her trade being nearly twice that of the United States—96·05 as against 48·08.

With respect to the area and value of agricultural land actually possessed by the Dominion and the Republic respectively, comparison is hardly possible, because Canada knows only approximately what she herself possesses, having entered upon and tested but a small portion of her territory. Canadian writers, perhaps laudably patriotic, seldom fail to make a point of observing that the Dominion is 'vastly greater' than the Republic; but though the statement is true enough as a fact of geography, the inference desired to be drawn from it is misleading, as an enormous part of Canada can never, for natural reasons, be fit for much. One has only to glance at a map of the North American continent to see this, and at the same time to arrive at the conclusion that the area of cultivable land in the United States is far greater than is that of the Dominion. In a publication recently issued by direction of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior for Canada, it is said: 'In Canada there are two hundred and seventy-ninethousand square miles of land not surpassed in fertility

by any area of similar size on the face of the globe, most of which is embraced' in Manitoba and the North-West. If this assertion is correct (and as it is authoritatively put forth the presumption is that it is at least fairly correct), then the area of arable land in the Dominion is more than double the total area of the British Isles, or not very far short of being four times the size of the area under cultivation in the United Kingdom in 1900, of which area, however, only a little more than a quarter was devoted to corn and green crops. To what extent the Dominion's vast domain of cultivable land can be placed under wheat and other grain crops is not easily calculable; yet, owing to the proportion of rich virgin but easily worked prairie, it is undoubtedly very large. Some idea of it will be gained when results already achieved in Western Canada come to be considered presently. Suffice it to say, for the moment, that the tremendous possibilities of her wheat-lands have been essentially the one great discovery of the Dominion; it is on this, of course, that she founds her title to be the Granary of the Empire.

The great discovery of the Dominion, like her national progress, has been long in the making.

More than four hundred years ago, one Coste Real, a Portuguese, sighted the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but it was in 1534 that Jacques Cartier, a Breton sailor of St. Malo, first sailed up the Gulf, and found a country 'hotter than that of Spain and the fairest that can possibly be seen.' A year later he took his three ships up the River of Canada, and moored them below the rock of Quebec; thereafter, he described to the world 'the New found lands by him named New France.' Five years passed, and he was again in Canada trying to establish a colony, but the attempt ended in disaster. Half a century went by, and then Champlain began the settlement of the country. The first Canadian farmer, Louis Hebert, arrived in Quebec in 1617. Up to the cession by France of Canada to England in 1763, and indeed for many years after that momentous event, the story of Canada is the hard, stern, heroic story of settlers on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and, later, on the shores of the lesser of the great lakes of the Laurentian series—the story of pioneers who with blood and iron won their rude homes from the woodlands, from the wild beasts and the wild men who inhabited them. It is as fine and as picturesque and as romantic a story as any in the world. But the story, so fully charged with some of the qualities of drama, unfolded itself with something of the unhalting movement of a force of nature. During the French régime 'Canadian colonisation consisted of a series of riverside settlements, forming a long, narrow, military frontier, with the wilderness behind'; at the time of the conquest French Canada had a population of less than a hundred thousand souls. At the same date, there were less than ten thousand British subjects in the rest of what is now the Dominion, and these



had their habitations in the Maritime Provinces, mainly in Nova Scotia. Thus, after the lapse of a century and a quarter, Canada had fewer inhabitants than a fair-sized English town of to-day.

Mr. Parkman, in *The Old Régime in Canada*, says, 'A happier calamity never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by the British arms'—a proposition to which most French Canadians agree; but it was some years before the new order brought about any change worth speaking of; it was not, in fact, until after the American Revolution, for the undoing of England in her 'American' Colonies was, from the Imperial point of view, the first great step in the making of the Dominion. About 1784 there began, and from that date onwards continued for several years, the migration of the United Empire Loyalists—the name given to those settlers in the American States who had remained faithful to the British cause—from New England and other districts into Canada. The number of those who stood fast by the British connection was about twenty-five thousand; they were given large grants of land on the St. Lawrence, on the shores of Lake Ontario, and elsewhere, and became the backbone of English, as distinguished from French, Canada. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, 'Upper' and 'Lower' Canada came into existence—Upper Canada being English, Lower Canada French. As late as 1831 Lower Canada had more than double the population of Upper Canada, but in 1851 the English in all Canada outnumbered the French, the proportion being fourteen to nine. The early English settlers, like the French, endured great hardships, and only conquered their farms from stubborn forests after long and bitter contests. It took a man the best part of his lifetime to clear and cultivate a handful of acres. What is going on at the present time in that part of the Dominion known as 'New Ontario' is very much what went on in the pioneer days, with the important difference, however, that the old-time settlers were without railways and all that railways bring. New Ontario—that is, the northern portion of the province of Ontario—is covered with woods, but railway and other facilities will enable the settler there to do more in one year than the settler in southern Ontario a hundred years ago could have done in ten. But the struggle the pioneers carried on with nature had the result not only of their entering into full possession at length of their homesteads and farms, but also of breeding in them toughness of frame, self-reliance, courage, and an altogether indomitable spirit. The most successful farmer to-day of the prairie is the descendant of the man who hewed his way through the forest to prosperity, if not to fortune.

The British North America Act, passed by the Imperial Government in 1867, established the Dominion, consisting of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. All of British North America, with the exception of Newfoundland, came into the

confederation later. Amongst the new provinces was Manitoba, the 'Prairie Province'; and one of the most important facts in her history, or in that of the Dominion, is that in October 1877 the first consignment of wheat from that province was sent from Winnipeg, her capital, to Liverpool. In itself this event was an exceedingly little one, but taken in connection with the sequel, of which we only see the beginning, it was an event of no ordinary significance. One of the splendid results of confederation was the building of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, which at once bound the provinces of the Dominion together and opened up its millions of acres of fertile prairie to settlement. Settlers had begun to go into Manitoba as far back as the seventies, and even before that, but it was the railway which gave the first real stimulus to immigration. Yet, even so, settlement in that province and in the neighbouring territories has been far from rapid. The number of farmers in Manitoba is at present under forty thousand, and there is nothing like that number of farmers in the Territories. It is, however, on Manitoba and the North-West Territories (Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta) that Canada bases her claim to be the Granary of the Empire, though not entirely, as Ontario and other parts of the Dominion also produce wheat—the wheat yield of Ontario last year being nearly equal to that of the State of Illinois. The claim of Canada practically rests upon her prairies, which begin a little east of Winnipeg and roll on like a sea to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains—an almost unbroken stretch of agricultural land from east to west of eight or nine hundred miles in length, and from south to north of three or four hundred miles in breadth, the total area being about three hundred and sixty thousand square miles. An American writer makes this comparative statement: 'If we draw a line through Harper's Ferry, from the northern boundary of Pennsylvania to the southern line of Virginia, and take all west of that line to the Missouri River, embracing parts of the States named and all of West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa, we shall have an American territory equal in extent and area, and in no wise superior in agricultural resources, to the Canadian territory under consideration'—*i.e.* the prairie country of the Dominion. To take another comparison: Manitoba and the Territories, including Athabasca, are larger than Russia in Europe. Just how much of all this enormous area is grain land is, as already said, not accurately known, but facts are now at hand which give a fair idea of Manitoba at least, and of some parts of the Territories.

The great discovery of the Dominion was the discovery of the wheat lands of the North-West, at whose entrance stands Manitoba, the nucleus of which was the 'Red River Settlement' around and about Fort Garry, the origin of Winnipeg. Once part of the domain of the Hudson's Bay Company, from whom Canada acquired it by

purchase in 1870 for 300,000*l.*—the best bargain ever made by any government—the Dominion inaugurated its reign over it somewhat inauspiciously. The present generation has probably forgotten the Red River Rebellion of 1869–70 which gave Lord (then Colonel) Wolseley his first title to fame, but that insurrection signalled the transfer of 'Red River' from the Hudson's Bay Company to Canada. As a matter of fact, the rebellion was no great affair, but it served to draw the attention of the Canadian people to the country. Yet Manitoba was not easily accessible, and not many settlers came; after the construction of the Canadian-Pacific Railway they came in increasing numbers, but still not in big battalions. It is only during the past two years, and more particularly during last year, that settlers have gone into the country in numbers that may truly be described as considerable. At present the whole population of the province is under three hundred thousand souls, of which seventy thousand live in Winnipeg and other centres. Nothing succeeds like success: for the last two seasons Manitoba has rejoiced in bountiful harvests, which of course serve it well by way of advertisement; it may therefore look forward hopefully to a large and speedy increase in its population, with the natural result of a greatly extended area of cultivated land and more millions of bushels of wheat for export to Great Britain. The foregoing sentence may seem to contain some disparagement of Manitoba, but it is only such disparagement as attaches inevitably to agricultural operations everywhere owing to the uncertainty of the weather. And here it may be remarked that the one great drawback, special to the country, to successful wheat-farming is the possibility, almost the probability, of the standing grain while in the 'milk' stage being nipped by early frosts. On the other hand, it is to be said, experience shows that as a district is settled up these early frosts tend to disappear, or at least to become less injurious. At the same time, it will not do to forget, in considering Canada as the Granary of the Empire, that it is always possible that a large part of the wheat crop of any one year may be destroyed, or at any rate injured, by frost. In the early seventies the province was devastated by a plague of locusts, but since 1875 there has been nothing of the kind; in any case, this is a plague that can be met and successfully fought, as was proved in a portion of the United States. It is only right to note these disadvantages. Now for the other side.

The pioneers in Old Canada, whether on the St. Lawrence or on the lesser lakes of the Laurentian chain, had toilsomely to win their farms from the primeval forest: in Manitoba and the other prairie regions all the settlers have to do to prepare the soil for the wheat is to plough up, or rather plough down, the grassy surface of the plains—the process known as breaking up the land. Most of the old pioneers got their lands for nothing; under the French *régime* they held them on a kind of military tenure, while the United

Empire Loyalists obtained free grants from the Crown. In Manitoba and the North-West land is still to be had free, or on merely nominal terms, but 'improved' farms—that is, farms which have been under cultivation for some time—are to be purchased at figures which to an Englishman would seem very low. Good farms near the towns can be bought for from 5*l.* to 10*l.* an acre, inclusive of buildings and improvements; at a distance of a few miles from railway stations excellent land can be got for from 2*l.* to 4*l.* per acre. In the Province of Manitoba the pick of the agricultural land has been taken up, except in the northern part, but in the neighbouring Territories there is an abundance of first-class farming land waiting for settlement which the newcomer can obtain for little or nothing. With regard to the intrinsic value of the land, there are in Manitoba and the North-West, as in every country in the world, a variety of soils, some richer, some poorer; but what may be termed the characteristic soil of the prairie is a deep black argillaceous mould of loam, resting on a deep clay subsoil—the soil above all others for producing wheat, the soil, moreover, which stands more cropping without manure than any other known to agriculturists. In brief, the richest wheat land on the globe. The average yield in Manitoba and the Territories for the last two years has been about twenty-five bushels to the acre, and this has been obtained without the use of fertilisers; in highly cultivated chemically aided English farms the average is about thirty bushels. It must be admitted, however, that twenty-five bushels to the acre is too high a general average for the prairie country—the last two years were bumper years; it is safer to place the general average at seventeen or eighteen bushels per acre. In 1897 the average for Manitoba fell to fourteen bushels, and in 1900 for the Territories to about ten bushels, owing to unfavourable seasons. A pertinent question which arises here is, What is the cost of an acre of wheat? Of this a careful estimate has been made by the Superintendent of the Dominion Government Experimental Farm at Brandon, Manitoba, and he brings it out at 32*s.* 6*d.*, or 7 dollars 83 cents. The various items which make up this amount will interest the English reader. They are:

	Dollars
Ploughing once . . . . .	1.25
Harrowing twice . . . . .	.20
Cultivating twice . . . . .	.40
Seed . . . . .	.75
Drilling . . . . .	.22
Binding . . . . .	.33
Cord . . . . .	.20
Stocking . . . . .	.16
Stacking . . . . .	.60
Threshing . . . . .	1.46
Teaming to market, four miles . . . . .	.29
Wear and tear of implements . . . . .	.20
Interest = rent for two years . . . . .	1.80
	<hr/> 7.86

The particular acre experimented on gave a yield of twenty-nine bushels. The last item in the list of charges on the acre is based on two years' rent or interest on the land at 15 dollars, at 6 per cent. It will thus be seen that the cost of an acre of wheat varies from 7 to 8 dollars, after defraying all charges. If the twenty-nine bushels of wheat sold for no more than 50 cents, or a little over two shillings, a bushel, there was a net profit on the acre of above 80 per cent.

Manitoba and the North-West have not only rich land, easily worked at a comparatively low cost, but the wheat produced is of unusual excellence. Manitoba No. 1 Hard, as the trade phrases it, commands a higher price than any other quality of wheat in the world's market. Of course, not all Manitoba wheat is of this grade, but a large proportion of it is. Of last season's crop more than half was of this high standard, while of the balance more than 30 per cent. was what is known as No. 1 Northern, which is practically the highest grade in the United States. The two biggest hard-wheat markets in North America are Winnipeg and Minneapolis; the following is an analysis of the quality of wheat inspected last year at these two points:

WINNIPEG		MINNEAPOLIS	
	Per cent.		Per cent.
No. 1 Hard . . .	50.75	No. 1 Hard . . .	1.09
No. 1 Northern . . .	30.64	No. 1 Northern . . .	22.06
No. 2 Northern . . .	9.79	No. 2 Northern . . .	37.44
All other grades . . .	8.82	All other grades . . .	39.41
	100.0		100.0

And not only is the quality higher in the Canadian West than in the best States of the Union, but the yield is also greater, the difference in favour of the Dominion's prairie country being from 20 to 40 per cent. on a low average. The chief reason for this is, as facts have demonstrated, that as the northern limits of wheat production are neared the finer and more fertile the soil is found to be. Another reason is that the subsoil throughout the hot summer is kept moist by the slow melting of the deep frost of winter, the moisture thus supplying a constant fountain, as it were, for nourishing the roots of the plants. Another contributory element of the utmost importance is the large amount of sunshine experienced in Western Canada at the most critical time in the growth of the cereal. For instance, it has been ascertained that 'from the 15th of June to the 1st of July there are nearly two hours more daylight in every twenty-four in Western Canada than in Ohio,' a State which two years ago had a wheat crop of over thirty-three million bushels.

So far in this article reference has been made in more or less general terms to the extent and fertility of the wheat area in the

West of the Dominion, but it has been shown clearly enough that the prairie country is potentially the Granary of the Empire. The question now arises, In what degree is the Dominion justified in calling herself the Granary of the Empire at the present time? To those who have read this paper attentively it can be no surprise to hear that the Dominion has very little justification for this claim at present; but it is equally true that there is no doubt whatever that in the future, perhaps well within the lifetime of a single generation, she will make it good. Witness the statistical position of Manitoba: In 1891 the province raised twenty-three million bushels of wheat, in 1901 over fifty millions, while last year she had above fifty-three millions, of which more than one-half was No. 1 Hard, the finest wheat absolutely in the world. In 1896 the cereal production (wheat, oats, and barley) of Manitoba and the Territories was no more than thirty million bushels; last year, only six years later, it had grown to the imposing total of 126 million bushels, and of this about sixty-eight millions were wheat. Of this cereal production an enormous proportion was available for export, and was exported to Liverpool and other ports. It is a splendid record of growth in more senses than one, and is eminently indicative of what must happen in the future—in the not distant future. But Canada will have to do far more than this to justify her claim—or, in other words, to meet the requirements of the United Kingdom, for this is what the matter comes to. As regards wheat, the requirements of the British Isles now annually approach a gross total of 180 million bushels, of which not quite fifty millions are raised by home farmers, the rest being supplied by foreign or colonial farmers. During 1901 the imports of wheat, and flour calculated as wheat, amounted to 16,296,220 quarters, drawn from all parts of the world, but principally from the United States. It will thus be seen that, taking Canada's wheat-production for the year 1902 as a basis, the Dominion might almost supply us with something like one-half of our wheat requirements. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that 1902 is what they call on the other side of the Atlantic a 'banner' year for Canada, the weather having been particularly favourable for the growth and the ingathering of the crop. Early frosts either came not at all, or were so slight as to do no damage. What a bad season in the Western wheat-fields may mean is shown by what occurred in 1900 when compared with 1899 and 1901. In 1899 the cereal production of Western Canada was, in round figures, thirty-three millions, of which rather more than a half was wheat. In 1900, the cereal production was about seventy-four million bushels, of which over forty millions were wheat; in 1901, the year following the lean year, the cereal production had risen to 110 million bushels, of which sixty-one and a-half millions were wheat. The wheat States of the Union which neighbour Manitoba

showed similar heavy fluctuations for the same years, North Dakota, lying immediately south of the Prairie Province, coming off worst—much the worst, in fact—in 1900, as her wheat production fell from fifty-one to thirteen million bushels. Further statistics might be given showing that the hard-wheat regions are 'liable' to vary very considerably as regards wheat production. It would, therefore, be very unwise to say that Canada is to be judged from last year's fulness; she must be judged from an average of years. Still, making every deduction, her capacity as a big grower of wheat is abundantly proved.

The most important, the determining, consideration yet remains to be taken into account, and this is the absolutely certain increase on a vast scale of her agricultural population. In 1902 some eighty thousand people settled in Canada, the overwhelming majority going into Manitoba and the North-West to take up farm-lands. In the present year a tremendous effort, bound in the nature of things to be fairly successful, is being made by the Dominion Government to add still greater volume and force to the tide of immigration flowing into the country. For the coming season it is estimated—the estimate is perhaps a sanguine one, but quite probably will be realised—that there will be an immigration of 200,000 into Canada, and mainly into her prairie country. If this rate of increase be maintained for two years, then the population of Manitoba and the North-West will more than double present figures. In Manitoba last year 38,000 farmers raised fifty-three million bushels of wheat. The rest is a sum of the simplest arithmetic: twice the number of farmers will raise twice the number of bushels of wheat, and Manitoba has room and to spare for far more than twice the number of farmers. This province last year had a little more than three million acres under cultivation out of a cultivable area of twenty-three million acres. And then add to Manitoba the enormous area of arable land in the North-West Territories! Suppose that in the course of a few years—it is as inevitable as anything well can be—but suppose there are 380,000 farmers in the Canadian West, or ten times the number of farmers in Manitoba to-day, what then will be the wheat yield of the Dominion? What will it be when there are a million farmers? And there is room—plenty of room—for far more than a million farmers. But long before there are half a million Canada will have demonstrated to the world that the inscription she placed on her Coronation Arch was no empty, unmeaning boast.

In conclusion, a few words about the American immigration into the Canadian West which appears to have disturbed some people. To begin with, this class of immigration has been considerable, but is to be welcomed because these American immigrants are first-class practical farmers, with capital, experience, and enterprise. Having sold their farms in the States for from 10*l.* to 20*l.* an acre, they

have gone into the Canadian West with the money thus realised and purchased farms for 2*l.* to 5*l.* an acre, in the sure and certain hope of rapidly improving their position. The movement is a natural movement; it has nothing to do with politics; it is solely concerned with what may be described as economic betterment. These Americans make good settlers and readily fall in with the laws, habits, and ways of the country; they cease to be Americans, they become Canadians; the transition is not violent, but easy, so there is no need for them to boggle at it—and there is no boggling.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



## *PERMANENT OFFICIALS AND NATIONAL INEFFICIENCY*

THAT Ministers of the Crown shall administer the affairs of State is one of the fundamental principles of the British Constitution. But it requires little knowledge of the multifarious duties attached to each public Department to understand that such a task is impossible, and that the principle has passed into the region of constitutional fiction, meaning little more than that Ministers are directly and solely responsible to Parliament for the acts of officials. No Minister that the world has yet produced could find the time, even if he had the ability, to initiate, direct, guide, and superintend all the administrative and legislative work which he has to explain and defend in Parliament. Behind the Cabinet, working in secret, are the permanent officials and advisers of the Government, who are the real administrators, and upon whom falls the task of discharging the labours of the Executive.

In the five or six months of the year during which Parliament in normal times does not sit, Ministers are scattered over moors, seas, and Continent, and only occasionally run up to town to deal with some business requiring urgent attention, but they are kept well informed upon all important matters by the officials, and attach their signatures to State documents. Meanwhile, all through the recess, the machinery of administration goes on as smoothly as if Parliament and Cabinet Ministers were vigilantly watching over the destiny of the nation. Permanent officials are left in sole charge, and there is scarcely a pretence of Ministerial supervision.

During the Session members of the Government are fully occupied with Parliamentary business. Departmental work has to be done as usual, yet they spend many hours each day in answering questions, making speeches, listening to debates, reading the papers, and chatting with friends, who must always have access to them if they are to retain their personal and political popularity. Even if all social engagements, which are alluringly held out to them and their wives, are shunned, the most industrious members of the Government cannot devote more than a few hours a day, as a rule, to purely official concerns.

In every Cabinet a few exceptionally able and energetic men, like the late Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Brodrick, and the late Mr. Hanbury, throw their whole heart and mind into the work of the Departments over which they preside, and by dint of untiring energy obtain a masterly grasp of the intricate details of administration. Yet, toil as they may, even statesmen with rare aptitude for such herculean labours find it physically impossible to deal with any but the most important questions of the moment, and as a general rule can only give consideration to these when they have assumed a magnitude which compels attention. Before that stage is reached, permanent officials, having dealt with the proceedings from their inception, have often committed Ministers to a definite course of action, and it not infrequently happens that the political heads find it wellnigh beyond their power to revoke a decision already given, even if they think it desirable to do so. When it was rumoured that an attack on Kano was contemplated, Mr. Austen Chamberlain stated on the 9th of December, 1902, in answer to a question put by Sir Charles Dilke, that no attack was intended. But preparations for the expedition had then been made without the knowledge of the Cabinet.<sup>1</sup> The sanction of the Government was subsequently given, and only a mild censure was passed upon the High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria for not keeping the Ministry better informed. Should a subject provoke hostile public criticism before it is disposed of by officials, the Minister in charge, or the whole Cabinet, are ready enough to take the matter in hand, sometimes without even consulting their advisers; but the latter is an unusual step, undertaken only in an emergency.

It is necessary, incidentally, to draw a distinction between permanent officials at Whitehall and the Government experts. In accordance with the principle of 'Ministerial responsibility,' which tends to the concealment of the real authors of the work, Ministers rarely draw a distinction between officials and experts when referring to their 'advisers.' They apply the term loosely to any one whose opinion they prefer to adopt for the time being. The expert being the practical and skilled man, by virtue of his knowledge and position, is generally supposed to be responsible for initiating or suggesting proposals. He may be an inspector, a commander-in-chief, or an agricultural expert, but nearly all his work, and especially any new proposal, must be submitted to permanent officials, who have no training in the technical branch of the subject, and who may be high-placed secretaries or clerks. Matters of routine are left to the latter, whose duty it is to see that everything is stereotyped.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Correspondence relating to Kano' (Cd. 1433).

<sup>2</sup> Report on War Office Decentralisation (C. 8934). Evidence before Committee on National Expenditure.

Civilians rejected or approved almost every proposal of generals of the British Army until Mr. Brodrick replaced some of them by soldiers.<sup>3</sup> Mr. Balfour, conscious of the injurious effect of this system, in his early speeches on education reform gave as his chief reason for the proposed changes the vital necessity of taking education affairs away from the 'hide-bound rules and regulations of officials of Whitehall.'

These civil servants, having their hands on the machinery, have become the real rulers of the country. If they do not oftener usurp the position of the Minister it is because they are not self-willed and the Minister is. Some are willing to meekly wait upon, and do the bidding of, their chief (and the result is not always satisfactory), but the most zealous and enlightened of them act as though they and not the Ministers were the responsible parties. Mr. John Morley, M.P., records<sup>4</sup> that the late Sir Henry Jenkyns—'an ideal public servant' Lord Welby called him—'more than once stood against all Mr. Gladstone's driving powers (which was no joke),' and often Ministers as well as generals and high officials are compelled to yield to the dogged insistence of permanent secretaries.

It is their practice, however, whenever possible, to lay before the head of the Department a *résumé* of all despatches, the advantages and the disadvantages of a certain line of policy, and the criticism which will be offered, often putting forward alternative proposals, and leaving the Minister to decide which course shall be adopted,<sup>4</sup> but very naturally, and sometimes perhaps unintentionally, care is taken to present in the most favourable light that plan which commends itself to the 'adviser.' Such a course is expected and required from public servants, who are placed in positions which enable them to obtain information which could not be gleaned by their chiefs, except at great labour, and by a sacrifice of time which would hurl our system of administration into chaos.

A candid Minister does not conceal the fact that he is merely the mouthpiece in Parliament of the officials. Mr. Arnold-Forster signalised his first appearance in the House of Commons<sup>5</sup> as the representative of the Admiralty by frankly confessing that 'on this and on every other matter on which I speak, I am here as the mouthpiece of the Lords of the Admiralty, who instruct me, and by whom I am bound to be instructed, with regard to the technical matters of the Navy.' Yet Mr. Arnold-Forster knows probably as much about the Navy and of the departmental work as some of his 'instructors.'

No Secretary of State, perhaps, has been more ready to acknowledge his indebtedness to his chief adviser than Mr. Brodrick, who meets all the criticism directed at the administration or reform of

<sup>3</sup> Report on Decentralisation.

<sup>4</sup> *British Rule and Jurisdiction beyond the Sea*, by Sir H. Jenkyns.

<sup>5</sup> Introduction of Naval Estimates, 1900.

the Army or War Office by declaring that he has received the approval of the popular Commander-in-Chief. He justifies the appointment of a politician as Minister for War on the ground that 'the military advice of a man like Lord Roberts would not be rejected with impunity by a civilian Secretary for War.'<sup>6</sup> If this reasoning be sound a Secretary of State must not have that practical knowledge which would enable him to test the value of the expert's advice, and Lord Rosebery's proposal that a soldier should be War Minister was consequently treated with contempt by Mr. Brodrick.

The art of concealment is so complete in the Departments that it does not often happen that a Minister publicly reveals himself as the subordinate of the permanent officials. A striking example of the way in which the latter act without consulting the responsible Chief of the Department was supplied in 1900. A statement was circulated to the effect that the Post Office had determined not to renew the licence of the London District Messenger Company. Mr. Hanbury, then the official representative of the Post Office in the House of Commons, apparently taken unawares by the question put by a member of Parliament, replied that he knew nothing of the matter, except that three years before 'he had reduced the Government royalty in order to encourage the company,' and Lord Londonderry, then Postmaster-General, in an interview, at the same time declared that the authorities had not officially intimated their decision not to renew the licence to carry letters. Thereupon the chairman of the company published the letters he had received from two successive permanent secretaries of the Post Office, showing that before and after Mr. Hanbury had 'encouraged the company,' the officials had repeatedly written that there was 'no intention to renew the company's licence.' Yet, year after year, this minatory notice had been addressed to the Messengers Company without the knowledge of the responsible heads, and obviously in direct opposition to their expressed wishes. When this revelation was made, no member of Parliament thought it sufficiently unusual to call for an explanation as to why the permanent secretaries should have attempted to ride rough-shod over the decision of Ministers.

Such independence of action on the part of officials does not often come to light, owing to the fact that members of the Ministry insist upon interrogators giving sufficient notice of a question to enable the civil servant to prepare his reply and defence, which are at once put forward as the Minister's own. In private, however, these high-placed statesmen are not always reluctant to reveal the predominant influence of their 'subordinates.' A member of the Administration, after declaring that he could 'not see his way to grant the hon. member's request,' has before now remarked quietly to the disappointed individual: 'You need not take the rejection of

<sup>6</sup> Speech at Dewsbury, November 13, 1902.

your proposal as final. I quite agree with it, and I have only given the official answer; but if you repeat your question a few times I dare say the officials will give way in the end.' This from the 'responsible' head of a Department, supposed by the country to control and guide those under his authority. Time after time the President of the Local Government Board declared that 'he could not see his way to extend the period for the repayment of loans for workmen's dwellings.' Officials stood almost alone in resisting this concession, but a little pressure from the public and a Parliamentary Committee have almost persuaded them of its feasibility.<sup>7</sup>

In all Departments, though the voice is that of the Minister, the hand is that of the official. The experienced civil servants at the Foreign Office, but as a rule the Permanent Under-Secretary, virtually control our foreign affairs, write and receive despatches, and instruct representatives abroad what policy they shall pursue. The Minister for Foreign Affairs a few years ago left the country at the height of a grave international crisis, when we seemed on the verge of war with France, and permanent officials were somewhat indignant at the suggestion made in the press at the time that they were hardly competent to deal with the situation without the assistance of the Minister. Statements appeared in the newspapers, with all the phraseology of an official *communiqué*, to the effect that the Department was not so incompetent, or the machinery so imperfect, that the negotiations could not be conducted without the presence in London of the Foreign Secretary.

The perilous dispute in March 1901 between Russia and England over the railway siding in Tientsin, when British and Russian troops were facing each other with fixed bayonets, was settled without the knowledge of the Cabinet. Lord Lansdowne went down to the House of Lords and announced that Russia had proposed the withdrawal of the two forces, and that 'the Government' had accepted the offer, as this was in accord with the policy of 'the Government.' Yet, an hour after this statement had been made, Mr. Balfour and the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs (Lord Cranborne), when questioned on the subject in the Commons,<sup>8</sup> declared in the most emphatic terms that they 'had not the slightest idea what statement had been made' in the House of Lords, or 'who the Minister was who had made it,' and Mr. Balfour indignantly repudiated the insinuation that 'they were deliberately concealing something from the House.' Members of the Government in the House of Commons obviously did not know, because the matter had been settled by permanent officials at the Foreign Office; but, by the Constitution, each Minister is bound to consider that what an official does is done with the approval of each and all of the members of the Administration, and on the direct advice of the Cabinet.

<sup>7</sup> House of Commons debate, February 18, 1903.

<sup>8</sup> March 21, 1901.

It fell to Lord Lansdowne's lot to disclose another instance of the control of permanent officials at the Foreign Office in 1902. The Blue-book on Venezuela revealed the fact that the Foreign Secretary did not himself conduct all the negotiations between this country, Germany, and America on the Venezuela blockade. On the 11th of November three important despatches<sup>9</sup> were sent from the Foreign Office to our representatives abroad on this subject, the most important of which was from 'the Marquess of Lansdowne to Mr. Buchanan,' dated 'Foreign Office, Nov. 11,' and began: 'The German Ambassador informed me this evening that the German Government were prepared to join us in addressing a final warning to the Venezuelan Government,' and the memorandum of claims made upon the South American Republic by the German Government was dated the 13th of November, 1902. Yet neither Lord Lansdowne nor the German Ambassador was in London on either of the dates given, as they were under the same roof elsewhere from the 10th of November to the 15th of November, and as Mr. Balfour<sup>10</sup> has given a positive and unequivocal assurance that nothing was said about Venezuela while the diplomats were under that roof, the only possible conclusion is that the permanent officials acted upon their own initiative with the officials of the German Embassy, and practically committed England to an alliance with Germany which roused the keenest indignation throughout the country.

Staggering in their magnitude and multiplicity are the duties of the hundreds of officials in Whitehall. They decide how towns shall be governed, how much food shall be given to the paupers, and how the workhouse accounts shall be kept, how commerce shall be regulated, what ships shall be built for the nation, what drill exercise scholars shall have (they have just ordered that boys and girls shall have the same military drill), whether a murderer shall be hanged, how the money voted by Parliament shall be spent, what taxes are to be imposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and how certain trades shall be regulated. Everything that is done, or is proposed, by the thousands of experts, officers, British representatives in all parts of the world, and administrative officials up and down the country, must all come under the supervision and criticism of some of the busy secretaries and clerks at Whitehall. All of these are conscientious, painstaking, and vigilant officials, who pride themselves upon the scrupulous care with which they examine and watch the experienced men whose work and accounts come under their review. But though they are well trained in their own specialised work, few if any of them have had the technical training necessary to qualify them to act as arbiters in particular branches of administration requiring such skill and knowledge as are needed to decide

<sup>9</sup> Blue-book Despatches, Nos. 134, 135, 136.

<sup>10</sup> Speech at Liverpool, February 1903.

special subjects which come before the experts in the War Office, Admiralty, Board of Trade, or Board of Education. To take one example: 'All the business work as regards making contracts and so on, in the War Office and in the other public Departments, is done by persons who have never been engaged in commerce—that is to say, they have never had any experience in buying and selling in competition with others,'<sup>11</sup> and again the principal officials of the Board of Education have never had any training in school management outside the Department.

The ambition and life-work of these officials at the head offices in London seem to be to get everything under their control, and once they have succeeded only a public scandal is effective in compelling them to release their grasp. In the inquiry on War Office Administration the witnesses accounted for the possession of this control, which binds all experts and public servants down to one hard and fast rule, in this way: 'When, after much exertion, the district authorities have managed to persuade the clerks at Whitehall or Pall Mall to give them a little control over their own work, new men come into the central office and try to get back into their own hands all the control lost by their predecessors.' Sir Ralph Knox, formerly Permanent Secretary at the War Office,<sup>12</sup> attributed this 'to an excessive zeal taken in their work,' but its consequences are not always beneficial to the public service, and it is not infrequently disastrous, as the muddle and confusion at the War Office on the outbreak of the Boer War painfully demonstrated. A strong-willed civil servant at the central offices may deprive generals, admirals, and public officers of all liberty of action, and may insist upon his Department being consulted if an extra yard of tape or pound of suet is bought. As Sir Redvers Buller pointed out when the inquiry was held into the War Office methods, to which reference has already been made, the officials 'do not like to let go out of their hands any power derived from a constant tying up of the generals' (and others) by regulations. 'If they did not make these regulations and see that every trumpery detail is carried out, gentlemen at the head office would have nothing to do,' is Sir Redvers Buller's conclusion, and he did not hesitate to say that the 'tendency is rather to make work for them (the officials) than to save work in the Army.'<sup>13</sup>

'Official control,' explained Sir W. F. Butler at the same inquiry, 'is founded on a system of traditional suspicion, the result, no doubt, of many cases of neglect, of incompetence, and sometimes of corrupt dealing, but continued long after all reasonable cause of suspicion has disappeared.' If a case of remissness occurs, the person responsible is not sought out and punished as a warning to others; the

<sup>11</sup> Select Committee on National Expenditure, Question 991.

<sup>12</sup> Evidence on War Office Decentralisation, Question 587.

<sup>13</sup> *Ib.* Question 1345.

entire organisation is debited with a new return or with an additional report, and a system of checks and counter-checks, reports and returns, is resorted to which results in a mass of correspondence and secretarial work out of all proportion to the task in hand. This control is common to all Departments without exception. It is the parent of 'red tape.' Ingenuity is exercised in manufacturing these regulations which merely hamper, in the majority of cases, the work of the nation and crush all initiative out of those most capable of directing affairs, and who are presumably put in office to discharge administrative functions. Nothing could be more heart-breaking than the futile attempts of a resourceful, conscientious, and business-like individual, whether in Parliament or in the public service, to overcome the obstacles deliberately placed in the way of progress and reform by officialism.

'Given a local agent who is fit for his post,' said Sir W. F. Butler, 'he must be the best judge of how the particular needs of the district can be best met on the spot.'<sup>14</sup> That applies to all public servants as well as generals in command. But it is not permitted in England, though Mr. Brodrick is carrying out some decentralisation of the sort in connection with his Army Corps scheme, and it is one of the fundamental principles of the new Education Act.

I constantly find (continued Sir W. F. Butler<sup>14</sup>) such cases as the issue of a few chairs or of a coir-mat of an officer's doorway become the subject of War Office query and examination. I have been called to account because, during an exceptionally hot summer, I authorised the purchase of a few straw hats at threepence apiece for the purpose of protecting the heads of an Ordnance Store working party from sunstroke, when the medical officer of the district had protested against the exposure of the men under such conditions of heat.<sup>15</sup> The principle, in fact, is that it is better to lose 100% strictly according to regulations than to save 10% by the exercise of independent judgment. . . . As long as this work of reference and report goes on, so long will the general officers and their staff fail to be able to perform what I take to be their primary duties: the work of supervising and inspecting the outdoor training of officers and men under their command. Every extra hour which the general has to give in his office over what is not essential to the administration of his duty is so much time taken from his functions of training and inspecting the troops. I am certain that the work of training is not sufficiently done at present. I regard our young army as insufficiently trained in the most essential parts of its work. They are insufficiently trained in the movements of the field, in the attack and defence of positions, and in advance and rear guard duties. I believe that the records of the Afridi campaign (1897) are full of such instances—rear-guards mishandled, outpost duties unintelligently fulfilled. I would be disposed to trace any disaster we have suffered in the last twenty years to this cause.

The Afridi muddle—now almost forgotten—was but the forerunner of the greater muddle in South Africa, and it required the

<sup>14</sup> Evidence on War Office Decentralisation, p. 65.

<sup>15</sup> The failure to take a similar precaution caused death and injury to a large number of troops on Salisbury Plain in the summer of 1900.



sacrifice of thousands of lives and millions of money to drive home the lessons preached by a few generals, and known to them all.

To-day condemnation of the War Office methods is sanctioned by public opinion, but the 'red tape' and stupefying regulations that obtain there exist to a greater or less degree in every other Department. They are nearly all modelled on the same pattern. In civil administration similar devices are adopted, which stultify the efforts of capable public servants, damp their zeal for businesslike and up-to-date innovations, and thus reduce the system of administration to a low level of efficiency.

In the opinion of most members of Parliament who have had dealings with the Departments, the leading characteristic of the permanent official is his genius for inventing rules inconvenient to the public and costly to the country, for erecting barriers against reforms, and for strictly observing regulations that have long ceased to be practical. You may talk and write, argue and threaten, plead and bully, but the unconscionable official remains inexorable. The fault does not lie altogether with the civil servant. He is taught to observe these regulations as something sacred from the time of his admission to the Department. 'Whenever a young man joins this office,' said Sir Ralph Knox, when Permanent Secretary at the War Office,<sup>16</sup> 'whatever degree he may have taken at Oxford or Cambridge, I put him to learn, by the examination of accounts, the practical effect of the regulations.' In each office, preserved with touching veneration, are elaborate and exacting codes of regulations and orders, affecting every branch of the public service, which are supposed to be safeguards against every possible error or accident. Sir W. F. Butler mentions an instance of the success of these regulations in connection with the fire at Dover Castle. 'The reports and certificates demanded by the authorities in London with regard to the prevention of fire were of the most satisfactory character. Everybody had done his duty. The place was burned strictly according to regulations.'<sup>17</sup> No elasticity is permitted; no deviation from rules is allowed without the penalty of a correspondence the length and character of which will deter the offender from again venturing into the path of expediency. Everybody finds that by conforming to the letter of the regulations, and accepting the decision of the gentlemen at Whitehall, his peace of mind is assured, and his official prospects perhaps improved.

If new conditions arise for which no rule has been prepared, and which cannot be brought under an old one, the civil servants are completely at sea. When the School Boards first established higher-grade schools the Education Department was nonplussed, as no provision had been made for this branch of public education in the Act of Parliament. In the absence of any guiding principle the

<sup>16</sup> Evidence before Committee on Decentralisation.

<sup>17</sup> *Ib.*

Department and the Treasury ignored their peculiar character, and continued to call them 'elementary' schools. They were not 'officially' recognised till 1900. When the war in South Africa broke out, eight members of the East Kent Yeomanry, under Sergeant Charles Mudford, offered their services as Mounted Infantry, but as there were no regulations to fit their case and 'unmounted infantry was preferred,' the authorities would not entertain their offer, and they had to go out at their own expense on the chance of joining an auxiliary force there. Not until Lord Charles Beresford had threatened to haul down his flag, as a protest, in 1901, did the Admiralty consent to increase the 'regulation' supply of coals in the Mediterranean, which, he said in a letter to the *Times*, 'successive naval Commanders-in-Chief had again and again urged was inadequate.' An enormous staff is employed, not, as some think, for the purpose of seeing that everything calculated to benefit the people and promote administrative efficiency is undertaken, but in order to watch that no alteration whatever is made in the uniform system, even though death and disaster are rampant under it. The adhesion of the authorities to the practice of 'arm to arm' vaccination, instead of insisting on the use of pure calf lymph, is an example of the tragedy of this principle. The introduction of Belleville boilers in our warships by the experts, and the refusal, for seven years, to hold an independent inquiry into the merits of the now condemned boilers, which are estimated to have cost the country over a quarter of a million sterling, to say nothing of the expense of refitting the ships with new boilers, is an instance of the wastefulness of the system. And the Post Office supplies us with scores of comedies. Mr. F. B. Mildmay, M.P., some time ago drew the attention of the House to the fact that as there was a regulation that only certain postmen should ride when on duty, a village letter-carrier in Devonshire had been sternly rebuked for having used his own pony for the delivery of letters, though he had made no charge to the office. He was warned that as he was a 'walking' postman he must not ride.

All are ruled by King Precedent. That which has served for one year must serve as a guide for the next. As in Shakespeare's Venice, no power

Can alter a decree established;  
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,  
 And many an error, by the same example,  
 Will rush into the state.

It is on these lines—rules of procedure, regulations, and orders—that the routine work of administration is done, and permanent secretaries are thus able to discharge the functions which really belong to Ministers without consulting the Parliamentary Chief. The political heads of the Departments, whatever their training and

ability, cannot know all the intricate details of the work. 'The adequacy of Treasury control,' says Mr. Chalmers, a Principal Clerk at the Treasury,<sup>18</sup> 'is a thing which requires a vast amount of knowledge which practically no human being can acquire in the course of his official life. . . . In the case of the Army there can be no one man who understands the whole of the Army expenditure—it requires a number of men. So again in the case of the Navy, with the exception, perhaps, of one man, I do not know anybody who can be said to understand the whole of the naval expenditure.' Yet the tendency is still to centralise everything in the Departments, and in each of the offices just named practically complete control is given to a single individual whose duty it is to supervise the work which comes under his branch of administration, though, as a further check, his transactions pass under the review of other permanent officials, and may even eventually reach the Minister if the matter is important enough.<sup>19</sup>

Practically the only means provided for detecting extravagance, waste of public money, and irregularities is by watching that the official regulations are observed, and it rarely happens that mistakes and waste are discovered except by seeing that the regulations are carried out, and that the money spent in one year on a particular object is spent the next, or accords with Treasury sanction; though by accident, or by the independent investigation of a zealous official, discrepancies and waste may come to light. It was in this way that the discovery was made that the Arsenal authorities, having thrown away the ashes from the brass foundries, at length decided to sell the waste at 3s. 4d. a ton, but on being informed by a policeman of its value it was sold at from 5l. to 7l. per ton.<sup>20</sup> By the same method it was found that a number of schools were receiving double grants, of course by following what seemed to be the regulations. 'The managers had to claim on a form which was drawn up before I was secretary to the Board of Education,' said Sir George Kekewich before the Public Accounts Committee,<sup>21</sup> 'and, looking at the form, I cannot say that it is one that the managers are likely to understand.' Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill, an officer of the Army Pay Department, admitted in 1898<sup>22</sup> that 'my staff of fourteen clerks cost the country 2,000l. a year, but I do not think the country gains a penny by our work.' Yet it sufficed the officials to know that this was 'ordinary expenditure,' which had received Treasury sanction.

Neither Parliament nor the Cabinet supervise the work or the expenditure of the various Departments. That has been made abundantly manifest by the committees of inquiry which have been

<sup>18</sup> Committee on National Expenditure, Questions 442, 528.

<sup>19</sup> *Ib.*

<sup>20</sup> Report (sixth) of Public Accounts Committee, 1902.

<sup>21</sup> *Ib.* Fifth Report.

<sup>22</sup> Parliamentary Committee on War Office.

held. 'Committee of Supply' should be utilised for the examination of items of expenditure, but it is used solely for the discussion of public and personal grievances, having little or nothing to do with finance. Economy and how it can be effected were never discussed in the House of Commons until quite recently, when the financial situation and heavy taxes gave members pause. Previously, and even now to a considerable extent, the demand has been for the expenditure of more money on some popular undertaking. Two years ago seventy millions of money was voted by Parliament without a word of discussion. Time does not permit of an exhaustive examination or criticism of expenditure or administration, and Parliament, having grown accustomed to leaving everything to our bureaucracy, has provided no other machinery for checking the expenditure of the taxpayers' money than that which exists in the Treasury and through the inquiries of the Public Accounts Committee, the proceedings of which seem to be little known to our legislators.

As to administration, the nation employs experts in all branches, but the most capable among them are subject to the authority of men who have no technical knowledge, and against whose ruling it is often useless to appeal, except by resignation; a step taken by Lord Charles Beresford, in 1888, as a protest against the manner in which the civil authorities, without any explanation to Parliament or the country, set at naught and misrepresented the views of the Sea Lords, and as Lord Alcester, in 1884, threatened to do unless further money was spent on ironclads.<sup>23</sup> Lord Wolseley, when at the War Office, repeatedly drew attention to the antiquated muzzle-loaders with which the Volunteer Artillery were, and in some places are still, armed—artillery useless even for practice—but Treasury officials would not find the money for new guns.<sup>24</sup>

The Minister at the head of each Department, being himself responsible, is bound to defend the doings of his subordinates. He never confesses a fault, for that would be recorded against him by his opponents; he puts forward the explanation of the author of the error, and the whole Cabinet resign if Parliament will not accept this defence, every member of Parliament thus incurring the penalty of an election for an official's blunder or shortsightedness. But though the Minister be driven from office the real author of the mischief generally escapes scot-free, or is promoted. The last Liberal Government was defeated on a question of the supply of cordite, but the responsible adviser was not censured. The Court of Inquiry on the administration of the Remount Department exonerated the Inspector-General from all blame in connection with the Remount scandals during the Boer war, but mentioned that 'instances of want of

<sup>23</sup> *Life of Mr. Childers*, ii. 169.

<sup>24</sup> Debate in the House of Lords, March 15, 1901.

accuracy in his replies, and of difficulty in grasping the gist of a question,' would be found 'on a study of his evidence, and the Court cannot help thinking that this disability must have been prejudicial to his interests in his interviews with many persons.'<sup>25</sup> The Inspector-General was free from blame of any kind, and, of course, he continued at his post. No one was to blame; no one was responsible for all the 'waste of money and scandals' in connection with the purchase of remounts. The ramifications of each Department are indeed so vast, and the methods so complicated, that it is impossible to fix responsibility anywhere.

Great Britain has a body of the most upright and honourable public servants in the world, conscientious and zealous. Yet our whole system is based on the principle of guarding against vulgar dishonesty, rather than of advancing the interests and promoting the well-being of the people. Permanent officials are prudent to a fault. Rather than run any risk involved in a new departure, they prefer to delay the best-prepared scheme until the public have grown angry at procrastination and official obstinacy. Never censured by their chief for postponing a measure but haunted by the fear of misleading him, nervous caution and a dread of innovation characterise the life of all but a few brilliant functionaries, unless they are under a dauntless statesman who spurs them on, and encourages them to act with courage. Mr. Chamberlain has made the Colonial Office—regarded as an administrative Department merely—one of the most important, enterprising, and successful offices of the State, but before his time it was as unprogressive and as tightly bound by red tape as the War Office. Mr. Asquith wrought great changes in the Home Office, as did Mr. A. H. Dyke Acland in the Education Department. Unfortunately many able Ministers never remain long enough in one office to effect sweeping reforms in the Department.

As long as our present methods of officialism exist, the only practical means for keeping the administrative Departments in a state of efficiency, and for giving the people's representatives some effective control of the expenditure and administration, is by periodical inquiries into the conduct of affairs in each separate branch. These investigations should be made by a selected number of members of Parliament, constituted like, but having wider powers than, the Committee of Public Accounts, whose duty it would be to see not only that the official work is done efficiently, but that nothing is left undone.

Whenever such inquiries have been held, the revelations made have astonished all men; regulations that only the least progressive nation would tolerate, carelessness that baffles the mind, orders which are suited for a comic opera, crowd the reports. The business

<sup>25</sup> Report of the Court of Inquiry (Cd. 993), p. 33.

of each Department is so overwhelming that it is ridiculous to pretend that one or two members of the Government, in addition to their other Parliamentary tasks, can initiate, supervise, and guide the work of men in every part of the country, see that nothing is lacking, and that no errors are committed. If democracy is to have a fair trial, a committee of chosen representatives should assist each Minister, and in this way prevent permanent officials putting everybody in leading-strings.

Such committees, if they are to be of the highest value to the public and the Government, should include in their constitution members of both sides of the House best qualified by training and experience in public life or business to deal with the subjects which would come under their review. It is open to question whether any Opposition would abandon its love of hostility so far as to lend its most brilliant men for such a purpose, or that a Government would allow opponents to keep watch over them and learn what was going on. But these difficulties have been overcome in the case of the Public Accounts Committee, which does useful work in examining accounts, though its functions and opportunities are unduly restricted.

An arrangement of this kind would not, or should not, lessen Ministerial responsibility, for Ministers would then, as now, have to answer for all the work of the Administration. It should be the duty of members of Parliament to assist in this way, and it has yet to be proved that they would not gladly avail themselves of the privilege if it were within their power to grasp it. Certain functions would be assigned to each of the committees. Their task would be to examine accounts and estimates more minutely and searchingly than is possible now; to assist in the settlement of disputes between the various Departments, which are now often left to permanent officials themselves; to investigate important complaints made in Parliament or reaching the office; to consider fresh proposals, and even to suggest departmental reforms. Their work would not be complete unless they furnished reports to the House of Commons, and opportunities were given the House to discuss these communications. Committees of this character would act in civil affairs as an investigating and intelligence, or 'thinking,' Department. There is an entire absence of party spirit or prejudice in the proceedings of the Committee of Public Accounts, the members of which are drawn from all sections of the House of Commons, and the chairman of which is always a member of the Opposition; and there should be no reason to suppose that other committees similarly constituted for other duties would not be equally judicious and practical. Such a series of committees should prove helpful to any Government, and would confer lasting benefits upon the country.

J. BYERS MAXWELL.

## LAST MONTH

PRESIDENT LOUBET's visit to England is one of those events the far-reaching importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it has opened up for the people of this country a new era in the domain of our foreign policy; or shall I say a revival of an old system which still lingers in the memory of those of us who have passed middle age? We have once more seen questions of foreign policy taken out of the hands of statesmen by the people themselves. Those of us whose memories go back to the middle of the last century can remember the days when it was not so much by the ideas of English Ministers as by the voice of the British people that the opinion of the country was declared on the relations of Great Britain and foreign States. When Marshal Haynau was violently mobbed in the East End because he was believed to have ordered the flogging of Hungarian women, diplomatists and statesmen of all parties stood aghast, but not even so powerful a Minister as Lord Palmerston dared to set himself in opposition to the man in the streets, and Austria was compelled to recognise the fact that she could not hope for the friendship of England while she pursued her odious system of administration. It was the people, not the Government, that welcomed Kossuth when he sought refuge on our shores, and it was popular enthusiasm, inspired, it is true, by the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, that made this country the unwavering friend of Italy in her struggle for freedom and unity. I need not cite further instances of the way in which the nation, from time to time, has taken the bit between its teeth and compelled its statesmen to do its bidding, in order to establish my point. Only one other incident need be mentioned to show what the influence of public opinion on questions of foreign affairs was in this country fifty years ago. When Lord Palmerston made haste to give Louis Napoleon the recognition of England, after the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, he was speedily made to feel that he had gone beyond the limits which in those days were permitted to Ministers of Foreign Affairs, and his fall, though nominally brought about by his infringement of the royal prerogative, was in reality the consequence of his disregard of public opinion. It has seemed

of late years to many of us that we should never again see the English nation in the position which it then occupied in Europe, when it was loved or hated, feared or admired, not by reason of the despatches of Foreign Secretaries but because of those demonstrations and utterances in which the people as a whole spoke their minds on questions of high policy.

Once again, however, in the case of President Loubet's visit, we have seen the nation stepping forward to speak for itself on a matter which closely affects both its own interests and the peace of the world. No one can doubt that the remarkable success of it was due in the first instance to the action of the King, who, correctly interpreting the national feeling, determined to act as its representative, first in visiting Paris, and secondly in inviting M. Loubet to come to London as the guest of this country. It was a wise and kingly act, and it met with abundant reward. But not even the King, wielding all the power of the monarchy, could have made the President's visit the brilliant success that it actually was, if he had not been backed up by the voice of the nation. President Loubet's short visit was a crowded round of Court festivities and brilliant entertainments. But it was in the streets of London rather than at Buckingham Palace or the Guildhall that the seal was set upon the incident and its success established beyond dispute. The people of Great Britain—and one may hope also the people of France—are weary of the long estrangement between the two neighbouring countries which have so much in common, so much of mutual sympathy and liking, and so many business ties.

Even if France does not as yet fully realise all that it meant, the depth and reality of the sentiments which inspired our great popular demonstration, the President himself did not fail to do so, as was proved when in his farewell message to the King he boldly used the words 'France the friend of England.' So once more we have seen the British people, led on this occasion by their monarch, stepping into the arena of foreign affairs and declaring for themselves, without any diplomatic intermediaries, their own policy towards a foreign State. We cannot of course expect that the Presidential visit will remove all the causes of difference between us. It is here, in delicate and complicated negotiations, that statesmen and diplomats have to do their work. But everybody versed in public affairs knows how the task of negotiation is lightened when it is conducted in an atmosphere of conciliation and friendliness. Such an atmosphere, we may hope, has now been created between Great Britain and France. We shall not for the future negotiate with loaded pistols on the table. The statesmen of each country will know that behind them they have a public opinion which desires peace and good will to prevail, and this knowledge will give them courage to tackle even the most difficult problems with the con-



fidence that they can find a solution for them. July 1903 ought to mark the beginning of new and better days so far as the relations of these two great countries are concerned.

I have spoken of the part taken by his Majesty in this memorable event. Both nations owe King Edward a debt of gratitude for the foresight, the kindliness, and the clear perception of national feeling which led him to take the initiative in the transaction. The success that has crowned his efforts has unquestionably strengthened the influence of the monarchy, and has made the country feel that in the Crown it has a reserve force that may be used upon occasion greatly to the public advantage. His Majesty's visit to Ireland, which has marked the close of the month, provides another instance of the legitimate influence of the monarchy and of the way in which it may be employed for the public good. It is an open secret that for months past the King has taken a keen interest in the political situation in Ireland, and that all his efforts have been directed towards the settlement of those social questions which have so long demanded the attention of statesmen. The Irish members have made public allusion to the fact, and there is therefore no need to shrink from referring to it. His Majesty cannot have failed to feel the strange anomaly by which in one portion of his dominions he was debarred from the loyal and enthusiastic welcome which he would be certain to receive everywhere else. The anomaly is older than even he possibly imagines. 'How comes it that the King is never the richer for Ireland?' was the historic question propounded by the Kilkenny Parliament some five centuries ago. It is a question that has troubled both kings and peoples ever since. Forty years ago I heard Mr. Bright take this question for the text of a wonderful speech delivered in the Rotunda in Dublin, at a time when Fenianism was rampant, and when, although men did not know it, we were about to enter upon one of the darkest and dreariest periods in the history of the two countries. Little wonder that King Edward, since his accession, has been forced to put afresh the inquiry propounded by the Kilkenny Parliament, and to ask how it is that he, ruler of a world-wide Empire, should have at his own doors, within a few hours' distance from his palace gates, a country where his presence might not secure for him a welcome, and where loyalty to his rule, as distinguished from his person, is openly disclaimed. How far his Majesty's interest in the Irish question has affected the policy of the Government I am wholly unable to say. But one thing, at least is certain, and that is that a new spirit seems to have entered into Irish administration during the last twelve months, and that the representatives of the people of Ireland and his Majesty's Government have been brought into much closer and more cordial relations than any which have existed since the days of Mr.

Gladstone's last Administration. It is useless to deny the fact that Great Britain has had to pay a heavy price for the new policy of conciliation. Nothing can remove from the Land Purchase Bill the many blemishes which disfigure it. But now that the Bill itself, skilfully engineered by Mr. Wyndham, has passed through the House of Commons, the only wise course open to politicians of all parties is to make the best of it, and to recognise the fact that, however heavy may be the price, we shall get a precious return if, by means of this measure, the land war in Ireland is at last brought to an end.

One thing at least has been made clear to everybody during the past month. That is that both the Government and the Irish members were determined to pass the measure through its contentious stages before his Majesty set forth on his State visit to the sister country. This was happily accomplished, so that the King was able to enter Dublin as the bearer of a great boon for the Irish people. At the moment at which I write the visit is still in most successful progress. The time may come during the present reign when the monarch will be always as certain of a loyal welcome in Dublin as in Edinburgh. When that happy day arrives it will be impossible to deny to Edward the Seventh his full share in the great work of pacification in which so many of our greatest and worthiest statesmen have laboured for generations, and laboured, alas! so long in vain.

This Irish visit of the King and Queen has had an indirect influence upon the general course of politics. A few weeks ago, when the House of Commons met after the Whitsuntide recess, it seemed as though a Ministerial crisis were imminent, and the possibilities of an immediate dissolution were freely discussed. But, even if they had no other reasons for wishing to defer this last resort of politicians, Mr. Balfour and his colleagues seem to have decided that at all costs a crisis must be avoided until his Majesty had completed his Irish journey. Accordingly, to the confusion of political prophets of all classes, we have seen the Government going on during the past month in its accustomed path, just as if nothing out of the way had happened, and we were not on the brink of a political convulsion of the most serious description. It is a strange spectacle which we have been witnessing, and which we seem condemned to witness for at least another month. The country has been told on the highest authority that in October the flood-gates will be opened and the whole land covered with the turbulent billows of political controversy. The cleavage of one party at least will apparently be complete. The members of the Cabinet who have repudiated the policy propounded by Mr. Chamberlain have not recanted their opinions, nor has Mr. Chamberlain given any sign of a desire to draw back. Everywhere the country is agitated on a question which affects its most vital interests, but nowhere as yet have the combatants come

to close quarters, and the divided Cabinet continues to meet at the same council board, to sit on the same bench, and to pursue its way as though an unbroken harmony prevailed among its members. The blessed word 'Inquiry' is the foundation upon which this unique *concordat* has been founded. Everybody in the Ministry has agreed that an inquiry into our tariff, as it affects the relations of this country with the Colonies, may be held with advantage. But in spite of the pressing questions of Lord Rosebery and others, nothing definite as to the nature of that inquiry or the means by which it is to be carried on has been made known. The country is virtually asked to close its eyes and open its mouth, and wait for what may or may not be offered to it in the shape of food. And on this basis Ministers have quietly hung up the real controversy, and, as I have said, are going about their business as if they were wholly unconscious of the fact that in a few weeks' time they will be flying at each other's throat, fighting over the question of the taxation of the nation's food. It is clearly part of their agreement that they are to make no speeches whilst the *concordat* lasts, and even Mr. Chamberlain's impetuosity has been so far curbed that he confines his utterances to occasional letters to those correspondents who have been from time immemorial the most valued allies of statesmen who wish to explain themselves.

In the meantime, however, we have seen one singular phenomenon. The House of Commons, like the country as a whole, has been no party to the Ministerial *concordat*. It has not surrendered its freedom of speech as the members of the Cabinet have done, and, as we all know, it feels very deeply upon the question which is about to be submitted to the nation. Yet the month has gone by without anything in the shape of a full Parliamentary debate on the topic of which everybody is thinking. In the House of Lords we have had excellent little debates upon some of the minor aspects of the question, debates which have shown that in that Chamber at least the Opposition is absolutely united in hostility to the Colonial Secretary's schemes. But in the House of Commons not even this relief to the prevailing tension has been permitted. Although the Duke of Devonshire and other spokesmen of the Government have proclaimed their wish for universal inquiry and discussion, the Prime Minister has set his face sternly against that most valuable of all means of instructing the public—a set debate in the House of Commons. Only upon one condition will he tolerate such a debate, and that is a condition which, whether he liked it or not, he would be compelled to accept. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as official leader of the Opposition will raise the question in such a manner as to make his motion one of want of confidence in the Government, then Mr. Balfour must of necessity yield, and the debate will take place. But, to the surprise and even con-

sternation of a large proportion of the Opposition, this is just what Sir Henry—acting, it is said, in strict harmony with the views of the other leading members of the Opposition—refuses to do. Much pressure has been brought to bear upon him in order to induce him to change his attitude; but he is sternly obdurate, and he is backed up by the whole front bench.

Various strategical reasons are assigned for this refusal on the part of the leaders of the Opposition to take the only means whereby they can get the opportunity of raising the desired debate. By making the question one of confidence in the Government, we are told, they will ensure for the latter a large majority in the division lobby, made larger still, probably, by the votes of the Irish allies of Ministers. But it is strange that this reason should weigh with men who know that a Ministry with a majority behind it can at any time induce the House to vote black white. The country, if it got a really good debate on the Chamberlain propositions, would weigh the arguments rather than votes which are given almost automatically. It does not seem therefore that this reason is sufficient to account for the inaction of the Opposition. Another theory, which is perhaps more credible, is that some agreement has been arrived at with Sir Michael Hicks Beach and the other Unionist free-traders by which these gentlemen are to be spared the painful necessity of voting against their own Ministry. But here comes in the strangest feature of this strange situation. That is, that Sir Michael Hicks Beach has himself asked for a night on which to raise the great question, and has been refused in the curtest manner by the Prime Minister. This I believe to be an almost unprecedented incident in the history of Parliament. A statesman who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the present Government twelve months ago, who is Father of the House of Commons, and who has been leader of the Conservative party in that Chamber, is refused an opportunity of raising a debate on the most critical question of the day by his ex-colleague, the present Prime Minister! There is only one inference to be drawn from this refusal, which is as distasteful to Unionists as it is to Liberals. It is that Mr. Balfour shirks discussion and is afraid to meet the weight of argument which the Conservative upholders of free trade will bring to bear upon the still undefined proposals of the Colonial Secretary. There are some, indeed, who say that the reason not only for the *concordat* in the Cabinet, but for the inaction of the leaders of the Opposition and the refusal of Mr. Balfour to allow any full debate on the tariff question, is the overpowering personal influence of Mr. Chamberlain. Those who hold this view do not hesitate to declare that his opponents are afraid to meet him in open fight, and that in sheer dread of his powers as a political gladiator they are letting things go by default until the moment when everybody will be forced to fight in the

*mille* of a General Election. It is inconceivable that a doctrine so humiliating to Parliament and to our public men should ever have been seriously propounded. Yet there are not a few who hold it, a fact which illustrates vividly the extraordinary position that Mr. Chamberlain, in virtue of his unflinching courage and his unbroken self-assurance, has succeeded in creating for himself.

The Colonial Secretary has not been uniformly happy, however, in his treatment of the question he has made his own. On one occasion at least, in speaking at the Constitutional Club, he fell into a blunder so great that it would have damned most controversialists. He spoke of our colonists as individually taking 10*l.* worth of our products every year. The exaggeration of the actual sum—barely one third of the amount named by Mr. Chamberlain—was so great that it staggered everybody. It apparently proved that the Colonial Secretary has not even yet thought out his own policy or fortified himself with the facts upon which alone it can be safely based. Apparently he will have to leave to other hands the task of defending his proposals from the economic point of view. But this will not trouble a man of his brilliant audacity and resourcefulness. It is not to political economy, or even to the facts of our past history, that Mr. Chamberlain really wishes to appeal. He knows full well that the weight of the experts, the authorities in economics, is against him. So he turns his back upon a dreary science and a dead past, and looks for arguments in the life, the prejudices, the passions of to-day. No man has so keen an eye as Mr. Chamberlain for the questions that are for the moment uppermost in men's minds and that move their pulses most quickly. He showed this in 1900 when he insisted upon making the war the one question at the general election, and succeeded in inducing the majority of the voters to believe that every opponent of the Government was an enemy of his own country and a friend of his country's foes. To-day he insists upon mixing up the question of the taxation of bread with that of German arrogance, and everybody who has felt the pinch of German competition or resented the clumsy insolence of German diplomatic methods is called upon to rally to his standard. Regard for the safety and unity of the Empire is another popular sentiment that he has pressed into his service, and all true Imperialists are exhorted to stand by his side. Appealing thus to prejudices and sentiments that are most deeply rooted in the British nature, it is perhaps not surprising that he can afford to treat the arguments of economists with indifference, and to produce statistics so wildly inaccurate that even schoolboys can hardly be deceived by them. Whether he will succeed in his great attempt to turn the nation from the old path which it has followed so long, with results so happy, it is too soon to say; but the next General Election, however it may result, will at least teach us to

what extent the character of the electorate has changed in recent years, and by what methods it can best be approached in the future. The open hostility of the cotton trade in Lancashire and that of his own brother in Birmingham are not happy omens for the Colonial Secretary.

For the present the work of organising for the great battle that is impending is being actively carried on. Mr. Chamberlain has naturally been most active and energetic in this work. He has formed his League and it is spreading its manifestoes broadcast over the country. It is spreading them so freely, in fact, that more than one supporter of the Government has felt constrained to complain that he has been attacked in his own constituency by those who speak in the name of a member of the Ministry which he supports. Mr. Chamberlain knows more of electioneering tactics than, probably, any other man alive. The colleague of Mr. Schnadhorst in the old Birmingham days, he has nothing to learn from the political organisers of to-day, and he is putting forth all his strength and all his resources in the struggle on which his political future depends. On his side at least there will be neither sloth nor carelessness in the conduct of the fight. On the other side the forces are apparently being marshalled more slowly and moving more ponderously; but the forces themselves are formidable, and when they are fairly brought into the field even Mr. Chamberlain may find that he has met his match in his opponents. The Liberal party stands almost to a man for free trade and against the Chamberlain proposals. A new association has been formed within its ranks for the purpose of carrying on the contest, and subscriptions are pouring into its coffers on a scale which reminds one of the Free Trade League of sixty years ago, and the historic bazaar at Covent Garden. Nor are the Unionist opponents of the new policy behind their Liberal colleagues. It is true that their movements are necessarily retarded by the *concordat* which prevents some of the most influential of their number from taking any active part in the operations; but they are preparing literature and a plan of campaign which will undoubtedly hit Mr. Chamberlain hard in some directions. One question of paramount interest is as to the future of the Conservative party organisation and the Primrose League. Will they be captured by Mr. Chamberlain or his opponents? One is loth to indulge in unnecessary predictions, but if I were compelled to prophesy I should certainly, in this matter, back Mr. Chamberlain, the darling of so many Primrose garden parties, rather than the Duke of Devonshire or Mr. Ritchie.

It is a striking and even a picturesque spectacle that is offered to us by all this hubbub of preparation for the coming struggle. We cannot say as yet how far the great mass of the people is affected by the tumult that already rages in the lobbies and the clubs.

There are people speaking out, it is true, here and there, now on one side and now on another, but their utterances are sporadic and not to be trusted as safe guides to the course of the campaign. The Chambers of Commerce are divided, many manufacturers, hit by foreign competition, welcoming the idea of an inquiry into a system from which they conceive that they are suffering. The trades unions, so far as I have seen, are unanimous in their opposition to the new policy, denouncing any tax upon bread as a crime against humanity. But we have only witnessed affairs of outposts so far. The armies have yet to take the field.

Parliament, condemned to silence upon the only question that really interests it, has been dealing industriously with the Irish Land Bill, the London Education Bill, and the Estimates. Regarding the first measure I need add little to what I have already said. There was a moment when it seemed possible that the Bill might be wrecked by the determination of the Irish members to exact the uttermost farthing from the British Exchequer. But by a judicious blending of firmness and conciliation Mr. Wyndham succeeded in getting his Bill through Committee, and received as his reward the effusive compliments of the men who have so long regarded all Irish Secretaries as their natural enemies. No one can deny that the compliments paid to Mr. Wyndham are well deserved. By this performance he has made his mark in Parliament and established his reputation both as administrator and statesman. Yet when one thinks of the statesmen of the first rank who have preceded him in the office he now holds, and of the failure which attended their efforts to establish an understanding with the Irish representatives, one cannot but feel that good fortune has had as much to do with Mr. Wyndham's success as his conspicuous ability. If he had been the Irish Secretary in a Liberal Government he would still have had to fear the reception of his measure by the House of Lords; but being what he is, he can face the situation with confidence and look forward to the time when this revolutionary Bill will find its place upon the Statute-book. The London Education Bill—altered in many important provisions since its first introduction and altered almost entirely for the better—has been passed through all its contentious stages in the House of Commons. The great blot upon it—the abolition of the London School Board—still remains; but the Bill is something very different from the absurd measure which was presented to Parliament at the beginning of the Session, and though the next Parliament will probably amend it still further, there is no doubt that in its main lines it represents the principles of the scheme under which the educational system of London will in future be conducted. None the less will the policy of the Government with regard to education be hotly opposed by the Liberal party in the coming General Election. The 'passive

resistance' policy has been carried into effect in many parts of the country, and though it has led in few cases to anything like turbulence or popular excitement, it cannot be doubted that it will have a real influence upon the result when the electors are free to express their opinions through the ballot-box. In the meantime a great concession has been made to the supporters of a purely secular system of education by the regulation of the Education Department allowing children, where the parents desire it, to attend school after the time allotted to religious instruction. It will be for the parents to decide whether they will avail themselves of this provision. Probably most of them will be too apathetic to make use of it; but if sectarian controversies run high and political passions are imported into the discussion, we may see a wholly unexpected change in the conditions of national education, and the secular system may find itself established upon firm ground.

The Bill for regulating the use of motor cars on the highways, which Ministers introduced in deference to the practically unanimous demand of the public, has passed through the House of Lords and will undoubtedly become law. It does not go so far as some of the opponents of 'lightning traffic' on our public roads desire. It has, however, fixed a maximum speed in towns, and it provides against reckless driving and inflicts adequate penalties upon drivers who are unmindful of the public safety. Upon the whole it must be regarded as a distinct step in the right direction, and is certainly the most useful legislative achievement of the month. In the debates upon Supply the most important announcement was that made by Mr. Brodrick during the consideration of the Army Estimates. This was that for the future a force of 25,000 men will be kept in South Africa. Mr. Brodrick has thus yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him by the small group of Army reformers in the House of Commons, and a new breach has been effected in his ill-starred scheme of Army reorganisation. In the debates on the Navy Estimates Mr. Arnold-Forster announced the decision of the Admiralty to withdraw the subsidies to cruisers, for the right to use them in time of war, which have been paid for some years past. The reasons for this step are obvious and substantial.

The proposed foundation of an 'English Charlottenburg,' or technical college, in London, which Lord Rosebery announced at the close of last month, has excited deep interest among the friends of education. The funds for the erection of the necessary buildings, amounting to 500,000*l.*, are to be provided through private liberality the chief gifts coming from the firm of Wernher, Beit & Co. Steps are to be taken to secure other funds for the endowment of the College, but Lord Rosebery on behalf of the donors has asked that the London County Council should contribute a sum of 20,000*l.* a year towards the maintenance of the educational work of the College.



This the Council has in general terms expressed its readiness to do, subject to certain conditions. It thus seems probable that, so far as London is concerned, one of the gravest defects in our educational system will, before many years have passed, be removed. It is understood that the new College will be erected on a portion of the site at South Kensington acquired by the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition—a site which is partly occupied already by a group of educational institutions almost unique in character. If the expectations of the founders of the new scheme are realised, the reproach which has so long rested upon us with regard to technical education will be removed, and London will have no need to fear comparison with any other city in Europe.

Demonstrations of good will on the part of this country to foreign States and peoples have by no means been confined to the welcome given by London to President Loubet. During the latter part of the month we received a visit of French deputies anxious to promote the cordial relations of the two countries and to make the system of international arbitration a reality. These gentlemen came in response to an invitation from a number of English members of Parliament, and they were received with enthusiasm by their brother legislators. Once more the King showed his deep sympathy with the movement which the visitors represented, and an interchange of Parliamentary amenities which would have been impossible a few months ago served to illustrate the new order of things which dates from his Majesty's visit to Paris. A private visit of the Khedive to London can hardly be counted among public events, but the cordial welcome which he received from all classes, and the royal hospitality of which he was the recipient, served to give a certain degree of importance to his sojourn among us. Of greater note, however, was the visit of the United States European squadron to Spithead. The squadron was on its way back from Kiel, whither it had been sent to salute the German flag and to receive the congratulations of the Emperor William. Rather unfortunately, its arrival in English waters coincided with the visit of President Loubet to London. But this fact was not allowed to interfere with the spontaneous warmth of the welcome with which it was received, not only by the King and the official representatives of our own Navy, but by the public. His Majesty entertained the officers of the squadron at dinner, and at Portsmouth they were the subjects of a genuine popular reception. There is now, happily, nothing novel in the fraternisation of English and American sailors, but this visit of a squadron of the Republican fleet to our shores emphasised the fact that, whatever new friendships the two countries may make, they do not mean to allow the good will which happily inspires both nations to be in any way weakened.

The United States Government has given fresh evidence during

the month of its determination to play its part as one of the great Powers of the world in all matters affecting the welfare of civilised mankind. The shocking outrages upon the Jewish population of Kischeneff, which have excited the indignation of all but the most hardened of anti-Semites, moved profoundly the large Jewish community of the United States. They prepared an address to the Czar beseeching his protection for their unfortunate co-religionists, and they asked the Secretary of State at Washington to procure the transmission of this document to his Majesty. As usual on the other side of the Atlantic, the newspapers intervened in their own fashion in the negotiations between the diplomatists. But they cannot have done very much harm, for it was obvious from the first that the Emperor of Russia would be compelled to refuse to receive any communication from foreigners affecting the internal affairs of his own country. The embarrassment which might have been caused by the importation of the Washington Cabinet into the incident was happily lessened, if not entirely removed, by the admirable tact of Mr. Hay. Russia has been shown that she has estranged the sympathies not only of the people but of the Government of the country with which she is so anxious to stand well, and though the address of the American Jews will not reach the hands of the Czar, its influence, we may reasonably hope, will be seen in the future dealings of Russian officials with a cruelly persecuted race. In another question raised between the Governments at Washington and St. Petersburg, Mr. Hay seems to have secured a legitimate and signal triumph. This is in obtaining from Russia a direct undertaking that two new treaty ports shall be opened in Manchuria. The Russian grip upon that province has not been weakened. It has indeed been made still stronger as the result of a remarkable meeting of high Russian officials and experts at Port Arthur, for the purpose of arranging for an adequate system of administration. But whilst Russia has been taking her own course in China, without regard to the protests of Chinese officials or her own promises, the Washington Cabinet has been firmly and continuously impressing upon the Ministry at St. Petersburg the necessity for the fulfilment of its pledges with regard to the open door. This policy has at last been successful, an arrangement having been come to between Mr. Hay and Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador to America, under which two ports, said to be Mukden and Ta-tung-Kau, are to be opened. Mr. Hay deserves hearty congratulations upon having achieved a greater success than that which has been scored by any of the diplomatists of Western Europe, nor will those congratulations be less sincere because the United States Government has absolutely refused to listen to the Russian proposal that America should enjoy special and exclusive privileges in Manchuria, and has insisted that the open door policy shall be applicable to all nations.

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Very early in the month it was announced that the Pope when walking in the Vatican gardens had been suddenly attacked by a severe chill, and within a few hours it was known that the life of the venerable Pontiff was in extreme danger. The last sacraments of his Church were administered, and all the preparations made which ancient tradition prescribes in the case of the demise of the head of the Roman Communion. Yet in spite of his great age, Leo the Thirteenth developed an almost marvellous recuperative force, and rallied again and again after his own doctors had expressed their belief that his end was imminent. It was not until the 20th of July that the end came, and that the Pope, after bravely battling for more than a fortnight with mortal sickness, passed away. He died as he had lived, calmly and courageously, conscious always of his unique position in the Catholic world, but blending so much of personal sweetness of character with his determination to uphold the dignity of his great office as to silence all carping voices. His death is of course an event which mainly concerns the members of his own Church and the Government of Italy. But it is one that cannot be witnessed by Protestant States without emotion. Leo the Thirteenth was elevated to the Pontificate unexpectedly, as has been the case with most of his predecessors. But he justified the choice of the College of Cardinals by the way in which he used his great authority. Essentially a man of peace, he exerted himself more than once to effect a reconciliation between nations and classes that seemed to be drifting into war; and if, from our Protestant point of view, he has left no memorable achievement to be recorded on the page of history, he has, at all events, lived worthily and blamelessly both as Pope and as man. It is too soon to speak of his successor, though rumour is busy with possible names. The intrigues which attend the making of a Cabinet in constitutional countries have their counterpart in the incidents of a Papal election, and no one can speak confidently as to the successor of Pope Leo until his name has actually been given forth from the Vatican. What political changes in Italy may follow the demise of the Pontiff, or what effect the event may have on the relations of the Quirinal and the Vatican, cannot as yet be said. Whether the fiction of 'the prisoner of the Vatican' is to be kept up during another Papal reign cannot be determined until after the new Pope is installed.

The other deaths of the month do not include any name of the first importance, though that of Mr. Whistler, the American artist long resident in Europe, does not fall far short of that category. Mr. Whistler had genius in abundance, and might have been a distinguished writer—as he was undoubtedly a distinguished wit—if he had not preferred to be a painter. His eccentricity occasionally brought him into collision with that public opinion for which he

had so supreme a contempt, but on the whole he got on very well even with the Philistines whom he despised. Mr. W. E. Henley had written some very genuine poems, but his work as a poet was unequal, and but little of it remarkable. His literary criticisms would have been more highly appreciated if they had not been so unmistakably influenced by a temperament that was almost savage in its truculent vigour and egotism. Mr. Henley was happy in attracting to himself a considerable body of ardent admirers who secured for him a hearing from that outer world which he held as much in contempt as Mr. Whistler himself did. His name is hardly one, however, that will live in our literary annals. Sir Joshua Fitch was one of those admirable public servants to whose unobtrusive and unremitting work this country owes so much more than it does to the showy politicians of platform and Parliament.

WEMYSS REID.

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*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.*

# NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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## *IMPERIAL POLICY AND FREE TRADE*

### I

IN the midst of the din of preferential tariff discussion which Mr. Chamberlain has so effectually stirred up, two questions have to be distinguished. One is the economic question. Should we, or should we not, on economic grounds, adopt the view so prevalent in the self-governing Colonies, that the wealth of the Empire, and each part of it, is to be promoted by a system of mutual trade preferences? This is the view of Mr. Chamberlain which excites so much hostility. What opinion are we to hold of it? The answer will not finally determine the question of policy, as other issues are involved. Even if we disapprove economically, we may have to assent for political reasons to the colonial policy. But a clear view of the proposal and its consequences in the economic aspect will nevertheless be of assistance in the political question itself.

The other question is the political one. How far may the federation or union of the Empire be wisely promoted by the consent of the Mother Country to the partial acceptance of a trade policy fundamentally distasteful to it and demonstrably injurious as far as it goes? The Colonies, or some of them, rightly or wrongly choose to give a preference, or are willing to give a preference, to imports from Great Britain as compared with imports from foreign countries, partly to induce us to do the like, partly as a reward for what we have done, and in order to promote the consolidation of the Empire; and this action brings on them reprisals, or threats of reprisals, from foreign countries which claim to have equal treatment with the Mother Country in these Colonies. What is the Mother Country to do? Naturally enough the Colonies expect to be backed up in a way they understand. Not believing that free trade is its own reward, they look to the Mother Country both to give a return for what they are doing and to retaliate on the foreigner, and they resent any indifference we may show. The political question, then, is undoubtedly serious, all the more if we cannot see our way to approve of colonial ideas. Our own attachment to free trade is no answer to the Colonies. Accordingly we have to face the possibility of a departure from a fiscal policy of which we have long been proud for the sake of the unity of the Empire.

It will be convenient to take these questions in their order. First, then, are our colonial friends, and Mr. Chamberlain with them, right in the idea that a system of mutual trade preferences between the Mother Country and the Colonies will benefit both, and so strengthen and consolidate the Empire?

On this head I cannot but repeat the opinions expressed a year ago in an article on 'The Dream of a British Zollverein' in this Review.<sup>1</sup> While a Zollverein properly speaking is itself impossible, a general system of trade preferences would be of no conceivable advantage economically, either to the United Kingdom or to the Colonies, and would contribute to wrangling and differences tending rather to disruption than to union and consolidation. A closer view of anything that has been suggested, or that can be suggested, surveying the whole field of colonial and inter-imperial trade, entirely supports the conclusion as to the smallness of the possible benefit and the deceptions to which both sides in giving preferences will be exposed.

It is admitted that raw materials cannot be taxed, and that we can only give preferences to the Colonies on the food we import from them. Let us take, then, by way of example, the proposition which finds so much favour in Canada that we should levy a sensible duty on imports of wheat from foreign countries and admit colonial wheat free. According to the last statistical abstract, we imported

<sup>1</sup> See *Nineteenth Century and After*, May 1902.

from foreign countries and British possessions 101,000,000 cwts. of wheat and wheat flour of which the quantity from British colonies and possessions was as follows :

British North America . . . . .	8,578,000 cwts.
British India . . . . .	8,341,000 „
Australia . . . . .	6,197,000 „
New Zealand . . . . .	1,383,000 „
	<hr/> 19,499,000 „

Thus not quite 20 per cent. of the wheat and wheat flour we import comes from British colonies and possessions. Suppose, then, we impose 5s. a quarter (or 1s. 3d. per cwt.) upon imports of wheat and wheat flour from foreign countries—and it would take such a duty at least to produce sensible effects—we should burden the consumers in this country to the extent of the charge on foreign wheat, or a sum of 5,094,000*l.* altogether, plus a further sum of 1,219,000*l.* by which the price of colonial wheat would be raised in our markets, and a further sum of probably about 2,000,000*l.* as the enhanced price of wheat produced at home—total 8,313,000*l.* This seems rather a large price for consumers at home to pay in order to give the Colonies a bonus of no more than 1,219,000*l.* Of course, strictly speaking the sum raised from the foreigner would remain in the country and might either go to the reduction of other taxation or to old-age pensions or other public purposes, while the enhanced price of home-produced wheat would also remain in the country. But there would nevertheless be an immediate burden on the consumer of the amount stated, which he might or might not get back eventually in indirect ways, all to give the Colonies a fractional bonus by comparison. This does not seem very good business.

It will be urged, of course, that the imports from the Colonies are an increasing proportion of the total imports, that this proportion may be expected to increase, and that the goal of a self-supporting empire will be more quickly reached by the stimulus thus to be given. But this is pure speculation. These considerations, moreover, compel us to look at the proposal from another point of view. If colonial production is to be stimulated, then as the stimulus takes effect, the bonus itself disappears—long before the point, it is probable, when colonial will displace to any extent the foreign production. The reason is that even a slight increase of production owing to a special stimulus will depress the general market price, as was found in former times when we gave the West Indian Colonies the dubious benefit of a differential duty against slave-grown sugar. The price of foreign wheat may sink for a time, just as the price of slave-grown sugar did, so that foreign wheat plus the duty may be as cheap or nearly as cheap, as it was without the duty. Foreign countries will be damnified so far, but neither our Colonies nor our

home producers will obtain quite the calculated advantage, as the West Indian Colonies, in fact, gained nothing from their differential sugar-duty. So far there will be a gain to the people of the United Kingdom, who will pay the new duties out of the surplus given them by cheaper wheat, at the expense, however, of a general disturbance of the world's corn-trade with consequent reactions on the purchasing power of foreign customers which may cost us far more than the initial gain.

*Mutatis mutandis*, the same remarks would apply to preferential duties on other articles of food imported from abroad. Assuming these articles to come in the same proportion from foreign countries and British colonies and possessions as wheat itself does (and the proportion generally seems rather less), then from 101,500,000*l.* of duty-free articles, and 109,000,000*l.* of dutiable articles—total 210,500,000*l.*—which we imported in 1902, we might deduce at the outside about 40,000,000*l.* as the contribution of the Colonies. So that if we imposed a 10 per cent. *ad valorem* charge on imports from foreign countries, we should burden our consumers to the extent of 21,000,000*l.* (apart from the higher price to home producers) in order to give the Colonies a bonus of 4,000,000*l.* only; while the sum available for reducing taxation, or for old-age pensions or similar purposes, would be about 17,000,000*l.* Here, again, the business does not seem very good. The bonus to the Colonies is not really large, considering their resources, while it might disappear in practice, as above explained with regard to the bonus on wheat alone.

It is quite clear, moreover, that no such bonus will add so greatly to the purchasing power of the Colonies as to affect sensibly the demand for English manufactures. The aggregate income of the populations of Canada and Australia, according to colonial calculations, may be placed at, say, 250,000,000*l.* each; India cannot have less than 500,000,000*l.*; and adding 200,000,000*l.* for other British colonies, we have a total annual spending power of 1,200,000,000*l.*, to which we propose to add a sum of 4,000,000*l.*, or one-third of 1 per cent. only, by way of stimulating the demand for English manufactures; and even this small fraction may not be devoted to purchases of such manufactures at all, but will no doubt be distributed equally over the whole range of colonial wants.

Of course we may give a larger bonus to the Colonies by piling up our taxes on food. Suppose we give a bonus of 8,000,000*l.* by taxing ourselves 42,000,000*l.*; that would still be an infinitesimal sum to add to the purchasing power of the Colonies. Even by taxing ourselves 60,000,000*l.* we could only add 1 per cent., or 12,000,000*l.*, to the purchasing power of the Colonies, which would not be devoted, except in the smallest proportion, to the purchase of English manufactures.



• But advantages, it is said, will be given on the other side by colonial preferences to our trade.

Not to urge the point that the country does not seem to have gained much by increased trade with Canada in consequence of its recent preference, we may look broadly at the amount and proportion of the imports from foreign countries into the Colonies, which it is hoped we may displace by the preference we obtain. Is there a large margin for us to displace?

The answer is supplied by the annexed table, which shows primarily the amount of colonial imports from the United Kingdom,

*Imports into the Colonies and British possessions, from the United Kingdom, from other British possessions, and from foreign countries respectively. In millions sterling.\**

NOTE.—The figures in this table are the same as in the Return Cd. 1638, which was issued while this article was being prepared, with the exception of Canada, the amount of the Canadian imports in the abstract being 37,000,000*l.* as here stated, and in the Return 39,000,000*l.* The table here given also omits the minor Colonies and possessions, unimportant for the present purpose, but causing a slight difference in the general totals.

	Imports from				Imports from	
	United Kingdom	Other British Possessions	Foreign Countries	Total	United States only	Other European countries only
India . . . . .	45.9	0.6	14.8	70.3	0.8	9.0
Straits Settlements . . . . .	3.0	8.9	17.7	29.6	0.1	6.6
Ceylon . . . . .	2.0	4.6	1.0	7.6	0.1	0.4
Mauritius . . . . .	0.6	1.1	0.5	2.2	0.1	0.2
New South Wales . . . . .	10.1	11.4	5.4	26.9	2.8	1.7
Victoria . . . . .	7.2	7.9	3.8	18.9	1.5	1.4
South Australia . . . . .	2.2	3.9	1.3	7.4	0.6	0.4
Western Australia . . . . .	2.6	2.9	1.0	6.5	0.5	0.4
Tasmania . . . . .	0.6	1.2	0.1	1.9	0.1	0.0
Queensland . . . . .	2.5	3.1	0.8	6.4	0.4	0.3
New Zealand . . . . .	6.9	2.9	2.1	11.9	1.4	0.3
Natal . . . . .	6.6	2.0	1.6	10.2	0.7	0.6
Cape of Good Hope . . . . .	14.2	5.4	4.3	23.9	1.9	1.8
Canada . . . . .	8.9	0.8	27.5	37.2	22.7	3.6
Newfoundland . . . . .	0.5	0.6	0.4	1.5	0.2	0.1
Total . . . . .	113.8	66.8	82.3	262.4	34.1	26.8

\* From the Statistical Abstract for the Colonies for 1901, see pp. 150 *et seq.*

from other British possessions, and from foreign countries respectively, and then the amount of the imports from the United States only, and from European countries only—that is, imports of a kind which may come more or less into competition with English exports. Some of the smaller Colonies and possessions are not included in the table, but this is immaterial for the present purpose.

What we find, then, is that out of about 262,000,000*l.* of imports into the principal Colonies, more than one-third, or 114,000,000*l.*, is already from the United Kingdom, and no less than 68,000,000*l.* are from other colonies and possessions, leaving 82,500,000*l.* from foreign countries.<sup>2</sup> At the outside this last is the maximum figure which can be displaced in part, for the benefit of the United Kingdom, by preferential tariffs. How much can be so displaced? A fourth, a fifth, a tenth, or less? I should say even less than the smallest of these proportions, but clear ideas of the probable quantity are required before the Colonies tempt us with their bait of preferences.

It is quite obvious, moreover, from an inspection of the table that not all the imports from all foreign countries can be in question. A population like India, for instance, imports from China, Japan, Siam, and neighbouring countries with which England does not compete, as well as from European countries which may be our competitors. Deducting such countries, we find, in fact, that the total imports from the United States and from European countries which may be our competitors are not more than about 61,000,000*l.* out of the above 82,500,000*l.*, viz. 34,000,000*l.* from the United States, and 27,000,000*l.* from European countries. The imports from the United States, again, are mainly into Canada and consist, as is well known, very largely of foodstuffs and raw materials, with which we do not compete. The figure of 82,500,000*l.* with which we start as the imports from foreign countries into the principal Colonies is thus reducible to a very small sum when we take account only of those imports where foreign countries are our competitors. Thus Canada imports only 4,000,000*l.* from European countries all told, and the Australian Colonies and New Zealand about the same, viz.:

*Imports into Australian Colonies and New Zealand from European Countries.*

New South Wales . . . . .	£1,700,000
Victoria . . . . .	1,400,000
South Australia . . . . .	400,000
Western Australia . . . . .	400,000
Tasmania . . . . .	—
Queensland . . . . .	300,000
	<hr/>
New Zealand . . . . .	4,200,000
	300,000
	<hr/>
Total	£4,500,000

To such small sums do we come when we analyse the imports

<sup>2</sup> The corresponding figures in the official return referred to in the table are: Total imports, 281,000,000*l.*; from United Kingdom only, 123,500,000*l.*; from other British possessions, 68,000,000*l.*; and from foreign countries, 90,000,000*l.*; but these include all the minor Colonies and possessions as well as the principal dealt with in the table.

into our Colonies to see how much really comes into competition with English trade. Apart from India and the Straits Settlements there are really no great imports of foreign manufactures with which English manufacturers come into competition; and the Straits Settlements certainly, and probably India to a large extent, should be left out of account, as the trade there is so much a depot trade and the ultimate destination of the imports may be a foreign country to which the system of preferences would not extend.

Neither on the side of the Colonies nor of the Mother Country, then, can the displacement of trade to be brought about, even by extensive mutual preferences, be of really large amount. On the side of the Mother Country we do not stimulate the purchasing power of the Colonies to a sensible extent by the bonus which it is proposed we are to confer upon them; nor is the foreign trade with the Colonies which is to be diminished in our favour of such an extent as to permit of a large addition to our trade even by its total disappearance. There is a complete miscalculation somewhere on the part of those who talk so glibly of mutual preferences.

But foreign countries, it is said, are encroaching on the colonial domain; mutual preferences are needed to secure the great trade we already possess. Those who urge this plea should tell us in detail what they mean. Whether the share of foreign countries in the trade of some of our Colonies has increased or not, it is quite plain from our own returns that as yet they are not taking anything from us. On the contrary, the exports of British and Irish produce to our colonies and possessions have increased in the last fifteen years—to take the last Statistical Abstract issued—from 75,000,000*l.* in 1887 to 105,000,000*l.* in 1901 after a temporary downward fluctuation in 1895 to 70,000,000*l.* This does not look at all like foreign countries taking away our trade<sup>3</sup> with the Colonies.

We must conclude, then, against the possibility of doing any sensible good to the trade between the Mother Country and the Colonies by means of reciprocity arrangements or any other protectionist devices. Apart from any objections on theoretical economic grounds, there are not the elements of a deal. The bonus we can give to the Colonies is too small to be of any real value to them, and what bonus they can give us in return is infinitesimal. The truth is that the internal trade of the British Empire, being already on a free-trade basis, cannot be increased by a protectionist device, though it may possibly be diminished. It follows equally that any idea of increasing the wages of English working men by first taxing their food so as to stimulate the development of our manufacturing is fantastic. No development of trade and manu-

<sup>3</sup> And the exports for 1902, not yet comprised in the Statistical Abstract, were 109,000,000*l.*

facturing being in prospect even with the Colonies by such a device, there can be no increase in wages as the result of mutual preferences. As colonial trade, moreover, is to be developed at the expense of foreign trade, the mere increase of such trade, even if it were in prospect, would not lead to a rise in wages. It is only the balance of increase compared with the simultaneous decrease of foreign trade that could be counted, which might be a very small sum indeed, even if colonial trade sensibly increased. It is unnecessary, however, to consider this theoretical point. There is no visible advantage of any sort in these mutual preferences at all.

This brings us to the other question in the discussion: the practical answer to be given to the Colonies as regards their demand for preferential treatment. Purely economic reasons on one side or the other do not close the discussion. The question remains, Are there political reasons for not assuming a *non possumus* attitude and for seeing how far we can give way, especially for the sake of the closer political union of the Empire which we all desire? The free trade and protection argument has been conducted so much in past times upon economic considerations alone that many people find a difficulty in granting that, for political reasons, something may be done which is probably or apparently less advantageous pecuniarily than strict free trade would be. But the distinction is part of the A B C of political science, which includes economics in its domain. The founder of free-trade doctrine, Adam Smith, recognised most fully the distinction, and, while arguing for free trade generally, admitted the expediency of navigation laws to secure to a country like England a mercantile marine. It would be equally sound theoretically to argue for duties on corn imports in England on the score of the expediency of maintaining and increasing the rural population. The facts might not support the contention, but a good free trader might very well argue for them, if fully convinced that a large rural population was desirable politically, that the duties would promote the growth or maintenance of such a population, and that they were not too high a price to pay for the political advantage. Similarly John Stuart Mill allowed that new countries might properly impose protective duties in order to develop home manufactures suitable for cultivation in the country. He was mistaken, I believe, on the question of fact, as many governments of new countries have been mistaken, but no one surely can question Mill's attachment to the principles of free trade. In the same way, then, the most ardent free trader, if convinced that Imperial federation is politically desirable, and that colonial adherence to it will be conditional on the Mother Country accepting some scheme of mutual trade preferences, may well subordinate for the moment his economic conclusions to a broad view of political expediency or necessity. To convince the Colonies

of error in regard to their cherished preferences would be better still, as was argued in the article which I contributed last year on 'The Dream of a British Zollverein,' already referred to; but failing the adoption of free-trade views by our colonial friends, which may still be possible, I hope, we cannot simply put aside their own alternative. The political issues are far too important to permit of such treatment of the matter.

This is not a new view on my part. In the article referred to, after pointing out a different way to a commercial union of the Empire from that of a zollverein, which was impossible, or the way of mutual preferences, which appeared to me highly inexpedient and dangerous and certain to fail economically, I wound up by admitting that in a Council of the Empire which appears to be a preliminary to any sort of union, preferential arrangements would probably come up for discussion, as many people are so much attached to them, especially our fellow-citizens in the Colonies, and that the discussion might be of advantage 'by compelling every side to face the difficulties and to make sacrifices all round for the sake of the common Empire.' This view, it appears to me, is the only possible one to take if at this Imperial crisis we are to be guided by statesmanship, and not by partial views, economic or otherwise. We may lament ever so much that the Colonies, or some of them, take the line they do, and may view, not without just apprehension, some possible consequences of the action into which we may be drawn, and to avert which good steering of the ship of State may be required; but the crisis is upon us, and no policy could be worse than shirking it.

The course of the history has also given the Colonies, and especially Canada, a claim to have something conceded in the matter of a policy of mutual preference, from which we cannot in honour escape. Our public men, yielding to the temptation of always taking an easy course, and postponing difficult questions, have not been fair to the Colonies in this matter. They have convened colonial representatives in conferences, and have encouraged them among themselves to speak at large in favour of mutual preferences between the Mother Country and the Colonies; but they have refrained from arguing the question from the point of view of the Mother Country whose attachment to free trade appears rather in the reports of these conferences as an undefended and indefensible prepossession for which no one had to say a word. This was especially the case with the first of these conferences in 1885 or 1886, when the famous Hofmeyr proposal was put forward; but neither at the conference a few years later in Canada, nor the conference in 1897 between Mr. Chamberlain and the colonial representatives, nor the conference of last year, as far as the proceedings have been published, does there seem to have been any idea of

presenting the case of the Mother Country on behalf of its fiscal policy. As the result, our colonial friends have a feeling that they have been played with. They present their case for mutual preferences in good faith but receive no reply, and then they find that in debates in the Imperial Parliament, such as took place after the Hofmeyr proposal, they are contemptuously thrown out of court, and that the Mother Country goes unheeding on its way. But for Mr. Chamberlain, the same result would probably have followed now. We must come to the decision, then, with the feeling that the matter is not quite open, that the Colonies have a grievance, and that so far our hands are tied.

The special grievance of Canada is more serious still. Canada's object and desire to obtain a preference from the Mother Country have never been concealed. From no other source than this sprang the desire to remove the obstacle imposed by the Belgian and German commercial treaties with their clause forbidding the Colonies to give better treatment to the Mother Country than they give to Belgium and Germany. With this clause in existence Canada felt it could not give the Mother Country preferential treatment which would entitle it to claim a return. The clause was abolished; and Canada immediately gave an effective preference to the Mother Country as compared with foreign nations, so as to establish its claim for reciprocal treatment from the Mother Country. We have thus had ample notice, and it is hardly courteous to Canada now to return a blank negative to its proposals, having made no effort to disabuse it at the proper time, either when the conferences were going on or at some other stage. What is even worse, as Mr. Chamberlain has lately told us, the action of Canada has brought it into difficulties with the Government of Germany, which claims the right to refuse most-favoured-nation treatment to Canada, not because Canada refuses that treatment to Germany, but because of the favour which Canada gives to England. There could not be a clearer case for our coming to the defence of our own Colony, although the steps suggested are such as we dislike. Empire has its obligations, and we are no longer in a position to refuse to discuss with the Colonies, especially with Canada, their projects of mutual preference. If we had hoped to escape the discussion now, so as to keep our free-trade policy out of the melting-pot, we should have dealt more frankly with the Colonies many years ago.

Another political reason for coming to terms with the Colonies is the necessity for an understanding with them before one of the most essential steps for securing the unity of the Empire can be taken, viz. the step of making all our commercial arrangements with foreign countries on the footing that the Empire is to be treated as a unit in commercial negotiations and to give and receive most-

favoured-nation treatment as such unit, no foreign country being permitted to notice any internal arrangements of the Empire. For this business alone, a permanent commercial council of the Empire is needed, such as we could obtain at once by raising the status and functions of the Agents-General or High Commissioners of Canada and Australia and associating with them the President of the Board of Trade for the United Kingdom with special representation for India and other possessions. The importance of this topic and the laxities of our present methods were pointed out in the article of last year to which reference has already been made; but excuse is hardly necessary for returning to the subject and showing how closely this question of unity in commercial arrangements and negotiations is bound up with the question of inter-Imperial relations.

The conditions of an empire like that of England are very peculiar and complex for the purpose of common arrangements and negotiations with foreign countries in matters of trade and commerce. There are numerous dependencies, variously related to the Mother Country, all having separate governments, but some being controlled by the home executive under the supervision of the Imperial Parliament, and others enjoying self-government, so that they are really emancipated although technically still parts of the Empire and under the sovereignty of the King, with a latent power in the Parliament at Westminster to legislate for them. Technically there is absolute power in the central executive to negotiate for the whole Empire, except those Colonies to which the privilege of self-government has been given; and even as regards these exceptions the treaty-making power of the Sovereign is recognised in some matters, though not in others; but the difficulties in practice are very great. The result is that the commercial arrangements of the Empire with foreign countries are so complex that no short account can be given. In one matter, that of shipping, apart from the coasting trade, it has been the custom to negotiate and make treaties for the whole Empire. We stipulate in our navigation treaties, or the navigation clauses of commercial treaties, that *British* ships, no matter to what part of the Empire they may belong, may enter the ports of foreign countries freely proceeding from any part of the Empire, and *vice versa* that foreign ships may come from their respective countries to any part of the Empire. We do not make separate arrangements for ships belonging to the United Kingdom, or to Canada, or to Australia—it is always *British* ships that are spoken of. There are also clauses of a general nature as to the privilege of *British* subjects to travel to and buy and sell in foreign countries, with reciprocal privileges to the subjects of such countries in his Majesty's dominions. But when it comes to imports and exports and shipping in the coasting trade,

we arrange no longer for the whole British Empire but for each of its fiscal units, so that there are almost as many separate arrangements as there are separate subordinate governments within the confines of the Empire itself. The result is obviously most injurious to the idea of Imperial unity. The practice of the various units of the Empire being constantly referred to as separate has a fatal influence both on the minds of our own negotiators and the Governments with which they negotiate. The units are thought of as separate States. We owe to this influence entirely the blunder in the Belgian and German Commercial Treaties by which in extending to them most-favoured-nation treatment, we not merely gave them that treatment, but placed the Mother Country for that purpose on the footing of a foreign State!

Apart from this colossal blunder, moreover, the multiplicity of arrangements makes it almost impossible to know what are the exact engagements of any part of the Empire to a particular foreign country, and *vice versa*, and what goods, and at what rates of duty, may be freely imported and exported. This is not creditable to us as a business empire, and ought to be stopped on that ground alone, quite apart from the habitual teaching of the *particularismus* of the Imperial units which the system involves.

For the Empire to negotiate as a unit has, however, very great practical difficulties, including the bad tradition of former years. We cannot break with it, it is clear, without a great effort. One of the conditions, as I have frequently insisted, must be organised and continuous consultation with the Colonies themselves; and in order to that consultation for practical purposes there must be agreement on essentials with our self-governing Colonies which cannot be arrived at without settling the question of mutual preferences. In order to such an agreement we must all give up the privilege each part of the Empire now possesses of entering by itself into reciprocity or other special arrangements with foreign countries to the disadvantage perhaps of sister States within the Empire; and the Colonies, holding the views they do, cannot be expected to assent till they know where they stand within the Empire itself. The conditions under which special arrangements, if any, may be made with foreign countries, such as we contemplate between our South African dominion and the Portuguese Territory at Delagoa Bay, or such as Canada or Newfoundland may contemplate with the United States, must also be settled beforehand; and generally both Colonies and the Mother Country should be satisfied that perfect internal freedom within the Empire is compensation enough for liability to common engagements with other Powers.

For these political reasons, then, I should, as a free-trader, con-



- template with equanimity a good understanding with our self-governing Colonies as to the internal trade arrangements of the Empire, even if it should include a tincture of those preferential arrangements to which the Colonies appear so much attached. It is vain to expect that we are to have all our own way. We must give as well as take if we are to succeed in the main object of Imperial union. We must do our best before the final arrangements are settled to bring the Colonies to our mind, and to minimise the deviation from free-trade methods to which we may have to consent for the sake of Imperial union; but there must be no absolute refusal to discuss the matter—no determination to insist that the Empire is to be united on an ideal and symmetrical free-trade basis or not to be united at all. The nearer to free trade the arrangement approaches, the more likely it will be to have permanent success; but a partial departure is not to be rejected, however little, when great objects in the political sphere are to be attained.

Any deviation from free trade that may come in question would probably, however, be very slight. For reasons which I explained in an address to the Staffordshire Chamber of Commerce some years ago, afterwards reprinted as a pamphlet by the Cobden Club, I do not share apprehensions very generally entertained as to the decay and discrediting of free trade. On the contrary, while there has been a great deal of protectionist talk in the world for many years past, there has been an equally constant increase of the amount and proportion of the world's business done under free-trade conditions. This is partly due to the rise and growth of big States which have free trade within their own borders, so that as home is always more important in bulk than foreign trade—much more important—it is permissible to classify States like the United States, Germany, France, and Russia, and others, as far more free-trading than protectionist. They have partial protection applicable to small portions of their total industry, but the rule is free trade. How small the protected portion is in some cases is shown by the calculation of American statisticians that protected industries in the United States do not employ 5 per cent. of the occupied population. • Another reason for the limited extent of protection is the amount of trade requiring a larger market than the protected area can give, so that many duties which would be protective, if the production of the protected articles was really carried on in the area where frontier duties exist, fail to have any protective effect because protected industries do not in fact exist in such areas to any sensible extent. • This remark applies very largely to our self-governing Colonies, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, which believe themselves protectionist and call themselves protectionist, but whose protected industries employ only a fraction of their population. They are countries with high and

badly arranged fiscal duties, but the practical vices of those duties are but partially those of protection. So it will be under the proposed mutual preferences between the Mother Country and the Colonies. Just because we can do so little for each other even by extreme preferences, as above shown, so the deviation from free trade and the disturbance of trade involved in less extreme preferences will be really inconsiderable. The one thing is implied by the other. Our colonial friends might rejoice greatly in exemption from a shilling duty on wheat or some such home tax; or in exemption from our wine duties as a favour to their wine production; but the effect of such concessions would hardly show one way or the other in the great volume of our trade which would still be carried on under free-trade conditions. We have every reason, therefore, to waive prepossessions and prejudices, and meet the Colonies in the matter, showing reason in friendly conference against extreme proposals, and securing the main object of dealing unitedly, and not as a mere bundle of sticks destitute of cohesion, with foreign governments. The thing must be done and done wisely, and it is unreasonable to the last degree to avoid the business because of free-trading or any other prepossessions.

A last remark may be made. While free trade must be the rule of our policy, there are surely possible exceptions where deviations may be considered for political reasons, and where the assistance of our Colonies may be expedient in doing something for the political advantage of the Empire as a whole. Last year, in giving evidence before the Shipping Subsidies Committee, I went so far as to admit that certain incidents in connection with British shipping seemed rather to point to the necessity for strong measures on the part of the Government in defence of its mercantile marine. I am not sure that the full force of the existing dangers to our mercantile marine has yet been fully realised, as all our statistics are now vitiated in consequence of so many of the ships classed as British in our returns being really foreign-owned ships. But if there are dangers of this sort to British industries indispensable to national existence, we must employ every weapon to protect them, even if the cost is considerable, and especially we must not reject with a kind of contempt the assistance which the Colonies are readily offering.

The final conclusion is that while a system of mutual preferences holds out no promise of economic advantage to the Mother Country and the Colonies, and will be a ticklish thing to establish and maintain, bringing with it inevitable deceptions and misunderstandings which may tend to disintegrate the Empire rather than bind it together, yet there are good political reasons at this juncture for taking counsel with the Colonies as to the practical issues of Imperial

union and for arranging with them a good understanding on this topic, among others, so that the commercial relations between the Empire and foreign countries may be adjusted on the basis of imperial unity, giving foreign countries no opening for the attempts that have been made to distinguish between different parts and penalise any part for its dealings in matters of inter-Imperial trade. As the political question is much more important than the economic one, this must be decisive of our action. At the same time, there is little reason to apprehend any serious deviation from the practice of free trade, which is much better established and predominates throughout the world far more than would be supposed from the floods of protectionist talk and writing that are inflicted on us. The big States cover so large a part of the earth's surface, that while there is free trade within their borders there can be no danger of any system of protection covering much ground and causing great loss to any particular country or people in consequence of a material portion of its industry being diverted from naturally more productive to naturally less productive fields—the characteristic mischief of protection. Although disliking prophecy, and being especially in doubt as to what boomerang and other unexpected effects interferences with free trade may lead to, I confess in this matter to having some belief that the threat of mutual preferences and other measures to guard special industries in the Empire against the concerted attacks either of foreign governments or of foreign trusts, whose existence is favoured by certain protectionist conditions, may have the effect of increasing the area of real freedom everywhere in industrial pursuits. At any rate, not much harm seems probable, and there is no really plausible objection to our entering on common action with our Colonies. The misfortune is that our party system makes the issues specially difficult. Appeal is made to the masses of electors, who are necessarily ill-informed and difficult to instruct in such complex questions, and who will, alas! be for the most part wrongly instructed on both sides by speakers who are often as ill-informed as themselves, and as incapable of getting up the subject, and by other speakers who know better and use their knowledge to confuse and darken the issues and obtain a judgment from prejudice and passion which they cannot obtain from information and reason. What I should hope for is that in view of the critical juncture for the Empire public men who are leading on either side will recognise the wisdom of sobriety in dealing with the economics of the question, not exaggerating the anticipated benefits or evils of one or the other course, and keeping in mind always the supremacy of the political issue—how the Government of the King in the Empire is to be carried on. Mr. Haldane's recent study at the Colonial Institute as to how our Cabinet system of government may have to be modified

to meet Imperial circumstances, was of the most hopeful augury in this respect, and others of our leaders, it is to be hoped, will follow. Unless in some way or other the discussion can be brought up to the level of the emergency, there is danger ahead not merely to the cause of Imperial Federation, but to the existence of the Empire itself.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

## *IMPERIAL POLICY AND FREE TRADE*

### II

THERE is, in the grammar of ancient Greece, if my somewhat hazy recollections are correct, a tense unknown in any other language, and designated in my schooldays as the Paulo Post Future. The only approach to an intelligible explanation of its meaning was that it signified a contingency which might occur if some event should happen which had not yet taken place. Supposing this explanation to be correct, Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial programme seems to belong to the Paulo Post Future category. Nobody as yet is in a position to explain exactly what the Government intends to propose. All one can say with any degree of certainty is that at the next General Election the Ministry contemplate an appeal to the constituencies on a policy designed to consolidate the Empire and to bind the Colonies more closely to the Mother Country. We are further given to understand that this policy may involve a new departure in our whole fiscal administration, and that its authors do not consider themselves bound to dismiss from consideration any measures which could facilitate the end they have in view, simply and solely because such measures might be inconsistent with the dogmas of free trade. It may, I think, be also taken for granted that the Government consider a General Election as likely to occur before the date when Parliament would come to a natural end. I sympathise most cordially with the Imperialist ideas which form the basis of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. But I, in common with the rest of my fellow-countrymen, should like to know more clearly than I do yet the precise methods by which these ideas are to be carried into effect before I am asked to express any opinion, one way or the other, as to the policy upon which the country will at no distant date be asked to give judgment at the polling-booths.

The immediate question, therefore, under consideration is not whether Mr. Chamberlain's policy is wise or unwise, sound or unsound, far-sighted or short-sighted, but what are the prospects of this policy receiving popular endorsement. In as far as I can judge, this issue will be mainly determined by the manner in which it is

placed before the public, or, to speak more correctly, before the masses. Those amongst my readers who are unfortunately old enough to remember, as though it were yesterday, the embittered discussions which accompanied the introduction of household suffrage as the basis of our electoral system, first in boroughs and later on in the counties, will recall the arguments by which the bestowal of the suffrage upon the working classes was advocated or deprecated. In the days of which I speak the main argument used by the antagonists of household suffrage in boroughs was that its introduction would of necessity place supreme electoral power in the hands of the most numerous, the poorest, and the least educated section of the community. This argument, which could not be controverted, was met by a storm of invective from the supporters of a wholesale extension of the suffrage, a storm which culminated when Mr. Gladstone turned round upon his opponents and reminded them that the working men of Great Britain 'were their own flesh and blood.' A similar argument might have been applied with far greater truth in favour of enfranchising women and children under age. But, in the days of which I speak, Liberals and Conservatives were bidding against one another for the vote of the working classes; and the fatuity of this claptrap utterance passed well-nigh unnoticed at the time of its delivery. The most powerful opponent of household suffrage in boroughs was the late Lord Sherbrooke, better known in those days as 'Bob Lowe.' At this period, however, when Mr. Gladstone's influence was at its zenith, common-sense and hard logic had little chance of obtaining a hearing in or out of Parliament, and Mr. Lowe found himself crying to deaf ears in deprecating household suffrage. The Bill was passed, and Mr. Lowe's career as a politician was brought to an end. Before, however, he was relegated to the House of Lords he had one opportunity of retaliating upon his detractors. During the debates on Mr. Forster's Education Bill, he, somewhat to the surprise of his former colleagues, rose to support the measure, but based his support on the ground that after our recent legislation 'it was only wise to educate our future masters.'

The phrase may have been cynical, but it expressed a hard if unpalatable truth. Whether we like it or not, the working classes are nowadays, from an electoral point of view, our lords and masters. In the majority of the constituencies the working-class vote, if given solidly, outweighs all other votes combined. If therefore the working men of the United Kingdom are, rightly or wrongly, of one mind as to any measure or policy, they can secure its acceptance or rejection even if the whole of the wealthier and more educated classes of the community are unanimously in favour of an opposite view. It is thus no exaggeration to say that the working classes in the end are our masters, the body whose votes determine the policy of the Empire, and the party by whom that policy is to be administered.

I admit most gladly that, during the years which have elapsed since household suffrage became the law of the land, the mastery of the working-class vote has been exercised, as a rule, with good sense and moderation. Many causes may be alleged to account for this result. In the first place, the strength of what may be called the social organisation of England is out of all proportion to its numbers. Again, the intense individualism of our race, both high and low, is a serious obstacle to all united class action. Then, too, the British public, viewed as a whole, take very little interest in political questions which do not affect them individually. And, what is most important of all, our working classes possess their full share of the shrewd good sense and sound judgment which lead Englishmen to entrust the conduct of public affairs to men whom, with or without reason, they deem to be more competent than themselves. Moreover, there is happily no such division of sentiment in England and Scotland, at any rate, as that which divides high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, in most other self-governing countries. Our prejudices and convictions, our likes and dislikes, our traditions and ambitions are, *mutatis mutandis*, very much akin amid all classes of the realm. Still the brute force of mere numbers will tell in the long run; and we can recall at least one occasion on which the State policy of the British Empire has been reversed by the voice of our masters. I do not suppose that at the time of the Bulgarian atrocities one workman in a hundred knew where Bulgaria was situated, or that one in a thousand had the remotest conception of what the Eastern Question is, or in what way the fortunes of England might be influenced by its solution. Yet, to quote a phrase current in those days, 'the great heart of the nation' was stirred up by the Midlothian campaign, and the working man's vote carried back Mr. Gladstone into office, and thereby modified, for good or evil, the traditional policy of England in respect of the Ottoman Empire. The protest made by the British working men against the 'Unspeakable Turk' may have been sound in principle. As to that I express no opinion. All I contend is that the verdict of the masses on the 'Atrocities' issue was given on no sound understanding of the issues involved, but on the impulse of sentiment and prejudice. What has occurred once may occur again.

It seems more than likely that an issue is about to be brought before the British electorate, whose decision may determine the fate not only of England, but of the British Empire. This issue, if my view is correct, must ultimately be decided by the attitude of the working classes. The policy of which Mr. Chamberlain is the author, which Mr. Balfour has virtually adopted as the programme of his Ministry, and which he has pledged the Government to try to carry into execution, involves, admittedly, a material change in our system of fiscal administration and in our trade relations with foreign countries.

Any such change is obviously open to the charge that it necessitates the abandonment of free trade as the one dominant principle of our industrial policy, and it is, to say the least, liable to the further charge that it can only be carried into practice by imposing fresh duties upon the importation of corn. It is manifest that these are the two charges upon which the Liberals hope to secure the support of the working-class electorate, and thereby to bring about the downfall of the Unionist party and their own return to power. The first of these charges is based on an appeal to the working classes in favour of the maintenance of free trade, as being the charter of their welfare in the future as it has been in the past. The second charge is founded on the assumptions that any system of preferential duties, such as that suggested by Mr. Chamberlain as essential to the consolidation of the Empire, must of necessity increase the cost of living, and that this increase must inevitably fall on the shoulders of the masses.

To the first of these charges I for one attach no special weight. I utterly disbelieve in the assertion that the working classes of our community have any strong bias in favour of free trade as an abstract principle. The British workman, in all matters which concern his own labour, is at heart a rigid protectionist. The fundamental theory of all trade unions is to exclude competition, to keep up the price of labour by artificial limitations, to oppose any mechanical improvements which might increase the profit of the employer by enabling a larger output to be effected by a diminution in the number of hands employed in its production, and to hinder the individual workman from doing more or better work than the bulk of his comrades. I do not say or think that the working classes are to be blamed for seeking to promote their personal interests at the cost of the community at large; but I do say that trade unionism is based upon Protection, and is inconsistent with the principle of free trade as expounded by its authors in the days of the Anti-Corn Law League. There is no question about the fact that during the period which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws there was a marvellous development of trade in England and Scotland, and that within the same period the average rate of wages paid for manual labour underwent a material increase. It is hardly reasonable to expect that the classes who profited by this outburst of prosperity, when the revenue, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase, 'advanced by leaps and bounds,' should take much heed of the fact that the period of which I speak coincided almost exactly with an extraordinary development of railways, steamships, and telegraphy, things which have revolutionised the whole commerce of the universe. The *post hoc, propter hoc* fallacy is one which has recommended itself before now to the approval of men whose intellectual training far exceeds that of ordinary workmen. I am not surprised, therefore, that the rank and file of our labourers and artisans should attribute the amelioration of their condition to



the influence of free trade, and should regard any proposal to change our fiscal system with instinctive apprehension.

- I have, however, sufficient confidence in the intelligence of our fellow-countrymen to believe that they are capable of being taught that free trade doctrines are not, like the rules of arithmetic, capable of universal application. That two and two will make four must remain true till the end of time; but free trade may obviously be beneficial to any country at one stage of its development and detrimental at another. If you turn to the writings of the Anti-Corn Law League you will find that the introduction of free trade was represented as the advent of an industrial millennium under whose reign every country should produce the articles which it was best fitted by nature to provide, and under which war would be rendered impossible by the certainty that all mankind would have no further cause for envy or hostility. We were assured further that all other countries would follow the example of England in throwing open her ports and markets to foreign competition; that every industry in England would flourish more vigorously than it had ever done before, owing to the decrease in the cost of all articles of general consumption; and that if any country should be so blind to its own welfare as not to adopt the new evangel inaugurated by the Manchester School, it would soon be shown the folly of its ways by the decline of its trade and the exhaustion of its resources. Every one of these prophecies has been falsified by events. Wars have been more frequent, more costly, and more murderous throughout Europe under democratic institutions than they were in the days of monarchical or aristocratic rule. The example of England, far from being regarded as a shining light, has been rejected by every one of her neighbours as detrimental to their own interests; and instead of this blindness of vision leading to their own discomfiture, their trade, their manufactures, and their agriculture have flourished exceptionally under protective systems. Even the Cobden Club must admit that the prospects of free trade ever being accepted by the world at large have become more remote to-day than they were at the date of its foundation. It is also manifest that under free trade many industries in the United Kingdom, and notably agriculture, which till recent times was by far the most important industry in the country, have dwindled away. It needs no showing that in consequence of the decline of British agriculture we have absolutely no means of providing the people of this country with their daily bread, other than the constant importation of vast quantities of foreign corn. There is, too, no longer room for doubt that under free trade the competition of foreign countries enjoying protection is seriously endangering the supremacy of our manufacturing industry even in our own markets. I fully own that in my opinion free trade is not the only cause of our present un-

satisfactory position. But, be this as it may, there is no gainsaying the hard fact that all the promises on the strength of which this country committed herself to free trade have proved fallacious; and in the face of this fact I cannot accept the assertion that our working classes are still so enamoured of free trade as to refuse to listen to any argument not in accordance with the theories of the Manchester School. It seems to me an insult to the British working man to assume, as our leading Liberals do in all their speeches, that he is too pig-headed ever to give a hearing to any proposal not based simply and solely on the theory that free trade is a self-evident truth which, to use the phrase applied by the Church of Rome to dogmas propounded by an infallible Pontiff, must be held *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*.

The second charge in virtue of which the working-class electorate is to be induced to reject an Imperialist policy, root and branch, is, I hold, far more powerful because it is more difficult of refutation. With the characteristic bluntness of speech which, whatever his adversaries may assert, is the secret of his hold over the British public, Mr. Chamberlain has himself admitted that an Imperialist policy may under certain contingencies necessitate the imposition of preferential duties on bread-stuffs imported into the United Kingdom from foreign corn-growing countries. He has also acknowledged that this policy may, under conceivable though improbable conditions, lead to a rise in the price of bread, while at the same time he has declared his belief that any increase in the cost of living will, in as far as the working classes are concerned, be more than compensated by a consequent increase in wages. These admissions on the part of the Secretary for the Colonies have given the Opposition the cry for which they have searched hitherto so wistfully and so unsuccessfully. Their programme is ready cut to their hands. Imperialism, the constituencies are to be warned, means the abandonment of free trade. The return to protection means the imposition of preferential duties in favour of our Colonies. This means a rise in the price of bread. A rise in the price of bread means destitution, if not starvation, to the labourer and the mechanic. In order to avert this catastrophe the Unionist party must be displaced from office. All ideas of an Imperialist policy and of the consolidation of the British Empire must be consigned to oblivion. This can only be done if the constituencies return a Liberal majority at the next General Election. All working men, therefore, throughout the kingdom are to be called upon to vote for the 'big loaf' of free trade as against the 'little loaf' of protection, and by so doing not only to deal a death-blow to Imperialism but to save themselves, their wives, and their families from misery if not from ruin. Cheap bread is to be the standard under which the Liberals are to march to victory.

From a party point of view, the cry of 'cheap bread' is a telling appeal to the classes who, as I have said before, are, from an electoral point of view, masters of the situation. I have been too long conversant with British politics to entertain any delusions as to the certainty of this cry being espoused by an Opposition hungry for office. The manner, however, in which Mr. Chamberlain's policy has been assailed by his opponents exceeds even the ordinary licence allowed by usage to party warfare. All that the chief champion of the British Empire has asked for is that the ideas which he has sketched out as the basis of an Imperialist policy should receive the serious consideration of his fellow-countrymen, and especially of those amongst them who exercise influence over the British public. This appeal for consideration has been met by an outburst of vituperation. Throughout all the speeches and addresses delivered by the leading men of the Liberal party since Mr. Chamberlain put forward the outlines of an Imperialist programme, I have failed to notice any serious attempt to meet the arguments he employed to show the necessity for some modification of our fiscal system. I have been unable, as a rule, to find any internal evidence that his arguments have even been perused with attention. The purport of all the Opposition speeches I have had occasion to read is one and the same. That purport, put into plain English, is 'Down with Chamberlain, up for cheap bread, and, above all, vote for the Liberals.' Lord Rosebery, it must be fairly owned, recognised in his first speech the grandeur of Mr. Chamberlain's conception, while reserving any definite approval till further information was forthcoming. As soon, however, as his lordship learnt that the Opposition saw a chance of upsetting the Government on the 'big loaf' cry—the cry by which they carried the Bury election—he experienced conversion, assured the public that his qualified eulogy of Mr. Chamberlain was a mere expression of personal esteem devoid of any political significance, that he was a staunch partisan of free trade, and that, to use a vulgar phrase, he was sound 'upon the (Liberal) goose.' With this exception I cannot see any sign that the Liberals have felt it their duty to take serious account of the grave issues Mr. Chamberlain has submitted to public consideration. It is enough for them to declare that the maintenance of free trade, as a ruling principle of our State policy, is essential to cheap bread, and that therefore any attempt to consolidate the Empire by preferential tariffs is in itself 'anathema maranatha.' It is characteristic of the deterioration which has befallen the Liberal party that its nominal leader should not have deemed it unworthy of his position and the high traditions he represents to commence a rabid denunciation of Imperialism by likening Mr. Chamberlain's policy to the action of a cuttlefish, who vomits forth a mass of inky slime in order to blind his assailants, and thereby to save his own life. If this be Scotch 'wut,' Heaven preserve us from Sir Campbell-Bannerman!

'Slanders,' to use a Turkish proverb, 'like chickens, come home to roost.' I cannot but hope that the virulence of the abuse with which Mr. Chamberlain has been assailed for having committed the heinous offence of wishing to render the British Empire something more of a *façade*, something less of a name, may in the end redound to his own advantage. British workmen share to the full the liking of their countrymen for a man who has the courage of his opinions, who is not afraid to explain his views in plain language, and who, whether his views are sound or unsound, is proud of England, believes in her Imperial mission, and is never shaken in his confidence as to her ultimate triumph. With a nation which loves fair play, a public man gains rather than loses by being unfairly abused. I hold, therefore, that the Liberal party would have shown more astuteness if they had expressed sympathy in the abstract with any policy which had in view the aggrandisement of the British Empire, but had objected to the policy propounded by Mr. Chamberlain on the ground that it had not been sufficiently studied out, and that in any case the time was not ripe for its accomplishment.

Notwithstanding, however, the bad taste and worse judgment with which the Liberals have conducted the campaign against Imperialism, I cannot but feel that the 'cheap bread' cry is likely to exercise a very great influence with the working-class voters. Political economists, especially if they belong, as they do in most instances, to the free trade party, are fond of dwelling on the innate superiority of direct taxation as opposed to indirect. Practical statesmen, who study human nature by personal experience, not by book learning, are well aware that taxation which actually takes hard money out of one's pockets is always far more unpopular than taxation which only increases one's general liabilities. An *octroi* is, of all means of collecting taxes, the most costly and, in principle, the most unjust. Yet the inhabitants of towns, such as Paris, in which the *octroi* is established never complain of this mode of levying revenue, and would bitterly resent the substitution of direct rates. A tax on imported wheat comes under the category of indirect taxation, and would not therefore in itself excite any serious popular irritation so long—as proved to be the case with the shilling duty—as it did not appreciably raise the price of bread. Mr. Chamberlain, however, with his wonted frankness, admits that a corn duty such as he contemplates may possibly, or even probably, affect the selling price of bread to an appreciable extent. Indeed, I fail to see how the policy he has in view can be carried into execution unless England is content to raise a duty upon the most important of her imports—that of bread-stuffs. If this is so, it is idle to imagine that the retail price of bread will not be raised, at all events at the outset. Now, of all forms of taxation, a tax on bread is the most unpopular with the poorer classes of the community. To the labourer and the

•artisan it means direct taxation in its most aggravating form. Bread is the staple food, if not of our workmen themselves, at any rate of their wives and families. To the upper and middle classes an extra charge of a farthing or even a halfpenny a loaf is a matter of utter indifference. But to the working man the extra charge which has to be paid out of his own pocket week by week, if not day by day, is a serious and a constantly recurring burden. It is very easy to say that this outlay could be more than recouped if workmen would drink a glass or two the less during the week, or smoke a few less pipes. But for my part I can see no more reason why the poor man should be expected to forego his few comforts than why the rich man should be asked to dispense with any one of his many luxuries. Human nature is much the same anywhere, and what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Holding this view, I own frankly that if I earned my living by manual labour my instinct would be strongly opposed to any artificial rise in the price of bread; that I should be extremely sceptical as to any commensurate increase in my wages; and that, if I had a vote, I should probably employ it against any policy which contemplated raising the price of bread by the imposition of duties on imported corn. In plainer words, unless strong grounds should be shown to the contrary, I should vote for the Liberals as against the Unionists.

If my diagnosis is correct, the motives which would influence me personally, supposing I were myself a working man, are likely to influence the great mass of my hypothetical fellow-workers. Should this prove to be the case, it follows logically that the fate of the British Empire will be decided, for good or bad, upon the issue whether the working classes of Great Britain will or will not consent to any augmentation in the price of their daily bread. Votes with us count nowadays by heads, not by brains, and if the working-class electorate decide in favour of the 'big loaf' against the 'little loaf,' all idea of consolidating the Mother Country and her Colonies into one united Empire must be postponed indefinitely, if not abandoned permanently.

In dealing with matters which affect the vital interests of our country it is wise to look facts in the face. Now the bottom facts of the present political situation are that the question of Empire or no Empire must be settled by the votes of the working classes, and that as things stand, the workman's vote is likely to be given on the plain and simple issue whether an Imperialist policy is or is not likely to raise the price of bread. This truth is fully appreciated by the opponents of the Government. For the sake of decency, the Liberals keep to the pretence that they are fighting the battle of free trade as having been the cause of the comparative prosperity the working classes have enjoyed since the repeal of the Corn Laws, and as being the safeguard of their well-being in the future. But the real gist

of their appeals to the votes of the operatives is that Imperialism must raise the price of bread, and that therefore the vote of the proletariat must be given for free trade, which is, as they allege, synonymous with cheap bread. We may regard as cynical the persistency with which the leaders of the Liberal party keep on assuming that the one thing the working classes really care about is the cheapness of their daily food; that the fortunes of their country, the welfare of their fellow-countrymen across the seas, the fulfilment of England's Imperial mission, are to them matters of supreme indifference provided they are not called upon to pay a somewhat dearer price for the quartern loaf. But from an electioneering point of view the Liberals are well advised in making their appeal to the masses on the plea that 'cheap bread is the one thing needful.' It is true this plea is in direct contradiction to the scriptural adage that 'man cannot live by bread alone.' Politicians, however, of the Little England school hold with the well-known lines in Russell Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, that 'John P. Robinson, he, thinks they did not know everything down in Judee.' Perhaps after all the Liberals are wise in their generation. The *argumentum ad hominem* is always an effective appeal, more especially when the particular portion of the human frame to which the appeal is made is the belly.

Notwithstanding all these admissions, I see no reason why the champions of England's Imperial mission should despair of raising the controversy between the 'big loaf' and the 'little loaf' to a higher level, and of enlisting the sympathies of the working-class electorate in favour of the consolidation of the British Empire. The cry of free trade being in danger has no terror for the rural population. They require no evidence beyond that of their own eyes to realise that to the agricultural interest free trade has proved a disaster, not a benefit. They can see for themselves how rentals have fallen everywhere, how the production of home-grown corn has ceased to be profitable, and must continue to be unprofitable so long as wheat grown in and imported from America can be sold in the English market cheaper than the home-grown article. They can see also how the squire, the parson, and the farmer have grown poorer without any corresponding gain accruing to the labourer. They can observe how the young men are quitting the fields for the town, how the small country towns are decaying, how the industry by which their forefathers lived is dying for lack of sustenance. They are not likely, therefore, to turn a deaf ear to any policy which offers to open fresh markets abroad for British produce and to restore our home markets to British agriculture, on the grounds that this policy is inconsistent with the orthodox doctrines of free trade, or that the interest of the consumer is more important than that of the producer. Hodge may not be quick-witted, but he is sensible enough to understand that free trade, which was good for England half a century

ago under conditions which have long ceased to exist, may not necessarily be good for her to-day. He is quite shrewd enough to suspect that if British agriculture is to be saved from absolute ruin some drastic change is required, and that this change, under whatever name it is called, must involve an alteration of our fiscal system for the benefit of the agricultural interest.

Amidst the urban electorate any crusade against the absurdity of regarding free trade as a principle of universal application will obviously encounter far greater difficulties than amidst the rural electorate. Under free trade our artisans as a body have received higher wages and have been able to purchase the necessities of life, and even some of its luxuries, more cheaply than they were able to do before the repeal of the Corn Laws. It is, as I have stated before, open to argument how far the improvement in the material condition of the British artisan is solely or even mainly due to free trade; but arguments of a complicated kind are not easily intelligible by common people. After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and we have no cause to complain if the artisans of England have hitherto accepted, as a matter of blind faith, the assumption that their improved status is the result of free trade.

At the same time, the artisan is far more accessible than the labourer to the higher aspects of Imperial policy. It is a mistake to overestimate the power of sentiment in politics. It is an even greater mistake to underrate its influence. The educated classes in this country are, I think, apt to forget that our self-governing colonies are peopled by men of British race, who, for the most part, are members of the British working classes. Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa possess greater personal interest for British labourers and British artisans than they have, or can have, for the wealthier classes of the British commonwealth. The fact that our colonial kinsmen wish to be brought into closer kinship with the Mother Country tells more in the cottage and the factory than it does in the mansion and the villa. Again, patriotism in its cruder forms is certainly not less common in the lower ranks of British society than it is in the upper. I cannot conceive how any one who lived through the reverses which occurred at the outset of the late war, and through the victories which culminated in the wholesale surrender of the Boers, can question the truth that the war was even more popular with the masses than it was with the classes. Kid-glove politicians may decry the value of popular demonstrations such as were witnessed throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom when news of the relief of Ladysmith and of Mafeking first reached our shores. The mobs who screamed themselves hoarse in the streets of London and in those of every great city, north, south, east, and west, while singing the *Soldiers of the Queen* were actuated by the same sentiment which was shown by our soldiers in

the field and by the well-to-do classes who bore the financial burdens imposed upon them by the war cheerfully and well-nigh without a protest. The war is over; the glamour of our victory is departed; the bad quarter of an hour when the bill has to be paid, has arrived; and yet, up to now, no public man of any weight or standing, however advanced his views may be, has had the courage to stand up before an open meeting of his fellow-countrymen and to denounce the war as unjust and unnecessary. In the rare instances when such an appeal has been made, the response received has not been of a character to encourage its repetition. I may add that the criticisms of the 'New Diplomacy,' of which Mr. Chamberlain is alleged to be the author, do not proceed from the working classes. His blunt frankness of utterance and his disregard of conventional euphuisms come home to British instincts. When, at the time of the outrageous attacks on Queen Victoria in Paris, and of the still more outrageous insults which in the German Parliament were offered to the British armies, Mr. Chamberlain replied by bidding France to mend her manners, and by informing Germany that her insults must not be repeated, he voiced the sentiments of the British public and spoke the language which Englishmen like to hear from the mouths of their statesmen, and which they have heard too seldom since the days of Palmerston. The fact, if fact it is, as I believe it to be, that Mr. Chamberlain will have the sympathies of the working-class electorate enlisted on his behalf in favour of his Imperialist policy, is one which should be taken into account in estimating the chances of his success or failure whenever, if ever, his policy is submitted to the judgment of the constituencies.

Still, I should hesitate to foretell that these sympathies would turn the scale if the Liberals can succeed in persuading the masses that an Imperialist policy necessitates the abandonment of free trade and, as a necessary corollary, a rise in the price of bread. The undoubted truth that under free trade wages have been higher and the cost of living cheaper for the artisan must bias him against a policy based upon differential duties. Even if it can be proved to popular demonstration that free trade is not the main cause which has brought about the cheapness of bread, the hard fact remains that, if a substantial increase is made in the duties on corn imported from foreign countries, there must of necessity be a corresponding increase in the average price of bread. The prospect of the additional revenue to be secured by preferential duties proving sufficient to enable the State to provide old-age pensions for the industrious poor, seems to me too remote and too nebulous to weigh much with the working man. Nor can I see how the possibility of a rise of wages following upon an increase in the cost of bread being a probability, and still less a certainty, can be proved by any process of argument which would commend itself to the approval of



the working-class electorate, upon whose shoulders the first loss incurred by any material rise in the price of bread must fall of necessity. Why, then, I may be asked, do I entertain the hope that the working classes may in the end support an Imperialist policy at the next General Election?

A score of years ago, when a reaction of popular sentiment against free trade had just begun to make itself manifest, I had a conversation with my old friend Sir George Elliot, who was then M.P. for the County of Durham, and who was one of the largest coal-owners in the north of England and in Wales. In the course of the conversation I asked him what he thought about the prospects of protection again coming into popular favour. His reply was to the following effect:

I know very little about political economy, but in as far as my knowledge goes I am in favour of free trade, and I am certain that it is profitable to my own trade under existing conditions. But though I may be a very poor authority on political economical questions, I know a great deal more about the British working man than ninety-nine Members of Parliament out of a hundred. And I can tell you this with absolute certainty, that if ever the British working man gets it into his head, rightly or wrongly, that foreign competition is likely to lower his own wages, you will have a cry for protection which no Government and no party can venture to resist.

During the years which have come and gone since this conversation was held I have watched with close attention the continuous change in popular opinion with respect to the advantages of free trade. I think every candid observer will agree with me in saying that free trade is no longer regarded by the great majority of educated Englishmen as a dogma commanding universal credence. The Cobden Club is virtually if not nominally defunct. The younger generation of Englishmen regard free trade at the best as a system which may be beneficial to certain countries at certain times and under certain conditions, but which at other times and under other conditions may be positively fatal to our progress and prosperity. The opinion of the 'civilised world,' about which we used to hear so much during the Boer war, is dead against free trade. Every one of the countries which rallied to protection has not, as Cobden used to foretell, fallen behind in the race, but has actually gained ground commercially in comparison with England. In consequence, thinking Englishmen have, as a body, come long ago to the conclusion that free trade is at the best a principle of local and temporary application; and there are many indications that they are fast getting round to the view that free trade, as we know it to-day, is positively detrimental to British interests.

For the reasons I have already indicated I hold that this reaction—which is not so much a conversion to protectionist ideas as a distrust in free trade theories—would naturally have made more

- 4 rapid progress with the working classes than with those not dependent for their living upon manual labour. The principles of the Manchester School are, justly or unjustly, out of harmony with the ideas which commend themselves nowadays to the working classes in England. The one cause which has kept them constant to a belief in free trade has been the fact that under free trade their wages have been higher and their food has been cheaper than in the old days of protection. It is, to my thinking, idle to endeavour to teach the electorate, which before long will have to decide the issue between Imperialism and Little Englandism, that high wages and cheap food have no necessary connection with free trade. With the masses, facts they can understand tell more than figures they do not and cannot understand. If, therefore, we are to create general distrust amidst the masses in respect of our existing system which in their minds is associated with high wages and cheap food, we can only hope to do so by proving to them that our trade is already impaired by foreign competition, and that if our trade decreases then wages must fall also.

It ought not, I think, to be impossible to bring home to the working man a conviction that our commercial supremacy is seriously endangered by a system under which English traders fight against foreign competitors with their hands tied. The experience of the war is too fresh in men's memories for even the most ignorant of our fellow-countrymen to be under any delusion as to the ill-will and jealousy with which England is regarded throughout the world. There is no disguising the plain fact that, so long as fortune was adverse to our arms, the nations of the Old World and the New vied with each other in expressing their hopes for the success of the Boers and in predicting the downfall of the British Empire. Germany, Russia, and France took the lead in this anti-English demonstration. In as far as popular sentiment is represented by the press, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, and Italy—countries upon whose good-will we had some reason to count in return for past services—joined the outcry against us. Even our kinsmen across the Atlantic, though they assure us, as I believe with truth, that at heart they wished well to England, so contrived to dissemble their love that it looked more like indifference to our welfare than active sympathy. Practically, throughout the war we met with no encouragement, no assistance of any kind, except from our British colonies beyond the seas, who rallied to our support in the hour of danger. No exceptional intelligence is needed to appreciate the truth that the main cause of the well-nigh universal hostility displayed towards this country throughout the war was not any regard or concern for the Boers, but jealousy of England. Our wealth, our mastery on the sea, our free institutions, our immunity from attack, our 'splendid isolation' excite not unnaturally the envy of other nations less

favoured than our own, and this envy is intensified by a latent suspicion that England is now commencing its career as an Imperial power, not approaching its end. Englishmen will have only themselves to blame if they fail to realise that the supremacy of England is an eyesore to the world at large, and that the downfall of the British Empire is the object which our neighbours have at heart. For many reasons, upon which it would be foreign to my purpose to dwell, the time is not yet ripe for any armed coalition against England. Indeed we, by our blind adherence to a doctrinaire policy, have obviated the necessity for armed action on the part of our rivals. Ever since the abolition of the Corn Laws, the corn-producing powers of England have dwindled away, until, according to a not unfriendly estimate, the country does not produce enough corn to keep our people from starvation for more than a few weeks in case we became involved in a war which stopped our supplies of corn imported from abroad. Under these circumstances to go to war in order to ruin England would be an absurdity so long as the same end can be attained by the cheaper and simpler method of excluding British goods from foreign markets by imposing prohibitive duties. This is the course resorted to by our neighbours as a matter of common interest. Every important foreign country is becoming more and more enamoured of protection, and the vital principle of every protectionist system is to encourage native industry by practically excluding foreign goods from native markets. Other countries can defend themselves against prohibitive duties by retaliation, or, in plain words, by imposing increased duties on the import into their dominions of goods manufactured abroad. But England, so long as she regards free trade as a sort of sacred covenant, is debarred from retaliation. The unanimity with which our foreign friends, who only yesterday were our bitter enemies, implore us for our own sakes not to abandon the policy of allowing all other nations unrestricted access to our markets should—to use a French saying—give ‘us to think.’ Anybody, as things stand, can injure us with impunity. Would it not be better and wiser if we resorted to the old motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*? The advantage of such a resort to common-sense is manifested by the fact that Germany has expressed an intention to mulct Canada, because this, the greatest of British Colonies, has of her own accord offered to give preferential advantages to goods manufactured in the Mother Country as against goods manufactured in foreign lands. The only retort we can make is by saying that if Germany carries out her intention we shall raise our duties on goods manufactured in Germany and imported into England. This retort, however, we are debarred from making, because retaliation is inconsistent with the theory of free trade.

I cannot but think that if these views are put forward clearly and intelligibly to the working-class electorate they will command such

an amount of assent as may enable the advocates of an Imperial policy, to establish the essential basis of such a policy, the granting of preferential duties to our own Colonies. I am convinced, too, that no one living is so well qualified, by character, by power of argument, by knowledge of trade at home and abroad, and by a profound belief in the 'manifest destiny' of England, to win the assent of the British working classes to the imposition of preferential duties, even if they necessitate a rise in the price of bread, as the statesman who has done more than any other man of our time to awake his fellow-countrymen to a sense of England's Imperial mission. But his failure or success lies in the hands of the gods; and the gods on this occasion are the working men of England, to whom we have entrusted supreme voting power. It is they who will dictate the composition of Parliament, and thereby command the policy of Great Britain. It is to them that we Imperialists, who regard the maintenance of the United Kingdom and the consolidation of the British Empire as surpassing in importance all other considerations, must appeal for support. They, as Mr. Lowe foresaw, are our masters, and by their judgment we must abide.

EDWARD DICEY.

## IMPERIAL POLICY AND FREE TRADE

### III

THE best economic condition is not that in which the greatest amount of produce is obtained at the cheapest rate, the greatest amount of capitalists pick up the greatest amount of profits, but one in which the greatest amount of workmen can live in the greatest possible comfort and security.—*Thorold Rogers, Free Trade Lectures delivered in the University of Oxford, 1888-9.*

In this country we know, thanks to the investigations of Mr. Seaborn Rowntree and Mr. Charles Booth, that there is about 30 per cent. of our population underfed and on the verge of hunger. Thirty per cent. of forty-one millions come to something over twelve millions.—*Speech of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman against the proposal for preferential tariffs with the Colonies, at Perth, 5th of June, 1903.*

If the proposals in favour of preferential tariffs with the Colonies are to be accepted in any form by the people of this country most thoughtful persons will recognise that there are probably three conditions which would have to be fulfilled in any successful propaganda in their favour.

(1) The free-trade fiscal policy deliberately adopted fifty years ago would have to be accepted as the right policy for this country in the conditions which produced it.

(2) Convincing cause would have to be shown that these conditions no longer tend to prevail in the world.

(3) Any change proposed would have to carry with it the same general strength of conviction and the same determination to enforce the new policy as inspired the agitation which led to the abolition of the Corn Laws in England.

If this be accepted as a fair statement of the case the difficulties in the way of the proposals will be obvious. What grounds are there for considering that a change apparently so revolutionary in every respect has come within the region of serious discussion in England? The question of difficulties, it may be admitted at once, must not be made too much of. It is entirely secondary to the merits of the case. There was scarcely ever a cause worth fighting for which was not confronted at the outset by difficulties enormous and apparently insurmountable. Adam Smith, when the doctrine of free trade was first formulated, regarded the forces against it in England as so general, so powerful, and so determined, that he

admitted that to expect the doctrine to be accepted as more than a theory, and to anticipate that it should become a practice in the United Kingdom, was as absurd as to expect the establishment of a Utopia.

If the statement of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman which I have placed at the head of this article is weighed carefully by any person who has endeavoured to approach the controversy now raging with an open mind, it will perhaps be admitted that it is calculated to give cause for reflection. The speech of the leader of one of the two great political parties in this country was a speech in favour of the existing fiscal policy of Great Britain and the conditions of trade and exchange upon which that policy rested. Our trade, he asserted, continued to be of large dimensions, our ships were in every harbour. The accumulations of capital were larger than ever before. The income-tax payers furnished the revenue now with a total of 2,600,000*l.* for every penny demanded of them, as against only 2,000,000*l.* some years ago. The coffers of revenue and of capital were full. The well-tried fiscal policy of this country had been in operation for fifty years. Only 30 per cent. of our population of 41,000,000 were underfed and on the verge of hunger. Who would therefore run the terrible risk of putting more heads under water? It was a curious and striking argument since repeated in many forms by others. In the stress of political conflict, and with an audience whose horizon is bounded by the next General Election, it may have its uses. But surely there is another side to the question. By the very unconsciousness of its irony the speech is as telling and as terrible an indictment as has ever been urged even by the most extreme reformer against those conditions of modern trade and production in England upon which in the last resort our fiscal policy rests. The feeling which rises insensibly to the mind on reading it suggests more than one question. Is the issue which is being discussed simply that which those who conceive themselves to be defending the principle of free trade hold it to be? Free traders, protectionists, zollvereinists, are these the words which represent the actual or ultimate terms in the controversy which has been opened? When the proposals which have been made on one side are replied to on the other by an argument of the kind which has just been quoted, we are surely on the brink of something more in England than a mere revival of the debate of protection *versus* free trade, as it was discussed in this country nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

In what manner, it may be asked, do the proposals which have been made towards entering into closer fiscal relations with the British Colonies bear on the prevailing tendencies in trade throughout the world, as these tendencies now affect the masses of the people in this country? To understand the situation towards which we

have moved in England, it is probably necessary to go back to the dock strike of 1890. It is at least noteworthy that, although the tendencies which at that time focussed the public mind in pained attention on economic conditions in England have continued to grow and intensify in the world, the present controversy is proceeding as if we still lived in the conditions of the early seventies in England. It is impossible, however, to regard the intervening period as filled merely with the record of a still-born chapter in history. Both at home and abroad we have an uninterrupted continuity of development since that period, possessing a significance which cannot be lightly ignored. To begin with, we have to all appearance still with us at home the 30 per cent. of our population of whom Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman accepts it that they are permanently underfed and on the verge of hunger. In practical politics there are at least two new tendencies dating from the period in question. For the first time in our party system we have the fact of an independent labour party, seeking more and more to represent the separate interests of these millions, and, so far as its objects may be briefly stated, standing over and above everything else for the idea of a living wage for labour and for the raising of the standards of life amongst the poorer masses of the population. Beyond this movement, but necessarily in direct relationship to its ideals, there is the large and growing movement towards what is wrongly called, for want of a better name, municipal socialism. This movement may in turn be said to stand for the idea of the management in the interests of the people of certain forms of production and service. It may be observed from the discussions which are proceeding how few authorities profess to see clearly at present what are its limits or whither it is carrying us. Whatever may be said of these two movements in other respects, they certainly represent the operation of ideas which carry us very considerably beyond principles that were considered fundamental less than two decades ago in England. Occupied as the leaders of both of them have been with the more immediate object of their propaganda, they have as yet concerned themselves little with the relationship of the issues they have raised to wider matters of national policy. But that there is an important connection we shall see directly.

Outside the limits of these islands, where, it must always be remembered, the principal interests of the population of this country lie, the situation is one calculated to engage attention. The three Great Powers of the world whose political conditions are likely in the future to most affect the trade of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire are Germany, Russia, and the United States. During the last quarter of a century these three Great Powers have with increasing unity and consistency of aim led the rest of the world in continuing to organise their trade and production and

even their national ambitions on certain fixed lines. There can be no mistaking the nature of the policy which is being developed. It is that of the theory of national economy so ably and, on the whole, so scientifically formulated by Friedrich List before the middle of the fifth decade of the nineteenth century. The historical basis of this policy is much less clearly understood in England even by well-informed persons than might be expected. But its close study forms a necessary introduction to understanding the character of the problems that have produced the existing situation in this country. The essence of the policy may be briefly stated. It is that of a living nation standing for its own ideas and ideals in the world, aggressive, progressive, as far as possible self-contained and self-sufficient, and therefore necessarily stretching ever outwards towards the widest possible basis of production organised towards its own aims. The importance of the part which the tropics are destined to play in the trade exchanges of the future, a fact to which the present writer endeavoured to draw attention in a series of articles in the *Times* written in the midst of the annexations that were then taking place a few years ago, was clearly perceived by the intellectual founder of Germany's present world-policy. List foresaw that even the rivalry of nations, as we have hitherto experienced it, is merely preliminary to a further stage, when the basis of agricultural production furnished by the tropical regions will in time form the most important of natural exchanges as against the manufacturing power of the temperate regions.

Under the influence of this conception of national economy as applied by Germany and the nations that have followed her lead, a great transformation of the world has taken place during the past quarter of a century. At the time when List wrote the moderate tariffs of the German States still allowed England to supply them with the greater part of the manufactured articles they required for consumption. The same was true of other States. Since that period Europe has for the most part become strictly protectionist. Germany, under the influence of List's conception, has consolidated her position in the centre of the Continent, organising her scattered States into a firmly-established political and economic unity. To her are already credited in the chancelleries of Europe economic ambitions stretching from the mouths of the Rhine to the Euphrates Valley, with a future on the ocean, and with Holland and the Dutch colonies included with her in a powerful federation. The results, so far as expressed in economic terms, are certainly noteworthy. Twenty years ago, when the rapid development of German trade first began to attract attention in this country, the reply usually was that Germany was a poor country, with no great natural resources; and that its trade beginnings were so small that its rapid increase as shown by percentages was more apparent than real. In 1886, how-



ever, the total trade of Germany was valued at 294,000,000*l.* Fourteen years later, in 1900, its total was 519,000,000*l.* Her export trade in particular has to be noticed: it is now not far short of that of the United Kingdom if the exports of coal are excluded. The other countries of Europe have followed. Russia, in the meantime, has been slowly organising her resources in accordance with the same ideal of a national economy. From her position in Europe she has gradually thrust an organised hinterland backward into Asia, seeking from the Baltic to the Pacific to make a wall of tariffs conterminous with the frontiers of her influence. Under the domination of List's ideas the last decade of the nineteenth century has witnessed beyond the confines of Europe a series of events of the first international significance. Outside the regions which have passed under British control the partition of the continent of Africa on a protectionist basis has been accomplished, the whole train of recent political events in South Africa being essentially a result due to the development in international politics of List's conception. The division of the continent of Asia into political spheres is proceeding on the same lines, all the recent events in China and South-Western Asia that have attracted general attention being similarly part of the train of consequences involved.

Looking across the Atlantic at development in the United States, the unfolding of the same policy has proceeded on similar lines. The results have been scarcely less impressive. List, after holding the Professorship of Political Economy at the University of Tübingen, resided for a period in Pennsylvania and took a deep interest in American development. He addressed a series of letters to the vice-president of the Pennsylvanian Society for the Promotion of National Industry, entitled 'Outlines of American Political Economy,' and his theory of national economy found most favourable conditions for its development in the United States. His conceptions have deeply influenced the modern development of that country. It is essentially List's policy that we find reproduced half a century after his death in the declaration a few years ago of the late President McKinley, that the policy of national economy had been everywhere successful in the world its motto being that 'the people of no nation in history has ever permanently prospered under a policy which sacrificed its home industries to build up and develop the resources and give employment to the labour of foreign States.' One of the results of this policy, as President McKinley in the work of a lifetime interpreted it in the legislative acts of his country, was the fall of imports from Great Britain to the United States from 46,000,000*l.* in 1890 to 37,000,000*l.* in 1901, while the exports from the United States to Great Britain for the same years rose from 97,000,000*l.* to 141,000,000*l.* The dream of many minds in the United States has been that of the late Mr. Blaine—a Pan-American union embracing

the two Americas, stretching from the Arctic Ocean to Patagonia, and including every kind of production and climate. For years the fiscal policy of the United States has been consistently directed to coerce Canada into such a union. Section 3 of the 'McKinley Act,' commonly known as 'The Reciprocity Clause,' which has been largely successful, was in like manner avowedly intended to pave the way towards the same object in the case of the Spanish Republics on the American continent.

So far, all these great movements, as we shall see directly, have been but preliminary. They represent the massing of forces and the taking-up of positions for the larger struggle which is to follow as the ideas behind each of them come into conflict. Looking back over the results for a moment, one thing that strikes the observer is the absurdity of attempting to judge them or to measure them from the mere economic point of view, or, still more so, from within the narrow circle of the usual free-trade *versus* protection argument. All the developments of the policies of national economy have been in a sense, as will be seen, movements toward a larger measure of free trade. The policy by which Great Britain met them, of confronting hostile tariffs with open ports, has been, *per contra*, a movement resting on a national basis. It has been followed because it has been considered, as far as we knew, to be the best policy in the circumstances for our people.

It will probably be continued to be discussed long into the future as to how far Great Britain has gained by the policy she has pursued. After some years of study of the question in many countries, the present writer feels that the most a convinced free trader is fairly entitled to say is that in the past the policy pursued has been right for Great Britain on the balance of reasons. Had this country met protection by protection, England would probably have continued to hold her monopoly of manufacturing productions. But she would have done so at the cost of retarding the expansion of the world, and so indirectly of restricting her own development. Had, on the other hand, all the world, as Cobden anticipated in his speech at Manchester in 1846, followed the free-trade example of England within five years, Great Britain would in this case also have possibly retained for a long period her manufacturing monopoly. She would have continued to be, as the early free traders anticipated, the workshop of the world. Yet it would have been a different world. If the nations had continued to come to Great Britain for their manufactures, scarcely any important State in Europe would have reached its present development. A large proportion of the United States would certainly be still unpeopled. The two policies of open trade for Great Britain and the national economics of the others have really supplemented each other in the world in the past.

But it must be considered that the gain has been the gain of

civilisation rather than of Great Britain. To describe the modern expansion of British trade simply as the result of our free-trade policy would be little more than nonsense. At the period of the adoption of free trade Great Britain held the manufacturing monopoly of the world and the command of the seas. We had accordingly a long start of all the rest of the world in the modern industrial era, and scarcely less so in the era of railway and shipping development which followed its opening. No nation, therefore, ever had such opportunities for the employment and investment of capital all the world over. Other nations learnt their industrial processes and in large part bought their machinery from England. British capital built the railways, financed the commerce, and created the industries of the United States. It was British capital similarly which built the railways of India and of the British Colonies, of Mexico, of the Argentine, Uruguay, and in large part of Brazil and the other States of Central and South America. In virtue of her start in the industrial era it has fallen to Great Britain by right of place to have largely created the industrial undertakings and to have financed the development of four continents of the world. It could not, therefore, be otherwise than that under any fiscal policy we might have followed the trade of the United Kingdom would thus far surpass that of any other country.

It is necessary, however, to recollect the exact nature of this trade as it now stands. In the year 1902 the total foreign trade of the United Kingdom was valued at 812,000,000*l.* Of this total the exports of British and Irish produce were valued at only 283,000,000*l.* The average yearly value of imports for the ten years ending 1890 was 394,000,000*l.* For the ten years ending 1900 it was 446,000,000*l.* For the same decades, the average of the exports, including the increasing export of coal, rose only from 234,000,000*l.* to 239,000,000*l.* The economic commonplace that imports must be paid for by exports often leads to confusion of thought as regards the foreign trade of this country. This great and growing difference between exports and imports in the case of Great Britain far exceeds that of any other important country in civilisation. It is usually accounted for as being occasioned by the profits on trade, the earnings of British shipping, and the return on investments abroad. But a further explanation is necessary. It arises, doubtless, in large part from the fact that investments of British capital abroad, made in the conditions just described, in which we had a long start of the rest of the world in the industrial era, are now automatically increasing in value as the expansion of the world continues. Like others, we have begun to profit by the natural growth in the value of the work of others. We are, in short, to some extent living on our unearned increment from the nations. But this result has its unsatisfactory features. It is, in the main,

a sound instinct which recognises with increasing uneasiness the fact that our manufacturing exports have practically ceased to grow to any great extent for nearly a quarter of a century. We have, that is to say, begun to be less of an industrial people and more of a people living by waiting on, and catering to the wants of, a rich and pleasure-seeking population.

Great and heavy, when every allowance is made, is the price which the expansion of the world has exacted from us during the past half-century. We have paid it in full. The conditions of growing disparity between imports and exports have been good for banking and financial interests in this country, and representatives in close touch with them, like Lord Goschen and Lord Avebury, are perhaps hardly fair judges of the general position. It has been different for the nation at large. A depleted agricultural population of the kind which Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, has mourned for years, a stagnant manufacturing export trade in which Germany has almost overhauled us, a home population which in these islands is now increasing more slowly than that of any other Great Power of the world, excluding France—a population of 41,000,000, of whom we are told that one-third is permanently on the verge of hunger: this is no inheritance to boast of in the household of the great mother at whose dugs civilisation has drawn such deep and exhausting draughts during her fifty years of free trade. If we had not the faith and insight to see its larger meaning in the future, we should be a house of mourning.

The one great and permanent gain in the era which is drawing to a close—a gain which to all appearance is destined to stand us in good stead in the future—is that accruing from the exercise of a moral principle. By the policy of opening her ports to all the world Great Britain has been able to bring under her control, with a clear conscience as regards her own people and along the line of least resistance as regards the rivalry of other Powers, immense territories which now have an important part to play in the future. The first stage of the rivalry closes upon us an empire of 400,000,000, with a nucleus of a white population of a possible 100,000,000 within the horizon of many now living. It closes upon us possessing an inheritance with every variety of climate and every possibility of production, and with a financial system sound and healthy. It leaves us, above all, a people with a part to play in the future, a part which, as we shall see presently, we have probably no option but to play, but a part as great and as worthy as any to which a people has ever given its full strength.

So far we have been, as has been said, looking at the first stage of a large movement. The real rivalry between the systems of national economy that have been described must come as the principles behind each of them begin to realise themselves in the

conflict. Looking at the world at the present time, there would seem to me to be on the whole little justification to the mind of any observer who has given long and close attention to the subject to anticipate that the prevailing conditions of production and exchange are destined to long continue in the world in the state which they have now reached. While the nations have been engaged in the great developments just dealt with, there has been little time to consider what is to come in the next stage. Nevertheless, it is far from having escaped the attention of many observers who have no leanings towards the principles of socialism that it is difficult to consider that the conditions of an unrestricted free fight in trade as it now exists can indefinitely continue. For the conditions have inherent in them, and particularly in their international relations, a phase in which they must become absolutely incompatible with the interests of the masses of the people at large. The free fight will, just as is now happening in the United States, be continued only up to a certain point. The ultimate conditions as the world draws together are those of amalgamation of trade interests irrespective of frontiers, of attempted monopoly—control in production, with the regulation of prices throughout the world as against the consumer. It may be noticed that it cannot be without significance that, while Germany has been outlining the great system of national economy just described, practically the largest political party at home repudiates in the interests of the people the whole theory of competition and exchange in trade upon which our fiscal system rests. The signs of the times amongst ourselves have been noticed, and the unconscious irony of the leader of the Liberal party, defending the present conditions of our trade by the argument that nearly one-third of our population are permanently on the verge of hunger, is not the least significant of them.

It is, however, on the other side of the Atlantic, where the conditions of unrestricted competition as they prevail within the frontiers of the United States have been operative for long on the largest free-trade basis which exists in the world, that the present tendencies in trade are clearly in evidence and have already begun to vitally affect us. The leaders of the school of political economy, of the school which has long been in the ascendant in the past in England, never contemplated the growth of the gigantic industrial organisations which have now begun to draw under their influence the trade of almost every country in the world. If one looks at the last free-trade lecture of so robust a free trader as the late Thorold Rogers, delivered in the University of Oxford only fifteen years ago, the result is very striking. The immense interval which separates the actual world as it exists now from that world in which the majority of even our middle-aged leaders of economic thought formed their opinions is very marked. Thorold Rogers

fifteen years ago saw all the nations still sitting at the feet of England. Germany, he remarks complacently, 'has not got beyond the position of imitator.' As to the United States, 'they have made no great discoveries.' In industry and invention we have nothing to fear from the rivalry of the world. As the result of our fiscal system, 'we fix the market-price for nearly every product of human industry.'

If it be asked what are the circumstances now, and under what conditions prices are tending to be fixed as the trust and combine system has developed, the reply is remarkable. Great Britain, which twenty years ago far surpassed other nations in the production of pig-iron, has fallen to the third place, the 'imitator' being in front of her. But this is incidental, and not the matter which engages most serious attention. The iron trade of the United States, following the general tendencies in all industries, has gradually organised itself into the most gigantic single concern aiming at monopoly and at the control of prices that the world has known. Far removed from the principles of the financial operation known as cornering the market are those of the well-organised trust or modern combine. The capital of the United States Steel Corporation is already between 200,000,000*l.* and 300,000,000*l.* Its policy is not simply combination at the top, but rather the organisation and control of production from its source at the mine, through all the feeding channels towards manufacture, and then outwards again towards distribution. It aims thus to draw into a single organisation mines, manufactures, railway systems, and eventually the lines of communication of the world. The two latter are, indeed, the great and secure basis upon which an effective control of prices in any industry ultimately rests. For there is no kind of production in the world which cannot be made a monopoly if the organisation controlling it has command of the lines of communication.

A little more than two years ago Mr. Robert Donald described the operations of this Trust as far as they had gone, and the description is significant in the light of still more recent developments which are fresh in the public mind.

This year we have seen that, following on the creation of the Steel Trust and forming part of the same gigantic scheme, the same interests have brought three great American railway systems into one 'community of interests.' One of these lines has a service of steamers on the Pacific. The acquisition of the Leyland Line, the Atlantic Transport Line, and the American Line by the same group of capitalists gives the Steel Trust command of the seas. It will be enabled to make through deliveries over the American continent, across the Atlantic and the Pacific. A world-wide carrying trade will be in its hands. Other steamship lines may pass into its possession. It would be just as easy for Mr. Ellerman, who has created the London and Liverpool Steamship Company out of the remains of the Leyland Line, and some other combinations trading in the Mediterranean and the East, to transfer that company to the Morgan interests

at a profit as it was for him to sell the Leyland Line. The Morgan interests, therefore, now possess irresistible weapons in the war of competition in the iron and steel trades.

Here we see the position unfolding which led up to the great struggle for the control of the Atlantic shipping trade.

The inclusion of the White Star Line, the Dominion Line, and others of less importance rapidly followed. In the result we have had the recent organisation, as a private concern, of the International Mercantile Company, with a combined ocean-going tonnage actually exceeding that of any single nation, England and Germany alone excepted. By arrangement with the Government the English companies continue to fly the British flag and remain nominally British. Their tonnage may, indeed, be observed to be included in lists of British shipping drawn up in the present controversy to show our preponderance on the sea. But, as an American expert has recently put it, the company which includes them 'is organised under American laws, is controlled by American capital, is managed by a general directory of which the majority is American, and has its principal offices in the United States.' The building facilities, he adds significantly, do not exist in the world to put a similar fleet on the seas for many years. The one important British company which stood out was the Cunard. But, as it is well to remember as the struggle between it and the Combine now draws to a head, the Government announced that the Cunard's position could not be maintained 'on commercial principles.' It agreed to advance the Cunard Company the capital to build competing ships and to give it a subsidy of 150,000*l.* a year.

Whether the development here described be successful or not in its first form—and it is hardly to be expected that success can at the outset fully attend so immense and boldly affected a scheme of organisation—it undoubtedly marks the advancing front of an increasing movement in the world. Even the agreement with the Cunard Company, it will be observed, goes far beyond the spirit of our fiscal system in the past. While we have been repeating the economic theories of our school books of twenty years ago, the whole subject has been in a measure passing out of the mental grasp of those who have not got beyond this stage. For in these events it must be remembered that it is not shares, or freights, or ships, or the control of the ships in war, or even the larger interests of the shipping trade itself, upon which attention must be concentrated. The meaning of the central act in this titanic drama of international trade has been in none of these things. It has consisted in the attempt of a foreign corporation, thus made, to silently close the toils round a great English national industry like the iron trade, to carry the governing centre of that industry beyond the seas, and to accomplish

a long step towards the monopoly control of prices throughout the world.

Nothing has been more noticeable in the development of the events in question, and it will probably continue to be increasingly so in the future, than the great inherent power of resistance to the aims of an organisation as here described possessed by the German system of national economy compared with that resulting from our existing fiscal policy. We have been left so that we must contemplate either the success or the failure of the American organisation with almost equal misgiving. If it succeeds, we are no longer masters in our own house. If it fails in this stage of its attempt, we are confronted with the consequence—the inevitable wide-spread demoralisation and depression in our trade and industry thus deeply involved in a foreign organisation with a capitalisation already running into many hundred millions sterling.

If one continues to follow the subject in the United States, in the periodical press, and still more so in the evidence given from time to time before commissions, one may see how far and fast we are moving. The aim is open and avowed of reaching eventual monopoly control of prices. The policy of undercutting rates abroad has been developed, and the practice of selling in the still open markets to the detriment of rivals at a less price than in the markets where the Trust has organised itself has become systematic. One, in short, realises how the situation ripens towards the point at which all rivals must be confronted with the offer: 'Fight us at your certain cost, or come into the combine.' The motto of these organisations is: 'There are no frontiers in business, and, as good business men, they will come in when they see their interests.'

It is repeated in the controversy which has just been opened—and repeated, it seems to me, without any due consideration of the subject—that the combine system in the United States is the result of protection against imports. I am bound to say that, after a study of the question both in England and in the United States, I cannot see any good reason for agreeing with this view. The United States possesses the largest free-trade basis in the world. All of its combines, and they include many in productions for which there is no protection in the United States, have grown up under the stimulus of competition. Whatever incidental assistance protection may have given, or may still give, it must be considered that the true relation of the combine is to competition. Such organisations have naturally grown up first, and on the largest scale, in the United States. But they are in process of formation in nearly every other important country of the world, including England. The trust list in the United States is already of great length, and embraces an immense capitalisation. Even in England the capitalisation of combinations reaches over 150,000,000%. In Germany the



manufacturing interests are tending rapidly to be regulated on a large scale by syndicates or cartels of the same general construction. The difference, however, between the German trust and the English combine is significant. In Germany the policy of the cartel tends to be brought more and more closely into association with the aims of the system of national economy. The marked peculiarity in England, on the contrary, is that the centre of the combine gravitates under our fiscal system towards the United States, where the movement has run riot, and where its principles have possibly already passed beyond the control of the electorate.

Coming now to the question of the food supply of these islands, it must be remembered that in all the operations of the combine, whatever its other effects may be, its essential aim is the control of production and of prices as against the consumer. The consumer, that is to say, must sooner or later be exploited for the maximum profit which the combination in its own interests finds it expedient to exact. As Mr. Hearst put it the other day in an interview published in this country in the *Daily News*, 'a trust is a combination usually formed to establish a monopoly or a virtual monopoly, and to use the machinery of that monopoly to extort high prices.' As regards the food supply of this country, it may be objected that the conditions differ essentially from those in the iron trade. With its large export trade in iron manufactures, this country is still an important competitor in free markets with any American combination, and the policy which has been developed has followed naturally. But the conditions, it may be said, are different as regards the food supply. Let us look at the facts.

A very interesting development has just been completed which bears on the case. Scarcely more than a year ago public opinion was directed to a series of events in the tobacco trade in this country. The events themselves formed but an incidental aspect of a world-wide movement. But their meaning has to be noticed. No tobacco is produced in the United Kingdom; like our food supply, it comes largely from the American continent. The organisation of the tobacco combine was begun in the United States in 1890, its avowed policy being that which proceeds from the essential principle of modern combination, 'the control of the trade from the crop to the consumer' After a prolonged struggle in the United States domination was achieved. Then an over-sea campaign was begun, ending in the United Kingdom with the incorporation of its outstanding British rival, which as a business concern found this in the end to be the most paying policy. The result of the organisation as far as it has gone is thus described by a recent American expert:—The trust now 'commands the trade of virtually every country on the globe save those in which the business is a Government monopoly. It owns 131 factories in nine countries, and the

aggregate capital of the companies composing it is about 400,000,000 dollars.'

When the food supply of the United Kingdom is considered in the light of such a development it cannot be said that there are good grounds for regarding the situation otherwise than with uneasiness. In the interview with Mr. Hearst in the *Daily News* already quoted, it was stated that a principal matter which had educated the people in their homes and families in the United States as to the evils of the combine system was the recent extortions of the Beef Trust, with the practices of which he considered we were not unfamiliar in England. The meat supply of this country is to a large and increasing extent dependent on outside sources. In 1887 the total value of imports of meat was 12,000,000*l*. In 1901 it was 30,000,000*l*. A considerable proportion of this total is carried in cold storage from America, Australia, and New Zealand, these latter supplies to a large extent regulating prices and forming to an increasing degree the food of the masses of the people. While we have felt the action of the Beef Trust in England it cannot be said, however, that we have reached at present any more than the initial stage of the development it implies. All the elements of a world-wide combination similar in principle to the combine just described in the tobacco trade already exist and are in process of development under our eyes. When I was in South Africa six months ago the subject exciting most general interest was not even the settlement after the war, but the hold of cold-storage organisations on the food supply of the country. The policy of these organisations is everywhere the same under effective management, and it forms the essential principle of the trust in its final stage—control of the trade from its source to the consumer. If one follows the scheme outlined by the chairman at the last meeting of James Nelson & Sons it is possible to watch the unconscious stages in the development of this still British concern unfolding themselves with almost a certainty in one's mind as to the phase in the near future. We were told of the plants put down in the Argentine at the source of production, the line of steamships to carry the meat to English ports, the organisation of retail shops in Great Britain—all under one ownership and management. As this concern (which last year paid some 50 per cent. dividend on its ordinary shares) comes into competition with other concerns tending to be similarly organised, and in particular with the weightier interests of the kindred sources of supply similarly organised in the United States, the next stage seems inevitable. Why should the business managers of such organisations continue to cut into each other's profits? With control of the trade at both ends, with control more especially of the lines of transit on the ocean, combination rather than competition follows in due course. The regulation of production and of prices on

the basis of monopoly as against the consumer becomes then, also in natural sequence of events, the leading feature of the organisation.

As in the iron industry, so in the tobacco trade. As in the tobacco trade, so in the meat trade. It will be the turn of other staples of our food and raw materials in due course. But when the later stage of the Meat Combine is reached, while it will be a monopoly which will control our food supplies, we may be certain that it will not be either controlled or managed in England. As in the other instances described, we may expect it to be the monopoly of a foreign corporation, 'organised under American laws, controlled by American capital, managed by a general directory of which the majority is American, and with its principal offices in the United States.'

Scarcely more than a year ago, when the Corn Duty, which has led to the formulation of the present proposals to enter into closer fiscal relations with the British colonies, was being imposed, it was my experience, then fresh from the study of American combines, to find what appeared to me to be a very curious and significant state of things in England. The irony of the situation, like that underlying the position disclosed by the remark from the speech of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at the head of this article, was all the more impressive because those principally concerned seemed to be quite unconscious of it. At the time in question the combined energies of the two great political parties in this country were devoted to discussing the Corn Duty. The duty itself was admittedly so small a tax on the consumer that one of the points in dispute was as to whether he really felt it or not. At the same time, and when the party opposing the tax were raising the cry of the food of the people in danger, and reviving the arguments of the free-trade position of three-quarters of a century ago in England, the food of the people was really in danger and was actually being taxed in another way and to five times the extent without ever a word being said. Largely through the actions of the trust which Mr. Hearst has mentioned the price of beef had gone up a penny to twopence a pound in every household throughout the land. Great and bitter, as I found by personal inquiry, was the suffering occasioned in the homes of the poor. The interest of the twelve millions 'underfed and on the verge of hunger' was most undoubtedly not centred in the Corn Duty, but in the price of meat. Yet the subject was scarcely mentioned in the political Press. While the leaders of public opinion were grinding the grist of arguments, pertinent enough to the condition of England three-quarters of a century ago, the very ground was moving from under our feet. The subject had in reality passed outside the mental grasp of those whose ideas thereon were those of but fifteen years ago.

In endeavouring thus to show how far the foundations upon which

our fiscal system was laid fifty years ago have altered, I have purposely only taken examples as they affect well-known industries and an important department of our food supply. But the trend described is general. The old order is not simply passing; it has practically passed. Between the systems of national economy like that of Germany, exclusive and self-contained, and representing other principles of civilisation than ours, and a system like that of the United States involving the unrestrained tendencies of modern capitalism run riot and passing beyond the control of the electorate towards monopoly, we stand at present like an unarmed people between two fires. We may consider that we represent a higher ideal, but in our progress towards it we are now threatened by the perfectly effective weapons of those on either side of us. Our fiscal system, while it gives us no defence against Germany on the one hand, leaves us, on the other hand, peculiarly defenceless against the characteristic tendencies in production now extending outwards from the United States. There can hardly be a doubt in the mind of anyone who has given long attention to the subject that the system of financial organisation which is in development under our eyes involves under its prevailing tendencies, and if we take no action to meet them, one ultimate phase for nearly every important industry in this country—the shifting of its financial centre, and of the control of its aims and operations, within the frontiers of the United States.

Is it possible for anyone to contemplate such a result without misgiving? In the United States at the present time we see production and exchange alike involved in huge organisations of capital moving by the very law of their being towards monopoly control; organisations rivalling even the State itself in the magnitude of their operations and their far-reaching effect on society, and yet outside the effective control of the electorate even in the United States; organisations outside public criticism, without effective representation, without principle or traditions save that which binds men together in the pursuit of gain, namely, that 'We are in business to make all the money we can.' Even if the statement were true, as I am sure it is not, that these organisations were simply the brood of a protective tariff, the results remain to us just the same. Even if it were to be expected that they would go down in time of their own weight, in what way should we be helped? Could anyone contemplate with equanimity the gigantic ruin and disaster that would follow from their break-up? The situation is frankly an impossible one. Its very by-products have a portentous significance of their own. Consider the phenomenon of Mr. Carnegie, who, while the leader of one of the two political parties in this country tells us that 30 per cent. of our population are permanently on the verge of hunger, has been by the events which led to the formation of the Steel Corporation released into the world with a private fortune said by his

countrymen to amount to 85,000,000*l.* I make no remark here, as I have done elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> as to the possible effects on the public of the gifts of Mr. Carnegie's millions. Yet consider even the indirect political significance of leaders of public opinion supervising, during Mr. Carnegie's lifetime, the distribution of his gifts. They may have every good right to do so in theory; it would be wrong to say otherwise. Yet how can they serve God and Mammon? How can they be the stewards of Mr. Carnegie's largesse to the public and at the same time be the effective instruments of public criticism of the institutions and tendencies of which Mr. Carnegie has been the embodiment?

Looking at the conditions here described—their meaning and moral could be emphasised from an indefinitely wider basis of fact and argument than that which it is possible to give within the limits of this article—it seems hard to avoid a particular conclusion. It is that the time has come when there is only one effective policy possible for us. We must become masters in our own household. There is only one basis from which we can move against the prevailing tendencies in the world. The industry of the United Kingdom, with its limited base of production, drawing the greater proportion of its supplies from outside, has, if my interpretation of the situation so far described be correct, no inherent power of indefinitely protecting itself under existing tendencies from becoming a mere annex of American finance with all that that implies. To move with effect we must have a basis of production wide enough and under our own control. There is only one such basis left us in the world—that within the frontiers of the British Empire. We must reorganise in the interests of the people, and as against the tendencies in question, our national inheritance.

Here we are in sight of the proposals that have been made to begin this reorganisation by entering into closer fiscal relations with the British Colonies, even to the extent of preferential tariffs.

Let us look the matter in the face. If it be asked, as it ought to be asked before considering difficulties and objections, what would be the aim or advantage of such a policy, it may be stated briefly. The aim would be to take the first step towards consolidation, so far as it is in the power of practical statesmanship to effect it, of the various sections of the British Empire into a fiscal unity, necessarily at first incomplete. In the existing condition of the Colonies, free trade within the Empire is at present an impossibility. It would not be desirable at this stage in their interests, and possibly not in ours, even if the Colonies were able to make the necessary sacrifices. The aim beyond would be to follow this step by the development on some sort of common plan and common partnership, and in opposition to the tendencies in question, of the still largely

<sup>1</sup> *Principles of Western Civilization*, xi.

latent resources of the Empire, beginning with the control and possible ownership of its lines of communication, and leading up in a wider sense to the management, development, and interchange of its resources in the spirit of the same partnership. I am not sure that in all this we should not be able to make the trust itself yield in the interests of the people the one real contribution it has made to the problems of modern industries—namely, its lessons in organisation and management. While running the State against the trust we should perhaps, and while holding it in leash, be able to run the trust against the State.<sup>2</sup> This, it seems to me, is not unlikely to be the solution which we in this country will evolve out of the great struggle between the people and the principle of absolutism (as represented by the trust) in modern economics, just as in the past we evolved party government out of the struggle between the people and the principle of absolutism in the State. As a practical people we are, in short, in our heart of hearts, and as in municipal management, neither socialists nor individualists, but a people moving towards the utilisation of the principle represented by the one to keep the other in order. From the municipality to the Empire it is all a single question.

Accepting, then, the foregoing statement of the position, let us state the difficulties and objections. There is placed in the foreground the objection as to the revival of protection and the taxation of the food of the people. As to the first, it seems very desirable to avoid phrases and to concentrate attention on the facts. When free trade was adopted, particular industries, and even a great national industry like agriculture, had to suffer in the general interest. If we now once more with full conviction adopt a modified policy that will benefit any industry that has suffered in the past it will be cause for rejoicing. But the departure also will be undertaken in the general interest and not because we have been converted to the views of those who would benefit particular industries as against the general good. The first fact of the existing situation is that the position with which we have to deal is the position of the United Kingdom in the circumstances I have attempted to describe and not its position in the past. It is not simply that we have no longer with us the England which Cobden knew. We are far removed even from the England of Thorold Rogers's vision of fifteen years ago, when, as the result of our fiscal system, he thought he saw us holding our own indefinitely and fixing the price of nearly every product of human industry.

The principal objection to any form of preferential treatment in England is, as I endeavoured to show in a paper recently read before the Royal Colonial Institute, that while in other countries it tends

<sup>2</sup> As in the best managed department of the Government, we now run the State against the private shipbuilder, and the private shipbuilder against the State.

to be a tax on manufactured products, in this country it tends to become a tax on food—that is to say, on our raw materials. Let us look the matter in the face, therefore, in this light. As soon as we do so the futility of the cry as to the danger to the food of the people becomes apparent. The food of the people is in danger and in very real danger, a danger, moreover, which, as we have seen, has been already operative and which is far in excess of that which could accrue from any scheme of preferential tariffs which could be imagined or adopted. But, so far as the policy proposed has any meaning, it is a policy to make us master of the increasing causes which place it in danger. Have we not many striking object-lessons to emphasise this view? Canada is anxious to develop her immense wheatfields with our assistance. She is endeavouring to keep control of her railway system and to have in her own hand her lines of communication on the ocean, so as to place the cheap product direct in our markets. All this tends to be in the spirit of the policy described. Again, even while we have been in this controversy discussing protection in the light of other days, there is before us the proposal of New Zealand, as a beginning in the development of the common partnership described, to supply us at something like cost price and under direct Government control with her own mutton. There may be a dozen difficulties and objections to be urged against New Zealand's proposal. There usually are against any good proposal. But has it no meaning for the submerged 30 per cent.? It surely presents to us the first bold outline of a practical lead towards making an important item of our food supplies cheaper, towards placing it under the direct control of the joint partnership in question, and so rendering it entirely independent of the vicious tendencies under which it at present gravitates towards becoming a link in the chain of the organisation aiming at monopoly, 'controlled by American capital, managed by a directory of which the majority is American and with its principal offices in the United States.' Surely it is an argument in every way more impressive to the minds of reflecting people than that which seeks to defend the present condition of things against change on the grounds that twelve millions of us are permanently underfed and on the verge of hunger.

Two principal arguments urged with much force and sincerity by the editor of the *Spectator* are—(1) that entering into the proposed fiscal relationship with the Colonies would not tend to bind them to us, but rather to produce friction and perhaps eventual dismemberment of the Empire; and (2) that preferential tariffs in general are to be condemned because they mean economic waste. Let us look at each of these. As to the first it is a matter of opinion; and notwithstanding the weight of the opinion as given I frankly cannot see why it should be so. The plan proposed is regarded by weighty Colonial opinion as the only possible one likely to lead to the end in

view. Recent conferences on commercial subjects have tended towards closer relations, and towards the growth of a feeling of common partnership. I cannot help thinking that, with the presence in the background of a great ideal and a common aim, the feeling of mutual dependence on the one hand with the reserved right of complete freedom of action on the other would safeguard us from any disaster of the kind mentioned.

The argument that preferential tariffs represent economic waste, and are a sin against the laws of trade, is one widely used in this controversy. The answer is, I think, simple. Such an argument itself sins against a first principle of the subject in that it assumes an economic factor of this kind to be the ruling factor in the policy of a living people. It has never been so. The recent war involved the United Kingdom and the Colonies in an outlay of nearly 300,000,000*l.* It was economic waste on a gigantic scale. But the *Spectator* conscientiously supported it in the belief that a higher principle was involved which overruled the argument of economic waste. The effort to resist the importation of Chinese labour in South Africa involves present economic waste in the country. But the *Spectator*, I am glad to say, has supported the resistance, and for the same reason. Similarly, the effort to protect the negro from forced labour in South Africa involves economic waste. We are all against it nevertheless. The protection of infant industries is economic waste. Even the administration of law and justice is often economic waste. It is the larger purpose beyond and the question whether the purpose is worth the price which count.

There is another group of objections which more or less hang together. Our present trade with the British Colonies is only in proportion of 1 to 3 compared with our trade with the rest of the world. How can we therefore, it is asked, risk, or sacrifice, as is sometimes said, three-fourths of our trade for the sake of the other one-fourth? This argument is presumably a reproduction of that from one of Lord Farrer's Cobden Club publications. I confess that it seems to me an argument to which very little weight attaches. It would seem to assume that foreign countries conduct their trade with us for sentimental reasons, and that if we wounded their feelings they would take it away altogether in a huff. There would seem, however, no good reason for assuming that foreign nations trade with us for any other reason than that they find it to be their interest to do so. They will presumably, whatever arrangements we may make with others, remain to do business with us up to the same point—namely, that at which it suits their interests. The only question to be considered is as to how far the arrangements proposed would disturb these interests.

The disturbance would, I think, be very slight. For instance, by putting a shilling duty on all imported corn with the exception of



that coming from our own Colonies we should start by putting all foreign nations on exactly the same footing. None of them presumably would have any desire to sell us a single quarter the less or any grievance against us on the grounds that we had treated any one better or worse than the others. The matter would be entirely within our own household. The eventual disturbance would be the amount to which our Colonies contributed to our supply at the expense of others. Even this is largely begging the question, for, as in the case of a great undeveloped estate like Canada, their resulting prosperity would probably act and interact on all of us.

The retaliation and tariff wars with which we are threatened are, I think, largely dressed-up bogies. It must be considered that as soon as our policy of consolidating and developing the Empire was outlined any foreign nation would undoubtedly consider it a very serious and unfriendly act, the consequences of which it would have to count, to thus attempt to stand permanently in the way of its consummation. We should, it must be remembered, be making no hostile demonstration against any nation, we should be treating all fairly and exactly alike, we should be simply acting within the limits of our own household. As to the question whether the Empire in the meantime was a real fiscal unity or not, it would be one of those which look so important on paper, but which in practice amount to very little. The actual question confronting a foreign nation would be, I think, not as to who would get the last word in a logical duel on the subject, but as to whether the nation would be consulting its own interests in taking up the definitely unfriendly attitude that would be involved in opposing us in our movement towards so reasonable an ideal.

Looking at the policy as a whole, there can, I think, be no doubt that we have advanced towards something of the kind. A remarkable tribute to its far-reaching influence on the world is the changed tone which the mere mention of it has occasioned in the public press of Germany in the further discussion of that country's relations to Canada, and in the proposal by influential organs of public opinion in America to now grant to Canada the boon of reciprocity, which for a long period Canada has begged from hardened hearts. Perhaps even more remarkable still is the increasing depression of American Trust Shares which has followed on the markets of the world with the growing perception of the reach and meaning of the proposals.

It is a policy in every way worthy of the great tradition behind us as a people in Western history. To transform a world-wide Empire of fragments and sentiment into a Commonwealth with a common purpose; to endeavour to uphold therein the standards of civilisation for which we have fought and endured, the standards of life for which labour in this country has struggled and suffered; to endeavour thereby to introduce some order and moral sense into

the gigantic squalor of those tendencies in modern trade, production, and finance of which the Carnegies and Pierpont Morgans of the time have become the embodiment: this is a cause worth living for, worth fighting for, worth enduring for. If I am not mistaken, it is the cause the development and expansion of which will fill the next fifty years of history.

BENJAMIN KIDD.

## GERMANY AND THE DANES OF NORTH SCHLESWIG

CONSIDERING the extremely disagreeable and difficult political circumstances which prevail, it was no very light task for the present writer when, at a request made in April last by the Editor of this Review, he undertook a journey through North Schleswig in order to write an article on the subject of the attempts now being made by the German Government to Teutonise its inhabitants, from his own observation.

As soon as Flensburg, of whose inhabitants about 10 per cent. speak Danish, has been left behind, and one travels further north into the country, the German language suddenly ceases and one hears Danish everywhere. German influence has had but little success in gaining ground here and in the flat-lying land. The children who play in the street, the men at their work, and the women who have some piece of news to relate in passing, all speak Danish. Only the officials and the people who have immigrated into the country speak German. The general character of the towns and villages, although they have been under Prussian sway for almost forty years, is also pronouncedly Danish. The signboards on the shops, businesses, &c., are mostly Danish; one sees everywhere 'Viinhandel' (wine business), 'Bogtrykkeri' (printing office), 'Gjaestgivergaard' (inn), 'Damp Farveri og Vaskeri' (steam dye works and laundry), 'Blomsterplenter' (gardener), 'Lager af Korn og Foderstoffer' (grain and fodder store), &c. &c. The authorities even are compelled to take the Danish language into consideration, as proved by a notice board in one of the streets of Hadersleben, on which stood in Danish, 'Kjør langsom,' and alongside this, 'Langsam fahren' (drive slowly).

The tuition of the schools, of course, takes place in German, as ordered by the Prussian Government, and the elder children are forbidden to speak Danish in the school and even in the playground, and they are punished if they do. The very small boys and girls of Danish families, however, cannot speak a word of German when

- c they first go to school, and the teacher is compelled to speak Danish if he wishes to make himself understood by them at all. When they grow bigger, their mother tongue is forbidden to them.
- Less progress has been made in the Germanising of the Church language. In the decidedly larger proportion of the parishes divine service is conducted completely in Danish, and in many schools a four hours' religious instruction in Danish is given besides one of two hours in German.

The language of the Courts and Administration Board is of course pure German, and Danes when they appear before Courts and cannot speak German have to make use of an interpreter.

The character and temperament of the population of North Schleswig are very quiet and peaceable. As an official Prussian record of criminal cases states, there is in the whole German Empire no single province in which so few sentences are passed by the criminal judges as in North Schleswig. There were only half the Prussian average of theft cases and cases of robbery with murder and murderous assault. These favourable crime statistics are due principally to the good bringing up and intelligence of the middle and lower classes, as well as to the cordial and harmonious family life of the Danish population. Amongst the individual members of the family there always exists a consistently affectionate and hearty tone in their intercourse with each other. I visited many theatres, restaurants, and inns, which were principally frequented by the Danish inhabitants, but nowhere saw an improper action nor an ill-mannered offence. The intercourse between master and servant is also always friendly and polite.

Danish life and German life in the towns and villages are completely separate. No German comes where Danes congregate, and *vice versa*. Each party has its own place of meeting, and remains strictly separated from the other.

The following newspapers are published in the Danish language in North Schleswig: namely, *Flensburg Avis*, Flensburg; *Moodersmaalet*, Hadersleben; *Dannevirke*, Hadersleben; *Heimdal*, Apenrade; *Dybbølposten*, Sonderburg; and the *Nordslavenski Søndagsblad*. All these newspapers are thoroughly well edited, and serve the purpose of fostering the Danish language, manners, and customs amongst the Danes living in North Schleswig, the number of whom amounts to about 160,000. This work is also undertaken by the Danish Language Society, which distributes books amongst the population of North Schleswig, the School Society, and the Lecture Society. These splendid organisations, which form a strong rampart against the Teutonising, are of course a thorn in the flesh of the Prussian Government, and the responsible editors must draw up their articles

very carefully if they do not wish to lay themselves open to severe punishment for Press Law offences. Thus the editor of the *Flensburg Avis*, Peter Chr. Simonsen, was last year sentenced to not less than nine months' imprisonment for insulting the Committee for the Knivsberg Fête. For another Press Law offence, which would be punishable in no other country, the same editor was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment; so that altogether he got twenty-one months' imprisonment, which he is at the present moment undergoing in the Glückstadt prison. All appeals availed him nothing. The delegate to the Reichstag, Jessen, was obliged to spend four years in a German prison for similar Press Law offences, likewise for more or less harmless utterances. For instance, in a political speech he once said of Bismarck that it was not to be wondered at that Bismarck agreed with the grain duties, as he himself was the proprietor of a large estate, and would be benefited by the introduction of such duties. For this statement the speaker was punished with four months' imprisonment. The editor of the *Flensburg Avis* was also sentenced to punishment for having said that the president of a military society sent a telegram of homage to the Kaiser 'for en Ordens Skyld.' The explanation of the editor that it was meant 'for order's sake' and not 'for the sake of an order' was not accepted by the Prussian judges.

This is only a small illustration of the heavy punishments with which such offences are visited.

On the other hand, the German papers which appear together with other newspapers in North Schleswig can do almost anything they choose. The *Schleswigische Grenzpost*, which appears in Hadersleben, does its utmost to widen the breach between Germans and Danes. This paper receives from the private funds of the Prussian Government a yearly subsidy of 8,000 Marks. For this price the paper does everything possible in the way of insulting and slandering the Danish delegates to the Imperial and State Diets, other prominent Danes, as well as everything Danish in North Schleswig. It publicly accuses the delegate to the State Diet, Hansen, of perjury, high treason, and hypocrisy. Frequently pictures of a raised hand are produced with two broken oath fingers—a hint that the delegates elected by the Danish population are perjurers to the Parliament.

Important German newspapers, such as the Liberal *Kieler Zeitung*, regret these shameless attacks of the subsidised press. The standing of the Danish delegates is not affected by them, but only strengthened. Whatever the Danes in North Schleswig might do, the *Schleswigische Grenzpost* would only have contemptuous laughter for them. If the German Government itself did not interpose, the Liberal representatives of the people would not shun the duty of

bringing up in the Prussian Parliament the question of the subsidised press in North Schleswig, for not until the semi-official press holds its peace will there be tranquillity in North Schleswig.

• Strackerjan, the editor of the *Schleswigische Grenzpost*, has also published several pamphlets, amongst them *Adler oder Dannebrog*, *Schleswig nicht Süd-Jütland*, and, just at the time of the German Emperor's recent visit to Copenhagen, *Dänische Friedenstörer*. All these publications swarm with attacks against the Danes, and form a veritable lexicon of abuse. Thus, for instance, the writer seeks to lay a snare for Jessen, the delegate to the Reichstag, by reproaching Jessen with embracing Napoleon's brutal policy of conquest when Jessen had declared the war of England against the Boers as perfectly justifiable. With this statement Strackerjan seeks to make capital out of the well known sympathy of the Germans for the Boers.

With Prussian assistance there further appears in Hadersleben a newspaper in the Danish language, *Det gamle Dannevirke*, which also performs the task of Germanising the Danes. It is published by a Frau M. v. Wilderadt-Krabbe. By this means the attempt is made to catch the Danish population in their mother tongue. At the head of this newspaper appear the mottoes 'Mod Vold og Overmod' (against power and superiority), 'For Danskes Fred og Ret' (for Danish peace and right). Danish newspapers which have been punished for using the term 'Sønderjylland' (South Jutland) for Schleswig are not permitted to have such apophthegms at the head of their papers.

Danes who live in North Schleswig and who take part in a meeting or even a public fête on Danish territory are watched very sharply. On crossing the frontier their names are noted down by German gendarmes, and a few days later they are summoned like criminals before the district superintendent of the place in which they reside, and have to undergo a severe cross-examination. Even if nothing further is brought against the person in question, seeing he has done nothing wrong, it is none the less painful in a small place to have the gendarmes continually at the house, and to have to appear often before the district superintendent.

The German despotic policy finds another expression in the prohibition of the 'Haderslev Landboforening,' a society which undertakes the arranging of cattle shows and agricultural exhibitions. The society, which was founded for the purpose of improving the breeding of cattle, was declared by the Prussian Government to be political, the arranging of cattle shows was forbidden, and police officers were ordered to supervise the society's meetings. All its members had to report their arrival and departure to the police within three days.

The public hoisting of the Danish flag, the 'Dannebrog,' is forbidden. Its beloved red-white national colours may only be unfolded by the Dane in his own dwelling, where every advantage is taken of the permission. If one goes into the house of a Dane, one is sure to see the 'Dannebrog' *en miniature* on a small flagstaff, pictures of the four Kings of Denmark—great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and son—and other souvenirs of Denmark.

The appearance of Danish actors has been forbidden in Hadersleben. The singing of Danish songs of a stirring nature is forbidden by an order of the Prussian Government which dates from the year 1865, although, after the installation of freedom of speech, there ought surely to be freedom of song. The singing of the Danish national hymn, *Kong Christian stod ved højen mast*, and other harmless national songs is strictly forbidden. The Prussian censure even extends to Swedish songs. The well known poet Björnsterne Björnson, the writer of many national songs of the North, has lived to see the singing of his beloved national song, *Jeg vil vürge mit Land*, a song which contains nothing exciting, forbidden in North Schleswig. Meetings at which this song has notwithstanding been sung have been simply dispersed.

The following incident is almost laughable, if it were not so serious, and well shows the paltry measures adopted to Germanise the Danes. A countryman had a dog kennel painted red, in which a black poodle dog lived comfortably. When the dog gave up this earthly life, there came a successor in the shape of a white dog. Now a white poodle lived in the red kennel. This was considered as a demonstration, as red and white are the colours of the Dannebrog. The countryman was officially ordered, as he could not very well give the dog another colour, to paint the kennel another colour.

The severest means used by the Prussian Government to Germanise North Schleswig is banishment, although the Prussian Government, so far as concerns those who chose their nationality (*Optanten*), has, according to an agreement concluded between Prussia and Austria, absolutely no right to expel. In 1864 the inhabitants of North Schleswig had the option for six years of continuing to be Danish subjects or to acquire Prussian naturalisation. According to this agreement those inhabitants of North Schleswig (the great majority) who decided for Denmark were to suffer no harm to their possessions or their persons, or in any other respect, on account of their decision, and furthermore had the right to continue living in North Schleswig. The Danish citizenship (*Indigenat*) thus remained as valid for the duchies as for the kingdom, and the meaning was that nobody who had been born in Schleswig under Danish rule was to be banished from the land later on when under Prussian rule. Very little attention, however, has been paid to this condition by

Prussia, and many expulsions have taken place year after year. The number of banishments varies very much, and can only be ascertained on the average, as no record is kept of them, and not all the cases of expulsion become publicly known. The number of banishments amounts this year up to the present time to about thirty; in the past years altogether about five to six hundred.

Expulsion is a hard and cruel measure on the part of the Prussian Government, and the fear of banishment hangs like a Damocles sword over every Dane living in North Schleswig. It does not affect individuals only, but the whole of the Danish population in North Schleswig in its totality, and it exercises such a paralysing effect that no one feels secure from banishment. The Danish inhabitants of North Schleswig must therefore take care not to make themselves unpopular with the Prussian Government on account of their views, if they do not wish to be deprived of their living by being expelled. It has frequently happened that Danish inhabitants whose names appeared on an invitation to an election meeting have asked that their names might be erased, as they feared repressive measures on the part of the Prussian authorities.

A few legal sentences of banishment may here be recorded:—

On the 6th of January 1902 the Higher Administration Court took proceedings against the publican Bramsen in Sverdrup, who had 'declared' on the 12th of April, 1867, crossed the frontier, but returned shortly afterwards, giving an explanation for doing so. The court designated the explanation as invalid, declared Bramsen to be a Danish subject, and expelled him. The consequence of this verdict was that many other inhabitants were stamped as Danish.

Great sensation was caused by the expulsion of the farmer Chr. Finnemann of Taarning, near Christianfeld. He was declared as a Dane on the 28th of January, and expelled with fourteen days' notice. As he did not comply with the order, he was forcibly taken over the frontier by the police. He, however, came back very shortly afterwards, and was then sentenced by the Sheriff's Court at Hadersleben to four days' imprisonment for prohibited return. He had declared in the year 1867, and only stayed with his brother-in-law four days in Keils, to the north of the frontier. Similarly his son, farmer Niels Finnemann of Stubbum, was also expelled and transported over the frontier. The Provincial Court of Justice at Flensburg dismissed the appeal of Finnemann, but the Supreme Court of Justice at Kiel annulled the verdict and recognised Finnemann as a German subject. In spite of this the case of Niels Finnemann was proceeded with, and he was sentenced in Hadersleben to a term of imprisonment. The appeal raised on his behalf was dismissed by the Provincial Court of Justice, and this time also by the Supreme Court of Justice. The court had changed its president,



and now treated the case from another standpoint than formerly, which led inevitably to a conviction. At the second hearing before the Provincial Court of Justice at Flensburg it was proved that a gendarme who at the first hearing had declared under oath that he had often been at Taarning, where Finnemann lived, but had never met Finnemann at home, &c., had only been installed in that neighbourhood nine months after these events. Shortly after the latter verdict, which contradicted the former one, both the Finnemanns were again expelled and conveyed across the frontier. They are separated from their relatives, and may never again see their farms, which they had with difficulty acquired.

Captain Fischer of Apenrade was declared to be a Dane, and expelled with fourteen days' notice. After he had been taken across the frontier he returned, and was sentenced to four days' imprisonment. The Provincial Court of Justice, as the next instance, dismissed the appeal that was raised; but the verdict of the higher instance, the Supreme Court of Justice, was one of acquittal. Fischer was declared to be a Prussian subject, because he had only sailed on a Danish ship, and this could not be considered as settling in Denmark.

This very confused question of declaration should long since have been regulated by the Government, but this has unfortunately not yet been accomplished. The situation with respect to naturalisation is so confused that frequently inhabitants of North Schleswig, who have lived there for many years and consider themselves Prussians, are declared otherwise by the Prussian Government, and, if they made themselves unpopular, would be expelled.

Another category of banishments is that of male and female servants of Danish extraction whose only crime consists in the fact of their being Danish subjects. With regard to the expulsion of foreign subjects nothing can be done internationally, as Prussia, in common with every other country, has the right to expel foreigners without stating a reason. The expulsion of the Danish servants does not, however, follow because they may themselves perhaps have been troublesome, but in cases where the master of such servants has, in the opinion of the Prussian Government, done something he ought not to have done—if, for instance, he has taken part in some Danish meeting, been a member of a Danish society, or committed some similar offence. Against the master himself, who is a naturalised Prussian, the Prussian Government is powerless, because he has done nothing illegal, but has only shown a friendly disposition towards the Danes. Nevertheless, to punish him for this 'crime,' his Danish servants are ordered to leave the country within a very short space of time.

In North Schleswig the servants are of great importance to the landlords and farmers. Since 1864 about one-fourth of the

Danish population, which could not accustom itself to Prussian rule, has emigrated from North Schleswig, and especially that class of the population from which the servants are recruited. There therefore exists in the country a lack of suitable hands, and the Danish farmers are compelled to get servants from abroad. Those German servants who have come into the country do not care to serve in Danish families, and the latter likewise do not willingly engage German servants, as they are not acquainted with the Danish language and customs. It is thus evident how hard a farmer is hit when suddenly some or all of his servants are expelled on short notice, perhaps shortly before harvest, sowing-time, or some other season of pressing work, and he himself is denied the right of ever again engaging foreign servants. His very livelihood is made precarious by such brutal measures, as it is not possible for him to get other servants, who always hire themselves out by the quarter or the half-year.

The last instance of servant expulsion happened on the 2nd of April, just on the day of the German Emperor's visit to Copenhagen, as if the Prussian Government wished to demonstrate that even the Emperor's visit would make no change in their policy of banishment. Two servant girls and two men serving at Hoegsbro Hof were summoned before the magistrate, who in a few words ordered them to leave Hoegsbro Hof within five days, or otherwise they would be expelled from the country. The reason for this expulsion was simply the fact that the owner of Hoegsbro Hof had taken part in an anti-German meeting, and had shown himself to be well disposed towards the Danes. A similar order was given to a manservant on another farm. Several farmers were also summoned and told that under no circumstances would they be permitted to have servants from Denmark if they (the farmers) took part in any meeting on the other side of the frontier.

During my stay in Flensburg I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the delegate to the Imperial Diet, Jessen, the real leader of the Danish party in North Schleswig. Mr. Jessen, in the kindest manner, declared himself ready to answer a few questions.

We spoke of the alleged struggles for independence with which the Danish population is reproached by the German *Hetzpresse*, and Mr. Jessen, in referring to the oft-mentioned Article 5 of the peace treaty of 1866 between Austria and Prussia, gave me the following explanation: 'For many years our standpoint has always been that it might not be quite beyond the range of possibility that, under given circumstances, the Prussian Government might consider it advantageous for Prussia, as well as for Germany, to win the friendship of the whole of Scandinavia by allowing the ballot on the citizenship question, promised in Article 5, to be taken in North Schleswig.'

• This simple and frank statement, which Mr. Jessen has authorised me to publish, has certainly no revolutionary or aggressive character—no more, indeed, than has the election motto of the Danish population in North Schleswig: 'We are Danes, we wish to remain Danes, and as Danes we wish to be treated according to the provisions of international law.'

To my question as to whether he was satisfied with his efforts in the German Imperial Diet, Mr. Jessen replied that it gave him satisfaction to attend, especially as he is not worried with petty chicaneries. Unfortunately there exists in the Imperial Diet a great amount of indifference to the wishes of the Danish population in the 'small corner of North Schleswig,' against which he, as sole representative of the Danish party, has to make a hard fight. In his personal intercourse he cannot complain either of any party or of any individual representative of Government.

To my question as to how matters stood with respect to the assertion of the opposition, that the Danish movement in North Schleswig is supported financially by Denmark, Mr. Jessen replied: 'The real political activity and every effort made in North Schleswig must be maintained by our own resources. It is quite an invention to assert that this political activity receives pecuniary support from Denmark. However, in order to maintain the Danish literature, for which the Prussian Government does nothing whatever, and which is a great necessity for the thousands of Danish-speaking inhabitants of North Schleswig, the Danish Language Society—a society founded by private individuals—has placed at the disposal of the inhabitants of North Schleswig a considerable number of non-political books. There further exists a Danish School Society,' which is likewise privately supported by Danes. The society has no political pursuits, but merely harmless educational aims, fostering the Danish language and the improvement of Danish intellectual life. It offers the pupils a better education in secondary schools, high schools, agricultural, commercial and technical schools. These societies are in no way whatever supported by the Danish Government. The Danish Government has absolutely no private funds or other means from which they could support the Danish party in North Schleswig. Any such assertions of the opposition are simply inventions.

To my remark as to whether one might compare the Germanisation in North Schleswig with the Russification in Finland Mr. Jessen responded that this comparison was not permissible. North Schleswig could at no time prove dangerous to Prussia or Germany, because North Schleswig has a large territory behind it, and lies quite apart. On the other hand Finland, because it is situated not far from the capital of the Russian Empire, could in certain circumstances become more dangerous, as in the immediate neighbourhood of Petersburg a foreign nationality might develop. The Danish

inhabitants are not Chauvinists, but a peaceable people. They only wish to remain staunch to their national peculiarities; otherwise to live in peace and quietness.

• 'Do you hope for an improvement in the position of the Danish population in North Schleswig from the visit of the German Emperor to Copenhagen?'

To this question Mr. Jessen replied: 'Hitherto there has not been the slightest noticeable improvement in the treatment of the Danish population from the visit of the German Emperor to the Danish Court, and it still appears doubtful whether this visit, in spite of the hearty reception on the part of the Danish royal family, will lead to any improvement. Great hopes were also pinned on the visit of the Danish Crown Prince to Berlin last year, but not the slightest diminution was noticeable in the compulsory measures in North Schleswig. The possibility is, however, not quite precluded that the Emperor, following his impulsive nature, may bring pressure to bear upon the German Government, and thus secure a milder treatment of the Danes in North Schleswig, so that the persecution of the people may cease. Should no benefit be gained, then these royal visits will only leave a bitter taste with the disappointed people, and the German press, which has spoken in eloquent words about peace and reconciliation, the kindly disposition of Germany and German friendship, will have thoroughly exposed itself to ridicule.'

With this our brief conversation was ended, and I took leave of Mr. Jessen with the conviction that the representation of the Danish population could not be in better hands than in those of this highly gifted man.

The poet Björnsterne Björnson has recently attempted to break a lance for the Danes in North Schleswig by addressing a letter to a Berlin paper, in which he expresses the idea of a friendly footing between all nations of German extraction, and puts down an alliance between England, Germany, America, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and Scandinavia as the highest attainable goal which a statesman could make as his life's object. To Björnson, however, the treatment of the Danish population in North Schleswig on the part of a German State appears a great hindrance to the realisation of this object.

During my stay in Flensburg I visited the old churchyard, where many combatants who lost their lives in the battles for the possession of Schleswig-Holstein are sleeping their last sleep. One large mound bore fifty-one monuments, which King Frederick the Seventh of Denmark had erected for the fifty-one superior Danish officers who fell in the battle near Idstedt on the 25th of July, 1850. Alongside are other monuments for '*tupre danske Krigere som faldt for Fædrelandet 1848, 1850, og 1864*' (brave Danish soldiers who fell

for the Fatherland 1848, 1850, and 1864); further, in the immediate neighbourhood are to be found monuments for fallen Austrian and Prussian soldiers.

- Here alone peace reigns; friend and foe sleep peaceably their last sleep. Only here in the graveyards are the red-white colours of the Dannebrog permitted to be used in the ribbons of the wreaths with which the Danish graves are decked.

But in life the Danish people will continue the fight for their nationality, language, and customs, against the despotic Prussian policy, until at last the Prussian Government sees itself compelled to consider the just wishes of the Danish population and to introduce a more reconciliatory policy.

W. HARTMANN.

## *THE MOTOR, AND THE BIRTHRIGHT OF THE HIGHWAY*

THE right of locomotive carriages to traverse highways is a privilege of statute, and is fettered by certain limitations. It would appear inferentially that this same right is a pure creation of statute, and has no independent existence at common law. If so, it stands upon a basis distinct from that which authorises the normal use of a public carriage-way by pedestrian, equestrian, and driver of any vehicle that is propelled by beast or man.

At the present juncture one class of locomotors—those who use certain light locomotives, commonly known as motor cars—are agitating for Parliamentary sanction for a higher rate of velocity than that which, up to date, statute allows them; and they appear to signify willingness to be placed, in return for this concession, under certain new obligations, in the interests of public safety, which were not imposed upon them by the Light Locomotives Act of 1896.

Prior to that statute, machine-driven vehicles were allowed on the highway, only subject to the conditions of the Locomotives Acts of 1861, 1865, and subsequent amendments.

In order to estimate the amount of moral claim which motorists may possess for an extension of privilege as to velocity, and the moral claim, if any, of the public for counter obligations on the part of motorists, it is instructive to analyse the respective common-law positions, as regards user of highways by motorists on the one hand, and by the non-motoring public on the other.

### NATIONAL RIGHTS ON HIGHWAYS.

At common law a highway is free to all classes of locomotion to which it is 'dedicated' by the owner of the soil over which it lies. There are no penal restrictions as to velocity, or as to what portion of the surface of the highway may be traversed by this or that wayfarer; nor is there any common law as to use of lights, or as to 'rule of the road,' as it is styled. All provisions of these natures

last named are the creation of statute, not of common law. But for statutory intervention any horseman or cyclist might ride on the footpath margin of an ordinary carriage-way, or progress furiously through a crowded street, unscathed by penalty so long as he did no bodily harm to any of the king's lieges (but still subject to civil action for damages if, by negligence, he did harm to person or property). The Legislature has wisely enacted certain provisions for public safety, which override the otherwise birthright of the Briton to deny any pedestrian monopoly of footpath, to progress at dangerous velocity in unseasonable situations, to blunder, unlighted, in the dark, and to pass or overtake other traffic on either side of the road as may suit his whim. No sensible traveller grudges these statutory restrictions of his original user of the highway; any birthright of which he is thereby deprived is compensated by extra safety therein accorded to himself, and by similar surrenders of birthright on the part of those who share traffic with him.

None the less the position remains thus: that the ordinary non-motorist enjoys the use of the road as a birthright, and has not to thank statute for the same. Any restrictions upon the birthright are due to statute enacted *pro bono publico*.

On the other hand, it does not seem that the motorist has any similar birthright to the road; no exact case in point appears in law reports, but the theory of road dedication, and the history of roads and of their traffic, seem very conclusively to show that, without the consent of the owner of the soil, the motorist—in the absence of statutory licence—would be a trespasser on any highway, and might be warned off or removed by force if contumacious.

The reasons for this deduction are as follow:

#### LIMITED DEDICATION.

The doctrine of limited dedication is strongly marked in the case of minor highways, such as footpaths and bridle-roads; it is also traceable in the case of roads opened to what may be styled 'general traffic.' A horseman has no right on a footpath (over fields, as distinct from the pedestrian causeway statutorily protected and constructed on the margin of the general roadway). Unless he is the owner or occupier of the soil, or a licensee of such, he becomes a trespasser for riding on such a footpath. In like manner a driver of a vehicle over a bridle-road can be similarly a trespasser. Further, to illustrate limited dedication: where owners and occupiers of soil over which a footpath lies have never abandoned the attempt to cultivate that soil under the pedestrian's feet, and have ploughed it in common with the rest of the land from time immemorial, they cannot be held to be obstructing the highway by such ploughing, for the inference is that the dedication of right of way to the public has

been limited to the extent of reservation of this ploughing privilege for the landowner. Again, the existence of barriers, such as stiles and gates on a footpath, are themselves evidence of a 'limited' dedication coeval with the original dedication. The barrier illustration occurs in many a general highway in the Midlands, free to all traffic, pedestrian, equestrian, and vehicular; such roads often lie through a line of gates. The inference is that there has been a limited and not unlimited dedication of these thoroughfares, with a reservation of a right to erect barriers to protect stock.

Now, when what may be termed dedication of any general highway was first conceived by the then owner of the soil, it may be legally inferred that his dedication was confined to such general traffic as was reasonably present to his mind, and was within the scope of his contemplation at that date. The passage of pedestrians, of domestic animals, and of vehicles propelled by man or beast would naturally be within his contemplation; whereas machine-propelled vehicles would, historically, not have been within the scope of ordinary contemplation of the non-utopian dedicator.

The superior Courts appear to have lately entertained a view analogous in some details to this interpretation of a scope of contemplation by a dedicator at a given era. They have had before them issues as to charges for bicycles on certain bridges, levying toll under private Acts authorising a specific schedule of tolls for distinct classes of traffic. Bicycles, being unknown at the time of the passing of these local Acts, are not alluded to in the tolls. The bridge executives, instead of applying for further Parliamentary powers to amend their schedules, sought to tax passing bicycles at their own discretion. Some village Hampdens amongst cyclists resisted the imposts, and with success. The Courts held that cycles, though they were 'vehicles' for the purposes of Section 78 of the Highways Act (which defines rule of road and vetoes furious riding), were not 'vehicles' within the contemplation of the Bridge Schedule, and so were 'unprovided for in the tariff. If anything, they ranked as wheelbarrows and light receptacles on wheels propelled by human labour, and passing free with the pedestrian in charge. Bicycles, not being known at the date of the statute or schedule, could not have been within the scope of contemplation at the date of opening of the bridge.

These rulings have been instructive, to aid inference as to what would be the ruling of the Courts, supposing that no Locomotive Act had ever been passed, and that some landowner had claimed to exercise his rights of ownership in the soil of a highway by intercepting a motor car and refusing passage to it. (The soil of any roadway belongs to the adjacent landowner *ad medium filum*, subject to public rights of passage and highway authorities' rights to repair). The inference seems to be that the landowner would have



won, and could have obtained an injunction against the motorist. His position would have been the same as if he had seized the bridle of a horseman who was riding on a field footpath on that landowner's soil.

This examination of the common-law status of the motorist as compared to the pedestrian, horseman, or non-locomotive vehicle enables us the better to estimate the equitable aspect of any further legislation on motor traffic, whether for emancipating motorists as to speed or for placing them under new restrictions and obligations. The position appears to be this: the ordinary wayfarer is on the road by birthright: the motorist by statutory licence. The question has now arisen: shall that statute be modified, with further confiscation of rights of land owners and of the public, and (independently or in combination) shall any new obligations be imposed on motorists, pre-eminently that of exhibition of legible numbers for identification, and possibly a further condition of certificates of competence for drivers who may desire leave to progress beyond a certain specified velocity?

The Local Government Board Order of 1896, under the Act of that date, by Article 2, Regulation 8, ordains that every light locomotive shall be in charge of a competent person; but what is to be the standard competency requisite under this regulation does not appear to be defined.

#### EARLY LOCOMOTIVES.

Before quitting the subject of dedication or otherwise of highways to locomotives by owners of the soil, some *résumé* of the history of road locomotives in this country may be further instructive. Vehicles of this nature appeared in our roads in Georgian days. 1824 is said to be the date of their arrival, they having been known earlier on the Continent. The public were hostile to them and soon made their position intolerable. The Highway Trusts soon drove them off the road, by utilising private Acts which enabled them to levy prohibitive tolls on these vehicles at their turnpikes. The means adopted to oust these locomotives may furnish argument either way upon the dedication question. Thus, it may be construed as an admission that the locomotives had a right to the road by pre-existing dedication, and that these tolls, rather than injunctions at landowner's suits, were necessary to rid the roads of them. On the other hand, it may be urged that the operation of these local Acts to oust locomotives evinced general landed hostility to them (inconsistent with any sentiment for dedication of right of way), and that landowners, observing a prospect of relief from the invasion by employing the toll procedure, saw no necessity to launch into seriatim actions against individual locomotive-owners in order to assert their dominion over highway soil. Weighing both interpretations, the balance appears to remain in favour of limited dedication, to the

exclusion of locomotives. The burden of clear proof of dedication would rest on the locomotor; it would not be for the landowner to take the initiative by offering negative evidence.

In 1861 at last Parliament dealt with the question, and in that Act and in that of 1865 and subsequent statutes admitted the locomotive to the road under certain conditions. This statutory introduction stops any theory of dedication by landowners *since* 1861; so that, if no dedication be proved to exist before 1861, a repeal of all existing statutes that license locomotive traffic would leave these vehicles once more to the mercy of the owners of highway soil.

Down to 1896 locomotive legislation was based upon the assumption that locomotives would be used, if at all, for commercial purposes, would be heavy laden, and would not require rapid progress. This Parliamentary view smothered the application of the mechanical principle to light machines. The statutory definition of a locomotive brought even a perambulator propelled by watch-spring driving power under the same category as a traction engine, and saddled it with similar requirements.

In May 1890 the writer, for an experiment, drove what was perhaps the first light motor carriage that ever ran in the metropolis. It was technically an illegal act. The vehicle was a three-wheeled bath-chair, with electric driving power generated from a primary battery carried in the chair. It was housed and fitted by the inventor, at the works of Messrs. Henry in Hoxton. It could run some seven miles an hour on Hoxton levels. The police did not interfere with the experiment, probably not realising that the law was being broken by it. The inventor was told at the time that until the law could be changed his patent motor power would have to be confined to water and would be of no utility for land carriage.

#### MOTORISTS' CORRESPONDENCE.

In Press correspondence on the motor question some advocates for extra licence for velocity, to be unfettered by any counter obligations on motorists, have formulated the argument that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and that any liabilities for identification, or penalty for excessive velocity enacted, as regards motors, should be applicable alike to all vehicular and equestrian traffic. This plea, independent of utilitarianism, seems to be founded upon a fallacy, viz. on the assumption that the earliest right of the motorist of the road is identical in nature, date, and origin with that of other travellers. This contention, as explained *supra*, appears to be unsound, the motorist being on the road by statutory licence, in abrogation of common-law rights of landowners, and in destruction of public privileges; whereas the rest of the public enjoy the highways by birthright, and need no statute to invite them on

to it; on the contrary, it requires statute to limit in any way the public user of the track.

Any deprivation of the public of part of their birthright would seem to be justifiable only on the principle of *salus populi suprema lex*. *Per contra*, any statutory concession to individuals to invade the birthright of others can only be justified in modern Parliamentary equity by proof of '*pro bono publico*.'

Let us examine how far *salus populi* and *bonum publicum* are likely to be enhanced by the proposed new statute.

#### MOTORISM A PASTIME.

The main features of the proposed legislation on the subject are:

(1) To allow greater velocity than the present twelve miles an hour limit.

(2) To provide means for identification of motors in the event of any transgression.

The class of motors for which extension of speed is asked belongs practically exclusively to a section of society that has time and money to spend on motorism as a pastime, and as a pastime only. There is a small minority of motor cars for omnibus traffic in certain towns and suburbs, but for such as these there is no requirement to license higher velocity. It is for those who travel, touring far afield, that the concession is demanded. Their main plea is that there are many uninhabited stretches of rural road along which a motor may safely career at high velocity with little or no public danger, and that the existing statute is vexatious, where the letter of law as to twelve miles an hour is enforced by police espionage in such unfrequented stretches. The light motor has as yet hardly become a feature in serious commercial traffic; if it is destined in time to supersede the horse-drawn carrier cart, the parcels-delivery van or the market-garden wagon, it is not for these last-named vehicles that any licence to career at twenty or more miles an hour will be of any practical utility. The Act of 1896, and the Local Government Board Order thereon, evidently anticipate considerable development of light locomotive carriage of goods for commercial purposes to result from the statute. Regulations are accordingly formulated with the Order, in Articles 2 and 3, which are practical dead letters to the present day, as not applicable to vehicles for pleasure motoring. The latter pastime, rather than commercial traffic, has been up to date the preponderating outcome of the privileges conferred by the 1896 Act. It is the votaries of pleasure who now desire concessions for extra speed. That pleasure appears to consist (without uncharitable interpretation) mainly in the exhilaration derived from velocity, and from rapid motion from one locality to another, paramount to any appreciation of scenery *en route*, or of any desire for hygiene in

taking the air. The veiled and spectacled outfit of the bulk of the present votaries is some evidence of the small store set by them on the abstract pleasures of rural travel if not accompanied by high velocity. The deduction from this observation is that any measure for licensing higher velocity will be in effect a statutable warranty for a moneyed minority to make public highways a playground for certain new toys, and a locality for pastime. Now, when children of the poor, whose facilities and locality of pastime are far more limited than those of the wealthy classes, desire to multiply hoops in thoroughfares, or to seek enjoyment at impromptu football or skittle-cricket on the macadam, they are promptly tabooed by the police; and divers local councils very properly enact by-laws against the dangers of children's hoops in the roadways. While disclaiming any sentiment of Socialism, it seems to the writer to be an anomaly to recognise a claim for pastime on the highway that may result in any curtailment of the enjoyment of that highway by the rest of the public, and which is inconsistent so long as use of the highway is refused to the toys of the children of the poor. Any legislature that would overlook this and would legislate for higher motor velocity for machines designed almost exclusively for pastime and not for commerce, risks the imputation of legislating for the classes against the masses; for plutocrat pastime to be privileged to the detraction of public convenience.

The *Daily Mail*, which has at times held a strong Press brief for motorists, has frequently declaimed against police prosecutions for violation of the statute as to speed, as tending to 'kill an industry.' Apart from the question whether the production of motors for British pastime is mainly home or foreign, the general allegation of injury to the industry of motor manufacture would as consistently be applied to the injury of the trade in children's hoops, cheap footballs, skittles, trap bat and ball, and other implements of juvenile pastime, through inhibition of children's games therewith in thoroughfares. The use of pleasure motor cars does not add to national wealth: it simply *distributes* some among manufacturers, from pleasure-seekers; and in the case of foreign-built cars actually exports the purchase price, which might otherwise be spent in the island.

The advocates of privilege for increased speed frequently adopt in the Press the parrot phrase 'the motor has come to stay,' and upon this basis arguments have been raised by correspondents and editors that a new social duty devolves *ex officio* on all owners of horseflesh to break in their animals to face motor traffic quietly. It is doubtless true that horses can be educated to abandon fear of railway traffic, or of noise of gunpowder, and like alarms; those who so educate their studs do so for their own convenience, but in view of our hypothesis (*supra*) that the horse

and his owner have a birthright to the road, and the motorist only a statutable licence, the demand that a horse-owner should alternatively get rid of his animal or spend time or money in educating it to • motor alarms appears to savour of selfishness, not to mention arrogance. It would still be so if the motor were exclusively commercial, and not, in nine cases out of ten, a mere machine for pastime.

The motor *may* have 'come to stay' for an eventual yet deferred trade traffic, and pastime motoring may meantime seek the shelter of the ægis of the present very skeleton development of commercial motoring; but whether the extra pastime of high velocity, which is the special charm that stimulates modern motoring, is to stay, and to obtain further privilege, is a serious utilitarian question. If motoring for goods traffic shall in due course develop to the same extent as pleasure traffic, and shall represent itself to Parliament as unable to carry on business without licence for higher velocity than twelve miles an hour, the case for extension of speed may then become stronger. At present the plea is simply a demand for privilege for plutocrat pastime.

#### PROBLEMS FOR MR. LONG.

The details of Mr. Long's promised Locomotives Amendment Act are not promulgated at the date of penning these lines; but it is not unreasonable to suppose that the main features which the Bill will deal with will be those of higher velocity, and some means for identification. Undoubtedly there are many motorists, probably a considerable majority, who might with public safety be licensed to exceed the existing velocity limit on suitable vacant stretches of highway. But it will be obvious that it would be inconsistent with public safety to extend this licence indiscriminately, so as to include any tyro in motorism or any motor imperfectly fitted as to brake-power or steering gear. It is true that the Local Government Board Order requires competence in drivers, sound construction in machines, and certain specific brake-power, and that evidence of departure from these conditions may entail conviction and fine; but inasmuch as such conviction could hardly ensue until after some escapade and public injury that prompted the prosecution, the practical effect of such a conviction, though deterrent to some degree in the future, would otherwise be a closing of the stable door too late as regards the catastrophe on record. On the other hand, to draft an efficient statute which should qualify those fit for the new privilege, and simultaneously debar the unfit, seems likely to be a problem too complicated to be tackled, in view of the paramount claim for *salus populi*. The question of legislation for efficient identification of motors is at the present juncture fortuitously combined with that of possible concession to increased speed. But in theory there is no reason why the two considerations should be inseparable. Some votaries

of motorism have condescendingly announced that, in consideration of some extended licence for velocity, they will 'consent' to being labelled for identification, as if their leave hereon were requisite as a condition precedent to a new law for the *salus populi*! Any attitude of this nature does harm rather than good to their cause, as licensees and not holders of any birthright on macadam. They should rather bear in mind the adage that 'beggars should not be choosers.' It is only some five years ago that the *Times*, at that date holding a strong brief for motors, remarked editorially in a leading article, of a proposal for the numbering or lettering motors, 'It is absurd to suppose that gentlemen on pleasure bent will submit to be ticketed in this fashion.' At that date motors had not by any means reached their present number, and the 'road-hog' section of motorists had not succeeded in tarring with a general brush of public dislike and distrust that majority of motorists who desire to be law-abiding, and it is instructive to note that the 'Thunderer' now adopts a more tolerant attitude on the subject of a means for identification.

Some motorists in the Press, when corresponding *re* lettering of motors and competency of drivers, have fallen back on the lower school retort of *tu quoque*, demanding that any requirement on these matters for motorism should by statute be made applicable to all classes of traffic. Here (apart from the absence of any complete analogy between the conditions of motor and of ordinary vehicular traffic, and facilities of the former for evading any hue and cry after evildoers), these advocates overlook the birthright question (*supra*) and the fact that, while the motor needs statute to bring it on to the road, other traffic requires statute to denude it of any of its common-law privileges. If public opinion shall ever express itself that non-motor traffic is equal to motor traffic in production of peril, and in evasion of responsibility for injury, no doubt the Legislature will then provide accordingly.

A correspondent in the *Times*, on the proposal for lettering motors, lately propounded, first, that the dust raised by such vehicles would make such lettering indistinct; secondly, that any motorist wrongly summoned upon a misread lettering ought to be statutorily entitled to compensation for inconvenience. If such a plea, by any stretch of fancy, could be believed to represent the general prediction of motorists as to the value of lettering, it should be an almost unanswerable argument, not only against further licence for the pastime, but even for abrogation of that which exists. After perusing the weekly record for months past of motor catastrophes to wayfarers and of infringement of statute as to speed, and of evanescence of a considerable number of unidentified motorist offenders, the public might reasonably demand, as alternatives, either infallible machinery for identification or else a limit of

motorism to commerce and to the slow paces thereof, with absolute veto as to pastime, or at least to any velocity in excess of the present requirements of commerce.

- Fortunately for the existence of motoring, no one appears to entertain much doubt that it will be possible to invent some device and code which will be legible and intelligible for identification under all reasonable circumstances. Probably the statute would not attempt hard-and-fast definition of the dimensions and nature of lettering, lest modification should soon be required. The Local Government Board would, in lieu, be empowered to issue orders on this issue from time to time. If the Government desire to avoid unpopularity with rural electors, artisans, and tradesman classes, they will endeavour in any event to legislate this Session as to motor registration and identification, even if after consideration they come to the conclusion that it will be hazardous simultaneously to throw the reins on the necks of all motorists and all machines alike, and that alternatively to frame regulations to loosen restrictions upon the sophrons of motoring while retaining and even increasing them as regards the unpopular so-called 'road-hog,' is too complicated a problem.

One value of registration of motors (coupled with lettering) would be that it would facilitate the operation of a desirable enactment, viz. that a motor, like a ship at sea, should be responsible, and liable to detention as primary security until released by satisfactory bond, for any damage alleged to have been done by it. This will saddle a responsibility on those who let engines of destruction of this nature by the day or week to occupants who may be men of straw, and would not practically affect the position of a man of substance whose motor had caused damage and who desired to dispute his liability and to give a prompt and satisfactory bond to the minimum value of his machine.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the public at large, and more especially the labouring, the retail-trading and farming classes, have any sympathy or liking for motorism. Even if no question as to peril to person or property ever arose in connection with the pastime, the mere noise, the smell, and the dust which accompany such vehicles suffice to engender prejudice against this traffic. In spite of allegation from motor advocates that the sport is destined to revive prosperity of roadside innkeepers and to recall days of coaching and posting, it is significant that down the whole street of any normal and typical village that lies on a trunk road there is practically a chorus of detestation when a car careers through it. The village publican does not expect patronage at his homely board or tap from folks so well-to-do. Only the leading hotel of one country town to every forty or more miles of route is patronised for a meal by the wealthy voyagers. The casual sale of sixpennyworth

of oil by a village grocer, or enlistment of the aid of the blacksmith at a breakdown, does not bring enough grist to the village money-mill to counterpoise that innate bucolic prejudice against the car and its occupants which springs from evil smell, dust, hurly-burly, irritation at the imperative 'toot-toot,' from panic among children and dames plying or gossiping at street corners, from experience or hearsay as to dogs and poultry run down, and from non-admiration of *personnel* of goggle-eyed and masked travellers, and the obscuration of identity in the event of complaint. Village dames with quivers full lament that their Saturday washing-days become purgatory by reason of the extra task of watching and keeping out of roadway and gutter small children whose only playground is the macadam before the cottage door. If the rate-collector could be relied upon to take a poll of bucolic and urban votes on the subject of extra licence for motor speed, it is doubtful if he could tick off 5 per cent. to favour it. If, again, he could count noses as to lettering for identification, and for increase of penalties for statute-breaking, including imprisonment without option of a fine in aggravated cases, the figures would be about reversed.

Upon this aspect of the situation the Government should be especially circumspect and cautious as to approving any scheme for legislation which would take, from the rate-paying inheritors of the right of way on the road, any further instalments of common-law birthright thereon, in the absence of strongest proof of *pro bono publico* in such a change. Such proof can hardly be alleged to be forthcoming on a proposal to license a small moneyed minority to make playgrounds on highways. For all commercial and utilitarian purposes the light locomotive has already freedom of action at the present regulation of speed limit. An Act that should confer *carte blanche* upon motorists would damage the Ministry far more at rural polls of next election, than even a five-shilling duty on flour.

One excuse has been propounded semi-ministerially for a proposed concession of extra speed to motorists. It is that a considerable section of them have already systematically defied the restrictive sections of the Act, while simultaneously taking full advantage of the emancipating clauses which give them *entrée* to the road; and that this repeated contumacy discloses a statesman-like reason for removing the restriction which the rebels have defied. Such logic speaks for itself. It does not appear to have struck the Minister that, apart from abstract encouragement to law-breaking at large offered by such policy, a fraternity which cannot as a whole be trusted to obey orders is hardly to be trusted (as a whole) to dispense altogether with leading-strings. Now, if there had been a record of loyal obedience by motorists as a class, while on probation under a pioneer statute, there might be some reason for experimental relaxation of restriction. But, unfortunately, history records the



Converse. One cannot but sympathise with the orderly section of motorists whose privileges are imperilled and repute soiled by the malpractices of a minority of their fraternity; but in adhering to *salus populi* as a guiding star the safest course for legislation will be found. Under any circumstances, a lettering and registration amendment to the 1896 Act should at once be passed, for public protection. As to extension of velocity, before it can be conceded, the problem of demarcating sheep from goats and adepts from inepts—privileging only the elect in each antithesis—requires to be authoritatively solved (*if* solution thereof can be within the scope of Parliamentary genius!).

WALTER B. WOODGATE.



*RADIUM AND ITS LESSONS*

THE recent visit to London of Monsieur and Madame Curie, who, in the intervals of teaching physics at Paris, have enriched the world with brilliant chemical discoveries, has locally accentuated the interest felt throughout the scientific world in the new element and its extraordinary properties.

Briefly these properties, as investigated by several physicists, are that radium, like the other far less active substances previously discovered, is constantly emitting, without apparent diminution, three kinds of rays: rays called  $\gamma$  which appear to be chiefly of the same nature as the  $x$  rays of Röntgen; rays called  $\beta$ , or cathodic, which are similar to the cathode rays in a Crookes tube and to the Lenard rays outside such a tube, and are found to consist of extremely minute flying corpuscles or electrons negatively charged; and rays called  $\alpha$ , which appear to be composed of projected and positively charged atoms of matter flying away at an immense speed measured by Professor Rutherford, of Montreal. The whole power of emission is designated radio-activity, or spontaneous radio-activity to distinguish it from the variety which can be artificially excited in several ways, and was discovered in the first instance as a bare experimental fact by M. Becquerel. The most prominent, the most usually and easily demonstrated kind, are the  $\beta$  rays; for these possess remarkable penetrating power and can excite phosphorescent substances or affect photographic plates and electroscopes after passing through a great length of air or even through an inch of solid iron. But although these are the most conspicuous, they are not the most important. The most important by far are the  $\alpha$  rays, the flinging off of atoms of matter. It is probable that everything else is subordinate to this effect and can be regarded as a secondary and natural consequence of it.

For instance, undoubtedly radium or any salt of radium has the power of constantly generating heat: M. Curie has now satisfactorily demonstrated this important fact. Not that it is to be supposed that a piece of radium is perceptibly warm, if exposed so that the heat can escape as fast as generated—it can then only be a trifle warmer than its surroundings; but when properly packed in a heat-

insulating enclosure it can keep itself five degrees Fahrenheit above the temperature of any other substance enclosed in a similar manner ; or when submerged in liquid air it can boil away that liquid faster than can a similar weight of anything else. Everything else, indeed, would rapidly get cooled down to the liquid-air temperature, and then cease to have any further effect ; but radium, by reason of its heat-generating power, will go on evaporating the liquid continually, in spite of its surface having been reduced to the liquid-air temperature. But it is clear that this emission of heat is a necessary consequence, of the vigorous atomic bombardment—at least, if it can be shown that the emission is due to some process occurring inside the atom itself, and not to any subsidiary or surrounding influences. Now that is just one of the features which is most conspicuous. Tested by any of the methods known, the radio-activity of radium appears to be constant and inalienable. Its power never deserts it. Whichever of its known chemical compounds be employed, the element itself in each is equally effective. At a red heat, or at the fearfully low temperature of liquid hydrogen, its activity continues ; nothing that can be done to it destroys its radio-activity, nor even appears to diminish or increase it. It is a property of the atoms themselves, without regard, or without much regard, to their physical surroundings or to their chemical combination with the atoms of other substances. And this is one of the facts which elevate the whole phenomenon into a position of first-class importance.

The most striking test for radio-activity is the power of exciting phosphorescence in suitable substances : as, for instance, in diamond. Sir Wm. Crookes has shown that by bringing a scrap of radium, wrapped in any convenient opaque envelope, near a diamond in the dark, it glows brilliantly ; whereas the 'paste' variety remains dull. A number of other substances emit light also when submitted to the emission (in this case usually the  $\beta$  emission) from radium ; and Crookes has also shown that the substance known as zinc-blende if submitted to the  $\alpha$  rays of radium, which can be done by bringing a scrap of it sufficiently near a zinc-blende screen with no interposed obstacle or impediment, the bombardment, when looked at in the dark, becomes visible not as a mere generally diffused glow as in ordinary cases of phosphorescence, but as a multitude of luminous specks, darting or flashing hither and thither to all appearance, but really occurring first in one place and then in another, each flash or light-speck representing the impact of the atomic projectile upon a target. To see them individually some moderate magnifying power must be employed, and it then constitutes a simple and beautiful experiment, for which the merest trace of radium is sufficient.

But although the excitation of phosphorescence is the most striking test and proof of the power of radio-activity, because it

appeals so directly to the eye, it is by no means the most delicate test; and if that had been our only means of observation, the property would be still a long way from being discovered. It was the far weaker power of a few substances—substances found in Nature and not requiring special extraction and concentration, such as Madame Curie applied to tons of the oxide-of-uranium-mineral called 'pitch-blende' in order to extract a minute amount of its concentrated active element—it was the far weaker power of naturally existing substances such as that of pitch-blende itself, of thorium, and originally of uranium, which led to the discovery of radio-activity. And none of these substances is strong enough to excite visible phosphorescence. Their influence can be accumulated on a photographic plate for minutes, or hours, or days together, and then on developing the plate their radio-active record can be seen; but it is insufficient to appeal direct to the eye. In this photographic way the power of a number of minerals has been tested; but even this is far from being the most sensitive test. The most sensitive test that can be applied is the power which any radio-active substance possesses of rendering atmospheric air conductive, and so discharging any electrified body in its neighbourhood. The most minute trace of radio-activity can be detected in this way; and by this means R. Strutt has found that the property is widely diffused—that most metals and many other substances possess it to some small degree; and Professor J. J. Thomson has detected traces of the power in common water from deep wells.

The emission of atoms does not seem, at first hearing, a very singular procedure on the part of matter. Many forms of matter can evaporate, and many others emit scent; wherein, then, lies the peculiarity of radio-active substances, if the power of flinging away of atoms at tremendous speed is their central feature? It all depends on what sort of atoms they are. If they are particles of the substance itself, there is nothing novel in it except the high speed: but if it should turn out that the atoms flung off belong to quite a different substance—if one elementary body can be proved to throw off another elementary body—then clearly there is something worthy of stringent inquiry. Now, Rutherford has measured the atomic weight of the atoms thrown off, and has shown that they constitute less than 1 per cent. of the atoms whence they are projected; though whether the matter flung off corresponds to any known material is at present quite uncertain. It has been suggested that it may perhaps be helium, but that is little better than a guess.

But the radio-activity of the substance itself—a substance like radium or thorium—is by no means the whole of what has to be described. When the emission has occurred, when the light atoms have been thrown off, it is clear that something must be left behind; and the properties of that substance must be examined too. It

appears to be a kind of heavy gas, which remains in the pores of the radium salt and slowly diffuses away. It can be drawn off more rapidly by a wind or current of air, and when passed over suitable phosphorescent substances it causes them to glow. It is, in fact, itself radio-active, as the radium was; but its chemical nature is at present quite unknown. Its activity soon ceases, however, gradually fading away, so that in a few days or weeks it is practically gone. It leaves a radio-active deposit on surfaces over which it has passed; a deposit which is a different substance again, and whose chemical nature is likewise different and unknown. The amount of substance in these emanations and deposits is incredibly small, and yet by reason of their radio-activity, and the sensitiveness of our tests for that emission, they can be detected, and their properties to some extent examined. Thus, for instance, the solid deposit left behind by the radium emanation can be dissolved off by suitable reagents, and can then be precipitated or evaporated to dryness and treated in other chemical ways, although nothing is visible or weighable or detectable by any known means except the means of radio-activity. So that directly one of the chain of substances which emanate from a radio-active substance ceases to possess that particular kind of activity, it passes out of recognition; and what happens to it after that, or what further changes take place in it, remains at present absolutely unknown. So it is quite possible that these emanations and deposits and other products of spontaneous change may be emitted by many, perhaps all, kinds of matter, without our knowing anything whatever about it.

The emanations from radium and thorium, however, are recognisable enough, by reason of their remarkably active properties; they can be passed along tubes and otherwise dealt with: and not only do they behave as a gas in ordinary ways, but their liquefying-point has likewise been approximately determined and found to be something like 250 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero. At this temperature, at any rate, they condense and decline to pass on; perhaps because they are entangled with the liquefying air or some of its constituents, possibly because they really liquefy themselves; but whether they really condense or not, they by no means lose their radio-active property, but, like every kind of substance which is known to possess this property, they continue it unchanged and undiminished through whatever vicissitudes they pass.

That being so, what is the meaning of the series of facts which have been here hastily summarised; and how are they to be accounted for? Here we come to the hypothetical and at present incompletely verified speculations and surmises, the possible truth of which is arousing the keenest interest. There are people who wish to warm their houses and cook their food and drive their engines and make

some money by means of radium ; it is possible that these are doomed to disappointment, though it is always rash to predict anything whatever in the negative direction, and I would not be understood as making any prediction or indicating any kind of opinion on the subject of possible practical applications of the substance, except, as we may hope, to medicine. Applications have their place, and in due time may come within the range of practicability, though there is no appearance of them at present. Meanwhile the real points of interest are none of these, but of a quite other order. The easiest way to make them plain is to state them as if they were certain, and not confuse the statement by constant reference to hypothesis : guarding myself from the beginning by what I have already said as to the speculative character of some of the assertions now going to be made.

Atoms of matter are not simple, but complex ; each is composed of an aggregate of smaller bodies in a state of rapid interlocked motion, restrained and coerced into orbits by electrical forces. An atom so constituted is fairly stable and perennial, but not infinitely stable or eternal. Every now and then one atom in a million, or rather in a million millions, gets into an unstable state, and is then liable to break up. A very minute fraction of the whole number of the atoms of a substance do thus actually break up, probably by reason of an excessive velocity in some of their moving parts ; an approach to the speed of light in some of their internal motions—perhaps the maximum speed which matter can ever attain—being presumably the cause of the instability. When the break-up occurs, the rapidly moving fragment flies away tangentially, with enormous speed—twenty thousand miles a second—and constitutes the  $\alpha$  ray or main emission.

If the flying fragment strikes a phosphorescent obstacle, it makes a flash of light ; if it strikes (as many must) other atoms of the substance itself, it gets stopped likewise, and its energy subsides into the familiar molecular motion we call 'heat' ; so the substance becomes slightly warmed. Energy has been transmuted from the unknown internal atomic kind to the known thermal kind : it has been degraded from regular orbital astronomical motion of parts of an atom into the irregular quivering of molecules ; and the form of energy which we call heat has therefore been generated, making its appearance, as usual, by the disappearance of some other form, but, in this particular instance, of a form previously unrecognised.

Hitherto a classification of the various forms of energy<sup>1</sup> has been complete when we enumerated rotation, translation, vibration, and strain, of matter in the form of planetary masses, ordinary masses, molecules, and atoms, and of the universal omnipresent medium 'ether,' which is to 'matter' as the ocean is to the shells and other

<sup>1</sup> See the *Philosophical Magazine* for October 1879.

conglomerates built out of its dissolved contents. But now we must add another category, and take into consideration the parts or electrons of which the atoms of matter are themselves hypothetically composed.

The emission of the fragment is accompanied by a convulsion of the atom, minuter portions or electrons being pitched off too; and these, being so extraordinarily small, can proceed a long way through the interstices of ordinary obstacles, seeing, as it were, a clear passage every now and then even through an inch of solid lead, and constituting the  $\beta$  rays; while the atoms themselves are easily stopped, even by paper. But the recoil of the main residue is accompanied by a kind of shiver or rearrangement of the particles, with a suddenness which results in an  $x$ -ray emission such as always accompanies anything in the nature of a shock or collision among minute charged bodies; and this true ethereal radiation is the third or  $\gamma$  ray of the whole process, and, like the heat-production, is a simple consequence of the main phenomenon, which is the break-up of the atom.

The emission over, and the fragment of the atom gone, the residue is no longer radium, but is something else. What it is we do not yet know; but since it is produced in isolated atoms here and there, with crowds of foreign substance between, there is no cohesion or any continuity between its particles; they are separated like the atoms of a gas, or like the molecules of a salt in a very dilute solution in which there are millions or billions of times as many atoms of the solvent as there are of the dissolved salt. So they are easily carried away by any motion of the medium in which they are mechanically embedded; but they retain their individuality, and their radio-active power persists, because the breaking-up process is by no means finished, stability is far from attained: indeed, the instability is more marked than it was in the original substance; for whereas in the original substance only one single atom here and there out of a million of millions was affected by it, here in the diffusing emanation or first product of incipient atomic dissociation every atom seems unstable, or at least to be in a very critical condition. So that in a time to be reckoned in minutes or days or months (according to the nature of the emanation, whether it be from thorium or radium or uranium) a further break-down has occurred in every atom; and so its accompaniment of radio-activity ceases. The radio-active power has disappeared from the emanation, but it has not wholly ceased: it has been transferred this time to a solid deposit which has been the residual outcome of the second break-up. For the atoms of this deposit also are unstable and break up, in a time which can be reckoned in months, days, or minutes, apparently in roughly inverse order to the duration of the parent emanation. Another and another substance has also been

suspected, by Rutherford and Soddy, as the outcome of this third break-up; while gradually the radio-active power of the resulting emanations becomes imperceptible, and further investigation by present methods becomes impossible for lack of means of detection of sufficient delicacy.

Here, then, we appear to have, in embryo, a transmutation of the elements, the possibility of which has for so long been the guess and the desire of alchemists. Whether the progress of research will confirm this hypothesis, and whether any of the series of substances so produced are already familiarly known to us in ordinary chemistry, remains to be seen. It is not in the least likely that any one radio-active substance can furnish in its stages of collapse the whole series of elements; most likely one substance will give one series, and another substance will give another; and it may be that these emanations are new and unstable elements or compounds such as are not already known, or it may be that they approximate in properties to some of the known elements without any exact coincidence. The recognised elements which we know so well must clearly be comparatively stable and persistent forms, but it does not follow that they are infinitely stable and perpetual; the probability is that every now and then, whether by the shock of collision or otherwise, the rapidity of motion necessary for instability will be attained by some one atom, and then that particular atom will fling off the fragment and emit the rays of which we have spoken, and begin a series of evolutionary changes of which the details may have to be worked out separately for each chemical element.

If there be any truth in this speculation, matter is an evanescent and transient phenomenon, subject to gradual decay and decomposition by the action of its own internal forces and motions, somewhat as has been suspected and to some extent ascertained to be the case for energy. If it be asked, 'How comes it, then, that matter is still in existence? Why has it not already all broken down, especially in these very radio-active and therefore presumably rapidly decadent forms of radium and the like?' the question naturally directs us to seek some mode of origin for atoms, to conjecture some falling together of their pristine material, some agglomeration of the separate electrons of which they are hypothetically composed, such as is a familiar idea when applied to the gravitational aggregates of astronomy which we call nebulae and suns and planets.

We may also ask whether many other phenomena, known but not understood, are not now going to receive their explanation. The light of the glowworm and firefly and other forms of life is one thing which deserves study; the Brownian movements of microscopic particles is another. Are we witnessing in the Brownian movements any external evidence, exhibited by a small aggregate of an immense number of atoms, of the effects of internal rearrangement and



emission of the parts of the atoms, going on from the free surface of the particle? And can it be that the light emitted by the glowworm—which is true light and not technical radio-activity, and yet which is accompanied by a trace of something which can penetrate black paper and affect a light-screened photographic plate—is emitted because the insect has learnt how to control the breaking-down of atoms, so as to enable their internal energy in the act of transmutation to take the form of useful light instead of the useless form of an insignificant amount of heat or other kind of radiation effect; the faint residual penetrating emission being a secondary but elucidatory and instructive appendage to the main luminosity?

Many more questions may be asked; and if the conjectures now rife are to any great extent confirmed, it is clear that many important avenues for fruitful experimental inquiry will be opened up. Among them an easy and hopeful line of investigation, lying in the path of persons favourably situated for physically examining the luminous emission of live animals, may perhaps usefully be here suggested.

And let me conclude by asking readers to give no ear to the absurd claim of paradoxers and others ignorant of the principles of physics, who, with misplaced ingenuity, will be sure to urge that the foundations of science are being uprooted and long-cherished laws shaken. Nothing of the kind is happening. The new information now being gained in so many laboratories is supplementary and stimulating, not really revolutionary, nor in the least perturbing to mathematical physicists, whatever it may be to chemists; for on the electric theory of matter it is the kind of thing that ought to occur. And one outstanding difficulty about this theory, often previously felt and expressed by Professor Larmor—that matter *ought* to be radio-active and unstable if the electric theory of its constitution were true—this theoretical difficulty is being removed in the most brilliant possible way.]

OLIVER LODGE.

*ON THE POLLUTION OF OUR RIVERS*

As long ago as 1865 the evil arising from the pollution of rivers became sufficiently great to attract even the attention of Parliament, and three Commissioners were appointed in May of that year to enquire into the subject, the selected river basins being the Thames, the Mersey, the Aire and Calder, the Severn, the Taff, and lastly a mining district in Cornwall.

In August 1867, the three Commissioners issued their report on the Aire and Calder, which, together with the evidence of the numerous witnesses called by them, gives the fullest history of the causes, and growth, and magnitude, and character of the pollution and of possible and desirable remedial measures.

The great increase of pollution took place between 1850 and 1866. Salmon were seen at Allerton Bywater on the Aire as late as 1850, and men are still living who caught trout in the Calder above Dewsbury. Trout were caught in the Calder after 1839, and between 1844 and 1854 the owner of Esholt Hall was supplied regularly every day by the keeper with eels, trout, and fresh fish from the Aire. First the salmon, then the trout, and lastly about 1856 the coarse fish, first the dace and then the roach, became extinct in the Calder.

It was not until 1830 that Bradford began to pollute the Aire, and above Bradford there was no appreciable pollution until 1840.

There was little or no opposition to the growing pollution. Brindley believed that the use of rivers was to feed canals: private individuals and public authorities alike held that their use was to carry away sewage and refuse. 'Streams,' declared a Sowerby Bridge manufacturer, 'may reasonably receive all liquid or all soluble refuse from works connected therewith, for it is not often that they are injurious to health.' Solid matter, he held, ought rarely to be thrown in. Thousands of tons of ashes annually found their way into the streams that feed the Aire and the Calder. A Keighley manufacturer, more enlightened than his neighbours, tried to put a stop to the practice of pouring ashes into the river Worth. He went into the town, complained to his neighbours, pointed out that it was a violation of the law, that his property was being seriously injured, and that he should be compelled to appeal to the

law for protection. The Chairman of the Local Board of Health came out of his house and said, 'What! you put a stop to our putting ashes into Keighley Beck?' then ran into his house, brought a shovel full of ashes and pitched them over the bridge into the beck, saying, 'Now go and do your worst.' Besides ashes, foundry dross, foundations of cottage houses, logwood chips, and excrementitious matter of all kinds were thrown into the streams, with the result that the beds of the rivers were raised and disastrous floods ensued.

Witness after witness bore testimony to the loathsome condition of the rivers, hardly to be credited by those who were not familiar with them. In summer the Calder was 'a boiling, stinking mass.' Bradford Beck was and is probably the foulest stream in the world. Mr. Fairbairn gave up his tenancy of Esholt Hall owing to the filthy state of the Aire. The Bradford Canal, 'the most notable case of extreme pollution on record,' gave rise to constant sickness; 'one night,' says Mr. Anderton, 'we had an escape of gas in one of our bedrooms. We opened the windows to let it out, but the stench from outside was so intolerable that we shut down the windows and preferred having the gas to having the stench from the canal.' It was a favourite occupation to set the gas which floated on the canal alight and see blue flames arise some six feet in height and envelope the barges in their course, as they ran like gunpowder a distance of 100 yards along the water. The Aire and Calder Navigation was threatened with extinction by the Leeds sewage. The carcasses of animals poisoned the air as they floated down the rivers or were stranded on the banks. It was no one's business to remove them. One lock at Manchester had nineteen dead dogs in it: more than forty dead dogs, when there was a flood, would pass Stanley Ferry on the Calder in a single day. The death-rate in Leeds for the five years from 1860 to 1864 was 29·5, for the last five years it has been 19·09.

Besides the solid refuse and the sewage of the towns, the manufacturing effluents, especially those of the woollen trade, dye refuse and tanneries, added to the loathsome condition of the streams, and presented the chief difficulty to be grappled with; 2,750,000 hides were annually converted into leather in Leeds and the neighbourhood. It was estimated that from one-half to two-thirds of the woollen and worsted trade was carried on in the West Riding, and that 384,200,000 pounds in weight, of a value of 64,400,000*l.*, were annually sent out of the mills of Great Britain. 'The question of dealing with the soap waste,' the Commissioners say in their report, 'must be met on the part of the manufacturers in an earnest and intelligent spirit.' No one will deny the manufacturers the possession of earnestness and intelligence, but they are not always exerted in the public interest.

The report was a *magnum opus*, and, though thirty-five years have passed since its issue, its findings still hold good and its recommendations are well worthy of study and full of value.

The Commissioners could have no doubt about the extent of the existing pollution, and their conclusions present a vivid picture of what they found.

With very few exceptions the streams of the West Riding of Yorkshire run with a liquid which has more the appearance of ink than of water. The Aire and Calder and their tributaries are abused by passing into them thousands of tons per annum of ashes, slag, and cinders from steam boiler furnaces, ironworks, and domestic fires; by their being made the receptacle to a vast extent of broken pottery and worn-out utensils of metal, refuse brick from brickyards and old buildings, earth, stone, and clay from quarries and excavations, road scrapings, street sweepings; by spent dye-woods and other solids used in the treatment of worsted and woollens; by hundreds of carcases of animals, as dogs, cats, pigs, which are allowed to float on the surface of the streams or putrefy on their banks; and by the flowing in to the amount of very many millions of gallons a day of water poisoned, corrupted, and clogged by refuse from mines, chemical works, dyeing, scouring and fulling worsted and woollen stuffs, skin cleaning and tanning, slaughter-house garbage, and the sewage of towns and houses.

In their report on the Mersey and Ribble basins the Commissioners apportioned the blame with an unsparing hand.

The landowner, complaining bitterly of the nuisance made by the towns and mills, which have however on the whole greatly increased the value of his property, is himself an offender to the extent of his opportunity, just as the corporate authority or millowner whom he blames. The manufacturer, who declares with justice that the river water is injured for his purposes by the sewage of the towns above him, rarely hesitates to let the excrement of his workpeople drain into the stream and thus make it worse for those below him. Even the villagers add their contribution to the nuisance, and their privies are placed over a running brook or are drained into it; household liquid refuse of every kind finds its way into the nearest watercourse, and solid rubbish from the cottages and gardens is shot over the banks of the river to be washed away by floods. In fact, while all complain of this habitual carelessness upon their own comfort and convenience, all are equally indifferent to the comfort and convenience of others.

The evil was patent enough; what was to be the remedy? Solid refuse could easily be prohibited, sewage treatment was always practicable, chemical aid, filtration, and subsidence would largely improve the character of a manufacturing effluent, but how was the law to be enforced? The Commissioners recommended the establishment of a central board appointed by a State Department for the conservancy of the rivers with full powers to deal with all forms of pollution, to take cognisance of weirs and dams, walls and embankments, and to hear appeals in cases of disputes as to works of any character affecting the condition and free flow of rivers.

These recommendations were in advance of public opinion at that date, and it may be questioned whether they are not still in advance. The Mayor of Bradford in his evidence given in 1866

declared that his Corporation were engaged in a very extensive system of drainage, that they were doing their best to drain their borough, but that they could not do so without polluting the streams.

In 1868 a second Commission was appointed, the former having been revoked. In 1869 and 1870 the then Commissioners in their innocence issued a series of queries to the Local Boards of Health situated upon the rivers affected and to the manufacturers and traders upon them. The Local Boards of Health were invited to offer any suggestions that occurred to them as to the best means of avoiding pollution in future, and as to the conservancy of rivers and streams. Out of seventy-seven Local Boards and Boroughs situate on the Aire and Calder, nineteen on the Aire and forty-nine on the Calder had no suggestions to offer; nine only made suggestions and advocated either the prohibition of throwing refuse into the streams or the establishment of a Conservancy Board. The queries sent to every manufacturer and trader in the basins of eighteen rivers and their tributaries, of which eight were in Yorkshire, were twenty-five in number, and asked for information *inter alia* about the mode of disposal of their ashes and the removal of the excrements of the workpeople. The result might have been foreseen. Out of 4990, answers were furnished only by 611, and these after many applications.

The third report of the Commissioners, reduced by the death of Sir William Denison to two in number, Mr. Frankland and Mr. Morton, was issued in April, 1871, and contained several fresh recommendations. It re-affirmed their predecessor's strictures: 'the Aire and Calder and their affluents are poisoned, clogged, and corrupted by refuse from various manufactories and mines; the Bradford Beck was the most filthy stream the Commissioners had met with, surpassing even the worst examples in Lancashire.<sup>1</sup> Wakefield drank its own filtered sewage taken from the Calder in a black and putrescent condition. All the Commissioners were agreed in the application of certain specified standards of purity to be enforced upon industrial processes and manufactures, but there was an interesting difference of opinion regarding the constitution of the supreme authority. Sir William Denison had been in favour of a local authority acting through a county or provisional board, and having power to enforce such bye-laws as should be necessary to secure the purification of the streams. His colleagues, fearful of local prejudice and personal influence and also of partial legislation, were in favour of one supreme central authority to consist of not more than three

<sup>1</sup> 'The whole valley from end to end is spoiled, enslaved, dejected. It was the very home and spring of fresh air and water, and now it is a sewer of smoke, with a mantling ditch. What is this strange law by which nature's gifts in the process of conversion to man's uses defile and degrade the places of their transition?'—Sept. 15th 1887. *Life of Edward Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury*, vol. ii. p. 143.

persons, who should be qualified to deal with all questions connected with the pollution of water and water supply.

We shall see that Sir William Denison's views were destined to carry the day.

*Paramount in filth as the Aire and Calder, the Mersey and Itwell and their tributaries were shown to be, it must not be supposed that pollution was their attribute alone. All the reports issued by the Commissioners tell much the same story. The fourth report, dealing with Scotland, in June, 1872, gives a sorry account of the Tweed and Clyde, of the North Esk and Almond. Silver Tweed, 'the cleanest of all streams,' 'flowing broad and bright over milk-white pebbles,' was unrecognisable. 'The weir at Melrose created a great pool into which, if a dog went, he came out exactly as if he had escaped from a dye vat.' Palaces enjoyed no immunities. For six weeks in 1865 the new drain from Windsor Castle into the river was blocked, and the solid matter from both town and castle accumulated in the sewer for a length of 600 yards upwards through the Home Park. In flood times no delivery of sewage took place from Windsor. The sewerage of Eton College, as might have been expected, was 'coeval with the building itself,' but the Provost had neither criticisms to offer nor recommendations to make, and showed a childlike faith in the purity and beauty of the water of his cloister pump. 'Coeval with the building itself' applies to much of Eton besides the sewerage both then and now.*

The Commission did its work well and thoroughly, and no man could any longer plead ignorance of the extent of the evil reported on. But it is one thing to diagnose, another to find a remedy for a disease. There was no real desire on the part of the public to take action. The manufacturers were too powerful a body to be compelled to do their duty. 'Parliament,' I once said to Mr. Gladstone during the last year of his life, 'has been very lenient to the manufacturers.' 'Say "far too cowardly,"' replied Mr. Gladstone.

In 1875 the Public Health Act was passed, and Section 15 obliged every Local Authority to make such sewers as might be necessary for effectually draining their district for the purposes of the Act.

In 1876 the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act was passed, and raised hopes that were doomed to disappointment. It dealt with solid refuse, with sewage pollutions, with manufacturing and mining pollutions, yet it must be admitted that the Act failed in effecting its purpose. The restrictions on interference and the exemptions were large. Solid matter had to be putrid, or polluting, or in such quantities as to prejudicially interfere with the due flow of the stream. Section 6 provided that no proceedings should be taken in respect of manufacturing or mining pollutions except by a Sanitary Authority with the assent of the Local Government Board.

- It is rash to say what the intention of Parliament ever is, but the Act remained a dead letter. It did not carry out the recommendations of the Commission, and only a few Sanitary Authorities
- took any interest in the question.

Common law makes the pollution of air or water a nuisance; but what is a nuisance, and who shall declare who created it? It is interesting to recall the fact that the first Sanitary Law in the Statute Book was passed in 1388 and imposed a penalty of 20% upon persons who cast animal filth and refuse into rivers and ditches.

Meanwhile the rivers went from bad to worse, and it became obvious that if no action was taken they would all become serious dangers to public health. The Local Government Act of 1888, Section 14 (3), empowered the Local Government Board upon the application of the Council of any of the counties concerned to constitute a Joint Committee representing all the administrative counties through or by which a river or any tributary passes, and conferred on such Committee the powers of a Sanitary Authority under the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act, 1876.

In 1889 the County Councils of Lancashire and Cheshire decided to apply under this section, and in December, 1890, a local inquiry was held which resulted in the establishment by the Local Government Board, in 1891, of the Joint Committee of the Rivers Mersey and Irwell. The Corporations of Leeds and Bradford followed suit and made an application, early in 1890, for the constitution of a Board representing the County Council of the West Riding and themselves to enforce the Rivers Act with respect to the Aire. In May, 1890, an inquiry was held which showed that the Corporations desired to exclude the Calder and to confine the representation of the County Council to the drainage area of the Aire. No agreement was possible on these lines between the bodies concerned: the condition of the two rivers was identical, and any proposal to deal with one of them could only be a feeble palliative; it was imperative also that the largest area should be made the authority. Deputation followed deputation and conference conference. On the 19th of February, 1891, the Corporations had an interview with Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board, followed by an abortive conference between the Corporations and the County Council on the 1st of June following. There was jealousy of the landed interest, fear that the work of the Board would prove excessive, anxiety lest the administrative area of the County Council should gain a larger share of the representation than the County Boroughs. In November, 1891, the County Council had an interview with Mr. Ritchie regarding the suggested appointment of a Committee to inquire into the best practicable and available means required for rendering harmless trade effluents. An important meeting was held at

Huddersfield on the 21st of December, 1891, to consider the condition of the Calder, and under the chairmanship of the Marquis of Ripon a resolution was passed pledging the conference to assist the Council in its determination to purify the sewage. Again, on the 16th of June, 1892, Lord Ripon presided at Leeds over a conference dealing with the basin of the Aire, which was adjourned to the 20th of October following. On the 10th of August another conference of Local Authorities took place at Keighley, and it was obvious that a general desire existed to purify the streams of the Riding.

Meanwhile the Joint Committee of the Mersey and Irwell, finding that their powers were insufficient to enable them to do their duty, obtained further powers in June, 1892. The preamble of that Act states that the restrictions contained in the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act are such as to preclude effective action by the Joint Committee for the improvement of the rivers, and that their objects cannot be obtained without the authority of Parliament. Stimulated by this precedent, the County Council of the West Riding had an interview with Mr. Fowler (then President of the Local Government Board) in November, and asked for a grant of the same powers that had been conferred on the Mersey and Irwell Committee. The present Lord Mayor of Leeds (Mr. John Ward) supported the application, and said that he hoped that at no distant date the basins of the Aire and Calder would be under a Joint Committee for dealing with the whole question. The President expressed his conviction that the Act of 1876 was a failure and of no use, and suggested the formation of a Joint Committee for the West Riding which should obtain the necessary powers in the following Session.

In January, 1893, a conference was held at Barnsley of the Sanitary and Conservancy Authorities within the basins of the rivers Dearne and Dove, and resolutions passed in favour of action being taken.

Difficulties were at length surmounted, jealousies allayed, and perseverance and patience rewarded; and to Lord Ripon must be given the highest praise for the exercise of these qualities coupled with infinite tact and rightness of judgment. He has earned the gratitude of all who are interested in the health of the community, and the seeds sown by him will bear fruit for all time. To him is mainly due the establishment of the West Riding Rivers Board.

The Local Government Board held an inquiry on the 6th of April, 1893, which was followed by the Provisional Order constituting the Board on the 17th of May, 1893, and which, being confirmed by Parliament, received the Royal Assent in July, 1893. That Board consisted of thirty representatives, eighteen chosen by the West Riding County Council, four by Leeds, three by Bradford, three by Sheffield, one by Huddersfield, and one by Halifax. In 1902 the constitution of the Board was slightly altered by the



elevation of Rotherham into the position of a County Borough, the numbers of the County Council being reduced to seventeen, those of the County Boroughs being increased to thirteen.

On the 17th of August, 1894, the Board obtained further and enlarged powers, embodied in the West Riding of Yorkshire Rivers Act, which enabled it to begin its work with some hope of success.\*

The Act of 1894 was an undoubted step in advance, deficient as it may have been in many respects. Part III. prohibits pollution of rivers by solid matter, but excepts sand, gravel, or natural deposit which shall have flowed from or been deposited by the current and does not obstruct or pollute the waters. Part IV. prohibits liquid sewage pollution. Part V. prohibits liquid manufacturing pollution, but proceedings cannot be taken without the consent of the Local Government Board, and certain specified formalities of notice, and subject to the important proviso that the Local Government Board shall not give its consent unless the Rivers Board and the Local Government Board are satisfied after due inquiry, and having regard to the reasonableness of the cost and the effect on the industry or trade in question, that means for rendering harmless the polluting liquid are reasonably practicable and that no material injury will be inflicted on the interests of such industry or trade. It was fortunate that no such proviso appeared in the Factory Acts, and that, in spite of the outcries of the traders, protection was accorded to the victims of the mills.

The total volume of sewage daily poured into the streams by the six County Boroughs of the West Riding is 60 million gallons, and as long as the present pollution continues no satisfactory result can be attained. The longer the delay in dealing with the evil, the greater the cost will be. The rate of interest is rising: wages and materials are more costly. The Local Government Board Inspector, who held an inquiry into a sewage scheme at Holmfirth in November, 1900, stated that practically the same scheme was estimated to cost 17,000*l.* in 1896, 20,000*l.* a year later, whereas at the date of the inquiry it was to cost 30,000*l.*, and probably would cost considerably more before its completion.

In 1893 there were six non-County Boroughs which had no sewage works: to-day there is only one, Todmorden, which is at the present moment carrying out a scheme.

In 1893 eighty-one Urban Districts had no sewage works: now there are only thirty-nine in that condition, and of these sixteen have schemes in progress or sanctioned by the Local Government Board, and eleven schemes in preparation. In one case there is no perceptible pollution: in two others the sewage is discharged into tidal waters, while in two more the sewage is dealt with by other Districts.

What has been done on the Wharfe will give some insight into

the progressive work of the Board. Before 1893 none of the manufacturers dealt with their effluents. I will follow the stream from its source in Langstrothdale Chase to its junction with the Ouse near Cawood, a course of seventy-six miles, as I did personally last year. Sewage works were constructed at Addingham in 1896, those at Ilkley largely increased in 1898; at Ben Rhydding works were constructed in 1898, at Burley and Menston in 1896. At Otley the inefficient works constructed in 1893 are being enlarged. Wetherby was sewered in 1893, Boston Spa in 1899, and works are at the present time being carried out at Tadcaster, the chief source at present of pollution on the Wharfe. At Grassington, Pool, Bramham, Thorner, Barwick, and Aberford schemes are under consideration, and it may safely be asserted that the purity of the river will soon be secured—a priceless inheritance to the thousands who delight in the scenery and surroundings of the loveliest of our Yorkshire streams.

Let me touch also upon the Dearne, a grossly polluted stream throughout its length of over thirty miles, during which it receives the waters of tributaries, whose course is 110 miles in the aggregate, before it joins the Don opposite Denaby. In 1896 there were twenty-eight sewage works in the valley; there are now forty-three in operation and others in course of construction; out of twenty-eight trade effluents in 1896, ten were treated, eighteen were untreated; in 1902 out of thirty, twenty-four were treated, six only were untreated.

Much less solid refuse is now discharged from manufacturing processes than was the case in 1893. The dyers are using soluble coal tar colours or extracts in many cases, and where woods are used they are now generally strained out of the dye liquids and disposed of by burning. Many of them claim that in place of tons a week of solid matters they are now using pounds.

Many of the manufacturers who have constructed purification works find it profitable to have done so. One papermaker states that the apparatus he has put into use for purification purposes results in a saving of 500*l.* a year owing to the recovery of pulp which formerly escaped into the stream. A colliery manager similarly has effected a saving of 300 tons of coal a fortnight which before went into the river. A blanket manufacturer claims a profit of 20 per cent. through his purification works, and a large woollen manufacturer has stated that his bye-products give him a profit of 1000*l.* a year.

The work of the Rivers Board makes its members familiar with strange tracks in the 'lawless science of English law.' This is not the place to go at length into all our legal difficulties, that 'codeless myriad of precedent, that wilderness of single instances,' and into our endeavours to get authoritative ruling upon them. Theoretically

all the world, including the manufacturers and the Local Authorities, wish us well. Secure, they say, the purity of the rivers, restore the salmon; succeed in your noble endeavours, but do not harass any man. 'Nous sommes tous prêts à donner la vie, vous la mienne, moi, la vôtre.'

Excuses for inaction, all the dilatory pleas that the wit of clerks and lawyers can suggest, meet the Board at every turn. One man pleads that he is too busy to construct purification works; another that trade is too slack; a third will do something when the stream is clean above him, another when it is clean below. One manufacturer claims that he should not be called upon to purify his refuse because the stream into which he discharges is a very old one.

One of the difficulties that manufacturers have to contend with is the disposal of their sludge, and it is not every one who can boast, as one has done, that he has found a valuable use for it; namely, to stop up a footpath across his fields.

'We have a great grievance,' said the Chairman of a local Bench, himself a manufacturer and an offender, and sitting on a fellow-culprit's case; 'you have harassed us. The whole system is rotten from beginning to end. This is simply persecution. It is not trying to purify the river. You are persecuting people in the district, which I say the Rivers Board have aimed at from the first.'

What is the law regarding the sludging of mill dams? Can a stream which has been found to be a stream be nevertheless a sewer, and therefore, when the Local Authority has constructed its own sewer, still remain a legal channel for manufacturing effluents? And, generally, what are the rights of manufacturers to drain into the sewers, with or without previous treatment of their trade refuse? These are questions still *sub judicibus*, and will probably remain so, owing to the varying conditions and circumstances of nearly every case.

Powerful interests hamper the work of the Board. No private individual could hope to do anything against such a body as that of the West Riding of Yorkshire Mill Owners' and Occupiers' Association. It has been in existence some six years, and at its outset was known by the humbler title of the Colne and Holme Valleys Mill Owners. What the object of the Association is and has been will best be gathered from the answer given by one of its members to the Royal Commission on Sewage Disposal on the 6th of May, 1902. This witness was asked, 'Is the object of the Association, so far as your experience goes, to further the purification of the rivers?' to which question he replied, 'I have never seen anything to make me think that it is; as far as I know, it is to fight the Rivers Board, so far as any business I have heard of them doing.' The influence of the Association has ever been in antagonism to the work of the Rivers Board, and in a number of cases its funds have been used to defeat the ends of the Board.

On the other hand, many manufacturers loyally, at considerable expense, have aided and are aiding the Board in their work; and in justice to them one universal law should prevail throughout the country. The third report of the Commission which has just been issued deals with two matters of the highest importance, trade effluents and the creation of a new central authority. The Commissioners hold that purification of trade effluents by the Local Authority is usually practicable; while by the manufacturer it is in some cases difficult, if not impracticable, and more costly than if carried out by the Local Authority. They therefore are of opinion that the law should be altered so as to make it the duty of the Local Authority to provide such sewers as are necessary to carry trade effluents as well as domestic sewage, and that the manufacturer should be given the right, subject to the observance of certain safeguards, to discharge trade effluents into the sewers of the Local Authority if he wishes to do so.

They add that it is desirable some preliminary treatment should be carried out wherever practicable by the manufacturer; that in exceptional circumstances—as regards volume, quantity, or otherwise—power should be granted to the Local Authority to make a special charge, and also to undertake the disposal of sludge.

The Commissioners recommend the creation of a properly equipped central authority as essential in their opinion, and that Rivers Boards should be formed throughout the country. We may hope that the final report of the Royal Commission, on which Colonel Harding, the present Chairman of the West Riding Rivers Board, has played a distinguished part, bringing into its deliberations his practical knowledge of the subject and his sound judgment, will stimulate public opinion; and that the Government, recognising the gravity of the position, will lose no time in introducing a Bill dealing in a comprehensive manner with the pollution of rivers. Legislation is urgently needed. Offenders use the Commission as a specious excuse for their laches, and only a few weeks ago a Judge was asked to hold his hand because the Government would shortly settle these vexed questions.

Meanwhile our task is a clear one: to work on steadily with the tools we possess, until the Legislature provides us with better ones. We believe that we have the confidence of the public, and that their interest in our work is increasing. If we have been the cause of expense to others, we have been careful of the finances of the Board itself. Since the beginning of its work in 1893 the total cost has been one penny in the pound on the rateable value, 53,000*l.*; the price of a picture or of three or four china vases. The yearly expenditure of the Board should not exceed in the future, allowing for an increase in the number of inspectors, the sum of 8000*l.*, or one-sixth of a penny in the pound. What is the money value of

the Wharfe or the Nidd, and of scores of becks restored to their pristine purity? Filthy as the Calder still is, a change even in its condition has taken place. Mr. Booth, of Wakefield, who has used the river for the last forty years for scouring, fulling, finishing, and dyeing, found the water so foul for the latter purpose that twenty years ago he had to construct settling tanks. These have been cleaned out twice a year. Three years ago the quantity of sludge began to greatly diminish. In 1902 the quantity had diminished more than one-half, the quality of the water itself having improved so as to render dyeing operations less difficult and more reliable. He adds that in his experience the condition of the river water is very much improved.

We may claim to have done something to upset the time-honoured belief that has existed from the earliest times, that the first function of a stream is to carry filth away into the sea. I always think of Augeas as a paper manufacturer and of Hercules as the first polluter of rivers.

Lydgate, writing in the first half of the fifteenth century, says in his description of Troy that there was no filth seen in the city, as everything was borne away by the course of the river through large and wide conduit pipes.

So covertly every thyng was covered,  
Whereby the towne was utterly assured  
From endengerynge of all corrupcion,  
From wicked ayre and from infexion.

What became of the 'wicked ayre,' the sewer gas of to-day, we are not told. Two centuries later Milton speaks of those who were 'in populous city pent, where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.' In the chief city of Utopia 'the filth and ordure was clean washed away in the running river without the city in places appointed mete for the same purpose.' Yet other views have prevailed. The Persians, according to Herodotus, held their rivers in extreme veneration. 'They will neither spit, wash their hands, nor evacuate in them; nor will they allow a stranger to do so.' Here is an ideal for the Rivers Board to aim at. Perhaps some such description of divinity to the stream, as existed of old, might aid us in our task; some fear of the god's anger if his home were polluted might be inculcated.

Richard Linnegar of Wakefield, writing in 1789 some stanzas on a young lady reading by the side of the Calder, speaks of the god that claims the liquid tide—'With pleasing smiles his face was drest, his face benignant shone.' Where are now his smiles, what are now his looks?

The Clyde, the Tweed, and the Forth were usually named by those who dwelt on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and

Sir Walter Scott knew of duels occasioned by any word of disparagement. We can hardly hope for such a consummation as this, and that tempers will be lost over the defamation of the Bradford or the Batley Beck. Marked improvement, however, every succeeding decade we may confidently look for. The work of purification will not grow harder as years follow one another. The chief burden has lain on our shoulders, the necessary organisation and education that led to the formation of a central authority, to which further powers will be given as enlightenment touches a larger area. Wealth can now with difficulty find an outlet, or at any rate a worthy outlet. All our pictures and books, our statues and creations of art, may become the ornaments of American houses; but it is allowable to believe, without any reflection upon science, that the Wharfe and its surroundings cannot be taken away, and will still remain an integral part of our Riding. Future philanthropists and statesmen may seek and find the noblest outlet for their energies in the embellishment of their own country, in enabling men to see the light of the sun, to enjoy pure air and pure water, and some day perhaps our descendants in the West Riding may say with the Psalmist, 'He shall drink of the brook by the way: therefore shall he lift up his head.'

CHARLES MILNES GASKELL,  
*Chairman West Riding Rivers Board, 1893-1903.*

## *THE OLD THATCHED RECTORY AND ITS BIRDS*

THE Rectory is a picturesque, comfortable-looking building, of no special architectural pretensions, and of no very great antiquity, but with an atmosphere and a charm of its own which proclaim it, at almost the first glance, to be not so much a house as a home—a home in which it would be a happiness to live, and no bad place to die. Its walls bulge here and there, but they are thick and weather-proof, made to 'stay' and of a rich brown brick, weather-tinted and lichen-clad, the product of the clay-beds of Friar Mayne, in the adjoining parish of Knighton.

In front, the house has two wings, running up to high gables and projecting at right angles from the main building, which is also gabled, and they flank a paved open court which leads into the hall. A word first about the interior. Its main feature is the hall, which is of a size and comeliness, with its quaint Jacobean wooden chimney-piece, its richly finished cornices, and its elaborate plaster panellings, such as you would hardly expect to find in a country parsonage. During the years when it was my home, it was crammed with pictures and with china, with curios of every description, with old oak chests filled with toys for children of all ages, with oak chairs and tables, and—most cherished treasure, perhaps, of all—with an old carved writing-desk of oak, with the date 1630 upon it, at which Wordsworth had written many of his poems. On one wall was an ancestral chiming clock, and near it an organ, which was also hereditary and of rich tone for its kind. There was a rocking-horse which had done good service with three generations of children, and which, prancing as it did, in front of a green iron chest with a double lock and a lid of portentous weight, which contained the baptismal and marriage and burial registers of the rude forefathers of the hamlet from the sixteenth century downwards, and bearing often the same names throughout, seemed to bring the 'spacious times of great Elizabeth' into close juxtaposition with those of Queen Victoria. The whole was a medley of treasures which, in their number, their richness, their variety, were typical of the

mother's hand which had gathered so many of them together, and of the mother's heart which had given them all a welcome. The front hall door is of glass, and looks westward, across a circular drive, to a thick hedge which hides from view the little stream of the Winterbourne, and the rich meadows of the larger Frome lying immediately beyond. Opposite to this door, on the other side of the hall and looking over the lawn with its flower-beds, a gently rising field, our playground as children, a railway embankment, and behind it again to 'Parsonage Plantation' and 'Parsonage Field,' was another glass door which offered a tempting and sometimes a fatal short cut to birds which were either too lazy to fly round or over the house, or were in too great a hurry to reach the stream from the garden, or the garden from the stream. A song-thrush and a blackbird often, and once, alas! a kingfisher managed to shoot safely through the open door on one side, only to dash themselves to death against the closed glass door on the other side.

Nearly every room in the house had a character of its own, but on these I must not dwell here. The two staircases were a marked contrast to each other: the front with old oak balusters, with broad and easy steps and landings bidding you 'rest and be thankful' upon each, and with room for three or four people to go up abreast; the back stairs narrow and almost pitch-dark, winding round and round from kitchen to attics like those of an ill-lighted church tower, each step different from its neighbour in depth and height, and each, therefore, a pitfall to those who were not to the manner born.

But that which, apart from its personal associations, gave its chief charm to the house as a whole, and that without which I should not be writing of it here and now, was its high-pitched thatched roof. It was this which, with its broad overhanging eaves, with its ridges and its furrows, its snug corners and its sunny basking-places, its grey chimneys and its moss-grown coping-stones, gave abundant shelter to all the birds which most attach themselves to man. '*Ubi aves, ibi angeli*,' was a favourite dogma of no less an authority than St. Thomas Aquinas; and if he was right, then the rectory must indeed have been angel-haunted. It was, of course, the home throughout the year of many, too many perhaps, pert and chirping and irrepressible house-sparrows. The starlings, most sprightly and energetic among birds, used, early in March, to dig out, with perfect impunity, deep holes for themselves, which, later in the year, were occupied by other birds. In the chimneys, as well as in the many outbuildings, the swallows reared their twittering young. The house-martins moulded, with all a plasterer's skill, their architectural nests on the garden side of the house, where a wooden boarding beneath the thatch formed the eave; and, last and best of all, the swifts, those most summerlike of all summer birds, almost the last to



arrive, and quite the first to depart of all our summer visitants, and speaking only of the longest and brightest days and the shortest and most balmy of nights, returned thither, year after year, with unvarying fidelity, and in almost exactly equal numbers, from the far Soudan, or perhaps the still farther Madagascar or the Cape, and reared their young in exactly the same holes in which they and their ancestors had been reared before them. These and other birds it was mine to welcome and to watch, from very early years, in my home and their home, till they seemed to have become almost a part of the home itself. I could hardly have conceived of the Rectory without them or of them without the Rectory, and, had I heard it in those early years, could have echoed, or perhaps rather have reversed, the saying of Aquinas and put it thus: '*Ubi angeli, ibi aves.*'

The surroundings of the Rectory are in perfect keeping with it. Little advantage would it be to have a picturesque centre, if, as is so often the case with the lovely old-world manor-houses which the lapse of centuries has turned into farmhouses, the outbuildings were of a wholly different type, and were roofed in with a mean and ugly slate, hot in summer and cold in winter, or with that still greater abomination of modern times, corrugated iron. One single outbuilding, thus roofed, jars upon the feelings and mars the effect of the whole, much as one bit of white paper, carelessly dropped, mars, for the moment, all the beauty of a neatly-shaven lawn. The Rectory outbuildings, numerous as they are, and headed by a grand old tithe-barn, of which I shall have something to say hereafter, are all of them thatched, the most beautiful, surely, and most suggestive of all coverings for man, and that which is most characteristic of English rural life and harmonises best with English scenery. It has its drawbacks, no doubt: it is perishable; it has to pay double insurance duty against fire, and, owing to the agricultural depression which has turned so much land that was arable into pasture, it is not now to be got on many farms at all, and what is to be got on others is much bruised and broken by the threshing machines, which are in such general use. Yet, delightfully warm in winter and cool in summer—the exact opposite of a roof of slate—it gives a sense of comfort, of cosiness, of hospitality, of homeliness, of home to any building which it shelters. It is hardly too much to say that no cottage which is unthatched, whatever its other merits, can well be beautiful; no cottage which is thatched, however humble in itself, can well be altogether ugly. Happily, the thatched cottage still predominates in most of the villages of Dorset, and lingers even in the middle of some of the smaller towns, giving to each an idyllic charm. Nor is it so perishable, and therefore so expensive, as it is often thought. I was struck, last autumn, by a great range of farm buildings on the property of Lord Peel at Eyemouth, near Sandy, all of them thatched with reed pulled by the hand,

which was evidently of considerable age and yet in perfect condition, and all glowing warmly, a sun almost in themselves, beneath the rays of the setting sun. I made inquiries as to their history and age, and Lord Peel tells me that since his tenant came into the farm, some thirty years ago, nothing has been done nor has required to be done to the thatch. It is, the tenant says, as good as it was then, and, in his opinion, reed thatch of that kind lasts from eighty to one hundred years! A striking incidental proof of the duration of even common thatch, and, if I may use the term, of its antiseptic qualities, I owe also to Lord Peel. In the spring of last year (1902), while an old cottage at Ledbury, belonging to Mr. Biddulph, was being stripped of its straw thatch in order to replace it by reed, a brown-paper parcel was found deeply imbedded in the roof. It contained a roll of white linen, 25 yards long, which, together with the invoice and a letter dated 1794, had been sent by a firm at Gloucester to a tradesman at Ledbury. The roll of linen was absolutely dry and unspoilt, not even spotted by damp, and the covering of brown paper likewise. How it got into such a hiding-place there is nothing to show; but for 110 years the faithful thatch had preserved and concealed the secret intrusted to it.

Thatching is, in truth, a fine art, the finest, I suppose, to which an agricultural labourer can aspire. The fame of 'the thatcher,' generally an hereditary occupation handed down, in long and jealous succession, from father to son, spreads, if only he be an adept in his art, far beyond his own to all the surrounding villages. A cluster of ricks, his handiwork, marvels of symmetry and neatness, and often set off with fantastically twisted ornaments of straw on the top, are the admiration of every passer-by. His personality often ranks next after that of the village clerk, the chief of the village hierarchy, and is as marked in its way as that of the gamekeeper, of the mole-catcher, of the 'ruddle-man,' so well described by Mr. Thomas Hardy in his *Return of the Native*. He is often skilled in folk-lore. He knows the inner character of each house and household better, perhaps, than anyone else; for he has advantages of his own; he can look down upon the inhabitants, observing but often unobserved, from his lofty perch, and can hardly help catching hasty glimpses of them through the windows, as he ascends or descends his inseparable companion, the ladder.

A beauty and interest of its own attaches to every portion of his handiwork, and that, too, at each succeeding stage of its youth, its maturity, its decay. Notice, for instance, the exquisitely neat finish of the roof-ridge, the most critical point of the whole; the geometrical patterns formed by the spars just below, which help, by their grip, to hold it in its place for years; the faultless symmetry of the slopes, the clean-cut edges, the gentle curves of the thatch, heaving, as it were, of its own accord, to canopy the upper windows which rise

above the 'plate'; and, better still, the embrace which, as with the encircling arms of a mother, it gives to the deep-planted, half-hidden, dormer window in the middle of the roof, nestling lovingly within it, and, by its very look, inviting to peacefulness and repose. Note, too, the change of colouring in the work as time goes on; the rich golden russet tint, beautiful as the locks of Ceres, when the work is just completed; the warm brown of the succeeding years; the emerald green, the symptom of advancing age, when lichens and moss have begun to gather thick upon it; and, 'last scene of all, which ends' its quiet, uneventful 'history,' when the winds and rain have done their work upon it, the rounded meandering ridges and the sinuous deep-cut furrows which, like the waters of a troubled sea, ruffle its once smooth surface.

Most beautiful of all, perhaps, and not seen to perfection unless some trouble is taken about it, is a newly thatched roof, when, after a heavy April shower, the bright April sun peers down suddenly full upon it. Get a ladder and gaze upward along the slope of the thatch, keeping your eye as close as possible to the bottom. You may get a wetting in the process, but it will not be long, I think, before you try to get so much concentrated beauty into so small a space a second time. Each golden straw-end is glistening with a full round globule of transparent crystal, which lingers lovingly for a moment, then drops, as lovingly, on to the next below, and is instantly succeeded by another of equal size and beauty, coming with invisible trickle from you know not where. Ten thousand flashing pearls, each on its golden sceptre, 'gorgeous' as those 'showered' by Eastern monarch along with 'barbaric gold' on the head of his chosen bride, and ten thousand miniature cascades, with rest in their very motion, motion in their very rest.

And now about the denizens of the thatch, the companions of my youth, and among the most cherished memories of my age. There is little, I suppose, that can be said, which has not been said in some shape or other before, about a class of birds which, by their familiarity with man, have managed to force themselves upon his attention, and have, many of them, received from him a large measure of protection or even affection in return. But no one observer sees quite eye to eye with another. '*Idem non semper idem.*' And first, of the commonest of them all, the bird against which much may be said that cannot, I fear, be gainsaid, even by the most catholic of bird-lovers, and the bird which I myself am disposed to like least of all, the house-sparrow. Early prejudices are strong, and often inveterate; and I confess to never having got over the prejudice against the house-sparrow produced in me, in very early life, by a toy-book, forcibly and profusely illustrated—though hardly in the style of Caldecott—containing the old nursery ballad of 'Who killed Cock Robin?' There, on one page, was the innocent little robin, the favourite of

gods and men, the bird which had piously covered the bodies of the Babes in the Wood with leaves, lying dead, his limbs relaxed and stiffening, his bright eye glazed and dull, and a tiny arrow sticking in his orange breast, from which were oozing a few minute drops of crimson blood. And there, on the opposite page, was the vulgar-looking murderer, the fatal bow held aloft in one small claw, bold, brazen-faced, unrepentant, glorying in his deed of shame.

'I,' said the Sparrow,  
'With my bow and arrow,  
I killed Cock Robin.'

I wonder how many of what we consider to be our maturest convictions rest on, or are coloured by, our earliest prejudices!

But even the sparrow has his merits. His activity, his happiness, his friendship for man, and his pert and pushing confidence in him are among them. He is, in consequence, already the most cosmopolitan of all birds. Wherever civilised man goes, or cultivation spreads, the house-sparrow goes with them. Where they do not go, he does not. The cock sparrow of the country side, very different, be it remembered, from his smoke-begrimed brother of the large towns, is comely enough, and, were he not so common, would probably be admitted to be really handsome. On the other hand, he is noisy, impudent, self-asserting, quarrelsome. His incessant twittering or chirping, with no approach to a song, is wearisome to an extreme. He is destructive, to an incredible degree, of all kinds of grain, fruit, vegetables, especially peas, eating, it is said, many times his own weight in a day, and wasting much more than he eats. He is as quarrelsome as an Irishman at a fair or at a funeral-wake. See a cock sparrow, early in the year, fall suddenly and unprovoked upon another. The moment the loud and angry chirp is raised, every sparrow in the neighbourhood rushes to join in the fray. There is no inquiry as to rights or wrongs; no stint, no stay. Everyone is against his neighbour. They go dashing in compact mass, tumbling over each other and over walls, 'thorough bush, thorough briar,' sometimes rolling headlong in the dust, the din of the conflict and the number of the combatants increasing every moment, for perhaps a couple of minutes, and then it all dies away. They disperse to their several occupations, no one being the better, and no one, apparently, much the worse for it.

What is more serious, the sparrow multiplies at a positively alarming rate; he has three or four broods a year, and five or six young in each. It is not a case, note, of 'live and let live.' The sparrow-hawk and other of his natural enemies have been killed down, and every new house which is built gives him half a dozen new places in which he may build in safety, and from which it is very difficult to dislodge him. English settlers in America and

Australia, naturally anxious, in their exile, for anything which could remind them of the 'old country,' even for the twitter of the irrepressible house-sparrow, imported him into their new homes. Now they would be glad to get rid of him; but it is too late. They have multiplied like the Israelites in Egypt, or the Negroes in the United States, till, as in the case of the rabbits in Australia, the land can hardly hold them. Worst count of all, by their greediness and their pugnacity, both there and here, they often succeed in driving away other and more interesting birds. The sweetest songsters, the birds of more retiring disposition or more delicate organisation—the nightingale, the blackcap, the garden warbler, the whitethroat, the willow wren—will not stay where sparrows are numerous. The nest is huge, ill-built, unshapely, untidy, with a rough dome made of long wisps of hay or straw, often mixed with bits of paper or tags of wool, and lined with a profusion of feathers in which the speckled eggs are almost lost. But, even here, the sparrow shows her want of taste. Unlike the long-tailed tit, which lines her exquisite nest with a perfect feather-bed of feathers of the daintiest colours, carefully selected from distant parts and of extraordinary softness, the house-sparrow pounces on those she first comes across, generally those from the poultry yard, specially such as an old hen, flying heavily upwards to her perch or roost, drops in large numbers from her unwieldy body. These the nesting sparrow will often catch as they fall, or, taking two or three of them from the ground at once, will often drop one of them before reaching her nest, when another sparrow will intercept it, in her turn, in mid-air and carry it off to her own. Their untidy nests found ample room for themselves in the creepers of the Rectory, the roses, the wisteria, the ivy. Others were built in the pipes, on the slopes of the thatch, or on any irregularities in the walls. The sparrows appropriated also the holes of the starlings after the latter had done with them. They even, on occasion, took possession of a carefully constructed house-martin's nest and ejected the proper owner. It is said indeed that sometimes the martins will avenge the injury and insult offered to the community by walling up, as a community, the intruder in the nest. I venture to doubt the story, partly because I think, during so many years, I should have seen something of the kind if it had been true, and partly because I doubt the sparrow ever being so fond of her eggs and young, as to cling to them to the death and submit to be slowly immured with them. If you take a sparrow's nest, it shows, after the first minute or two, hardly a symptom of distress, and promptly begins to build another in the very same spot. The sparrow has a 'knowledge of the world,' and 'out of sight,' with her, is often 'out of mind.' I should be sorry indeed if the bird were to be exterminated, but in the interests of other birds as well as of the gardener and of the farmer I should like to see one pair where there are now ten, and ten where

there are now a hundred. The difficulty of the matter is that, if you leave one pair unmolested for a single year, it will, with its three broods of six each time, have become ten pairs, and the ten pairs will have become a hundred.

About eight or ten pairs of starlings frequented the Rectory and its outbuildings during the early spring months, and good tenants they were, for though the dilapidations which they left behind were considerable, I think that they paid well for their lodging by their liveliness, by their cheerful song, and by their many fascinating ways. Except for an hour or two in the early morning, and those chiefly when the breeding season is approaching, the starling is the most alert and energetic of birds, scurrying about in every direction in search of food, always in company with his fellows, and always in a hurry, as though in a race for dear life. Watch a flock of them when they have just alighted in a field of pasture, or, better still, on a newly mown lawn, in which their minute insect prey then most swarms, or where it is most visible. They scamper over it, half running, but using their wings also to help them, and swaying their bodies from side to side, in eager rivalry, leaving much of the ground over which they pass quite unexamined, the hinder portion of the flock often skimming over the heads of those in front, anxious lest they should lose all the tit-bits. Then a sudden whim seizes them and they are off to the next field, before half the enclosure has been, even in appearance, traversed, to scamp their work there in the same head-long fashion.

Now watch a pair of these very same birds on the same lawn in March, or early in April. They have become sedate, serious, thoughtful, thorough; they no longer hurry-scurry over the surface; they take up a position on it, a yard or two apart, and appear to search every inch of ground and every blade of grass, darting their lissom heads and necks to the ground once in every two seconds, and at each movement, presumably, capturing something, till they have made a clean sweep of the insect inhabitants; and then, and not till then, do they move forward for a step or two, and repeat the same careful process. More than this, for an hour or so every day, the male bird, at this season, seems to give himself up to contemplation—to contemplation of the world below him, of the birds flying above or around him, and, most perhaps of all, of his own perfections and those of his mate. Perched upon the highest gable or tallest chimney of the Rectory, or on the bare bough of a tree, but always in the full sight or the immediate neighbourhood of the hole he has selected for his future family, he gives himself up to pure enjoyment. There, pluming himself, lowering and clapping his wings in a way not quite like any other bird, and basking in the morning sun, which positively glitters on his richly burnished feathers, he serenades his mate, or soliloquises, it may be, about what he did yester-

day or is going to do to-day, sometimes in low whistle, sometimes in voluble chatter, dashed forth in a series of jerks or catches. Not without reason has he been called by Mr. Cornish, in his delightful essay, 'the English mocking-bird.' Other birds, especially some of the finch or crow tribe, when brought under the influence of man, may be trained to pipe tunes or to imitate various sounds made by men or animals; but the starling is the only bird, I believe, which in his wild state systematically sets to work to train himself. He has the true instinct of imitation, and he 'practises' singing as assiduously as a girl at school practises on the piano; and practice makes him so far perfect as to enable him to deceive even a well-trained ear. Does a woodpecker, a rather solitary bird, pour forth his joyous laugh from the old group of sycamores at the top of the field? the starling on the housetop will sometimes reproduce his laugh so exactly that you will believe, for the moment, that the woodpecker's mate has taken to the thatch and is answering him from there; and it is the same with the notes of the guinea-fowl, the peewit, the goldfinch, the song-thrush, and even some of the mellowest tones of the blackbird. He is quite a little aviary in himself, and is, moreover, no mean ventriloquist. Very beautiful are the light blue eggs, five in number, which the female bird lays in her scanty nest of straw, and most unmelodious are the loud cries which come from the five throats of the rapidly growing brood, when she visits them, as she does once in every two or three minutes, with her mouth crammed with insects, but never sufficiently so to still their cravings even for a moment. Happily for the sake of peace and quietness, they soon find their wings and take themselves off to join the noisy flocks of the other young starlings of the year, in the woods.

The starling is the most sociable and gregarious of all birds; not content with his own flock of from one to five hundred in number, with which he consorts for five out of the twelve months in the year, he will often join the flocks of other gregarious birds, such as rooks, jackdaws, or even wood-pigeons. He is on the best of terms, too, with four-footed animals, a flock of sheep or a herd of cows, often pitching on their backs and indefatigably ridding them of the vermin which infest them, an equal service to the rider and the ridden. He cannot even roost alone, but is not content without thousands or tens of thousands of companions.

Scattered all over the country, but at considerable distances from each other, are their habitual or hereditary roosting-places. Such spots attracted the notice of Pliny, and they have furnished a striking simile to the *Inferno* of Dante. Sometimes the spot chosen is a bed of reeds, which often break, or a bed of withies, which often bend to the ground beneath their weight. More often, as in the case with Bagber Copse, near to Bingham's Melcombe, it is a hard

plantation in the middle of open upland fields. Go there an hour before sunset, and the place is as sombre and silent as the grave; but first one and then another company come dropping in from all points of the compass, increasing in size and frequency as the minutes pass on, some of them of 'numbers numberless' and very high in air, as though coming from a great distance, and gathering others to them, like a rolling snowball, as they make their way onward. They first pitch in the grass-fields around, 'making the green one' black. When they rise in a body, it is with the sound of thunder. As they pass over your head, they literally darken the air; and they go through a series of the most intricate evolutions, now in extended line, now in close phalanx, now wheeling round in vast circles, and without so much as one sound from their throats. But, at a signal, given we know not how, they swoop down in a moment into their roosting-bushes and then, for a quarter of an hour or more, each of the myriad throats exerts itself to the utmost in one continuous 'charm' or twitter, their vesper hymn, which can be heard at the distance of half a mile, and which I can only compare with the sound of multitudinous waterfalls. At another signal there is a sudden and absolute hush; and then perfect silence ensues till an hour before sunrise next morning, when matins are sung, with the same overpowering force and for the same duration. Then they rise in one vast body, circle round a little, and finally move off, each in his proper flock, to their happy and widely scattered hunting-grounds. The whole is perhaps one of the most interesting sights that birds can give us, within the limits of the British Islands.

The swallow is, with the one exception of the cuckoo, the most eagerly awaited and the most warmly welcomed of all the harbingers of spring. 'Have you seen the swallow?' and 'Have you heard the cuckoo?' are the two questions which perhaps pass the lips of the labourer, nay, even of the stay-at-home and often unobservant labourer's wife, more frequently than any other, in the interval between the 7th and 17th of April. 'Well, John,' said the clergyman of Bingham's Melcombe, Charles Bingham, many years ago, to his old gardener and groom combined, a man who had never lived away from his native village, eleven miles from any town, and, for that reason, knew all the better the thoughts and ways of the villagers, and whose dialect was 'a well of Dorset undefiled'—'Well, John, have you heard the cuckoo yet?' 'Gookoo?' replied John. 'We do never know now when we shall hear hun.' 'How's that?' said his master. 'Why,' was the reply, 'they did use to come on Wareham fair day, but now they do come when they be minded.' It should be remarked that the bird has somehow recovered his character for conservatism and respect for local institutions, in the mind of the present inhabitants; for though the fair, like other country fairs, notably the much more famous Woodbury Hill fair,



has been shorn of much of its importance, if you ask any one of them whether and when they have heard the cuckoo, you are pretty sure to receive the stereotyped answer, 'Yes, I heerd hun,' or 'No, I do 'low we shall heer hun—on Wareham fair day.' The same clergyman was one day inquiring after the health of a parishioner who had been ill. The answer was that she was much better, but 'did still feel all of a nunnywutch.' Concerned and perplexed by so mysterious a phrase and disease, the rector had recourse to his unerring authority, his walking and working dictionary, Old John. 'John,' he said, 'what is a nunnywutch?' 'Well, zur,' was the reply, 'nunnywutch be one of them there words which us poor volks do use that hasn't got no meanin'. When anyone do feel all of a higgledy-like, he do say he do feel all of a nunnywutch.' *Obscurum per obscurius*. I recommend the word itself and its definition to the attention of the distinguished author of the Dictionary of English Dialects, which is now in course of coming out. He may not have heard of the one, and he will certainly not be much the wiser for the other.

Both birds, the swallow and the cuckoo, are suggestive of everything that is joyous, and of nothing that is not joyous in Nature, and 'the Rectory' was well off for both. A few words first about the cuckoo. You could not come out from either door of the hall, in spring, without hearing him all round you. Long before it was light he often began to 'tell his name to all the hills.' He often continued to do so till long after it was dark. He was, in the truest sense of the word, 'a wandering voice,' in the alders by the Winterbourne, in the lime-tree or the group of sycamores in the field, or in 'Parsonage Plantation' beyond. I recollect finding in quite early life—always an event and a surprise, even in the annals of an old lover of birds, and this was the first of the kind that I had met with—the egg of a cuckoo in a water-wagtail's nest, built in a large heap of faggots which were stacked in the 'barton' at the back of the old tithe-barn.

The questions raised by such a find, and the abnormal, nay, unique instincts of the cuckoo with regard to its eggs and young, are many, and appeal almost as much to the child as to the scientific observer. How comes the cuckoo, a bird of the size of a kestrel hawk, to lay an egg about a sixth of the size of a kestrel's and half the size of a thrush's? Does she feel any pang of motherly anxiety, any twinge of conscience, when she transfers all her responsibilities, as mother and nurse, to a bird of quite a different kind, one with whom she has had no sort of communication—a bird, too, a quarter of her own size: a hedge-sparrow, a robin, a titlark, a reed-warbler, a whitethroat? How does she get her egg into the nest, which is often, as in the case of this particular wagtail, squeezed into a narrow recess, into which it was barely possible that she

could make her way, or, again, into a nest which, as in the case of the garden-warbler or the blackcap, is so slender and so slenderly supported that it could not bear her weight even for a moment? Does she, when there is room for such a feat of aerial skill, hover, for a brief space, over the nest, as the swallow will sometimes hover, for a moment, over your head, when you are near its nest, or as a king-fisher will sometimes hover over the stream before he dives for the minnow, and deftly drop her egg into it, or does she lay it elsewhere and carry it delicately to its destined home in her bill or claw? Does the unfortunate foster-mother notice the unauthorised introduction of an egg into her nest, often so unlike in colour to her own? Does she realise, when at last she hatches her eggs, that all her own offspring must needs perish, in order that the young intruder may survive? Why does she show no pity for her own callow young, so ruthlessly thrown out, one after the other, from their proper home and left to perish below? Whence comes the self-forgetting devotion which leads the foster-parents to spend and to exhaust all their energies in feeding their overgrown foster-child, which soon becomes twice as big as themselves, and whence comes to the young interloper that strange instinct which compels it, only a few days after it has been hatched, when it is still sightless and unable to raise its body, to insert itself with enormous labour under the bodies of its foster-brothers or sisters and eject them, one after the other, from the nest, in order to make room for itself? There are few more grotesquely interesting sights in Nature than to watch the young monster, when it has outgrown the nest, and is already bigger than its foster-parents, squatting, as my young cuckoo did, in the middle of the barton, opening its mouth wide enough to swallow the Lilliputian parents themselves, as they ply it with minute insect food, or a little later on, when it has learnt to perch, sitting on the iron railings of the garden, and receiving the same assiduous attentions. That the cuckoo has some local attachments and is not a mere 'wandering voice,' and that the wagtail does not learn by bitter experience to shirk the duties imposed upon it, is proved, I think, by what happened at Stock House, a few miles from here. Three years running, a pair of wagtails, who haunted the lawn there throughout the year, built their nest in exactly the same spot, hidden by a creeper, on a ledge above the front door of the house; and three years running, a cuckoo, presumably the same bird, laid its egg in the nest, which in due time became a young cuckoo, ejected its brethren, and was reared, with equal prodigality of care, by the foster-parents, in full sight of the windows.

As for the swallows which delight the eye, as much as the cuckoo delights the ear—if we except the proverbial 'one swallow that does not make a summer,' but appears on or about the first of April, only to make an April fool of you, and promptly disappears again to

wait for more genial weather—they used to arrive through a long series of years, almost always on the 11th of April. For about a fortnight they would disport themselves, preparing for the more serious business of life, or waiting till food should be more abundant; then, true to their name, two pairs of ‘chimney’ swallows regularly built their nests in a flue in the two biggest chimney-stacks which was never profaned by fire or smoke. Often, when sleeping in one of the attics, you would be roused in early morning by the twittering of the young brood a few feet above your head, or by one of the parent birds which came tumbling down the chimney into the room, and would either promptly escape through the open window, or, allowing itself to be caught, would give you an opportunity of observing at close quarters, before you let it go, the beautiful steel blue of its upper parts, its rich chestnut forehead and gorget, and its little feet and legs, so ill adapted for walking—the one disability which Nature seems to have imposed upon it and its relations—the great length of its wings, and its strongly forked tail.

The nest was always placed a few feet down the chimney and supported on a loose brick or an angle in the brickwork; for the swallow is by no means so skilled an architect as its nearest relative the house-martin. It is a rough structure, formed of minute bits of clay, cemented together, partly by Nature herself at the puddles by the roadside from which the bird may be seen procuring it, partly by the sticky saliva of the bird’s own mouth, and strengthened by long untidy straws or bents, which are often left sticking out many inches from the nest. It is a genuine bit of ‘rough-cast,’ scantily lined with feathers, and, unlike the martin’s nest, open all round. Every outhouse about the place had its pair of swallows; in particular, the coal-hole, a grimy place enough, but selected, for some inscrutable reason year after year, from all the spots accessible to these ‘birds of the sun’ between England and sun-scorched Africa, and from which they always managed to emerge without one speck on their glossy plumage. There were two nests in the tithe-barn, one in the garden-house, and one always in the wood-house, in which I used to keep my tame white and barn owls, though the only access to it, except in broad daylight, was by a little round hole in the door, too narrow to allow of the birds’ entering it, except by deftly drooping and half closing their wings.

No wonder that the swallow has been considered sacred by most, and is the darling of all the countries which he visits. There is no need to plead for his protection; his own charms are his all-sufficient defence and passport. What a delight to watch the unwearied and ever-varying evolutions of his flight throughout the live-long summer day, now skimming along the smoothly shaven lawn with open mouth and rapid zigzags to left or right, as some microscopic insect catches his eye, now hovering for a moment over

your head, now essaying a longer flight over the fields, darting in and out under the spreading chestnuts or elms or limes, cruising round the grazing or ruminating cattle and luxuriating in the insect life which they attract to themselves, or again accompanying for a mile together a horse as it canters along, now well behind and now well in front of him, feeding, without any apparent effort, on the insect prey which its flying hoof disturbs and spurns. Watch him again, where his food most of all abounds, in the water-meadows, threading, on a spring morning, the sinuous course of a stream or shaving its smooth surface, where it broadens out into a limpid pool or lakelet. See how he sips the nectar as he flies, and, taking his morning bath, will all but dip himself beneath it, ruffling its surface into little ever-expanding circles, till at last, not, I think, because he is tired—he does not seem to know what fatigue is—he will perch on the dead branch of some overhanging tree, between wind and water, and there, for the space of several minutes together, he will first shake off the dewdrops, and then, puffing out his little frame, will delicately preen his bright plumage, lifting first one wing and then another high above his body and burying for a moment or two his chestnut head in the cosiest corner beneath it; and then, after pouring forth the ecstasy of his heart in twittering song—one of the most jubilant sounds in nature—will launch off again into his native air.

There is not a stage in his six months' residence with us, or in the growth of the two young families which he rears to maturity during them, which has not some special interest of its own. Notice, as he pitches by a puddle on the roadside, along with his fellows, the martins, 'puddling' the clay for his straw-built nest that is to be, how daintily he holds up his long wings and tail lest they too may be 'puddled' in the process. Notice, again, how when the mother swallow has tempted her brood to take their first adventurous plunge from the chimney-top on to the ridge of the thatch below, how she returns, every minute or two, to the little row of open mouths and, hovering over them, fills each in turn with food, accompanied by a fond twitter of unselfish maternal love, which is returned with interest by the half-cupboard love of the five little eager throats below. This process it used to be mine to watch through the dormer-window of the attic in which I slept, as they were perched on the leads just outside of it, from the distance of a few feet only. The young birds of the year soon gather into little flocks, and these again into larger ones, lining, in common with the martins, now the whole ridge of the thatch and now again the telegraph-wires, which I well remember they seemed to claim as their own, as soon as ever they were first erected, some fifty years ago. The size of the wires exactly suits their little feet, and enables them to dart on or off without impediment, exactly as the spirit moves them. As autumn advances,

the flocks grow in size, covering the wires for many hundred feet together, as if to discuss in concert measures for their approaching departure. Again and again you may see them launch forth from their post of vantage in a vast body and go straight away, till they are out of sight, as though they are 'off at last.' But they will reappear again and again, till, one damp October morning, you wake up and find that they are really gone, in their life-long pursuit of the summer sun, and you realise what, for six months to come, you will have lost in losing them.

The habits of the house-martin so much resemble, and are so much more easily observed than those of the swallow, that I will say nothing of them here except to point out that they are more fond of man and of his dwellings even than the swallow, following him into the most grimy and thickly populated of towns; that the nests of the small communities in which they live are more closely packed together than those of the birds which live in large communities, the rooks, the black-headed gulls, the gannets, and the sand-martins; that their nests are miracles of architectural and plastering skill, closely adhering to each other as well as to the overhanging eave which forms their common roof; that a second or even a third row of nests is sometimes found attached to those above, and that there are few prettier sights than to observe the martin, steel-blue and brown on its upper parts, pure white beneath, and with its patch of conspicuous white feathers at the base of the tail, clinging on to the outside of its nest, in full view of perhaps a crowded street below, and feeding the little white throats, which, crowded together, protrude through the narrow opening, eager, one would think, as much for a breath of air as for a particle of food.

But the greatest glory of the thatched rectory-roof was the number of the swifts, the largest, the least common, and, owing to their amazing powers of flight, unequalled by any other bird, except the frigate, far the most interesting of the swallow tribe. Not less than twelve pairs used to build in the roof, and always in the same holes, doubtless identically the same birds in each, though I never proved it to demonstration, as I might have done, by tying small pieces of differently-coloured silk to the claws of the old birds which I held, year after year, in my hand, and which I seemed to know and which seemed to know me so well. Few birds attracted the attention of old Gilbert White more than the swift. He chronicled the dates of their arrival and departure; he described the peculiarities of their structure and of the vermin which infest them; he speculated on their love-making and their hibernating. The *Natural History of Selborne* I knew almost by heart when I was a boy of twelve, and I well remember the zest with which I handled the first swift I had ever found in its nest, when it occurred to me that I was treading, *longo intervallo* certainly, but still treading in the great naturalist's

footsteps. But now, when I come to think of it, it was not exactly treading in his footsteps; for I have grave doubts whether the all-observant Fellow of Oriel ever climbed a tree, or even mounted a ladder, in his life. It was a 'bold boy'—a 'bold bad boy,' he probably thought him—and not the old naturalist himself, who climbed the 'beech in Selborne Hanger, though standing on so steep and dizzy a situation,' on which a pair of honey-buzzards had built their nest, and who brought down the one egg that was in it. He never dilates upon the beauty or the charm of the eggs of a bird of prey as you see them lying in the nest, when, after a weary struggle upwards, you are at length able to look *down* at them from above; and that I feel sure he must have done, had he ever seen them therein, for it is one of the crowning joys of the lover of birds. But all that he could do on *terra firma*, and infinitely more than anyone else had ever done before, or has done since, he did. In his eyes—and well indeed is it for our self-appreciation that there are some people who take that view—man was one of the least important and least interesting of animals. The biography of his old tortoise, 'Timothy,' interested him far more than the biography of 'Timothy's' equally noteworthy contemporaries, General Clive and General Wolfe, George Washington and the Earl of Chatham. The fall of Quebec was a matter of less moment in his eyes than the fall of the immemorial raven-tree, to which the mother bird clung so faithfully till she was 'whipped down by the twigs and brought dead to the ground.'

The swift arrives so late, about the 10th of May, and departs so early, about the 10th of August, that once landed here he has no time to waste, like the swallow or the martin, in looking about him. But how does he get the materials for his nest? He is under strange disabilities in this respect; he can neither perch upon a tree, nor stand upon the ground, nor walk a yard. He can hardly even crawl, and if he once touches the ground by accident, it is a question whether he ever will be able to rise again. The Alpine swift, which builds, it is said, to the number of two hundred in Berne Cathedral, has the difficulty solved for him by the kindly keeper of the tower, who makes it his business to scatter broadcast into the air, during the building season, feathers and horsehair and bits of paper, which are caught up in mid-air, in eager rivalry, by the swifts careering round, and are promptly carried to their holes. I have watched our native swifts for hours and have never seen them catch a feather in the air or carry it or any other building material into their homes. The nest consists exclusively, I believe, of the *débris* of the thatch in which it is built, or of feathers and other material carried in by other birds who have used the hole before, cemented together into a very rough saucer by the viscous saliva of the bird's own mouth. The nest is always built close to the point of entry, so that there is no laborious crawl, either from it or to it, and the bird can drop

down at once from it into mid-air, often all but reaching the ground, and sometimes, I fear, quite reaching it, before she can find her wings. What is still more remarkable—and I have never seen the peculiarity noticed by anyone—the old bird never, under any circumstances, cared to leave her nest, while I was climbing the ladder, to see how it was getting on, but calmly or even callously sat on, allowing herself to be taken out without so much as a flutter of the wings or the faintest effort to escape, and held in my hand while I examined at my leisure her big round eye, able in the middle of her flight, at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, to detect and intercept in its flight an insect which you could only just see with the naked eye, as it came crawling out, still alive, from her huge gaping mouth, crammed with scores of them; the one little white patch on its chin in the middle of its otherwise black-brown plumage; the enormous expanse of wings, looking, when they are spread in flight, like the flukes of an anchor; and the tiny legs unable to support the weight of the bird for a moment on a horizontal surface, but armed with claws sharp enough to enable it to cling to the smoothest brick or stone wall, while it is feeding its mate or its young in the nest close above.

It is a question still much disputed whether a swift can ever rise from the ground. My own experience in the matter—and I have tried the experiment, not once, but a score of times—is as follows. Drop him from a little height on to the ground, and he will often manage with a sort of rebound to flutter up at once, or place him, when you happen to have found him on the ground, on a rather steep bank where the grass is short, and he will succeed in rising from it; but lay him gently on rough ground or grass and hold your hand over him for a minute, his muscles will become cramped and he will be quite unable to rise, and, if you do not assist him, will crawl along on his belly, till he dies, or becomes a victim of the cat. If, on the other hand, when you have examined him at your leisure, you toss him into the air, he will circle round two or three times at his leisure, and then go back, as if nothing had happened, to the nest from which you have taken him.

What marvellous powers of flight he has! From three o'clock in the morning of a long summer's day till eight or nine at night, the male bird will be on the wing; and in that time, making all allowance for the brief repose he may, perhaps, snatch while he returns at rare intervals, his mouth filled with tiny insects, to feed his mate and the young, he will have covered at least a thousand miles. Sometimes he will sweep along the surface of the grass or of a river, like the swallow, but never dipping as he goes, and then, after a few rapid beats of his wings, will sail forwards for a hundred yards or so, by his mere *momentum*, without any apparent movement of his pinnions. Sometimes he will twist and turn from side to side

more like a bat than a bird, and then again, by a few powerful downward strokes, he will mount aloft with his fellows and circle round with them at a height in air at which his body, with its long sweep of wings, will be hardly visible to the eye, his piercing scream hardly audible to the ear.

But the most joyous and striking scene of all, and that which is associated in my mind most indissolubly with Stafford Rectory, is about half an hour before and after sunset, on a bright summer's evening, when the clouds are radiant as with a glory not of earth. Then, chasing or chased by each other, all the male birds in the little colony sweep round, at what seems to be double their usual speed and with double their usual screams, in circles now much narrower, now much wider, but always having as their centre—for the centre indeed it is to them of all their anxieties, their affections, and their hopes—the thatched roof in which they themselves and their mates, their ancestors and their still unfledged young ones, have been born and bred. Their speed is at the very fastest, and their scream at the very loudest, as they skim along the eaves and dash perilously near to the angles of the house in which their mates are sitting, as though to inquire how they are getting on, and to assure them that out of sight is not out of mind. Sometimes the wife will answer by a reassuring muffled scream from within; and sometimes 'nature will out' and she too will dash forth after her husband, and easing her wings and legs, cramped, as they must be, by her long confinement, join for a few minutes the headlong and jubilant rout. Then, as darkness comes on, each bird will sweep with a sudden and sullen thud, heard rather than seen, into its hole, and all is silent and still, for the all too brief summer night.

One sad and strange characteristic of the swallow tribe I must not altogether pass over. The affection of a mother for her young, which is found in all the higher portions of Creation, is the most powerful, the most beautiful—may we not say the most divine?—of all impulses whatsoever. It has less of earth in it than heaven. Under its influence the mother who is naturally timid becomes reckless in her courage, she who is naturally pleasure-loving is overweighted with maternal anxiety, she who was most selfish becomes self-forgetting or even self-annihilating; yet, in the swallow tribe, there is an impulse which is, on occasion, more imperious even than the parental—the impulse of migration. A bird of passage, confined in a cage, will often dash itself to death against the bars when autumn comes; and a pair of swifts, a pair of swallows, a pair of martins, have, once and again, been known, when the hour strikes for their departure, to leave a late brood of callow young to perish in their nest, rather than disobey its mysterious, its inexorable demands.

A few words, in conclusion, about the old tithe-barn. It forms one side of the big stable-yard, where my tame raven 'Jacob' used to



play his pranks and store up his stolen treasures for his successor. A stable and coach-house have been cut out of it, but it is still one of the biggest buildings in the parish, and looks as though it could still hold a tithe of all the parish produce. The picturesque projection in the middle, under the shelter of which a loaded waggon can take its stand, extended its hospitality to all the birds I have described as haunting the rectory thatch, except the swift. In these modern days, a barn gives shelter only or chiefly to the uncomfortable-looking machinery, steam ploughs and reaping machines, which form the necessary stock-in-trade of the modern farmer; but, in my day, it was filled to the very rafters with wheat, or straw, or hay, and the dark recess in the topmost corner was the sanctuary of the white owl which I could watch, while it was watching for its prey, as I have described in detail, in the earliest paper of this series.

But the old barn had other uses than the agricultural. Parish memories clustered thick around it. It had celebrated, so I used to hear, the 'accession of King George,' probably of all the sorry lot of Georges, with equal and unquestioning loyalty; with better reason, the whole parish held high festival in it, 'the young still dancing, while the old surveyed,' at the accession of Queen Victoria, as it has in later times at her successive jubilees and at the accession of her son. The first missionary meeting which was ever held in the parish was held beneath its rafters. One use to which it was put during the earlier part of the last century was highly illustrative both of the place and time. The bishops, the archdeacons, the clergy of those days were not quite what they are now. A bishop could, without offence, advise the candidates for Ordination to 'stick to their studies and not waste their time in visiting their parishioners, so would they be more likely to obtain preferment here and heaven hereafter.' The leading object of the archdeacon's visitation in the county of Dorset was supposed to be the friendly interchange among the clergy of their manuscript sermons, each clergyman bringing back with him a stock calculated to last for the next three years, the work—if, indeed, it was the original work—of a neighbour, while he, in his turn conferred a like benefit on someone else. 'I'm sure I don't know how it be,' said the gardener-and-groom-in-one of one of these clergymen—the counterpart, I suppose, of old John of Bingham's Melcombe—'but our maister do always seem to get hold of a stock of uncommon dull ones.' The parson was, not uncommonly, a sportsman first and a parson afterwards; one who rode well to hounds, and of the type of the famous 'Billy Butler' of Frampton, who, on hunting days, used to go to Daily Service with his surplice over his hunting dress, and who, when another young clergyman just ordained, and, as I have the best reason to know, of a very different type, was introduced to him, said, 'Pleased to know you, sir; your father and I have been in at the death of over a thousand

foxes.' But, for all that, they were not a bad sort. 'Other times, other manners'; and they had a knowledge of men and manners which has not always been equalled by their much more spiritually-minded successors. They looked well after the temporal interests of their flock, if they sometimes neglected their eternal. They doctored them, made their wills for them, hid their goods for them when they were likely to be seized by the sheriff's officer, and Archdeacon England, the rector of the little parish of which I write, was no exception to the rule. He was a great breeder of horses. What is now the outer kitchen-garden was then covered by a row of stables or sheds, in which the main business of his life was carried on. How he discharged his archidiaconal functions I do not know; but anyhow he was very fond of asking his neighbours to take his Sunday service for him. 'England expects every man to do his Duty' was an echo from Trafalgar which reached his little village, and acquired new significance and a double meaning in the minds of his parishioners and of the neighbouring clergy. When someone taxed him with the obvious inconsistency between a sermon which he had just heard him preach and his daily practice, he promptly answered, with shrewd sense, 'Don't you do as I do, but do as I tell you.' The most sturdy and not the least respectable of the inhabitants of his parish, like those of the surrounding villages, Knighton, Warmwell, Woodsford, Tincleton, were all, on occasion, smugglers. They would work in the fields through a long summer's day; start at dusk for the cliffs of Ringsted or Whitenose, eight or nine miles off; meet, as arranged, the little craft which ran into a creek laden with illicit spirits, and, sometimes after a smart brush with the 'Government folk,' more often quite unmolested, would return by dawn of day, carrying each of them a keg or two of brandy on his back, and then go to work as if nothing had happened, and they had been sleeping peacefully in their beds all night. Many a story of such brushes or of hair-breadth escapes have I heard when a boy from the most adventurous of these smugglers, who had long been transformed into a not overzealous gamekeeper. 'Did you ever,' I asked him one day, in strict confidence, 'cut about or kill any of the Government folk?' 'No,' was the reply, 'but I have helped tie 'em to a post often.' It was the romance of their lives. They were not too well off in point of wages, and the archdeacon and parson in one would have had much less perfect sympathy with his archdeaconry and his parishioners than he had, if he had not turned a blind eye to this source of increased income for them. He placed the tithe-barn at their disposal—a queer 'benefit of clergy'—and I have been told that scores of kegs of illicit brandy often lay in perfect security beneath innocent-looking heaps of hay or straw, till there was a convenient opportunity for otherwise disposing of them. Sometimes

they overflowed even the sanctuary of the tithe-barn, and were stowed in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the church belfry.

What joy it was, when we were children and the day was hopelessly wet, to be allowed to put behind us, for the time, the humdrum of everyday life, and transfer ourselves to the mysterious and awe-inspiring precincts of the barn! No other spot, not even the hay-loft, seemed so to fill our childish imaginations. When once the big folding doors were shut, we said good-bye to the outer world; we seemed to be in another world, a world of shadows. Such muffled sounds as managed to reach us from the outside seemed to come as from very far away. Throw yourself down upon your back, you that are 'a child of larger growth,' on a bright summer afternoon beneath the tall bracken, and, looking up to the blue sky through its greenery, allow yourself to fall into a day-dream. The stems of the bracken will soon and easily transform themselves into a primeval forest of gigantic stature with interlacing branches, and the insect life which swarms among them will fill the place of the birds and climbing animals of the tropics. So was it with us children and the barn. As you lay silent in the soft, sweet-smelling hay, and gave yourself up, as children best will and can, to the influence, the genius, the *religio* of the spot, the limitations of time and space and probability seemed to vanish into air. The rustle of the mouse or rat, coming nearer and nearer, filled you with a half-fascinating awe, as though it were the footfall of some beast of prey in an Indian jungle. The venerable rafters seemed to grow in size in the prevailing gloom, the darkness visible; the roof above it seemed to rise higher and higher, till it loomed on the imagination like the groined arches of some Gothic cathedral, and the yard-long cobwebs of the centuries which depended from it, seemed, like the glowing ashes in a dying fire, to take weird and ever-varying shapes; now, as it were, of tattered banners, the relics of a hard-fought field; and now again, as the breeze swayed them to and fro, of the nodding plumes of a stately hearse, making its way slowly and silently towards an open grave. Tempered awe is often dearer to the heart of a child than boisterous merriment, and its pleasurable pains are among the fond regrets of a later, and a sadder, and not always a wiser age.

R. BOSWORTH SMITH.

*ST. LUKE AND BUDDHISM*

THERE are many passages of the New Testament which show that early Christian writers were accustomed to search for types of Christ, and to draw parallels between Him and various persons and things mentioned in the historical books with which they were familiar, and, moreover, that Jesus Himself set them the example of so doing; thus He compared Himself to the prophet Jonah (Matt. xii. 39-41) and to the brazen serpent made by Moses (Jno. iii. 14). Now Jonah was an Israelite, but neither Adam nor Melchizedek could be considered Israelites, yet comparisons are drawn between them and Christ in the Epistles, so that there is no lack of precedent for comparison between Christ and other characters in history, whether Israelite or not. Supposing then that a writer of the life of Jesus were acquainted with the story of the life of Buddha, there would be nothing to prevent him from taking the Indian sage as a type of Christ. It is true that none of our canonical books contains any explicit mention of Buddha such as is found in St. Jerome, but I hope to show that there are many references to his life in the third Gospel, and that the writer probably had reasons for wishing to point out the resemblances between the histories of the two teachers.

Perhaps it might be objected that Buddhism was at the time a local religion peculiar to India, and that it would not have been possible for Christians living mostly in Syria to know the story of the life of its founder; but the objection is not a valid one, since from the time of Buddha himself, about 500 B.C., his followers had been zealous missionaries, and under the Emperor Asoka, 250 B.C., their religion, already widespread, became politically powerful also. Asoka sent out teachers in every direction, and considered the matter so important that he recorded the fact upon stone columns, which have recently been discovered in Northern India, bearing inscriptions which show that his missions visited Syria as well as almost every other country which was accessible to them. The work, having been thus begun, would doubtless be carried on by others, since the missionary zeal of Buddhism continued long after the time of Asoka, and spread the religion into China about the time of our era, and into Japan as late as 500 A.D. Both these countries

were comparatively difficult of access for Buddhists, while Syria was in constant communication with districts where Buddhism was already prevalent. Long before Christian times the religion had spread into Bactria, then a prosperous and fairly civilised kingdom? whose trade with the West passed mostly through Syria, so that Buddhist merchants would disseminate the knowledge of their creed, even if we could suppose that Buddhist missionary enterprise, so pushing in other directions, might have failed to take advantage of this obvious opening.

It appears, then, that there is no improbability in the theory that an early Christian writer might have a knowledge of the history of Buddha sufficient for the purpose of tracing the parallel between him and Christ; the question remains whether the comparison was actually made. The public lives of the two teachers have certain resemblances, both in their general outlines and in particular incidents; we learn, for instance, that when the number of Buddha's disciples was about sixty they were dispersed for a time and sent to preach his doctrine in all the neighbouring districts, reassembling round Buddha when their mission was over; an incident which closely resembles the mission of the seventy disciples of Jesus recorded by St. Luke. It may be thought, however, that similarities of this kind are only what would naturally occur in lives which were devoted to similar work, namely, the promulgation of a new religion in an Eastern country; but this will not account for similarities in the records of events in the periods of the lives prior to the commencement of this work.

In the first place, there is a curious correspondence, not only between the facts recorded concerning the origin of the two lives, but also in respect of the way of presenting these facts; Gautama Buddha was said to have been supernaturally begotten, yet he is called the son of a king because Suddhodana, the husband of his mother, is styled a king; in the same way Jesus Christ is called the son, or descendant, of King David, although the pedigree from David is traced only to Joseph, who, as we are distinctly told, had nothing to do with the birth of his wife's first-born son. Again, Gautama, who was also a first-born child, came into the world when his mother was away from home on a journey, a circumstance to which Buddhist writers attach great importance, since it was one of the essential conditions of Buddhahood; St. Luke, alone of the Evangelists, thought it necessary to record the fact that Jesus also was born while His mother was away from home and on a journey. We learn, too, from Buddhist writings that when Gautama was born there was rejoicing among the devas, or spirits of the upper air; while according to St. Luke the shepherds of Bethlehem witnessed a similar rejoicing of the angels at the birth of Jesus. When the new-born Gautama was first formally presented to his 'father,'

Suddhodana, there was among the spectators an aged saint who adored the child and prophesied that he would be a Buddha and would show the way of salvation to men; St. Luke tells us that Jesus was presented in the Temple while still an infant and that a similar prophecy was then uttered by Simeon, who was apparently an old man. During his youth Gautama was not appreciated at his true worth, but on one occasion, being put to the test by the elders of his tribe, he astonished them, not only by his skill in manly exercises, but also by his wisdom; it is recorded in Luke that Jesus also, at the age of twelve, astonished the doctors in the Temple by His understanding and answers. When the time approached for Gautama to attain his Buddhahood and to exercise its functions he was moved to leave his home and to go out into the wilderness, where he underwent much fasting and many temptations; on one occasion the tempter Mara appeared to him and promised him universal dominion if he would only give up his quest for enlightenment, and at the crisis of his attainment to Buddhahood it is recorded that he fasted seven times seven days and seven nights, during which time he was again tempted by Mara, who tried to induce him to break his fast prematurely, but he overcame this temptation also and after his fast the spirit Brama came and ministered to him; very similar events are recorded in Luke concerning the preparation of Jesus for His public ministry. The third Gospel narrates only two other incidents of the first thirty years of the life of Jesus, namely, His circumcision and His baptism; the former is, of course, distinctively Jewish, and although the rite of baptism is performed by Buddhists as well as Christians yet I have not found in the records of the life of Buddha any event which corresponds at all closely with the baptism of Jesus.

Thus in the account of the early life of Jesus given by St. Luke, all the incidents selected for notice, except two, are such as correspond with events in the life of Buddha, a coincidence which may be accounted for in various ways, but which cannot be considered merely accidental. One explanation might be that the Evangelist, knowing the history of Buddha, purposely selected for narration those incidents which most strikingly exhibited the parallelism between the two teachers. For this there would be reason enough if the Gospel were addressed to readers some of whom were acquainted with, and perhaps attracted by, the religion of Buddha; since this is, under one of its aspects, so much like the religion of Christ that the same persons would naturally be attracted by Christianity also. It is true that the theological conceptions of the two religions have little in common, but Christianity involves a code of ethics as well as a system of theology, and on the ethical side its likeness to Buddhism is unmistakable. Both religions have undergone modifications in the course of ages, and their ethics have developed in

somewhat different directions; even in the Pauline Epistles there seem to be already traces of some divergence from the Buddhist ideal; but, looking to the words of Jesus Himself and to the recorded practice of the earliest Christian community, we find evidence of a code of ethics as nearly as possible identical with that which is taught in the discourses of Buddha. The three Synoptic Gospels agree that the most important of all ethical virtues was declared by Jesus to consist in obedience to the command 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' The phrase is a quotation from the Old Testament, but it is evident from the context in Lev. xix. 18 that the writer there used it in a very limited sense, merely to enjoin a brotherly feeling between members of the Hebrew race; while in the third Gospel a parable, or what Buddhists would call a 'jâtaka story,' is added to show that Jesus intended the words to be taken as inculcating universal goodwill towards all mankind. The same doctrine is taught also in the Epistles, where the technical term 'charity' is used. St. Paul's description and praise of charity are in close agreement with the spirit of Buddhist ethics; for this universal goodwill or charity had been set forth as the cardinal virtue of Buddhism 500 years earlier; in the Metta Sutta the pious Buddhist is thus exhorted: 'As even at the risk of her own life a mother watches over her child, her only child, so let him exert goodwill without measure towards all things,' a passage which is in harmony with all the rest of Buddha's teaching.

But there are other resemblances between the ethics of Buddhism and those of primitive Christianity; resemblances which are more striking because they have reference to special departments of conduct, and are not so general in their application as the virtue of charity. The exaltation of celibacy, as being in itself a virtue, is a prominent feature of Buddhist doctrine, and I think it can be shown to have held a similarly important place among the doctrines of the earliest Christians, although it is not very strongly inculcated in those books which, being approved by the most powerful party in the Church, were ultimately selected to form our present Canon of Scripture. In the Gospels there are two passages which have some bearing on the subject, namely, Matt. v. 28-30 and xix. 10-12, but in their literal sense these indicate, not merely celibacy, but emasculation as the counsel of perfection. The only place in the Epistles where the subject of celibacy is discussed is 1 Cor. vii., which begins with the broad statement 'It is good for a man not to touch a woman,' but the dictum is somewhat qualified later in the chapter. It is clear, however, that the matter was exercising the minds of Christians at the time, since the passage was written in answer to questions propounded by the Church of Corinth, while in Rev. xiv. 4 we find it assumed as a matter of course that celibacy is necessary for the attainment of the highest perfection.

Moreover, writings which did enjoin celibacy were apparently accepted as authoritative by some branches of the Church, although they were not adopted into the Canon of the dominant branch; thus in *The Contendings of the Apostles*, recently translated from the Ethiopic, it is narrated that when Peter came to Rome he proclaimed a series of beatitudes which for the most part resemble those of the Sermon on the Mount, but the last one, the climax of the series, is this, 'Blessed are those who have wives and are as though they had them not, for they shall become the children of life and shall inherit eternal life.' Somewhat similar beatitudes are found in *The Acts of St. Thomas*, a work dating from the second century, and others still more closely similar occur in *The Acts of Paul and Thecla*. The last named is admitted to be only a pious work of fiction, but in conjunction with the others it goes to prove that the doctrine of the virtue of celibacy was very generally held at the time. As to the practice of early Christians, there is nothing to show how many of them lived celibate lives without secluding themselves from the world, but it is certain that, in proportion to the total membership of the Church, the numbers of those who did seclude themselves were very large, and these, whether monks, nuns, or hermits, invariably bound themselves to celibacy by solemn vows; while from decrees of Councils of the Church, held at least as early as the beginning of the fourth century, it appears that celibacy was usually expected of the clergy. Lastly, it is notorious that the two great Churches calling themselves respectively Orthodox and Catholic, Churches which have preserved unbroken continuity since very early times, have throughout their history looked upon the practice of celibacy exactly in the same light as the Buddhists, holding it to be a virtue, not indeed attainable by all, but essential for those who aspire to the holiest life.

Now this view of celibacy is a logical deduction from the premises of the pessimistic philosophy upon which Buddhism rests, but its connection with the fundamental teachings of Christianity cannot be considered equally obvious, since none of the many Churches grouped together under the name Protestant have been able to discern it for themselves, nor have the theologians of the two larger Churches been able to point it out to them. How, then, did the doctrine of the virtue of celibacy take such great hold of the Christian Churches of early times? There seem to be only two alternatives, either that it had a more prominent place in the teachings of Jesus than is shown by our canonical books, or that it was introduced into the Church by some outside influence. If the latter alternative be adopted, it would be hard to find any source of such influence so probable as Buddhism.

There is yet another important respect in which the ethics of the two religions were alike, namely that each proclaimed the moral



superiority of poverty. Throughout the Gospels sayings of Jesus are recorded which, in their literal sense, teach this doctrine most emphatically; it has been usual in later times to regard these sayings as having an allegorical or spiritual sense only, but apparently the earliest Christians took them literally, for they divested themselves of private property, and, as St. Luke tells us in the Acts, 'had all things common.' The very name of that branch of the Church which was most closely connected with Jerusalem and which adhered most rigidly to the primitive doctrine, 'The Ebionites,' means 'The Poor,' and is the equivalent in Hebrew to the term applied by Buddha to his disciples, 'Bhikshu' or Beggars. Whatever may have been the spiritual meaning of the words of Jesus, the literal sense is in exact agreement with the teaching of Buddha, which was certainly intended to be understood and obeyed literally; he himself would possess nothing more than the ragged clothes he wore, and he ordained that vows of poverty as well as of celibacy should be taken by all Buddhist monks and nuns—vows which to this day are taken by them as well as by the religious orders of Christian Churches.

It had always been part of the Buddhist creed that, in the fullness of time, a new teacher would arise to purify and restore the faith when it was corrupt or extinct, and that this teacher would have a life-history similar to that of Gautama; thus a suggestion that the new teacher, whom Buddha had dimly foretold, had now appeared in the person of Jesus would be a powerful argument in favour of Christianity if it were addressed to readers who were hesitating between the two religions, and it may have been in view of this that the particular events narrated in the third Gospel were selected for notice by the Evangelist.

GEORGE SHANN.

## CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN HUNGARY

### I

FOR the last five-and-thirty years the title of the Dual Monarchy has been in such common use that one is apt to forget the circumstances under which it came into existence. Kossuth and Deák are familiar names, and a general impression reigns that the former desired to obtain by physical force the independence which the latter established by parliamentary pressure. On the relations existing between the two factors of the Dual Monarchy, the popular idea is still more vague. Some think that they are analogous to those connecting the Prussian Monarchy with the German Empire: whilst others point to the settlement in Central Europe as applicable to our own troubles with regard to Ireland. Each view is equally misleading. In the former case the Imperial title represents a higher sovereignty absorbing the kingly power and in a way controlling it. In the latter, the condition of such a union in the future would suppose that self-government had been conceded by the stronger to the weaker nation. In order to understand the actual relations of Austria and Hungary, the primary fact to be realised is that the two countries are, as they have ever been, severally autonomous; that in investing for political reasons one person with the external attributes of sovereignty one nation did not subordinate to the other its absolute independence. The conditions upon which the Hapsburgs were elected to the throne of Hungary between 1526 and 1687 involved the observance of all the privileges and liberties which the Magyar nation had enjoyed from the earliest times. In 1687 the succession to the Hungarian crown was formally reserved to the male line of the Hapsburgs, and in 1723 this succession was extended by the famous Pragmatic Sanction to the male and female descendants of Charles the Third, Leopold the First, and Joseph the First of Austria to the exclusion of the collateral branches of their families. In the case of the failure of the direct line the right of Hungary to elect a king irrespective of family revives, and

at some future period two different sovereigns might reign in Vienna and Buda-Pesth. The nature of the existing union between the two kingdoms was summed up by Francis Deák, who defined it 'as a personal union carrying with it the duty of mutual defence.' The dissolution of the Germanic Empire and the assumption of the title of Emperor of Austria by Francis the First no more altered the relations between the elective crown of Hungary and the succession to the hereditary Austrian provinces than the revolution of 1848, which widened the basis of constitutional government, or the compromise of 1867, which emphasised more clearly the political and juridical independence of the two nations. This compromise was not of the nature of a treaty between two Powers; it was the voluntary act of the Hungarian Parliament by which assent was given to the Law XII of the year 1867, and the same authority can at any moment alter or repeal it without reference to another authority. It is quite true that many of the clauses of this law would be inoperative but for analogous or consequent enactments by Austria, and the existence of such enactments may be necessary to the operation of the Hungarian law, but they do not affect its validity.

The points settled by this law have been often obscured by writers, especially in Germany, who have naturally wished to give greater prominence to the German element in the Austro-Hungarian bond. The Law XII begins by reciting the principles of the Pragmatic Sanction of 1723, which was based on the independence of Hungary, and the duty of reciprocal protection by the two powers. Having recognised that mutual defence depends upon mutual understanding, it defines the matters which, in the aim of the Pragmatic Sanction, are of common interest to both countries. These comprise foreign relations in so far as they concern Austria and Hungary alike, including diplomatic and consular representation abroad—the direction and management of the army and navy, and the providing of funds for such expenditure. But this unity of administration is strictly controlled by the Hungarian Legislature, of which the sanction must necessarily be obtained for international treaties, for the general conditions of military service, and for the annual conscription vote. Moreover, the accessory services of recruiting, provisioning, and shifting garrisons, &c., of the Hungarian contingent are left to the control of the Hungarian Government.

So far the Law XII is only the authorised version and interpretation of the Pragmatic Sanction; but it goes on to lay down the basis on which each of the two countries shall contribute their respective shares of the common expenditure, and custom has settled that this *Ausgleich* should be subject every ten years to revision, by an understanding between the two Parliaments—or failing that by the decision of the Emperor and King, acting on

the advice of his Austrian and Hungarian ministers—but such arrangement may not be extended beyond one year. The three ministers common to the two countries are those for Foreign Affairs, War (the Navy being a department of the Army), and Finance, the last named having merely to appropriate to their several uses the sums paid over by the Austrian and Hungarian Ministers of Finance. In order, however, to subject the common Ministers to constitutional control, the Law of 1867 decided upon the principle of the ‘Delegations.’ These are composed of sixty members of each of the two Parliaments—forty from each Lower and twenty from each Upper House—elected by their respective colleagues—and summoned to meet alternately in Austria and at Buda-Pesth. The two Delegations do not sit together, but deliberate apart and vote separately. In the event of conflicting resolutions being passed by the two bodies, committees are appointed by each with the view to coming to an understanding, and it is only in the very rare event of this failing that the two Delegations are brought together to vote, and in this case the most elaborate arrangements are made to insure the presence of an equal number of voters from each section. The object of this vote is not to obtain a net majority of the two Delegations, which would be fatal to the idea of the distinct sovereignty of each state, but to ascertain the extent of the majority in each, and to deduce therefrom the strongest expression of the national will.

These Delegations therefore are, properly speaking, only channels of communication. Their competency to deal with matters common to the two countries is limited to a parliamentary control of the ‘Common’ Ministers, to the apportionment of the sums voted by the regular Parliaments at Vienna and Buda-Pesth, and to the fixing of the sums required for similar services in the following year for the Common budget. In the last case the amounts having received ‘the approval’ of the king, the quota to be contributed by Hungary is included in the domestic budget of that country. The Hungarian Diet cannot alter any of the amounts in the Common budget, but it can refuse to endorse the whole quota if it should consider that the Delegations had exceeded their powers.

To make this position more intelligible it is important to realise what influence the Hungarian Government and Parliament bring to bear upon matters common to the Dual Kingdom. The Hungarian President of the Council (Prime Minister) is co-responsible with the Austrian Minister for the general direction of Foreign and Military Affairs, but only to the Hungarian Diet, which is competent to pass on these matters resolutions which may affect the Hungarian Ministry. Moreover, as the Hungarian Minister of Finance is presumed to have collaborated with his Austrian colleague on matters concerning the Common budget, his action is liable to review and

criticism in the Hungarian Parliament. On the other hand, the Common Ministers have no right or power to intervene or exercise influence in matters which concern either Austria or Hungary exclusively.

Thus whilst the Law XII of 1867 differs from the Pragmatic Sanction of 1723 in that it is not a bilateral contract, it nevertheless interpreted that act and declared the way in which Hungary intended to carry it out, reserving to herself the right to revise her interpretation of it should she see fit. The Ministry of Common Affairs, therefore, so far from representing a domain superior to Hungarian control, is wholly dependent on its power. It is, in fact, a bond which unites, but does not bind the two countries.

In like manner, there is no common organ of legislative or executive authority, but only the simultaneous exercise of the power of two bodies as expressed through the action of the Common Ministry. The members of this Common Ministry are not 'Ministers of the Empire,' as they are frequently described, even in Austria, but they are the Ministers equally of the Emperor of Austria and of the King of Hungary, acting in co-operation with His Majesty, when simultaneously exercising his double prerogative. In like manner, there is no territory which can be accurately described as Austro-Hungarian, as was recently shown on the occasion of delimiting the Roumanian frontier, and similarly an Austro-Hungarian citizen is a contradiction of terms, for he cannot obtain the rights of one country without divesting himself of those of the other.

Nevertheless, it is as Austria-Hungary that the Central States of Europe are recognised as one of the Great Powers. But this form of international recognition is not incompatible with the claim of Hungary to independent sovereignty, for the duties of mutual defence to which Hungary is pledged by Law XII of 1867 involve simultaneous and combined action with her neighbour in all that relates to the duties and responsibilities of a Great Power, and it was not the least of Deák's claims to the gratitude of his countrymen that he was able to devise a scheme by which all friction between national feelings and European interests might be avoided.

## II

It is scarcely necessary to insist here upon the fundamental differences which underlie the laws and political development of the two countries—Austria and Hungary. The former is an amalgamation of countries and peoples, each having a separate history, separate laws, and separate tendencies, but bound together by dynastic bonds. On the other hand, Hungary since the year 1000 A.D. has been a centralised kingdom containing doubtless many different races, but

never subjected to partition or division, geographical, historical, juridical, or even administrative, except in the case of Croatia.

How this has been achieved, and how the full measure of parliamentary liberty which Hungary now enjoys has been gradually accumulated, has been made the subject of a masterly study by Count Albert Apponyi, the president of the Hungarian House of Deputies. He moreover has added to his review of the past a statement of the existing parliamentary procedure, and this, after having been submitted to a committee of the leaders of the various parties in the House, including Széll, Kossuth, &c., with whom were associated the heads of the Universities and of the Bar, has now been accepted as the recognised 'canon' of the Hungarian Constitution. It is on Count Apponyi's treatise that this article, which lays no claim to original research, is based. As the Hungarian Parliament, like the British, contains an irreconcilable element, and as the rules of procedure in our own are now under revision, it may happen that our national self-sufficiency may learn something from the experience of a nation which can boast even older constitutional forms than our own.

In so far as it relates to the history of a kingdom which throughout nearly seven centuries was the Warden of the Marches of Christendom, Count Apponyi goes over familiar ground. With the battle of Mohács (1526) and the death of King Louis the Second the first period of the Hungarian monarchy closed. The crown of St. Stephen had been more or less firmly borne for five hundred years by members of the Arpád dynasty elected by popular vote and controlled by the national will, for feudalism as understood and dominant in other parts of Europe had no counterpart in Hungary, where defence against the common foe bound together all classes. The choice of a successor to the fallen king was the prelude to fresh misfortune. The National party offered the crown to John Zápolya: the more cautious hoped that by conferring it on Ferdinand, the brother of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, the resources of the empire would be available to withstand the inroads of the Turks. Divided counsels as usual brought about disaster. The Turks gradually advancing along the Danube occupied Buda and a third of the Hungarian kingdom—the National party fell back upon Transylvania—and the House of Hapsburg assuming the royal title exercised authority over the northern and western provinces. This condition of things continued for more than a century and a half, and culminated in the appearance of the Turkish armies under the walls of Vienna. Their defeat and the subsequent campaign, however, although it cleared Hungary of invaders from the east, served only to strengthen the hold of Austria. Ultimately by the celebrated Pragmatic Sanction (1723) the indivisibility of the imperial and royal crowns was recognised, subject to express

guarantees of Hungarian independence and national privileges. The wise rule of Maria Theresa was followed by the reactionary policy of Joseph the Second. In the following reign of Leopold the Second, the pendulum swung for a while in the direction of freedom for Hungary, but on the accession of Francis the First it seemed as if despotic government was again to assert itself. In face, however, of the passive resistance of the Hungarian people, even Metternich was forced to moderate his absolutism; and in 1825 the constitution, as it had been framed before 1000 A.D., and had been kept alive by tradition even when crushed down by violence, was once again restored to vitality. The story of the awakening of Hungary has been written, sung, and apostrophised by its poets, its historians, and its politicians, but the depth and breadth of the movement have been scarcely appreciated by the outside world, which has been often misled by the thinly veiled hostility of German writers, to whom the existence of a condition of political freedom greater than their own is a source of envy, hatred, and malice.

The revolution of 1848 brought for the first time into the political arena the forces of the democracy. The convulsion which ensued, and the means by which calm was restored, are matters too well known to need repetition. By the help of a foreign power the ruler of Austria was enabled to treat a portion of his own dominions as a conquered country. A dozen more years of passive resistance at length proved the folly of this attempt to stamp out the spirit of national liberty and constitutional government, and finally, after six more years of temporising, Francis Deák was able to bring about an agreement with the Austrian Cabinet, by which the Dual Monarchy was recognised, and Hungary guaranteed the full enjoyment of her ancient constitution.

### III

The authors of the Hungarian constitution are unknown. It is embodied in no ancient charter. The Golden Bull of Andrew the Second, which bears the date of 1222—almost contemporary with our own Magna Charta—is merely the rehearsal and confirmation of liberties of which the nation had been long in the enjoyment, and the code of public and private law drawn up by Werbőczy in the sixteenth century is merely a compilation of prevailing customs which by long observance had obtained the force of law.

The starting point on which attention can be fixed is the royal office. The Hungarian royalty, although limited by the rights of the people, was never subjected either to feudal or federal restraint. Hungary appears before history as a unified and centralised kingdom, and in these respects its public and private customs correspond. Landed property, subject to partition and division, descends in the

male line; but the rights of heredity, even by the most distant branches of the family, are recognised. This translated into political life points to the maintenance of the national element without recognition of individual hereditary privileges. In Western Europe every right of which royalty could be shorn—every privilege which could be swept aside—was for the advantage of the great vassals of the Crown, or of the lesser feudal lords, to be enjoyed by these without even the semblance of control, the rights of the nation at large being never mentioned. In Hungary not only was the election of the king—within the limits of the royal family—a reality, which at the time of its occurrence brought the candidates into contact with public opinion, but the meetings of the 'National Assembly,' without which even in remote periods the sovereign was unable to impose his will upon the nation, kept alive from the earliest times the sense of the royal responsibility. On more than one occasion the sovereign wished to substitute a 'royal council,' of which the members should be self-elected, but without result, and from the eleventh century until 1848, when a complete national representation takes the place of the meetings of the nobles, there is abundant evidence to show that on specially fixed 'Great Days' the nation took part in the discharge of public duties, and could make its voice heard by the impeachment of public functionaries, by protesting against harsh laws, and by assisting at public trials over which the king presided in person. The responsibility of the Crown to the nation was no vague expression; for between the reign of St. Stephen (A.D. 1000) and the issue of the Golden Bull at least three kings paid with their crowns the penalty of disobedience to popular demands. Doubtless there were periods during which the 'great families' exercised undue influence, even to the extent of overshadowing the royal authority; but they were rare, and of short duration. Moreover for all practical purposes the sacred right of insurrection was recognised in Hungary by the Golden Bull in the following terms: 'If we, or any of our successors, however remote, should at any time infringe this decree, the bishops, the seigneurs, and the nobles—either in common or individually—by virtue of this same Bull, may oppose and resist us or our successors without committing an act of felony.' The same Bull, or Charter, also sketches the outlines of judicial independence, and further paved the way for political responsibility, for nine years later a law enacted that the Palatine, who was the head of the executive government, might be dismissed by the vote of the National Assembly for maladministration (of which the Assembly was to be the judge) either of the king's or the nation's affairs. No other penalty beyond dismissal from office was entailed. By degrees this responsibility is extended to the other great officers of state, and before the close of the thirteenth century the Assembly had claimed and obtained not only the right to nominate



a certain proportion of the king's council, but also that all acts done without the concurrence of such delegates were null and void.

Although the elective feature in the Hungarian monarchy disappeared in the course of time, the succession *ipso jure* of the heir was subject to the condition of his being crowned within six months of his accession, and until this ceremony had been accomplished, he could neither sanction laws nor confer privileges—taxes could not be levied nor military conscription enforced. The meaning of this restriction was that the coronation is preceded by negotiations between the sovereign and the Diet as to the terms of the 'inaugural diploma,' which is practically a formal undertaking on the part of the king to maintain the independence of the country, the defence of its borders, and the free enjoyment of personal and political liberty by all his subjects. The Diet having declared the terms of the 'diploma' to be satisfactory, then settles with the king the date of his coronation, but at the ceremony itself it again makes its authority felt, for the crown is placed on the king's head by both the Archbishop of Esztergom, the Metropolitan, and by the Palatine, or since the abolition of the latter office by some layman selected by the Diet. Draped in the mantle and girt with the sword of St. Stephen, the king then quits the church, and in the open air and in the presence of the assembled people takes his oaths to maintain the constitution. In former times the 'legal' nation was composed of the nobles—*membra sacrae coronae*, as they were designated—but all the ancient privileges, which were then exclusively reserved to the 'nobles,' are now exercised by the people at large without distinction or reservation. These so-called nobles, however, were a large class comprising all men capable of bearing arms, who by degrees became so numerous that it was necessary to call upon their representatives to meet for the discussion of public affairs. Thus, King Bela in 1061, convoked two members from each village; but five hundred years later, in 1525, an assembly of the 'nobles,' amounting to upwards of fifteen thousand, was called together as 'the Diet' to discuss the state of affairs, and, what is more remarkable, seems to have done so with order and in accordance with prescribed forms. It would seem, therefore, that while in ordinary times representative members alone were summoned, at great crises, when popular liberty or national independence was at stake, the old form of general assembly reappeared. It would be difficult to say what constituted the right of representation; for the civil and military organisation of the country varied with the dangers with which its frontiers were threatened. It may be assumed to have included the higher and the inferior clergy, the great proprietors, the 'barons' or high dignitaries of state, the greater and lesser nobles and their descendants without limitation beyond that of forfeiture. By degrees it became the habit to summon the greater

nobles personally and the lesser by their representatives. The former from the fourteenth century become a more distinct element, but without bearing the features of an hereditary aristocracy until the advent of the Hapsburgs, who scattered abroad the titles of princes, counts, and barons of the Empire.

• In the Hungarian Assembly, at least down to the sixteenth century, the attempts of the higher nobility to play the part of a privileged and selfish oligarchy, though renewed from time to time, were generally successfully resisted by the lesser nobility or gentry as we should describe them, who rallied round the throne in defence of order and liberty, and as, in the end, the final decision upon all questions of policy lay with the Assembly, in which the nobles and gentry voted together, the views of the majority prevailed. In our own country the system of two Houses, acting independently, marked with greater distinctness the class-difference between Lords and Commons, and for a long period was the cause of the subordination of the latter in all great political struggles which were not wholly fiscal.

From the beginning of the sixteenth century, the changes consequent upon the union of Hungary and Austria under the same sovereign became apparent. From 1608 down to 1848 the Diet is composed of two houses—*status et ordines*<sup>1</sup>—the former then as now called the Table or House of the Magnates (Főrendiház), and the latter originally the Table of the Nuncios (követek tablája), but in recent times the House of Representatives.

The Upper Chamber, presided over by the Palatine, included the great officers of state, the archbishops and bishops of the Catholic and since 1792 of the Greek Churches; the chiefs of the *comitatus* (*foispán*)—answering somewhat to our lords-lieutenant of counties—and all the adult males of the titled families from barons to princes. This equality of all members of the same family is a survival of the old Hungarian custom which until 1681 did not recognise eldest sons or entail.

The Table of the Nuncios was composed of (1) the members of the Royal Court of Appeal, the President of which was also President of the Assembly; (2) the representatives of the *comitatus*, two for each without reference to size or population, elected by the resident nobles (gentry) of their respective districts, and furnished by their electors with definite instructions, with which they must either comply or resign their seats; (3) the representatives of the free cities, first elected at the beginning of the fifteenth century; (4) the delegates of Chapters and of Magnates who for some cause were unrepresented in the Upper House. But out of these four categories only two possessed the right of voting—the representatives of the *comitatus* and those of the free cities—and the latter had to agree among themselves as to

<sup>1</sup> 'Karok és rendek,' literally arms (*brachia*) and orders.

how the one vote allowed for all should be given. This restriction was scarcely a grievance, for not only was the urban population of Hungary small, but until the last century the trading class was mainly composed of foreigners. The other elements of the 'Table' had only the right to a consultative opinion. Practically the Lower House therefore consisted of about 120 members directly elected by the 'nobles,' and the business was conducted in 'district' sittings—or committees—the whole House seldom meeting for the despatch of business.

The foundations, however, on which the Lower House rested were far wider and deeper than might be at first sight imagined. The nobles, or gentry, with whom the right of election had remained since the dawn of Christianity in Hungary, numbered at the close of the eighteenth century about 325,000 electors out of a total population of six millions. In 1848 the number of electors had risen to 675,000, and the population to about twelve millions. In addition to these the clergy possessed in 1805, 16,000 votes, and the professional classes (*honoratiores*) at least half as many more.

During the first three centuries of the monarchy, the need of any controlling power seems not to have been felt. With the disappearance of the purely national Arpád dynasty and the advent of a mixed royal race, the Diet or National Assembly takes the leading place in the direction of affairs; and this continued until the crushing blow received in defending Christendom forced Hungary to ally herself with her neighbour, and to deliver herself into the hands of the Hapsburgs. In face of the anti-national policy of Austria, the Hungarian Nationalists concentrated their attention on local self-government, and by strengthening it at every point maintained the principles upon which the Hungarian constitution had always been based. The struggle against the influences which spread from Vienna was protracted, and often victory seemed to incline to the side of those who would be satisfied with nothing less than the supremacy of Austria; but in the end the constitutional forces which had kept Hungary united for so long prevailed, and at last the two partners in the Dual Monarchy met on equal terms and adopted an attitude of mutual independence and reliance. It was after all, however, the local liberties as represented in the *comitatus* which had kept alive the spirit of constitutional government in Hungary throughout the centuries which intervened between the times of St. Stephen and Matthias Corvinus, and from Corvinus to Francis Deák. By degrees the *foispán* (*comes supremus*) or lord-lieutenant becomes little more than the titular head of the *comitat*, and his function is rather that of a diplomatic agent whose duty it is to win over the *comitat* to the policy of the central government. The *alispán* (*vice comes*), who from the end of the sixteenth century is elected by the

*comitat*, is the real administrative chief, and the whole of his subordinates are similarly under the control of the electorate. The local assemblies can pass their own laws, and moreover can 'respectfully put on one side' the acts of the central government, if in the opinion of the *comitat* such acts are opposed to the constitution. It was at the meetings of the *comitat*, moreover, that the two 'nuncios' to the Diet were elected, the instructions for their guidance drawn up, and their recall in case of disobedience voted. These functions of the *comitat* have been modified since the suffrage has been placed on a broader basis; and the national Parliament at Pesth has absorbed local duties and interests. Nevertheless some of the older customs still survive, and the local *comitate* for example continue to send out circular letters to other *comitate* and to the free towns, asking their support for certain measures before Parliament.

#### IV

The Hungarian Diet or Parliament has undergone certain changes in its constitution as recently as 1885. It now consists of two Houses, that of the Deputies (*Kepviselőház*) and that of the Magnates (*Főrendiház*). Parliament is summoned by the king for a period of five years, but its sittings may be suspended or the body dissolved at any time, subject to the following restrictions. It must be called together again within three months after its dissolution, and even after a shorter delay should the budget of the following year not have been voted. Parliament shares with the king all legislative authority: the right to initiate legislation, although shared with the king, rests wholly, in accordance with ancient custom, with the Chamber of Deputies. In like manner the limits of the royal prerogative are as much restricted by the Legislature at the present time as they were in the Middle Ages. The king can only act through his ministers, and since 1848 any minister can be impeached by a simple majority of the Lower House (1) for acts involving the independence of the kingdom, the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of individual liberty or the rights of property, (2) for any act of fraud or malversation of public funds, and (3) for any wilful refusal to enforce the law or to maintain public tranquillity. The court before which a minister is tried is composed of twelve members of the Upper House elected by ballot, and the king's power of pardon can only be exercised in the event of a general amnesty.

The House of Magnates can reject Bills sent up from the Lower House, but cannot originate legislation. Before 1848 struggles between the two Chambers were not unfrequent, but since then, although no alteration has been made in the law, the preponderance of the popular Assembly is so incontestable, that the House

of Magnates, after one expression of its feeling, gives way. One trace of the old system still survives in the present relations of the two Houses. The Lower House on occasions may wish to give exceptional importance to resolutions which are not strictly within its legislative functions. It then invites the Magnates to vote with it on what are known as National Resolutions. The election of the 'Keepers of the Crown'—the highest Court dignitaries—is also made by the two Chambers sitting together, and matters dealing with the relations with Austria or with Croatia are referred to joint Committees of the two Houses.

The House of Magnates, like our own Upper House, has no specific limit in actual numbers, and its constitution has undergone very few changes since its original establishment. It comprises seventeen members of the royal family; nineteen great officers of state, including the presidents of both Royal Courts of Appeal; thirty-three Roman Catholic diocesan bishops, including seven of the Greek Catholic Church; nine of the Orthodox Greek Church; and six representatives each, lay or clerical, of the Lutheran and Calvinist faiths; and one for the Unitarians, a body of about 60,000 persons, chiefly located in Transylvania and presided over by a bishop. It is, however, from the hereditary aristocracy that the House of Magnates is chiefly recruited. The existing rights of such families as had once sat in the Upper House were confirmed in 1885, subject, however, to the provision that the land tax paid by them should amount to three thousand florins (240*l.*) per annum. The number actually holding seats is 234. In addition to these the king may create fifty life peers, but not more than four in any one year. At the present time these number forty-six, and there are also twenty-five others, nominated by the Magnates before the passing of the Reform Bill of 1885, who retain their places for life notwithstanding the fact that the amount paid by them in direct taxes falls short of that required by the new law. Lastly, there are three delegates from the Croatian Diet. Thus the full strength of the Upper House is 389, of whom all, except the officers of state and the bishops, are eligible for election as deputies—their rights thereupon to sit as Magnates fall into abeyance, but are not forfeited.

The Chamber of Deputies consists of 453 members, of whom forty are representatives of the provincial Diet of Croatia. This country possessing full autonomy with regard to internal affairs, public education and worship, administration of law and justice, &c., the deputies take no part in the debates and voting, except when the House is dealing with matters relating to the whole of the states making up the kingdom of St. Stephen, such as military legislation, finance, taxation, railway and postal services, and matters affecting the relations between Austria and Hungary. No question can

be raised in the Hungarian Chamber as to the validity of the election of the Croat delegates, who are responsible solely to their own Diet.

In Hungary the franchise is exercised under the law of 1874, which was slightly modified in 1899, and gives to the country an electorate of about 1,100,000 out of a total population of nearly seventeen millions. Every Hungarian citizen of twenty years of age and upwards is entitled to vote, (1) having a minimum income of 105 florins and paying direct taxes amounting to ten florins, (2) in the large towns occupants of houses containing three living rooms, even though unrated, (3) workmen employing an assistant, and (4) all who under the Constitution can claim their ancient privileges—the last category still represents at least 20 per cent. of the total electorate body. Besides these, about 30,000 vote in right of educational or professional qualifications, such as the members of the learned societies, priests and their curates, professors, physicians, general practitioners, apothecaries, notaries, civil engineers, and school-masters. On the other hand, soldiers in garrison or with the colours, police, and revenue and excise officers, have no votes. In the case of a general election, thirty days' notice is given by the Ministry of the Interior, who specifies a limit of ten days within which the elections must be held. All elections are consequently not held on the same day throughout the kingdom, but in each *comitat* (county), or in each town, there is a Central Electoral Committee which settles the date on which all the elections in that district, urban or rural, are to take place. When the number of electors in a district exceeds 1,500, two or more polling-places are appointed. The polling commences at eight o'clock in the morning, and is closed only at the request of both parties, or when an hour has passed without a vote being tendered. The voting is open and by word of mouth. Each elector having given his name and been identified, names the candidate for whom he votes. When neither candidate has obtained an absolute majority, a ballot is ordered to be taken after an interval of not less than fourteen, nor more than twenty-four days. Count Apponyi admits that government influence and private bribery were at one time common, but the law of 1899, which came into operation at the general elections of 1901, has been found to be most efficacious. Up to that date, the House had retained the sole right of dealing with election petitions, and although in 1874 a resolution in favour of transferring this jurisdiction to the Law Courts had been approved, it was not until five-and-twenty years later that it passed into law. Into the various causes of this delay it is needless to enter, but among them was that of the unwillingness of the judges to undertake the duty. It will be remembered that in our own country the judges of the High Court similarly petitioned Parliament in 1868 to relieve them of a

distasteful task. The Hungarian Chamber, however, still retains its full powers of invalidating an election, or disfranchising temporarily a district where corruption has been shown to have been practised on a large scale, or when the decision of the High Court is to the effect that the alleged charges are not legally proved, although there is presumptive evidence of fraudulent practices.

Another important reform is also due to the distinguished statesman Szilágyi, who was Minister of Justice in the Wekerle cabinet. He was the determined opponent of the abuses which had crept into the application of the old laws regarding the disqualification of deputies. The new act does not err on the side of vagueness or of sentiment, or of regard for long-standing scandals. It excludes from the Chamber all persons holding appointments under the Crown or under the Government, with the exception of the actual Ministers, of one Under-Secretary of State to each Department, the Professors of the University of Buda-Pesth, and a few holders of elective municipal offices. All contractors for Government works or stores, bankers, or directors (both acting or figure-head) of commercial undertakings which in the widest sense are connected with dealings with Government departments or officials, are ineligible for election to Parliament. Moreover lessees of Crown lands, holders of concessions for railroads, canals, or other undertakings enjoying State subventions or guarantees, are equally excluded. In the case of a deputy growing tobacco (a State monopoly) on his own land under licence he may continue to do so, but he is not allowed to extend the area under cultivation or to apply for a fresh licence. Deputies are expressly forbidden to approach the Government to obtain posts for their friends or concessions for individual constituents, but on undertakings in the general interest of their electoral district or of the towns and villages included in it, no such restrictions are imposed. The application of this law is left in the hands of the Chamber, but there is no reason to suppose that its enforcement is the less strict on that account. Any elector may notify in writing to the President of the Chamber the reasons which in his opinion disqualify an elected candidate. The President hands the letter to a standing Committee of the Chamber, which investigates the facts and attests evidence. Its report is at once passed on to another Committee, chosen by ballot from a list nominated by the President, which must deal with the matter forthwith, and come to a decision without adjournment. From its verdict there is no appeal; it decides whether or not there is a legal disqualification, and whether the deputy has acted in good faith or not. In the former case a week's delay is granted to the deputy to make up his mind whether he will take his seat or throw aside his disqualification. In the case of fraudulent intent being shown, the election is declared void.

## V

- The course of procedure in the Hungarian Parliament differs essentially in many particulars from that adopted in countries where freedom of debate has been of more recent introduction. The President (or Speaker) is elected for the whole duration of the Parliament, while the Vice-Presidents, the quæstor (answering to our Sergeant-at-Arms), and the secretaries are chosen only for the session. All these, with the exception of two or three Secretaries out of eight or nine, are chosen from the majority. At the opening of the session the whole Chamber is divided by lot into eight or nine sections, to consider the legislative proposals of the Government: there are, moreover, standing committees of from nine to twenty-eight members, answering to our committees on law, trade, and finance. Every Government Bill has to be considered by one of the committees before being submitted to the whole House, but the House decides whether a Bill introduced by a private member should be referred to a committee. In the event of a negative vote, the Bill is lost for the session.

When a Bill is brought from the committee before the House, it is first debated from the general point of its expediency, and then clause by clause. Should it pass through this ordeal, it is reported with its amendments, and the third reading is then taken without further debate. The vote is taken by 'rising and sitting,' but should twenty members convey by a note to the President their wish for a nominal vote, it is conducted by tellers, somewhat after the fashion of our own Parliament.

All debates are now carried on in the Hungarian language, but an exception is made in favour of the forty Croatian members, who are entitled to speak and to move resolutions in their own language. The idea that a deputy speaking in his own language and that of his constituents should be guilty of 'want of respect to the House,' or to the Chair—as was laid down recently in our own House of Commons—would seem absolutely monstrous to the Magyar members, who recognise how much they owe to the use of their own language in their Diets. The use of the vernacular, however, is of comparatively recent date, and its introduction into the Diet in 1825 was regarded by the Conservative party as an almost revolutionary proceeding, when Count Stephen Széchenyi, the leader of the Hungarian Liberals, claimed for them the use of their own language in the Chamber of Deputies. In the House of Magnates, where the use of Latin in debate was optional, a large number of the members, who probably could not speak in Magyar, employed Latin. In 1836 it was enacted for the first time that all laws and acts of Parliament should be promulgated in both Hungarian and Latin, and that in



case of doubt the former should be regarded as the authorised version; and eight years later, in 1844, an act was passed making the national language the exclusive language of debate.

The Hungarian Chamber is far more forbearing than our own. There is no power given to either President or Minister to restrict speech or to closure debate. At one time there were strong arguments put forward in favour of a change of procedure in this respect, but a ministerial majority had the wisdom to perceive that any such remedy forced upon the House against the wishes of the minority would, in the end, be worse than the disease. The Chamber, taken as a body, agreed that any change of procedure should be the result of a general agreement between both sides of the House, and men on both sides, recognising the services which freedom of debate had in the past rendered to patriotism, were unwilling to do anything which might be used to its disadvantage in the future.

At the same time, the President can call to order a speaker for infringing the rules of the House, and after two ineffectual warnings may call upon him to sit down. The utmost penalty, however, is the entering upon the 'proceedings' the name and censure of the offending member. In the session of 1891 the violence of certain members seemed to call for more stringent disciplinary powers, and it was agreed, after much discussion, that the President should have the power to propose the temporary suspension of any member who should disregard the ruling of the Chair or be guilty of unseemly conduct. The vote on the Speaker's proposal was to be taken without debate; but the question at once arose how was the decision of the Chamber to be enforced in the event of the member's resistance? The Committee appointed to discuss the whole question promptly rejected the idea of forcible arrest within the precincts of Parliament, and it looked with scarcely less favour on the proposal to give the President authority to employ force. At length it was arranged by the representatives of the various parties in the House, that any deputy who should be declared suspended for any length of time from the sittings of the House should conform thereto as a 'Duty of Honour'!

At Buda-Pesth members speak from their places in the Chamber, except in the case of the 'reporters' of the various Committees, who deliver their reports from the<sup>e</sup> tribune, and state the reasons of their Committees for supporting or opposing the measures referred to them. As a rule, the debates are conducted with the least appeal to sentiment or passion, and the desire to impart dry facts and figures has too frequently the result of checking the flow of natural eloquence. Count Apponyi, who speaks with the experience of thirty years, may be accepted as an authority on Hungarian speech-making in Parliament and on the platform. His

opinion is that the first thing needful for a candidate who wishes to carry with him an Hungarian audience is to show himself serious and sincere, and that flights of rhetoric are as little appreciated in the Chamber as at public meetings.

On many points of procedure the Hungarian Parliament follows the lines adopted in other deliberative Assemblies, and there is no call for their special notice. Enough has been said to show that the present methods of constitutional government in Hungary are of no recent origin, but that their source is to be sought in habits and instincts which have endured nearly a thousand years. This community of thought may have been a bond of sympathy between Hungarians and Englishmen, of which evidence has not been wanting during the past three years.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

## THACKERAY

## AN APPRECIATION

MANY years ago, while still in my 'teens, I was invited to a reception at a London house where in those days such *réunions* generally included most of the artistic and literary celebrities of the time. I had never been bidden to an entertainment of this kind before, and, anxious to see everyone present, I stood near my hostess as she greeted the various guests who entered her drawing-room. Among them was a tall middle-aged man in spectacles, with bushy white hair, whose features wore a rather haughty, but withal amiable, expression. Probably because I looked young to be present at such a gathering, he asked who I was, laid his hand kindly on my shoulder, and passed on.

I ventured to inquire his name.

'Why, don't you know?' said the mistress of the house, with a smile at my ignorance. 'That is Mr. Thackeray.'

For the moment I was mortified. First because although I had never seen him before I almost felt that one ought to have recognised such a great man instinctively, and secondly because I had lost a chance of exchanging a few words with an author who had inspired me, even then, with intense admiration.

It is perhaps strange that Thackeray's books should have proved so attractive to a boy, but I can truly say that I began to appreciate them at the age of fifteen, that I have since read nearly every work which he wrote—many of them several times over—and that in the field of literature to which they belong I have never come across any which from first to last afforded me so much pleasure, taught me more wisdom, or filled me with such respect for the writer.

Most youngsters enjoy works of fiction. For the rising generation they are now as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, but of the limited number which had ~~won~~ popularity in my schooldays I read a fair proportion. The romance, the antiquarian lore and dramatic interest of Walter Scott's novels fascinated me. I accepted Harrison Ainsworth as an accomplished historian. I enjoyed Lever's rollicking tales of military life, felt somewhat overawed by Bulwer's display of culture, and have had many a laugh over the early

productions of 'Boz.' But when once I became familiar with Thackeray's works, they presented an attraction which seemed then, and still appears to me, unrivalled.

What is there in this great author's style which commends itself to half the reading public, and causes the other half to regard it with misgiving and even dislike? From my own experience I should say that among other reasons, and however oddly it may appear, it was the *realism* of his art. Many people, and women especially, like best a novel which presents an ideal picture: where the hero is a paragon of honour, courage, and every manly virtue; where the heroine is of peerless beauty, brilliant intellect, and incapable of any feminine weakness; where the *mauvais sujet* is a scoundrel of the deepest dye. They revel in pages of artificial sentiment, delight in dialogue suggestive of a *Complete Letter-writer*, enjoy the description of sensational scenes which savour of the stage—and then imagine that they have been reading a story of real life. Now Thackeray, from the first, seems to have determined that the mirror which he held up to Nature should at least be an honest one. Before he began to write he had had considerable experience of the world, both at home and abroad, in various phases of Society. He found it peopled with fellow-creatures who can neither be classed as saints or sinners, but who are distinguished by infinite gradations of character tending towards good or evil. The choicest beings to whom he introduces us are not devoid of little failings. Even manly and unselfish Harry Esmond was weak at times. That gallant and high-bred gentleman, Colonel Newcome, could lose his temper, and honest George Warrington posed, when it pleased him, as a cynic.

Lady readers of Thackeray are apt to allege that he did not understand their sex. Probably because in his deep and chivalrous admiration for womankind he was not blind to its foibles. Rachel, Lady Castlewood, is a religious devotee, a loyal subject, and a model of virtue; but her angelic disposition does not prevent her from being absurdly prejudiced, ungrateful, and jealous of her own daughter. Amelia is a simple-hearted and affectionate wife, but she is obstinate, strangely deficient in judgment, and in some respects almost a goose. Ethel Newcome comes as near perfection as any optimist could desire. But even she passes through a phase of worldliness and social ambition which at one time bids fair to wreck her lot.

On the other hand it will be generally found that the 'black sheep' in Thackeray's novels are not without their redeeming points. Lord Castlewood is dissolute, a toper, and a gambler. But he is a staunch friend, has a keen sense of honour, plenty of courage, and meets his end like a gentleman. Who can help liking Rawdon Crawley, stupid and disreputable spendthrift though he was, when one remembers his pluck and the love which he bore to his child? If

Jack Beldize eloped with a married woman, it was in the desperate hope of rescuing her from a life of shame and degradation. A greater scoundrel than Barry Lyndon has seldom been portrayed in fiction, but even he had his touches of remorse, and the emotion with which he revisits the scenes of his boyhood is almost pathetic. Speaking generally, one may say of Thackeray that if he recognised no ideal of perfection in humanity he was not unwilling to 'give the devil his due.' This is a rare quality, not only among the writers of books but among those who read them. A tendency to express and to admire sharply contrasted effects of light and shade has been sometimes regarded as an indication of decadence in old pictorial art. One traces a certain analogy to this in the evolution of the nineteenth-century novel. In a previous age neither *Tom Jones* nor *Roderick Random* was represented as immaculate; and though, having become more squeamish since the days of Fielding and Smollett, we may wish to draw a decent veil over youthful peccadilloes at the present time, one cannot forget the old Terentian adage: *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*.

Thackeray was the first English novelist who rescued the literature of fiction from the groove of false ideality into which it was sliding in Early Victorian times. He detected some follies in the upright, and admitted occasionally a redeeming trait of virtue in the ungodly. The world is beginning to acknowledge that he was right. But the average moralist fifty years ago was alarmed at even the suggestion of such an ethical paradox.

Another barrier which divides the admirers from the detractors of this author is the quality of his humour. A genuine sense of humour cannot easily be determined, but most people would feel aggrieved if they were told that they did not possess it. Yet how rare it is! Of humour which is based on ordinary fun there is generally no lack among our countrymen. *Pickwick* and the earlier novels of Dickens raised the laughter of countless readers who were unable to relish the refined flavour of Thackeray's wit. It was too subtle and delicate for their mental appetite. There are some persons who cannot understand banter. The semi-facetious philosophy in which our author indulged from time to time, after the fashion of Horace, half-concealing home truths under a heap of chaff, or brightening a moral essay with sparks of irony, presented a puzzle to those who were accustomed to simpler forms of literary art. They begrudged a word of sympathy with the weak side of human nature. They were shocked when a little fun was poked at a philanthropist. They would not recognise the fact that the best-intentioned of our fellow-creatures may be sometimes, notwithstanding their merits, uninteresting.

Thackeray's comments on what we call society filled certain of its members with alarm, and they shrank from his conclusions as the orthodox in faith would from a new heresy. The writer was said

to take a morbid view of life. His sentiments were described as dangerous, his disposition as bitter, his style as deplorably satirical. A large amount of this abuse no doubt proceeded from shallow critics, whose want of appreciation may be attributed to dulness. But there were others for whom no such excuse can be offered, and it is not too much to say that time has proved them to have been unjust. All that we now know of Thackeray's private character shows him to have been a cultured gentleman, sharing the ordinary foibles of mankind, and perhaps unduly sensitive to affront; but always honourable and large-minded, with a generous and kindly heart moved by sympathies so genuine and wide in their scope that it would be difficult to find a parallel for them in the profession which he followed.

And what is there in his novels or essays inconsistent with this estimate of his character? He has often been accused of sneering, and it is quite true that when he chose to use it he had a caustic pen. He sneered at humbug wherever he found it, whether at home or abroad, at Court, in the world of fashion, in the counting-house, the club-room, or the pulpit. But he never wrote a paragraph which could be interpreted as a scoff at religion or good morals. In his saddest pictures of domestic life he takes care to discriminate clearly between right and wrong. He has rather a scornful smile for the 'over-righteous,' and he sometimes says a good word for the rogue; but he never paints vice in false colours, and for simple unaffected virtue he always expresses the highest respect.

It was probably his close scrutiny of minor frailties and his impatience of conventional probity which offended a certain class of readers. Few men or women object to the literary description of a villain or a fool, because they are comfortably assured of their own rectitude and wisdom. There are but few thorough-paced villains or absolute fools among Thackeray's *dramatis personæ*. But some of the most respectable and upright characters which he drew occasionally betray little meannesses and vulgarities which are almost inseparable from the artificial conditions of civilised life. And there is no escape from the conclusion that we are all more or less prone to such faults. Indeed, the author does not except himself. The very *nom de plume* which he assumed in the amusing series of little social essays published under the title of the *Book of Snobs* was a frank confession that to some extent he shared the common lot. But then he expected his readers to join in that confession, and this is precisely what they did not like to do. Many of them must have winced under the searchlight which he threw upon society, revealing petty artifices, priggishness, toadyism, and brag which abound in the world, and into which the best of mortals may occasionally slide, but which no one cares to admit as personally characteristic of himself. Hence it followed that a certain section of the British public, with whom self-introspection is not a favourite virtue, were discomforted

by the author's mode of philosophy, averred that he was a pessimist who could only discern the seamy side of life, and so forth. They wanted, in short, a mere peep-show, and he supplemented it with a mirror, in which they found themselves reflected. *De te fabula narratur* was the text on which Thackeray was constantly preaching. His audience was necessarily a mixed one, and it is no wonder that some of them found the sermon distasteful.

But there are other reasons why novel-readers half a century ago objected to our author's books. They had been accustomed to romances in which they found, it is true, a vast amount of sentiment, but as a rule it was all expressed by the characters portrayed. The hero, the heroine, or their friends were often garrulous and sometimes grandiloquent. If they talked in a highly moral strain, one felt sure that the author was uttering his own convictions. If the rascal of the story was allowed to say his say, it left no doubt of his own iniquity. But it amused Thackeray so to array his puppets that at first sight the parts which they were destined to play seemed doubtful. Honest folk often betrayed their weak side. A plausible manner sometimes disguised the rôle of a scamp. Intelligent readers who had mastered the author's style soon became familiar with these literary tricks and enjoyed them. But, for the benefit of a less enlightened audience, and sometimes, maybe, to gratify his own caprice, he liked occasionally to step in front of the curtain and explain what was going on. The object was perfectly legitimate, but it was not always appreciated.

When he paused in the middle of a chapter (as Fielding often did) to comment on the characters he had been describing, to forestall the objections of his critics—to take them, as it were, into his confidence and preach a little homily on some incident in the narrative—the course was so unusual that not a few of his readers were fairly puzzled by it, as a schoolboy might be by the remarks of *Xopós* in the first Greek play which he reads. It is true that the author's method interrupted the thread of the story which he was telling, but it helped to accentuate its interest, to point its moral, to invest his puppets with vitality. At the close of these little digressions he seems to renew his duties as *raconteur* with fresh vigour, like a sturdy boatman who has rested on his oars a bit to gain breath and take a look down the stream.

But if diversity of tastes prevents the world of novel-readers from returning an unanimous verdict in favour of Thackeray's practice, the supreme quality of his best work has long been acknowledged by competent critics of literature. It is hardly too much to say that no English writer of fiction in its modern sense was so versatile in capacity. His knowledge of human nature extended to nearly all the 'seven ages' of man. For instance, his descriptions of boyhood are not only amusing but scrupulously faithful to real life. The

playground incidents, and fight between Dobbin and Cuff in one of the early chapters of *Vanity Fair*, the delightful letter which little George Osborne writes home to his mother after the occurrence (adroitly substituting milk for rum-shrub in mentioning the contents of the broken bottle), the lordly airs assumed by Amelia's over-petted son under the roof of his grandfather, are in their several ways all reminiscent of the round-jacket age, an age in which the elements of malevolence and courage, frankness and deceit, artlessness and vanity are present in varied and sometimes complex forms.

Whether describing a private seminary like the one in which *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends* appear on the scene, or a great public school such as Thackeray often refers to under the pseudonym of 'Grey Friars,' the author thoroughly knew his subject, dealt with it honestly—not after the 'Barbauld' and 'Edgeworth' fashion which had previously prevailed, but giving us boys as they are, rather than as we want them to be.

In one of his *Roundabout Papers* he brushes away the fallacious ideal, maintained by some purists, of juvenile integrity. Alluding to a then recent controversy on this subject in one of the London papers, he writes :

The Eton master who was breaking a lance with our *Paterfamilias* of late turned on him, saying : 'He knows not the nature and exquisite candour of well-bred boys.'

'Exquisite fiddlestick's end, Mr. Master! Do you mean to tell us that the relations between young gentlemen and their schoolmasters are entirely frank and cordial; that the lad is familiar with the man who can have him flogged; never shirks his exercises; never gets other boys to do his verses; never breaks bounds; never tells fibs—I mean the fibs permitted by scholastic honour? Did I know of a boy who pretended to such a character, I would forbid my scapegraces to keep company with him. Did I know a schoolmaster who pretended to believe in such a character, I would set that man down as a baby in knowledge of the world.'

Let no one suppose from these opinions that Thackeray underrated boys. His stories abound with kindly reference to them, to their spirits and pluck, to their tastes and amusements. In private life he enjoyed their society. He delighted to treat the lads to a play, and send them back with a generous tip in their pockets.

He had the same sort of sympathy with young men. Long after he had reached middle age he seemed to share their pleasures, to smile benevolently at their conceit, and to palliate their follies. With the exception perhaps of *Esmond*, he never in his novels set an old head upon young shoulders, and in that case the peculiar circumstances of the boy's early training afford sufficient excuse, while his modesty and unselfishness, his high sense of honour and fidelity invest Harry's whole career, as recounted, with charm and interest.

The famous book which first brought Thackeray into notice—



though he had deserved it long before—was entitled by him, *A Novel without a Hero*, but it would be difficult to name any work of fiction from his pen which could be otherwise described. In the field of modern romance, at all events, one may reasonably assume that the author did not incline to 'heroes.' For instance, he seems far more anxious to detail the foibles and failings of Pendennis at school, at college, or in society than to create a model for the imitation of British youth. Arthur is conceited, supercilious, and at times rather selfish. But he is what the world calls a gentleman. He is thrown fresh from his University on the temptations of London life. To many of them he yields easily enough, but at last there comes one in which his honour may be involved, and he resists it with courage. The moral derived from this episode in the story has twice the force which it would have had if the author had drawn Pendennis as immaculate. It is precisely because he shared many of the faults common to his time of life that we admire the self-restraint which he exercised at a critical moment.

In the character of Clive Newcome, who, notwithstanding the pitfalls of his boyhood, the luxury by which it was surrounded, and the opportunities afforded to him of moving in fashionable life, remained at heart a Bohemian, we find a protest against the snob-bishness which, half a century ago, tended to exclude artists from what is called 'smart society.' At the present day, when painters, sculptors, playwrights, and actors are cordially welcomed in every London drawing-room, it is not easy to realise the fact that such a protest was ever necessary. *Tempora mutantur*. But in this and many other respects Thackeray deserves full credit for promoting the reform which has since taken place.

*The Adventures of Philip* and the eighteenth-century romance of *The Virginians* give us pictures of young manhood drawn and coloured on the author's naturalistic plan of representing life as he saw it—perhaps to some extent life which he had once experienced himself. Idleness, love of pleasure, impatience of restraint and conventional proprieties, a plucky bearing towards unfriendly men, a pardonable regard for too friendly women are among the characteristics of adolescence which he described with an indulgent if not sympathetic pen. Of the two brothers who figure in Sheridan's famous comedy we may be sure that he would have held out a forgiving hand to the frank and generous-hearted spendthrift. But on the Joseph Surfaces of society, as portrayed in his own books, the novelist pours his bitterest scorn.

It is remarkable that a writer who retained to the last so green a memory of youthful pleasures should, even at an early period of his life, have been so successful in describing old men. Among the *dramatis personæ* of his creation Colonel Newcome has long been an universal favourite. Indeed a character combining so much manli-

ness and dignity with tenderness of heart and pathetic resignation to adverse fate could hardly fail to be admired. But the portrait of old 'Binnie,' with his sound if somewhat cynical philosophy, his rich vein of humour, and practical advice, presents an excellent foil to the Colonel's simplicity, and shows the author at his best.

Major Pendennis is an elderly sage of a different order. The rôle which he plays is all his own, and is the result of real conceptive genius. Here is a confirmed worldling, well stricken in years, almost devoid of sentiment, and, it must be confessed, a bit of a toady, who, notwithstanding these manifold defects, interests and even delights us by the adroitness of his social diplomacy, the affection which he feels for his relations, and the pluck with which he faces all difficulties in coming to their rescue. Whether counselling his nephew, coaxing his sister-in-law, resenting Captain Costigan's impudence, or defying his own rascally valet, the Major is a marvellous creation, playing first part in scenes which fiction has seldom if ever surpassed for wit, knowledge of human nature, and life-like impersonation.

Thackeray's portraits of old women possess similar individuality. He had evidently studied the *bourgeoise* type as represented by Mrs. O'Dowd, Mrs. Baynes, and Mrs. Mackenzie. But he could also paint a *grande dame* like Madame de Florac or Lady Kew, a kindly creature with a pathetic past like the Little Sister, or a beldame with an ignoble past like the Dowager Lady Castlewood. In the character of Madame de Bernstein these personal experiences may be said to commingle. It is certain that whatever her antecedents were as Beatrix Esmond, the part played by the Baroness towards the close of her career, as described in *The Virginians*, is one of the most interesting in that novel. The fusion of candour and shrewdness, of benevolence and indignation, which distinguishes her complex nature, her sense of pride battling occasionally with a sense of shame, her irony alternating with the utterances of a kindly heart, surprise, amuse, and delight us by turn.

Of thoroughly vicious old age there are not many examples in Thackeray's books, but when occasion required he did not shrink from describing it. Perhaps the most notable specimens are the Earl of Crabs in the story of Mr. Deuceace, and the Marquis of Steyne in *Vanity Fair*. It may be observed that the author does not revile them for their iniquities. He contents himself with describing certain incidents by which they are illustrated, and points his moral with touches of satire equalling Swift and even Juvenal in grim humour and severity. It would be difficult to exceed the irony conveyed in the paragraph announcing, after a court-journal fashion, the news of Lord Steyne's demise.

Everybody knows the melancholy end of that nobleman, which befel at Naples, two months after the French Revolution of 1830, when the Most Honourable George Gustavus, Marquis of Steyne, Earl of Gaunt, of Gaunt Castle, in the Peerage of Ireland, Viscount Hellborough, Baron Pitchley and Grillsby, a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, of the Golden Fleece of Spain, of the Russian Order of St. Nicholas of the First Class, of the Turkish Order of the Crescent, First Lord of the Powder Closet, and Groom of the Back Stairs, &c., &c., died after a series of fits brought on by the shock occasioned to his lordship's sensibilities by the downfall of the ancient French Monarchy.

It was of the essence of Thackeray's wit to be original. Even in his earliest productions, such as the farcical story entitled *Cox's Diary*, though one can perceive the influence of Dickens in its low-comedy fun, vulgarised by the pencil of Cruikshank, there are passages of exquisite humour which no one but the author could have written. The prospectus drawn up by the Rev. Clement Coddler, M.A., describing his educational establishment, is a delicious model of its kind, while the passage of arms at Tuggeridgeville (evidently a caricature of the Eglinton Tournament) is more amusing than the famous cricket-match in *Pickwick*.

Few writers of fiction have had the courage to invent the autobiography of a rascal. Thackeray did so twice. *Barry Lyndon* is one of the best, though least read, of his principal novels. But long before it was published he had produced a little sketch entitled *The Fatal Boots*. It takes the form of a diary, begun in school-days, of a contemptible creature who describes his own dishonesty, manners, and cowardice, while posing all the while as an injured innocent. A similar plan was adopted, but with a far more serious purpose, in his later history of the Irish adventurer above mentioned.

In the literary records of Anglo-Indian life sixty years or more ago, the feat of drawing the long bow was occasionally practised. Thackeray turned this foible to excellent account in his *Adventures of Major Gahagan*, the very title of which is significant. Born at Calcutta, and with a host of friends in the East India Company's service, both civil and military, the author had no difficulty in finding material for a sketch which in its mock-heroic vein, its burlesque of Oriental life, the pseudo-historical interviews with Napoleon and Montholon, not to mention the Münchhausen-like stories of the Major's personal valour, is unique as a specimen of 'excellent fooling.' Higher flights of wit and shafts of sarcasm, which remind one of Pope in their brilliance, abound in his most popular works, but perhaps few of the novelist's admirers have lighted on the rich store of boyish fun which is to be found in some of his first contributions to light literature.

Out of the wealth of polished humour which flowed from his later pen it would be easy to select examples. Countless readers of *Vanity Fair* have laughed over the description of Miss Pinkerton's

school, the scenes in which Jos. Sedley figures at Vauxhall and at Brussels, the queer old Devonshire baronet (a far more amusing personage than Squire Western), poor Rawdon Crawley's escapades, and the pompous utterances of his priggish brother. The chapter in which Captain Macmurdo and Mr. Wenham meet Rawdon for the purpose of discussing his proposed duel with Lord Steyne is a triumph of literary ingenuity, of dramatic skill, and well-directed satire. The conversation which passes between the two blunt soldiers and the wily man of the world is so naturally phrased that one seems to hear their words spoken. We can imagine the cunning expression on the speaker's face as he concocts the lie which is intended to put matters straight, Rawdon's honest indignation at being balked of his revenge, and his friend's significant remark when he was left alone with the diplomatist: 'You don't stick at a trifle, Mr. Wenham'! The whole situation is described, Becky's case is summed up, and judgment delivered in that single sentence.

Much of the colloquial humour distinguishing Thackeray's novels results from the skill with which he contrasts characters for whom the dialogue is written. The interviews between that astute old worldling, Major Pendennis, and his sister-in-law, when the simple-hearted lady consults him about her son's scrapes; the deference which Harry Esmond as a youngster pays to Father Holt, and the casuistry with which the kindly-hearted Jesuit replies to the boy; Rachel, Lady Castlewood's protest when the Bishop of Rochester endeavours with unepiscopal levity to excuse the Prince's failings; the discussions which arise between Parson Sampson and young Warrington in *The Virginians*—are all instances of dexterously planned allocution by which the reader's respect is evoked alternately for the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove.

Excellent specimens of repartee, reminding one of Sheridan's stage-talk, occur in the author's stories. When old Osborne is trying to bully his boy out of an engagement with Amelia Sedley, he exclaims in his wrath:

'I shall say what I like to my son, sir. I can cut him off with a shilling if I like. I can make a beggar of him if I like. I *will* say what I please.'

'I'm a gentleman, *though I am your son, sir*,' George answered haughtily.

In the famous scene between Major Pendennis and his valet, who has been trying to blackmail his master, the Major having thoroughly outwitted the scamp, dictates to him a confession of his villany and insists on his subscribing his name to the document:

'I'm d——d if I sign it,' said Morgan.

'My good man, it *will* happen to you whether you sign or not,' said the old fellow, chuckling at his own wit.

Harry Esmond, with the object of saving his patron's life, tries to

pick a quarrel with Lord Mohun over the card-table. Lord Castlewood, seeing the move, exclaims :

'You silly boy, we don't play for groats here, as you do at Cambridge.'

'I'll stake the young gentleman a crown !' cries Lord Mohun's captain.

'I thought crowns were rather scarce with gentlemen of the Army,' remarks Harry.

'Do they birch at college ?' asks the Captain.

'They birch fools,' says Harry, 'and they cane bullies, and they fling puppies into the water.'

'Faith, then *there's some escapes drowning*,' replies the Captain, who was an Irishman.

The rest of the scene is marked by a dramatic realism in words and action which is all the more striking from the brief and concise character of the narrative. It is as though we were sitting in a theatre watching the actors across the footlights :

My Lord Mohun presently snuffed a candle. It was when the drawers brought in fresh bottles and glasses and were in the room—on which my Lord Viscount said, 'The deuce take you, Mohun, how damned awkward you are. Light the candle, you drawer !'

"*Damned awkward*" is a damned awkward expression, my lord,' says the other. 'Town gentlemen don't use such words—or ask pardon if they do.'

'I'm a country gentleman,' says my Lord Viscount.

'I see it by your manner,' says my Lord Mohun. 'No man shall say "*damned awkward*" to me.'

'I fling the words in your face, my Lord,' says the other. 'Shall I send the cards, too ?'

'Gentlemen, gentlemen ! before the servants ?' cry out Colonel Westbury and my Lord Warwick in a breath. The drawers go out of the room hastily. They tell the people below of the quarrel upstairs.

'Enough has been said,' observes Colonel Westbury. 'Will your Lordships meet to-morrow morning ?'

Few novelists have succeeded in describing the circumstances and language of a personal quarrel so well as Thackeray. The row which takes place in a public ball-room at Baden between Victor de Castillonnes and Lord Kew, and which ends in a duel, is a typical instance of that capacity.

When Kew came back (as he was only too sure to do) the little Gascon rushed forward with a glove in his hand, and having an audience of smokers round about him, made a furious speech about England, leopards, cowardice, insolent islanders, and Napoleon at St. Helena; and demanded reason for Kew's conduct during the night. As he spoke he advanced towards Lord Kew, glove in hand, and lifted it as if he was actually going to strike.

'There is no need of further words,' said Lord Kew, taking the cigar out of his mouth. 'If you don't drop that glove, upon my word I will pitch you out of the window. Ha ! . . . Pick the man up, somebody. You'll bear witness, gentlemen, I couldn't help myself. If he wants me in the morning, he knows where to find me.'

Half a century has passed since *The Newcomes* was written

The social world has become more civilised. Duelling, in this country at least, is out of date. But our national spirit is happily not extinct, and the rising generation may read with some advantage how an English gentleman, fifty years ago, could resent an insult and face the consequence of his act with courage.

Not many writers have been inspired by so comprehensive and multiform an aim as Thackeray in the exercise of their calling. His youthful ambition, as all the world knows, was to be a painter. He had studied with care the contents of foreign picture-galleries, and some of his earliest literary efforts were devoted to art-criticism. It is impossible to read them without being impressed by the sound judgment and common-sense which characterise his remarks, and it must be generally admitted that although he might never have succeeded in the practice of art, his taste, at least, was in the right direction. If his drawings are 'amateurish' and faulty in execution, they are not deficient in spirit, and few admirers of *Vanity Fair* would care to see the original illustrations which he produced for that novel replaced by work from a more skilful hand.

The incidents which lend dramatic interest to his narrative owe much to an observant eye for detail in their material surroundings, and in grouping his characters he did not overlook dress, accessories, or background. *Esmond*, perhaps the most picturesque, as it certainly is the most æsthetic and refined romance that he ever penned, is especially rich in examples of clever word-painting. No one who has read the book can forget a description of Beatrix, in the prime of her youth and beauty, as she comes tripping down the stairs at Walscote, holding up her gown with one fair rounded arm just enough to display her red clocked stockings and white shoes, and raising a lighted taper with the other arm above her head. It would be difficult for any draughtsman or manager of stage effect to improve upon this picture.

Thackeray did not often dilate in his novels on the charms of scenery, though there are some passages in his *Irish Sketches* and the *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo* which indicate his power of seizing with an artist's eye the local character of landscape. But nothing could be more pathetically graphic, more suggestive of pictorial treatment, than his description of the convent cemetery where *Esmond* visits his mother's grave.

*Esmond* came to the spot on one sunny evening of spring, and saw amidst a thousand black crosses, casting their shadows on the grassy mounds, that particular one which marked his mother's resting-place. . . . A thousand such hillocks lay round about; the gentle daisies springing out of the grass over them, and each bearing its cross and Requiescat. A nun veiled in black was kneeling hard by, at a sleeping Sister's bedside (so fresh made that the spring had scarce had time to spin a coverlid for it); beyond the cemetery walls you had glimpses of life and the world, and the spires and gables of the city. A bird came down from the roof opposite and lit first on a cross and then on the grass below it, whence it flew

away presently with a leaf in its mouth. Then came a sound as of chanting from the Chapel of the Sisters close by. Others had long since filled the place which poor Mary Magdalene once had there, were kneeling at the same stall, and hearing the same hymns and prayers in which her stricken heart had found consolation.

Among the various charges brought against Thackeray by his detractors is the vulgar and utterly unfounded one that he was merely a cynic, and generally wanting in sentiment. Now sentiment is a complex quality to define, especially when it assumes a literary form. If the gushing rhapsodies in which many novelists of his time indulged are to be regarded as a genuine expression of feeling in matters concerning the heart and human emotions, it must be confessed that our author generally abstained from them. His language, even in relating the most pathetic events of his stories, is solemn and earnest, but always restrained. Few passages are more touching, more full of reverence for a good life and the hope of its recognition hereafter, than his account of Colonel Newcome's end. Yet how few and how simple are the words in which it is described. There is no prolongation of painful details, no superfluous eulogy of the dying man, no parade of religious convictions. In his last moments the venerable pensioner's thoughts revert to his school days, and he says *Adsum!* while his early love is kneeling in prayer by his bedside.

It is probable that most of those who believe that Thackeray took a warped and ill-natured view of his fellow creatures accept the accusation on hearsay. No intelligent reader who judges for himself could possibly justify such an opinion. If his novels contain denunciations of social shams and insincerity, they also afford ample evidence that he had a kindly heart, admiration of courage, affection for the young, and compassion for the poor. In the pursuit of his art he described many erring mortals, and not a few confirmed reprobates. But he had the highest respect for true integrity, unaffected virtue, and gentle womanhood. In more than one of his books he pauses, after his wont, to comment on the vanity of human aspirations, and even to doubt the value of success in life when it is purchased by the sacrifice of what ought to be prized more highly. On this point he makes the younger Lady Castlewood read us a lesson:

'I am a country-bred woman and cannot say but the ambitions of the town seem mean to me. . . . I hear of Court ladies who pine because Her Majesty looks cold on them; and great noblemen who would give a limb that they might wear a Garter on the other. This worldliness, which I can't comprehend, was born with Beatrix, who, on the first day of her waiting, was a perfect courtier. . . . I cannot reason her out of her ambition. 'Tis natural to her, as to me to love quiet and be indifferent to rank and riches. What are they, Harry? and how long do they last? Our home is not here.' (She smiled as she spoke, and looked like an angel that was only on earth on a visit.) 'My father used to rebuke me, and say that I was too hopeful about Heaven. But I cannot help my nature, and as I love my children so, sure Our Father loves us with a thousand times greater love.'

It is impossible to read these words without feeling that they express the author's own views. . And this is the author who is still described at times as a mere worldling and a cynic !

In these days, when our 'lending libraries' overflow with light literature of inferior quality and questionable taste, let us hope that a certain section, at least, of the reading public still recognises the moral worth as well as the intellectual value of Thackeray's novels.

Lapse of time affords, perhaps, the soundest test which can be applied to the intrinsic value of any work of art, whether literary or pictorial. And even then some allowance must be made for the strange variations to which public taste is prone. Who could have foretold, when *Vanity Fair* first appeared, that Jane Austen's novels would attain at the present day renewed popularity? Compared with them, the style of Thackeray's productions seems to be of modern date. That his essays on *The Four Georges* and his criticism on *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* are still in vogue is not surprising. They are written for all time. It is more remarkable that his comments on social life as he reviewed it in the first half of the nineteenth century are so largely applicable to much that surrounds us now. The *mise-en-scène* is changed, the characters appear in new costume, but the moral inculcated by the play has lost nothing of its force.

A highly cultured writer, endowed with all the requisites of his calling, a wit reminiscent of Horace, a philosophy as practical as that of Montaigne but expressed in language which is as polished and scholarlike in prose as Pope's was in verse, and revealing a knowledge of human nature so wide and comprehensive in its range that it seems unrivalled in the annals of fiction—such was the man who passed away, only too soon, some forty years ago, in the person of William Makepeace Thackeray.

CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.



## *THE MASQUES OF INIGO JONES*

THE Tudor London into which Inigo Jones was born in 1573 was one whose town, like its stage, cried out for a larger art, and herein lay the designer's opportunity. Indeed he strikes us now, in spite of all early hardships, as another of the timely-fortunate men of that day who with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson found the world waiting for them, and ready to spur and if need be provoke them to the full discharge of their powers. At that time the narrow thoroughfares between the Tower Ditch and old St. Paul's, and the overcropping, heavily-timbered houses upon which Inigo Jones must have plied his original craft of a house-carpenter, offered a set of conditions that were well adapted to prompt so unique a creative artist. Architecture, having seen the end of Gothic, was hesitating over its late Tudor developments. Henry the Eighth, 'the only Phoenix of his time for fine and curious masonry,' had done something to show the way in Nunziata's motley palace of Nonesuch, with its mixed Gothic and Italian, and in Holbein's grotesque and splendid palace-gate before the old Whitehall as we may see it in Hollar's print. Other buildings and other prints show clearly enough the architectural pass which London had reached, and the aspect of the town to the east, and the congeries of riverside streets under old St. Paul's, which hint at its changes and possibilities in the last years of Elizabeth.

The son of a Welsh cloth-weaver [who had a factory or small warehouse near St. Paul's Wharf, the boy Inigo appears to have been put to the point of thinking of these things when he would much rather perhaps have been playing marbles. Ben Jonson hinted plainly afterwards at the exigency and hard circumstance of these prentice days :

Master Surveyor, you that first began  
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man you are!—

But whatever else he did, Inigo grew up, on his own testimony, 'naturally inclined to study the Arts of Designe.' And like other men who have lived for their ideas, he showed an extraordinary persistence in realising them. Ben Jonson's satires, Webb's

and Horace Walpole's diverse praises, and everything that the latest historians of the Renaissance in English architecture have brought to light, help to fulfil one's impression of him as a most deliberate and masterful pursuer of his art. And if this is not to be too fanciful, one is tempted by the further evidence of his masques to consider him not only an artist whose great ideal expressed itself in his smallest works, and a designer 'haunted by proportion,' but a master-builder who if he had had his way, and the sky had not fallen in the Civil War, would have done something to build up a London as ordered and stately as any Italian city.

It is only within the last ten or twelve years that the unprofessional students of Inigo Jones have had any very exact account of his work. The writings of Mr. Reginald Blomfield, Mr. H. P. Horne and Mr. Loftie, and the drawings published last year by two of his disciples, Mr. Henry Tanner and Mr. Inigo Triggs, have put him in a much bolder light, and a much clearer relation to his time. The last-named writers went, by way of preparation for their book, on a devout Inigo Jones pilgrimage, and visited most of the country houses by him that remain—few enough, alas!—and their illustrated account helps further to enhance the effect of his sadly diminished London remains, including those in Whitehall, Lincoln's Inn Fields and Great Queen Street, and the water-gate at York Stairs. Indeed, all that can be said of him in the praise of his work by those successors of his own calling to-day, who alone perhaps can wholly appreciate its merits, has been said. But there is still one thing to be done, to fill up the chart of his ambition and the outlines of his never to be realised dream of a great city rising majestically along the Thames: and for that we must turn to the series of masques which he helped to design. For in the masques his ruling passion and his overmastering ambition more and more declared themselves, as time went on, leading incidentally to his quarrel with Ben Jonson, and hinting very plainly at that larger work which he fondly hoped to accomplish.

According to his familiar chroniclers, until after his second Italian journey, in 1616, Inigo Jones had done but little in solid architecture. He was feeling his way, as a kind of surveyor and master of works to Prince Henry, and, for the rest, busily engaged in foisting architecture upon the masque: an almost unique instance of an artist who began in the mimic world what he afterward carried out in the real. There, in the exiguous architecture of a night, he conjured up that vision of a divinely proportioned street, or of some 'frontpiece' (as he would call it) or façade of a temple or of a House of Fame with a vista of diminishing pillars behind it; which he might afterward hope to express in Purbeck stone. There he tested himself; there he proved his effects good to his own eye, and there, as must have seemed propitious to his larger embodi-

ments and commissions to come, proved them alluring too in the eyes of the Court for whom they were intended.

Probably after his return from his first journey to Italy--the native region of the Masque--in 1604, he felt he had a right to dictate what should be its appropriate scenic effects to Ben Jonson and the poets who naturally cared more for their poetry than its stage setting. It is sometimes stated that he went first to Italy as a very young man, some of his early drawings having come under the eye of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, who helped him, and may have pointed his steps south. But it was not till 1603 that he went abroad, when he was already thirty years old.

'I passed into forrain parts,' he says, 'to converse with the great masters thereof in Italy, where I applied myself to search out the ruines of those ancient buildings which in despite of time itself and violence of barbarians are yet remaining.'

He returned from this first Italian journey, fresh from its ample regions, carrying no doubt a copy of Vitruvius with him, and many sketches and new ideas. We realise him on his return, seeing his London through an Italian vista, and across many memories of Rome, and Palladio's villas at Venice. But let us add to those splendours of Italian churches and palaces, which had affected him, the drolleries and novel costume and stage effects of the *Commedia dell' Arte*. We can understand him the better as an experimenter in these things and a designer of dresses for the masque by looking at his Italian *Sketch-Book* of a later date (1614), which is to be seen in Lord Cazelord's facsimile of 1831. It makes a very intimate addition to his personal relics, and gives one a nearer glimpse into his workshop, and a better acquaintance with his methods. In its notes and sketches of classic costume we find a minute attention to detail, and a nice consideration of such matters as the folds of a cloak or a tunic; or the trick of draping (*all' antica*) the women's garments. He spends hours over the fashion of a mantle, describing half a circle, and cast back over the shoulders, or hanging in a sinuous fringe. With these we have studies by the pageful from some old picture; of face or feature, eye or eyebrow, or children's limbs and children's curves, and figures curiously drawn to determine the proportions and the proportionate lines and movements of the body and its garments.

In all these sketches of the figure, we find an artist much absorbed in examining and defining the structure behind the apparition of beauty. He saw men as he saw houses, expressions of the same law of proportion, whose parts, of an enchanting symmetry, came of an essential and no accidental grace.

All this is of moment in judging the special application of his art to the stage. Possessed of a genius of the eye, that tyrannised over him, and compelled him to find expression for it, he found his

opening first in the æsthetic fantasy of the masque, whose limits he presently extended to their utmost capacity.

The first Court 'solemnity' in which Inigo Jones had any share was Ben Jonson's *Masque of Blackness in Twelfth Night*, 1604-5; and here, if we are fanciful, we can imagine that the types and characters reflect something of the Italian *commedia*; or even find the negro in it only another form of the conventional black and masked harlequin. But it is impossible to trace all the minor accessions from its prime Italian source, which Inigo Jones may have brought to the Jacobean masque. Enough to see how he speedily altered the mechanical form, and practically gave us our modern stage, and doing so was led to that gradual aggression on Ben Jonson's jealous preserve which produced the final quarrel between them. In the process, extending over many years, we find the expression of his ideas as unmistakably determined in his masques as in his houses.

Ben Jonson must have recognised early (Whitehall, February 2, 1609) that he had a very positive force to reckon with in his fellow-worker. In the *Masque of Queens* we detect when we come to the dance of the eleven witches

About, about and about  
Till the mists arise, and the lights fly out—

and the ensuing scene, the hand of the painter and architect very decisively prompting the writer of the 'book.' While the witches were 'in the heat of their dance, a sound of loud music was heard, . . . when not only the hags themselves, but the hell into which they ran, vanished, the whole face of the scene altered . . . and in place of it appeared a glorious and magnificent building figuring the *House of Fame*.' Some such architect's device we find in almost all the masques in which Inigo Jones took a part. His definite quarrel with Ben Jonson came many years later, and meanwhile many things had happened to give the master-surveyor weight at Court, including the designing and the beginning of his never-to-be-completed masterpiece in Whitehall. He designed the scenery, and invented palaces and castles, and ships and seascapes, for some ten or twelve masques, too, in the interval; and worked in great concord with poets and masque-writers as diverse as Campion and Daniel, Chapman and Heywood. To see him in the pitch of his fame as a stage-architect, however, we must turn to one of those masques in which, working with no fear of a powerful colleague upon him, he could give free reign to his fantasy. Such a one was *Tempe Restored*, a masque presented by the Queen and fourteen ladies to the King's Majesty (that is, Charles the First) at Whitehall on Shrove Tuesday, 1631 (the year after Charles the Second was born). In the preliminary text Inigo gives us very modestly the theory of the

masque: 'These shows are nothing else but pictures with light and motion.' The descriptions that follow in the book are his own:

• A curtain being drawn up, the lightsome scene appeared, showing a delicious place by Nature and Art; where in a Valley environed with Hills afar off was seated a prospect of curious arbours of various forms. The 1st order was of marble pilasters, between which were niches of rockwork and statues: some squirting water, received into vases beneath them: others standing on pedestals. On the returns of these pilasters run slender cornishments. From which was raised a second order of gracious terms, with women's faces to bear up the ornaments. Under this to a leaning height, was a Ballestra.

The subsequent passage, with the high romantical entry of the 'Fugitive Favourite,' must be omitted, while we hasten on to another typical Inigo effect when 'the further part of the scene opening, there appears on the side of a fruitful hill, a sumptuous Palace, with an open terrace before it, and a great Stair . . . descending into the lower grounds.' Here was a wall of marble along which was ranged a row of cypress trees; here we have the charming spectacle of Circe and her naiads and dryads 'coming forth in fury'; then of Circe traversing the stage 'with an angry look,' and singing, how expressively, 'to her Lute.' We omit the succeeding anti-masque crowded with grotesque figures—Indians, idols, apes, hare and hounds, hogs, and 'an Ass like a pedant teaching them Prick-Song,' to pause next at 'a landskip background,' with an Oriental sky at sunrise, and 'in the higher part a Heaven with a Citadel.' There to the Music of the Spheres 'appear'd clouds, with stars hidden in them, and more clouds with other glistering stars, to the number of six.' And above them, 'in a chariot of goldsmith's work richly adorned with precious gems, sat Divine Beauty, over whose head appeared a brightness full of small stars that environed the chariot, striking a light round about it.' And thereupon 'the eight stars that first descended being past, the Spheres came forth, and the clouds on which they sat returning up again and the other still descending, showed a pleasing contention between them as they passed.' Finally, when 'Divine Beauty and her train have alighted, that great cloud that bore them flies up again, leaving the chariot standing on the earth.'

The amazing ingenuity of all this, considering the stage appliances of that day, is the test of Inigo Jones's immense vogue as a stage-manager and masque-designer. Indeed he seems to have been astonished in this case at his own art: 'This sight altogether was for the difficulty of the Inging and number of persons, the greatest that hath been seen in our time.' Another book, he says, would be needed to describe the costumes. 'Only thus much: the Queen's Majesty was in a garment of watchet Satin with stars of silver embroidered and emboss'd from the ground, and on her head

a crown of stars mixt with some small falls of white Feather . . . the stuff was rich and the forme Noble, and all suiting to the Magnificence of so great a Queen.'

This was in 1631. Two or three years later came the definite break with Ben Jonson, who exclaimed vehemently at these scenic aggressions on the poet's demesne. In the *Tale of a Tub* he satirised Inigo with one violently caricatured part—Vitruvius—which he was compelled to withdraw. However, he retained another part, 'In-and-in Medlay,' which effected his purpose less grossly. 'You can express a Tub?' says Tub to Medlay, who replies:

If it conduce  
To the design; whate'er is *feasible*.

The two words in italics were evidently favourite expressions of Inigo Jones's, for they reappear in a later passage.

But the most explicit reference by Ben Jonson to the development Inigo Jones had given the Masque is in the lines which he hurled in 1633-4, at the devoted architect's head.

'Who can reflect,' he there asks,

On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,  
Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts  
Of thy dead standards; or with marvel see  
Thy twice conceived, thrice paid for imagery;  
And not fall down before it, and confess  
Almighty Architecture, who no less  
A Goddess is than painted cloth, deal board  
Vermilion, lake or crimson can afford  
Expression for; with that unbounded line  
Aim'd at in thy omnipotent design?

No doubt the pretty people of the Court, who took a part in these gorgeous shows, found it easier to be effective as angels in one of Inigo Jones's pasteboard heavens, than as actors bound to speak Jonson's lines (not always brief ones, either) as he wrote them. At any rate, the poet, it proved, could be dispensed with: there were other poets, good enough for court-masques: there was only one Inigo.

Similar effects, elaborate or delicately architected, could be pointed to in many of the subsequent Court entertainments. In *The Temple of Love*, produced on Shrove Tuesday, 1634, 'terms of young satyr's' bear up 'the returns of Architecture, Frieze and cornice, all enriched with goldsmith's work.' This masque, in which the Queen of Charles the First and Lady Katherine Howard took part, is said in the printed book to be 'the most magnificent that hath been done in England.'

One more instance must suffice, and in fact it is one in which Inigo Jones's practice was carried to its extreme; while it affords a natural and very significant close to his work in this kind. The

joint production of Davenant and himself, *Britannia Triumphans* was produced at Whitehall—in his own Banqueting Hall—on Twelfth Night, 1637. It was the most heroic expression of a national triumph ever fitted to this miniature theatre, whose stage, whose mechanical appliances, whose whole effect, Inigo Jones had altered within thirty-three years.

'Britanocles hath saved the seas, near and far,' says the argument, 'reduced the lands to a knowledge of all good Arts and Sciences'; and these Bellerophon, in 'a wise pity,' would preserve. The hand of Inigo Jones, and in his handicraft, his ideal, are to be read in every page. Note the 'ornament that enclosed the scene,' its pedestals, and figures in niches, its pilasters and its frieze, while a great compartment of gold figured in the centre, with branches of palm coming out of the scrolls, and within that another panel of silver inscribed *Virtutis Opus*: with draperies of crimson, festooned and knotted, hanging down in folds. Here was the proscenium of the modern theatre; complete at length, stage and curtain. For the 'curtain flying up, discovered the first scene—English houses of the old and newer forms, and afar a prospect of the city of London, and the river of Thames'—intended, we are told, to represent and symbolise Great Britain.

Here we break away from this mimic London of his invention, to the real London which he hoped to build, but which he was not destined ever to see carried out. His Banqueting House at Whitehall is a mere fragment, as it stands, without its balancing wing, its courts within courts, and its multiplied palatial magnificence. Misleading to the ordinary eye, it almost alone remains to tell what his greater conceptions would have done for London. We should have to carry out the plan, as one of his architectural disciples suggests, on a base larger than that of the present Houses of Parliament, and with a result infinitely finer in the completed design, marked by all that grace and strength and amplitude, gained by Inigo Jones's balance of parts, and his unequalled sense of proportion. Müller's engraving, and sundry drawings of the whole Whitehall, as it would have been, or as its architect intended it to be, enable even those who have not an 'architect's eye' to project its complete in his imagined London, with its two north and south main fronts, longer than that of Diocletian's palace, facing Charing Cross and Westminster; its fine Thames-side erection on the east, and its western front of which the Banqueting House is but the northern wing.

To the spectator of this apparition of a palace, who is fresh from the reading of the masques, it cannot but seem that it is the natural counterpart of those fugitive temples and palaces of a night with which he dazzled the Courts of James and Charles the First. And his Whitehall was but a small part of what he had hoped to do for

London. The colonnade of Covent Garden, and the laying out of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the building there of Lindsey House, and the houses that suggest his hand in Great Queen Street hard by, and old Somerset House, St. Katherine Cree Church, and the Queen's House at Greenwich, tell us something more of the 'Carolean city of his ideal; and one imagines him murmuring at last when the crash came, and he began to realise that he could hope to build little more, some words taken from his beloved folio of Palladio:

*'There the streets ought to be made large and noble, since thereby the city will become more wholesome, more convenient and more beautiful; and it is certain that the higher the Houses, the wider the streets must be made, that the walls and doorways, and courts and windows may be visited by the sun in every part of them.'*

But this was not to be; and I suppose a sadder figure of a defeated man is hardly to be pictured than that of Inigo Jones hiding his money and packing up his drawings and useless plans, and following his master Charles the First out of London in 1642. Ten years later he died at Somerset House, a melancholy, disappointed old man. He was buried at St. Benet's, in the church which went, carrying his tomb with it, in the Fire of London, and was succeeded by a Wren church, now used by a congregation, appropriately enough, of his fellow-countrymen.

So passed the spirit of him whom, according to Webb, the voice of Europe had hailed 'Vitruvius Britannicus'; and whom Ben Jonson, as if in spleenetic prevision of the discrepancy between the artist's life-dream and incomplete life-work, had dubbed 'Marquis of Tower Ditch.' To-day, save for his fragment of Whitehall, London itself can offer but a few shadows of his architectural greatness. St. Katherine Cree is crowded to the eaves by its rude neighbours, and the Lincoln's Inn chapel is but half his, and the houses in Lincoln's Inn Fields must be seen soon by those who care for his work, or not at all, for they are to be swept away: his Italian barn of a Covent Garden church was long ago rebuilt, and improved and spoilt: and save for the few houses in Great Queen Street, and the Chapman monument at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and the Water Gate at York Stairs, we shall soon have precious little of his work left within the London boundaries. And even if it did all remain, it would not give us a tithe of the buildings he had planned in town and country. Drawing after drawing of his is to be met with, says Mr. Horne, the most scrupulous of collectors, inscribed 'not taken.' As this was another result of the Civil War and its destructions, so we are driven to reflect that, in the irony of circumstance, the expenses of staging Inigo Jones's Court masques and building his one fragment of a palace had helped too in their degree to precipitate that



ill-fate. Save for the war, he might have had his London with majestic streets and arcades, and noble riverside palaces and terraces: and many great houses, not like those we affect to-day with their picturesque oddities and small ingenuities, but built after his own heart, with the large effect that he sought to get. For, to use his own words, 'in architecture the outward ornament ought to be solid, proportional, according to the rules, masculine and unaffected.'

Proportion, indeed, say those who know his art best, being his fellow-artists, and again proportion, was the secret of its rare perfection. And to this no doubt was due that effect of simplicity rising into magnificence, which one finds in buildings like those at Wilton, or at Brympton, or in Whitehall, and in all his best work. Touched with something of that transcendentalism which was in so many of the Elizabethans and their near successors, and which expressed itself in his more daring experiments in the masque, he had every intention of raising fabrics along the Thames fairer than those of Palladio along the Brenta. And so one likes to remember him best, not in his decline, but as he was when he returned from his second Italian journey, full of great schemes, and seeming to say with another God-fearing London idolater<sup>1</sup> who lived a generation before him, 'I will remember the fame of London, my native citie.'

ERNEST RHYS.

<sup>1</sup> William Harrison.

*LAST MONTH*

THE slaughter of the King and Queen of Servia, of the two brothers of the latter, of the leading members of the Ministry, and of a number of Court officials and loyal soldiers, on the night of the 10th of June, was one of those events which, to adopt President Kruger's phrase, 'stagger humanity.' We must go back to the darkest days of the Middle Ages in order to find any parallel to this deed of horror. It is not surprising that the whole civilised world has shuddered at its unredeemed cruelty and cowardice. Here in a capital city distant by only a few hours from Vienna, and familiar to thousands of English tourists who have seen its picturesque houses sparkling in the sunshine as they steamed down the Danube, a deed has been wrought which recalls the most savage era in history, and there has been an upheaval of the elemental passions such as men fondly believed to be impossible in the civilised world of to-day. Granted that the unhappy King Alexander was not a good ruler, and that his wife was hardly a good woman, humanity must still stand aghast before the deep damnation of their taking-off. The King and Queen were both very much what their training and surroundings had made them. The soil of Servia apparently is not favourable to the growth of virtue among either men or women, and it is quite certain that there were very few persons in Belgrade of either sex who had the right to throw stones at King Alexander and Queen Draga. But even if it had been otherwise, nothing could possibly have palliated the atrocity of the crime of which they were the victims. It was attended by all the circumstances with which we have been made familiar by those writers of fiction whose imagination has enabled them to draw what the world regarded as exaggerated pictures of the treachery and remorseless cruelty characteristic of the Courts and peoples of that corner of Europe. There was the secret meeting of the conspirators, headed apparently by Queen Draga's brother-in-law, the oaths administered and taken, the pledge of blood drunk in cups of wine, and then the treacherous surrounding of the Palace by the troops, whose complicity in the crime had been secured by the faithless officers who were their ringleaders. After that the story becomes a mere welter of blood and massacre, and even now, weeks after

the event, it is impossible to give any trustworthy account of what occurred. All that we know is that some one whom the King had trusted opened the Palace gate to the assassins, that after a long search, in the course of which more than one of the Court attendants was murdered, Alexander and Draga were discovered in some hiding-place in which they had sought to evade their relentless enemies, and that both were then brutally done to death. The assassins were not content with the mere act of murder. The King and Queen were almost hacked to pieces by their savage assailants, and then, whilst, according to one account, some spark of life still lingered, they were flung like carrion from the Palace windows and left to breathe their last upon the bare ground. And whilst this work of murder was going on inside the Palace, no one being spared who by word or act ventured to stand between the victims and their doom, other bands of assassins were engaged in the same hellish business in the city, shooting and stabbing wherever they could find an adherent of the King, until, when morning broke, the Obrenovitch dynasty and its chief supporters had been clean wiped out. Caligula himself could not have done his work more thoroughly than the soldiers and politicians of a State which pretends to rank among Christian and civilised nations.

But the horror of this infamous deed was made infinitely more horrible by what followed. When Belgrade awoke on the morning of the 11th of June to learn the crimes which the darkness of the night had covered, so far from exhibiting the slightest sign of disapproval, it indulged in a savage carnival of rejoicing; flags were flung wide from every window, church bells were rung, and the mob rushed to cheer and even to kiss the hands of the assassins. A provisional Ministry, clearly composed of the friends and accomplices of the murderers, was installed in the place of the unfortunate men whose corpses had not had time to grow cold, rewards and promotions were showered upon the chief actors in the murders, and the Skuptshina was convoked for the purpose of inviting Peter Karageorgevitch, the representative of the rival family to the Obrenovitches, to assume the throne. Last of all, as though to fill up the cup of shame and barbarism, a solemn service of thanksgiving was held in the Cathedral of Belgrade, at which the Metropolitan blessed the assassins and thanked them for the success with which they had accomplished their bloody deed! One does not know whether to regard the story as more grotesque or horrible. It is happily one to the like of which the world has not had to listen for centuries.

Prince Peter Karageorgevitch may or may not have been taken by surprise when he received the invitation to assume the Crown which had been reft from the head of the murdered King. It would be safer and more just to assume that he knew nothing of the conspiracy against Alexander's life. But what is certain is that he

showed no reluctance when asked to step into the dead man's shoes, and that, so far as the world has been permitted to learn, he had not a word to say regarding the means by which the Servian throne had become vacant. On the contrary, he prepared forthwith to set off from his home in Switzerland for Belgrade, and he showed an undignified readiness to accept any conditions which the murderers of his predecessor chose to dictate to him. There is an offence known to the law which is described as being accessory to a crime after the fact. If the law really ran in Servia, and if exalted beings like King Peter were subject to it, an indictment against that gentleman might possibly be framed. As it is, one can only conclude that King and people thoroughly understand and appreciate each other, and that no shadow will cloud the brightness of their meeting when they come together in the doubly haunted chambers of the Royal Konak of Belgrade.

But what about Europe? Is it to be tolerated that she should stand by in silent apathetic acquiescence whilst her soil is disgraced by such a deed as that of the 10th of June, and whilst a people that enjoys the right of self-government, a people whose boundaries are conterminous with those of Austro-Hungary, Roumania, and Bulgaria, sets up this worship of assassination as one of the rites of its Church? One is loth to believe it. And yet so far, whilst the public opinion of the civilised world has been clamorous in its denunciation of these unspeakable crimes, the Governments of the Continent have been strangely slow to give any expression to that opinion. The Government of England, to its honour be it said, has been the first to take open measures for avoiding even the appearance of complicity in the deeds which have given Prince Peter Karageorgevitch the throne that he has coveted so long. It has withdrawn our Minister from Belgrade, and thereby has incurred the bitter anger of the Servian Ministers, who seem honestly unable to understand what anybody else has to do with such little incidents as that of the 10th of June. But, after all, this is a moral protest merely, and moral protests do not count for much just now at Belgrade. Russia has been spurred by the dignified protest of the Emperor Francis Joseph to tell the Servians that the assassins ought to be punished; but in the Czar's first telegram of congratulation to King Peter this hint was somehow or other omitted. Upon the whole, it looks as though, except for that moral censure of which I have spoken, the Great Powers of Europe mean to fold their hands and look the other way, whilst the Servians go on merrily along the path which they have marked out for themselves. And yet there have been times when Europe had a voice, and knew how to raise it on much smaller provocation than that which she has just received. Not always would a lapse into barbarism on the part of any State claiming its place in the great civilised European confederation have been tolerated.

One can imagine how Cromwell, and some statesmen of still later date, would have dealt with such an incident as this. Judgment would have gone forth against a State unable to govern its own affairs without a resort to crimes that shock the conscience of mankind, and a people so debased as to see nothing but cause for rejoicing in those crimes. The rights of self-government which they had abused so signally and continuously would have been taken from them, and their destinies would have been entrusted to stronger and less ignoble hands.

When I said, in the last number of this Review, that the friends of free trade, if they wished to offer a successful resistance to Mr. Chamberlain's policy, would have to discard old shibboleths, and meet their opponent with modern arms of precision, I had no idea that acquiescence in this doctrine would be so universal. By common consent, however, the old shibboleths have been laid aside, and free traders have prepared to meet the vigorous but somewhat vague attacks of Mr. Chamberlain with the latest weapons that the circumstances of the time have placed in their hands. The Colonial Secretary's attack, it is true, has not yet been fully developed, and up to the moment at which I write he has refrained from bringing forward any scheme for the practical application of his revolutionary proposition. His case remains where he left it after his speech in the House of Commons on the 28th of May. So far as the public has been allowed to learn, that case may be stated as follows: it is necessary, in order to meet the attacks of foreign countries upon the fiscal systems of our Colonies, and to prevent the falling away of those Colonies from the British Empire, to arm ourselves with the power of levying retaliatory duties upon goods imported into the United Kingdom from places outside the Empire; this necessarily involves the taxation of the food of the people, but, though such taxation must be regarded as in itself undesirable, its disadvantages are counter-balanced by the fact that it will bind the different portions of the Empire more closely together, and that increased wages will be the direct result of the increased cost of living due to the taxation of our food. I think that this is a correct and impartial statement of Mr. Chamberlain's case. His suggestion that the increased revenue we should obtain from the adoption of a protective tariff would enable us to establish a system of old-age pensions I think it better for the moment to leave unnoticed. Mr. Chamberlain would have been wiser if he had not dangled this bait before the eyes of the working classes. It is highly problematical whether a tax upon food would enable us to establish such a pension system, and, even if it did, most working men have sufficient intelligence to know that it is from their pockets that the fund for establishing old-age pensions would be drawn. So far as the Colonial Secretary's contention that higher wages would necessarily follow the increased cost of living is concerned, the

question must be fought out upon the old lines by the orthodox school of political economists. At present there is not the slightest evidence that a single political economist of authority accepts Mr. Chamberlain's view, and he himself has not brought forward any evidence in support of it.

• But the new and important feature in the controversy with which the country has been ringing during the past month, and the one feature in the opinion of most of us which calls for anything in the shape of inquiry and discussion, is the argument founded by the Colonial Secretary on the danger which under our present fiscal system is incurred by that ideal of Imperial unity that has happily taken so firm a hold upon the people of this country. When a man in the position of Mr. Chamberlain tells us that the fabric of the Empire is in danger, we are bound, whether we like it or not, to treat his statement seriously, and to ascertain what foundation there may be for it. It is at this point that the necessity for considering the question without regard to old shibboleths and formulas arises, and I imagine that it is upon this point only that there will be any serious discussion of the Colonial Secretary's proposals. So far, only one statesman of the first rank has met Mr. Chamberlain with any comprehensive statement of the arguments against him on this ground. This is Lord Rosebery, who is an Imperialist at least as pronounced as Mr. Chamberlain, and of much older standing. Speaking at a dinner of the Liberal League, Lord Rosebery went straight to the heart of the question, and dealt with the effect which Mr. Chamberlain's proposal was likely to have upon the unity of the Empire. I do not propose to restate the Liberal ex-Premier's reasons for opposing the strongest possible resistance to the new Birmingham programme; but I mention the speech to the Liberal League because it is the only serious attempt that has yet been made to meet Mr. Chamberlain on his strongest ground—the only ground, I maintain, on which he has the slightest chance of holding his own against the overwhelming force of his opponents. The British Empire as it now exists is a comparatively new creation. It was absolutely unknown in the days of Peel and Cobden, and none of us would be hardy enough to deny that it has brought new elements into the field of controversy which it is impossible to ignore if we are to arrive at any solution of the problem that can be either permanent or satisfactory. The people of this country are now fully conscious of all that is implied in the idea of a united Empire, and it would be to do them a gross injustice to suppose that they are not prepared to make a substantial sacrifice of their own material interests, if it should be proved to be necessary, in order to maintain that fabric of Imperial unity of which they are so justly proud. Mr. Chamberlain has vaguely indicated his own proposals with regard to the sacrifices that must be made in order to keep the Empire together. The

question that the country has now to decide is whether the sacrifices he asks us to make are reasonable in themselves—that is to say, are not greater than the object that is sought to be attained; and, secondly, whether, if they are made, they will really insure the attainment of that object. Lord Rosebery set an admirable example to our statesmen and politicians by the boldness with which he discussed these questions. It is to be hoped that in the great controversy which we are now approaching his example will be generally followed, both by those who agree with and those who differ from the Colonial Secretary.

Having stated as succinctly and dispassionately as possible the real question at issue before the country, it is time to turn to the confused and bewildering events of the past month. We have apparently been living during the month from crisis to crisis. We have seen the most prominent men in the Cabinet flatly contradicting each other by the arguments they have employed in the House of Commons. In the Ministerial party we have witnessed an explosion of angry bewilderment and consternation; whilst in the Press and in the country battle-cries have been shouted and positions taken up without any regard to the old party divisions. This is what has happened to the Ministerialists. The Opposition for once is in a happier position. All its different sections and branches have found union at last, union in a determined resistance to proposals which seem to Liberals to strike not only at the roots of the policy under which the country has enjoyed more than half a century of unrivalled prosperity, but at that very unity of the Empire which Mr. Chamberlain believes can only be preserved if his proposals are adopted. This being the case, we can for the moment leave the Opposition alone, and confine our attention to the present condition of the Unionist party, and to the effect which Mr. Chamberlain's unexpected diversion seems likely to have upon its fortunes. His speech at Birmingham, in the first place, puzzled everybody. No one was quite sure whether it was not a clever *jeu d'esprit* intended rather to mystify the quidnuncs than to raise any serious problem in politics. There were, it is true, a good many persons who regarded the fresh edition of the unauthorised programme as a clever electioneering trick, primarily intended to drive out of the minds of the electors the recollection of the deplorable failures of his Majesty's Ministers. It is obvious that if this were its real purpose it has already achieved an unqualified success. In the month of May the education controversy still held the field, and all the talk was of passive resistance, its virtues and its vices. Nobody talks about passive resistance to-day, although we are now face to face with the thing itself. Nor is Mr. Brodrick's failure as Minister of War or Lord Lansdowne's endless series of blunders as Foreign Secretary any longer the engrossing topic of conversation. All

these matters have been clean swept out of the public mind by Mr. Chamberlain's bold and startling proposals. The nation, as everybody knows, can never concern itself with more than one question at once, and the question raised by the Colonial Secretary has taken precedence of all others. Yet his more generous opponents will agree with Lord Rosebery in dismissing from their minds the notion that this was his real object when he laid his proposals before his fellow-citizens at Birmingham. The speech which he made in the House of Commons on the eve of the adjournment for the Whitsun recess ought alone to have convinced everybody that he was thoroughly in earnest in his advocacy of the new policy. It was a speech which added to the popular bewilderment, and one may fairly say to the consternation of the Ministerial party. The debate showed us a Prime Minister who was obviously wavering, who could not see his way, and who seemed to be struggling between his desire to remain true to old traditions and his inability to resist the influence of a stronger will than his own. But it showed us also, in Mr. Chamberlain, a man who had made up his mind, and who was prepared to carry his first crude suggestions for a preferential tariff in favour of our Colonies to their fullest extreme, even to the length of a tax upon bread. The curtain fell upon the play at Westminster owing to the intervention of the Whitsun recess, immediately after this remarkable debate, and everybody was left wondering as to what was to happen next.

That which did happen when Parliament reassembled surpassed all anticipations. The Opposition, for some reason which cannot even now be precisely understood, resolved not to proceed with a motion which stood in the name of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the debate on Mr. Chamberlain's proposals was in consequence left to hang upon an amendment to the Finance Bill against the abolition of the corn-tax, standing in the name of Mr. Chaplin. A curious attempt was made by the Speaker to confine the discussion strictly to the limits of Mr. Chaplin's motion. Technically, no doubt, Mr. Gully was in the right, but he had reckoned without the overwhelming weight of feeling in the House—a weight which overbears even the mandates of a Speaker. The House was full of one thing only, and it asserted its right to discuss it. The great interest of the sitting centred upon the reappearance of Sir Michael Hicks Beach and his attitude with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's attack upon free trade. It was the first occasion on which he had appeared in the House since he resigned his place in the Cabinet, and there was general curiosity as to the course which he would take. He did not leave his hearers long in doubt. His speech was one of great force and of an almost relentless hostility not only to the policy of the Colonial Secretary, but to that of the Cabinet. He explained that his resignation had been due to the fact that he could not



induce his colleagues to make any serious attempt to reduce the national expenditure—a revelation which was a surprise to the House. He intimated in the baldest language that no Chancellor of the Exchequer could reduce expenditure unless he had the ardent support of the Prime Minister, and he left Mr. Balfour to digest this home-thrust as best he could. Finally, he declared his strenuous opposition to the principles of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. 'I believe, he said, 'they will be deeply injurious to this country, and do more to disunite than to unite the Empire.' But the sensations of the sitting were not confined to the speech of Sir Michael Hicks Beach. His successor as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Ritchie, was equally emphatic in his repudiation of Mr. Chamberlain's views, and his declaration on the subject was all the more significant because it was read from a paper which he had previously submitted both to the Prime Minister and to the Colonial Secretary. He declared that he would be surprised if the inquiry which Mr. Chamberlain proposed should show any means of carrying out his policy, proclaimed himself a convinced free trader, and announced that he could not be a party to a policy which, in his opinion, would be detrimental both to the country and the Colonies. Later in the evening Mr. Arthur Elliot, the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, was equally clear and precise in declaring his devotion to free trade and to the system advocated by Sir Robert Peel.

One cannot be surprised at the excitement which was evoked by this remarkable debate, in which Mr. Chamberlain was seen standing with his back to the wall, faced by the direct opposition of the chief financial authorities in the Ministry of which he is a member, and supported only by the feeble and halting opinions of the Prime Minister, whose mind was avowedly in a state of uncertainty. Men recognised the fact that a great rift had been suddenly opened up in the heart of the Unionist party, and for a time everyone believed that the Government was doomed to an almost instantaneous death. Nor was the state of things improved on the following evening, when Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, in speeches of rare force, attacked Ministers for having allowed themselves to drift into a position that was almost without precedent, and when the Prime Minister could only reply with an appeal for the inquiry asked for by Mr. Chamberlain, and a declaration that he himself had no settled conviction upon the momentous question at issue. Yet, in spite of the remarkable and humiliating position in which Ministers were left by this open division within their own ranks, they held together, and it became apparent that they had no immediate intention of seeking relief from the dilemma in which they had been placed. Two stories were current at the time to explain their course of action, and it seems probable that both were well founded. The first alleged that a kind

of concordat had been arrived at by the Cabinet, under which individual members of that body were to be at liberty to express their own views on the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, subject only to their acquiescence in some kind of inquiry into the question which he had raised. The other story was that, in order that nothing should happen to interfere with the success of the King's approaching visit to Ireland, any rupture in the Cabinet would be postponed until that event had taken place. The organs of Mr. Chamberlain in the Press were eager to assume that this truce meant a permanent peace, but no one who is acquainted with the political history of our country, or who understands the extreme gravity of the crisis precipitated by the Colonial Secretary, can for a moment accept this absurd hypothesis. The issue which has been raised so directly and in so forcible a manner by Mr. Chamberlain on one side, and by Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Mr. Ritchie on the other, must be carried to a decisive conclusion, and only by something like a miracle can the disruption of the Unionist party, which seemed to be imminent on the 9th of June, be long delayed. The House of Lords did not deal with the question until a week after the debate in the Commons, but here also proof was given that the members of the Government and their chief supporters were hopelessly divided. Lord Goschen did not mince matters in his treatment of the Birmingham policy. He attacked it root and branch, denouncing it as 'a gamble with the food of the people,' and urging the country and the statesmen of the Empire to continue on the old road undiscouraged by delay and failure. 'Forward this Empire must go,' he declared, 'not as a dying Empire, but as a living Empire in the world, and our statesmen must endeavour to realise the fair dream of a cemented Empire, without the nightmare of tampering with the people's food.' Nor did the speech of the Duke of Devonshire contain anything to encourage Mr. Chamberlain in his policy. Whilst accepting the idea of an inquiry into the existing system, and admitting that if the proposed changes were economically sound, they would be politically expedient, he declared that if it were shown that the political advantages could only be purchased at the expense of privation, hardship, and discontent on the part of our own people, he could conceive no policy which would more certainly or more swiftly tend to the dissolution and disintegration of the Empire. Finally, another member of the Cabinet, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, stated that he had little or no expectation that the proposed inquiry would show it to be either practicable or desirable to reverse the principles on which our fiscal policy is based.

It is needless to dwell upon the weight and importance of the opposition which Mr. Chamberlain's scheme has thus encountered within the ranks of the Unionist Party. There are, of course, many members of the Cabinet who have not yet announced themselves,

and it is easy to understand their unwillingness to take a decided stand on either side in the controversy. For the most part they are not men whose opinions will influence the country. But here we have three Unionist Chancellors of the Exchequer, the acknowledged experts of their party upon all economic questions, together with the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, taking one side in the dispute, whilst on the other side we have Mr. Chamberlain, backed by the lukewarm support of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. So far as Cabinet opinion is concerned, it looks like a case of *Athanasius contra mundum*. But Mr. Chamberlain, though his greatest admirers will hardly contend that he stands as an authority on economic questions on the same plane as Lord Goschen or Sir Michael Hicks Beach, is not an antagonist to be despised. He is prepared to seek his allies from whatever quarter they may offer themselves, and already he has played the time-honoured move of calling the new world to his assistance to enable him to meet the hostility of the old. His policy has been received with distinct favour by many of the most prominent of Colonial statesmen. Among these, as might have been expected, the redoubtable Mr. Seddon has made himself most prominent. He has not only adopted the new policy with enthusiasm, but has threatened this country with reprisals if she fails to accept the proposals of the Colonial Secretary. New Zealand, in that case, he declares, will make treaties of her own, presumably preferential, with foreign countries, and he hints that the dismemberment of the Empire will follow. We need not take Mr. Seddon's eloquence too seriously, but it is clear that New Zealand is in earnest. Yet even in New Zealand there is no idea of an equitable reciprocity in her dealings with Great Britain. The Government is not prepared to grant any reduction in the New Zealand tariff to this country, but it proposes to give us an advantage by imposing an extra duty of 10 per cent. on foreign manufactures. In Australia, Sir Edmund Barton is one of those who have declared themselves definitely on Mr. Chamberlain's side. On the other hand, Mr. Reid is just as strongly opposed to him. One curious incident connected with the crisis has been the publication of a telegram from Sir John See, the acting Prime Minister of New South Wales, in which he stated that the feeling in that Colony was in favour of 'the declaration by the Home Government.' This message puzzled everybody, inasmuch as no one here was aware that the Government, as a Government, had made any declaration. Mr. Balfour, when questioned on the subject, made replies which were not only confusing, but distinctly disingenuous. A telegram sent by the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette* to Sir John See brought an explanation of the mystery. It seems that Sir John had taken the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour as a declaration of Ministerial policy, not apparently having been informed of the express understanding that Ministers, so far, are to be regarded as

having given expression only to their individual opinions. As it subsequently transpired that Sir John See's message was personal, and not official, the incident has naturally subsided into its proper degree of importance. So far as can at present be ascertained, it seems that opinion in Australia is, on the whole, favourable to the Colonial Secretary; though it must be noted that the Australian Chambers of Commerce, unlike the Premier of New South Wales, have declined to commit themselves until they have received fuller information. At the Cape, and in South Africa generally, the prominent politicians seem also to support the Colonial Secretary, and in Canada his following is large. It is too soon as yet to say whether the degree of support he has received from these quarters represents anything like an overwhelming weight of preponderance in his favour, but he must at least be credited with having for the first time in English history introduced colonial opinion into a political crisis affecting so closely the interests of this country.

In Great Britain the controversy has hardly as yet come to the surface; but here also the energy and courage of Mr. Chamberlain are plainly visible in the steps which are being taken to organise support on his behalf. Probably, like other Ministers, he has submitted to a self-denying ordinance, so far as speeches and personal appeals are concerned, until the close of the King's visit to Ireland. But his friends are numerous and active, and it is clear that when the struggle begins in earnest they will enter upon it as an organised body. On the other hand, those opponents of the new policy who are not fettered by the restrictions imposed upon the members of the Cabinet have not been idle. The Liberal party is apparently united to one man in support of the old principles of free trade and of untaxed bread. I have spoken of Lord Rosebery's speech, in which he discussed in so statesmanlike a spirit the vital question involved in Mr. Chamberlain's scheme—the effect which it must have on the great question of the unity of the Empire. All the other leaders of the Opposition, including Lord Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, have been equally outspoken in their antagonism. But more important than the utterances of party leaders have been the declarations of numerous bodies representing labour organisations. So far, these have been hostile to Mr. Chamberlain. It remains to be seen whether these bodies have the right to speak in the name of the working men of England. If they have, then the Birmingham policy is doomed to failure. Not even Mr. Chamberlain, with all his ability and his unrivalled skill as a master of electioneering, could carry a scheme like this if the working classes refused him their support. They are the final judges in this vital struggle upon which the nation is now entering, and if one could consider the question apart from its immeasurable gravity it would be interesting to see the measure of success secured by a politician in his attempt

to induce the working classes to agree to the taxation of their food for a political advantage which so far must be regarded as being in the highest degree problematical.

\* These are the conditions and these the relative forces which present themselves to us as we enter upon this great and fateful contest. I make no reference to foreign opinion, for with that, at least, the English elector is not likely to concern himself, though it should be noted that in the United States the policy of the Colonial Secretary has met with little favour. Of the result of the struggle no one can at present say anything. Appearances indicate that it will be decided in the coming autumn, and that by Christmas we shall know our fate—whether Mr. Chamberlain is to become the supreme arbiter of our destinies, and in that capacity to bring about an enormous revolution in the economic system under which, for scores of years past, we have prospered so greatly, or whether we are to retain our old system, and to pursue the quiet path to Imperial unity on the old lines of which Lord Goschen spoke, and from which we have already reaped so large a measure of success. Time alone will solve this problem, but certain things have already been decided by the course of events. To begin with, we have been brought face to face with a great cleavage in the party which has for so many years been dominant in English politics. No one can have read the speeches by leading Unionists that I have just cited without recognising the fact that in what must be a very bitter struggle the Unionist party will be hopelessly divided. We seem, therefore, to be at the parting of the ways, and to have before us a transformation in political parties greater even than that of 1886. It is impossible, also, to ignore the fact that Mr. Balfour's influence, both in the country and in his own party, has been seriously affected by the unfortunate uncertainty of his attitude on the question with which the nation has to deal. The country has never taken as its leader a man who tries to face both ways at once, and who, when he is confronted by a problem of this magnitude, openly confesses that he has not made up his mind, and cannot for the life of him decide between alternative and directly antagonistic policies. No one would for a moment dream of accusing Mr. Balfour of a desire to cling to office, but we have a right to expect that a Prime Minister should at least know his own mind. If he needs to wait for that inquiry on which Mr. Chamberlain insists, and which his opponents declare can only result in one conclusion, before he determines upon the policy that he will recommend to the nation, he can hardly pretend to be in a superior position to the humblest member of the electorate, for whose benefit the inquiry is ostensibly to be undertaken.

The history of the month, so far as politics are concerned, has been so largely the history of the controversy raised by the Colonial Secretary that very little need be said upon other questions with

which Parliament has had to deal. During the month the London Education Bill has been hung up, and, curiously enough, nobody—not even those who are responsible for it—has shown any desire to see its progress through Committee resumed. In what shape it is at the present moment is not very clear. The Prime Minister has made certain amendments and has promised others. What their effect upon the Bill will be remains to be seen. But there are some people who doubt whether the measure can become law under the changed condition of things in Parliament and the demoralisation of the Ministerial party. If it should survive the ordeal of Committee, it will be due entirely to the fact that for the present Mr. Balfour can command the Irish vote. It is indeed to that vote that the Government are now indebted for their continuance in office. Outside Parliament the controversy on the Education Act of last year has distinctly subsided under the influence of the heavier controversy upon free trade and preferential tariffs. There is no doubt that the remarkable demonstration in Hyde Park at the end of May made a certain impression even upon Ministers, but it is difficult to keep alive interest in a discussion in which the arguments on both sides have long been exhausted. The advocates of 'passive resistance' have begun to put their theories into practice, and in several cases executions have been levied for the amount of the education rate. But so far there has been no great public demonstration in connection with these processes of law. The times are clearly not propitious for this method of resisting the Government policy. Yet its advocates are just as strenuous and determined as ever, and their time may yet come.

The Irish Land Bill has been the really substantial business before the House of Commons during the month. It is liked just as little now as it was when first introduced. A measure which spends more than a hundred millions for the purpose of redeeming Irish land from the hands of the present owners, and which, instead of retaining the property thus enfranchised for the nation as a whole, proposes to hand it over absolutely to a fraction of the Irish people belonging not to the present but to a future generation, is a measure for which very little can be urged on economic or political grounds. But the word has gone forth that, inasmuch as this measure is accepted by the Irish representatives as a settlement of the land question, it is the duty of Parliament to pass it in the interests of the public peace, and this cry seems likely to prevail. Curiously enough, in the debates of last month the measure narrowly escaped shipwreck. When it came into Committee Mr. John Redmond moved an amendment to Clause 1 doing away with the proposed maximum limit of reductions on the prices claimed by the owners. This amendment, after debate, was rejected by 217 votes to 176—a bare majority of 41 for the Ministry. Immediately

the usual cry was raised by the Irish members. They had been betrayed and the Bill rendered worthless by Mr. Wyndham's refusal to yield to their demands. So loud was the outcry that for a time it seemed not impossible that the Bill itself would be wrecked. Liberals like Mr. Morley warned Ministers that the great virtue of the measure would be lost if it were not put into a form in which it would be acceptable to the Irish people. But the Government stood firm, and so far their wisdom in doing so has been amply justified. The Irish leaders, it is clear, are not going to lose the substance in the hope of gaining the shadow. They will take this Bill in the best shape in which they can get it, and wait until times are favourable for a renewal of their demand for more concessions from the British Government and Treasury. It is not likely, therefore, that the Ministry will undergo shipwreck over this measure; but the people of Great Britain are entitled to ask where now is the 'final settlement' of the land question. They thought that they were paying an enormous price for that which was at least to be a permanent peace. But it seems that, after all, the peace is only a truce, and one the length of which depends entirely upon the will of those Irishmen who are for the moment the masters of the fortunes of the British Government.

The deplorable results of a motor race from Paris to Madrid at the end of May drew attention to the scandalous disregard of popular rights which is involved in the employment of high-speed motors on public roads. In the course of this mad orgy of competing charioteers no fewer than eight persons, some competitors and some merely spectators, lost their lives. Both in France and in this country the public were shocked by such a result of a competition from which in itself no good was to be derived. The French Government promptly prohibited this long-distance racing on the highways for the future, and even apologised for the leave that had been given for this particular race. In England the feeling roused by the selfish disregard of the convenience and safety of the public which characterises so many of the owners of high-speed motors found vent in a debate in the House of Commons in which hard things were said of these new instruments of destruction by everybody, and Mr. Long had to promise that some steps should be taken to diminish what is not merely a public nuisance but a public danger of a very grave kind. No wise person wishes to interfere with the enjoyment of their costly toys by the owners of motor-cars; but, on the other hand, it cannot be tolerated that these people should pursue their amusement without regard to the safety of those persons for whose benefit our roads are primarily intended—the ordinary members of the public. It is unnecessary to support the proposal of the gentleman who suggested that any one aggrieved by a passing motor car should be entitled to pepper its occupants with small shot. What

is needed is a law that shall place not merely upon the drivers but upon the owners of cars the fullest responsibility for the safe driving of their vehicles, and that this law shall be rigidly enforced, not merely by fines, but, where the circumstances warrant it, by imprisonment also. The highways of England are the property of the people of England, and their right to the full enjoyment of them must be maintained at all costs.

One curious incident has marked the month in the domain of foreign affairs. This has been the summary expulsion of the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times* from Russia. It does not appear that this gentleman had given personal offence to the autocratic Government of the Czar. He was, it seems, thrust out of Russia, with very scant courtesy, because he represented a newspaper which had shown itself to be unfriendly to the authorities of that country. If one may be permitted a guess, it seems probable that the unfriendliness which has hurt the feelings of the Czar's advisers has been the exposure of the true condition of things with respect to the deplorable outrages upon the Jews at Kischeneff. It is quite natural that Russian officials should resent the exposure in a powerful English journal of the scandalous apathy, to use no harsher term, which characterised the men in authority who permitted the unhappy Jews of that town to be the victims of cruel and unprovoked outrage. Perhaps, too, it is possible that the Czar's Ministers were all the more ready to resent the conduct of the *Times* because it is known that it is one of the few European journals which reach his Majesty's hands without being subjected to the tender mercies of the censorship. But, whatever may have induced the Russian Government to thrust the *Times* correspondent out of the country, there can be only one opinion among civilised peoples as to the folly and short-sightedness of their action.

The death of Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, was not unexpected, for he had been long in failing health. In him the Church of Rome has lost a most loyal and devoted servant, and his own communion in Great Britain a champion who was at all times almost fiercely alert in his defence and vindication of their rights. If it cannot be said that Cardinal Vaughan belonged, so far as intellect was concerned, to the class of great Churchmen, it is at least certain that he strove, not unsuccessfully, to maintain and increase the influence of his community in the land of his birth. Never forgetful of the fact that he was born in the ranks of English gentlemen, he was always mindful of the rights and duties of citizenship as well as of those supreme obligations into which he had entered to the Church of his love.

WEMYSS REID.

The Editor of *THE NINETEENTH CENTURY* cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.

